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SHADOWLAND
Expressing the Arts

VOLUME VIII
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Page Five
THE BRIDGE, VENICE
An etching by James McNeill Whistler
NITA NALDI

This is the first of a portrait-series of motion picture stars, painted by Albert Vargas, the talented Peruvian artist.
EARLY SUMMER

Arthur B. Davis, who painted this exquisitely colored imaginative group, was a pupil of Dwight Williams. He is a member of the New York Water-Color Club and has exhibited throughout the United States.
STILL LIFE

Carl J. Nordell was born in Copenhagen, but received his early art training in Boston and at the Art Students' League of New York, under Bridgman and Dumond. Later, he attended the Académie Julien in Paris. His work has been included in the Paris Salon and the leading exhibits in America.
NEW YORK

Charles Sheeler is practically self-taught, and, having made a thoro study of photography, his paintings at times show that influence. Here is an example of sane and arresting cubism, the effect of the different planes of light being conveyed in masterly fashion.
Charles Sheeler
Who has brought to painting a highly specialized technical equipment peculiarly his own

By Thomas Craven

It is now many years since Post-Impressionism shocked the world of art. This movement was a revolt against the inanities of naturalistic imitation, and, as originally conceived, undertook to restore form to painting. In a measure it has fulfilled its intention, but there is abundant evidence, not only in America but also in France, the home of the movement, of a declining purpose. In this respect the modern uprising has its parallel in past rebellions: within a given period, it seems the trend of all art is toward mechanical perfection.

First, we have the primary creative impulse, a complex activity arising, on the one hand, from man's dissatisfaction with standardized utterance, and, on the other, from his desire to summarize his spiritual adventures thru pictorial meditation; second, the experimental stage—the struggle with materials; third, the triumph over processes—the culmination; fourth and last, exhausted inspiration—the interest in purely technical problems. Charles Sheeler is a curious example of the overlapping of tendencies. Unquestionably an artist, and as sensitive to nature as any American I know of, he has, at the same time brought to painting a highly specialized technical equipment peculiarly his own.

Mr. Sheeler was born in Philadelphia. For three years he attended the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, and was known at this institution as one of the most promising pupils of the late William Chase. After his academic training came the disillusion, the sense of wasted endeavor which claims every genuine painter on the realization that he has been taught methods and not art. He went to Europe, visiting England and Spain, saw the canvases of El Greco, and returned to Philadelphia in better spirits. He became interested in Robert Henri—then in his prime both as a teacher and an artist—and tried the experiment of constructive visualization without direct reference to models. About 1910, at the instigation of Morton Schamberg, he took up the camera, and his success with this instrument has been so pronounced that he is today recognized as one of the foremost living photographers. The great liberating agent in Mr. Sheeler's development occurred in 1909; he went to Europe again at an auspicious moment and came in contact with the pictures of Cézanne and the Post-Impressionists. It may be said that his maturity has been determined largely by two factors—the stimulus of Modernism and the influence of the camera.

Mr. Sheeler advances the theory that photography, while different from painting in many of its aspects, is equally as important and beautiful. An expert in both departments, he speaks with authority. In his exhibition at the Daniel Gallery in the spring of 1922, he gave us the opportunity to test his theory. Here, hung side by side, were productions of the brush and prints from the negative. So far as I am concerned, the prints were not emotionally exciting. As photographs, they were undoubtedly superior and distinguished; as works of art, they were practically devoid of plastic beauty. One cannot overlook the fact that the instantaneous action of the lens is a far different thing from the human vision. The lens deals with the physically beautiful, with surfaces, textures and the natural play of light and shade, and in spite of all human intervention seizes what is before it; the human vision is a constant growth, the retina plus accumulated experiences—once an image enters the brain by way of the eye, it is modified by every impression of the past. In short, the camera is an impersonal instrument; the vision an act of imagination.

It is undeniable that Mr. Sheeler's painting has been affected by the camera, but it is not because of these essentially photographic elements that his work is characteristic. He would, I think, be the last person to maintain that the dextrous manipulation of natural values is of a piece with (Continued on page 71)
LOLA HERDENMENGER
A petite artiste who is the pride of Vienna.
She is a true representative of the modern Munich school of expressionistic dancing
A camera study of Dorothy Arnold by Abbé

IN OLD MADRID
MARJORIE PETERSON
One of the most fascinating bits of
tally in the Greenwich Village Follies
OUT of the darkness of a great gulf you come toward that glamorous haze, a gulf within whose unfurrowed recesses lie the bones of the legendary
Englishman waiting for the rumble of his drum:

Sung between the round-shot in Nombre Dios Bay,
Dreaming all the while of Plymouth Hoe.

and as the great swell from the Leeward Islands diminishes and dies away, and the ship rides steadily toward a long, shining and perplexing barrier, you behold a faint amber radiance, a blur of towers and a touch of gold, against the luminous azure of the horizon. And that is Cartagena, the heroic city of New Granada, compact of splendor and decrepitude, listening behind her enormous walls to the soothing murmur of the sea.

For a space, however, as you approach the long and winding lagoon by the Boca Chica, there rises sharp and problematical the great ramp of La Popa, a hill running up into a headland and crowned by the ruined convent of Saint Candelaria. A notable landmark in a flat plain, like the hull of a vast stranded galleon cast away on the landward side and overshadowing the lower rocky fortresses of the citadel. And then, as you enter and the low grey forts of the lagoon come into view, the eye withdraws from the distances and becomes preoccupied with the city, which rises in a cluster of domes and towers, with here and there a stark factory in the outskirts, and white villas among palms. Domes and towers, faint yet in the morning light, and touched with the reluctant glamorous haze even now, spread out as tho floating in the lagoon and distinct from the solidity beyond it, a romantic efflorescence of the sea.

So it seems as you come in. The magic of this old town is multiplied as you draw near. She, surrounded so nearly by the purifying ocean, holds the secret of her charm against your foreign curiosity. You dare not scorn her, for she had made no demand upon your imagination in earlier days. You come; she is there. You go; she remains, lovely behind her tremendous ramparts, a relic of a stately and vanished culture.

These are just thoughts for the voyager as he approaches the shabby timber jetty which is her point of contact with an alien world, a jetty far out on a curving spit of land which divides the harbor from the lagoon. For it is a habit of these ancient cities to withdraw, as it were, shyly from a world of screaming deck winches and grinding locomotives and noisy stevedores. You find it so at Tunis, which is old Carthage, and Sfax, which is old Hadrumetum. You find it in old Suez since the Canal runs another road. You find it particularly here in Cartagena des Indias, who behind her walls of surf and masonry is impregnable against the arts of modern trade.

No trolley-cars can ever grind and jangle down those narrow streets with their innumerable balconies. No huge department store could lure her affrighted inhabitants within its crystal portals. Such gaunt phenomena of progress must stay outside. where are already relegated the railroad station and the cinema shows, beyond the great gate with the yellow clock-tower. So that within the city there reigns even at the busiest hours of the day a repose beyond measure ecclesiastical. There are streets which are but ambulatories of cathedrals, and squares dedicated beneath their somber vaulted cloisters to the meditations of piety. So there is no sense of secular unworthiness, as you enter the harsh interior of some enormous sanctuary from these quiet thorofares—an interior of plaster in daunting primary coloring, blood-red, blue and saffron, flanked by chapels of astonishing newness, and glittering with hardware.

Here at first you discover no haven of rest; yet you tarry, noting the two little negresses whispering their confessions to a perforated disk in the side of yonder mahogany cabinet, and wondering dizzyly the nature of their nine-year-old wickedness, when you observe an opening into a patio on one side and make for it, cheered by the living green of the palms and ferns that grow there in a well with yellow ochre walls. So you stand there by the stout railings, watching the old person who works amid the great fronds until you look up and see what might be called a miracle, in a less ironic age. For those walls of yellow ochre, flooded with light from the sun behind the cupolas, have a magical effect upon a sky that is always blue, but takes on now a depth and vitality of azure that eludes all categories or pigments. It is a blue that is alive and vibrating with thought. It is the blue of the Virgin’s cloak in the stories, the blue of moonlight seen from beneath a summer sea, the color of eternity.

Here, with your eyes lifted to the brim of this amber well, above the spouting verdure of the tropics, you can worship and become conscious of a soul moving stifly within the coil of the senses. Yet moving. The little colored girls whispering to the perforated disk are less incomprehensible, the ironmongery of the altar merges into the common symbolism of life, and you turn to watch the tall bony figure of a priest in his black robe and great hat patting the frizzed heads of his small charges ere they burst out into the sunshine of the street.

And you are aware, as you follow across the sepulchred floor, that you have gotten something of that essence of humanity you left home to find.

And outside in those same streets, as they burrow under the balconies in undevisating straight lines to the sea, the imagination can feed its

(Cont’d on page 70)
Naoum Aronson was born at Kreslavka, Russia, in 1872, but has lived in Paris for the past thirty years. At the age of fourteen he was already attracting attention with his work. He has never been to school; has never had a master; and has developed his art, so far as it is humanly possible, from within. He has been called the greatest individualist among modern Russian sculptors. In his work is shown a complete and unfaltering devotion to art, combined with virtuosity and intelligence. N. Aronson finds his chief inspiration in men of genius and children; his Dante, Turgenev, Beethoven, Chopin, Tolstoi are masterpieces. He is an indefatigable worker and studies his subject for months before touching the clay. He spent eight months with Tolstoi before beginning his bust. The picture above shows the sculptor in a corner of his studio. The center bust is of Pasteur; the French Government plans to place it near the little village in the Jura Mountains, where the great savant and humanitarian was born.
BEETHOVEN
This remarkable bust stands in the yard of the Beethoven museum at Bonn, under the tree where it was made. It reveals what Arthur Machen would call the ecstatic feeling. It was created after months of study and meditation, under the open sky, while the townspeople of Bonn looked on.

A CHILD
Wistfulness is the principal characteristic of M. Aronson's child studies. The sculptor's idea is that the modeling is almost all done by the light and that the hand of the artist must touch the surfaces as delicately as possible. Note the contrast here in technique with that of his virile male studies.

FIGURE OF A WOMAN
The woman's figure at the left shows in combination the subtlety of Rodin and a Greek perfection of form.
American Writers and European Readers

English readers and critics will not substitute the American "pep" standard for that of genuine artistry

By R. le Clerc Phillips

O
of late one has heard much concerning the European and more particularly the English neglect of American literature. It cannot be denied that English books sell better here than do American books in England, but the reasons for this are not always fully appreciated by Americans.

In the first place, one often wonders if Americans realize how very difficult it is for English readers to visualize the American social picture. It is one that is difficult, indeed, for any European to understand, owing to an almost complete lack of those vivid tones and sharp outlines which are features of the European social picture.

and compared with which the relative colorlessness and flatness of the American, judged from the standpoint of both novelist and reader, are at a distinct disadvantage.

Consider for a moment the social picture of France.

It contains within its frame a whole system of different worlds. There is, for example, that of the remnants of the ancien régime, its members, ghosts of what they once were, but still essentially aristocrats, still proud and aloof; that of modern politics, with its struggles and scandals and heartbreaking problems; that of the Quartier Latin and of those artists and intellectuals who have "arrived" and whose names are known the world over; that of the financiers, merchants and newspaper proprietors; that of the demi-monde; that of the solid bourgeoisie; and that of the French peasant, frugal, devout, industrious, whose forbears have tilled and farmed the fertile soil of France for a thousand years.

And all the worlds are different; all their denizens are different. The French demi-monde is one woman, the aristocrat of the Faubourg St. Germain, ultra-Catholic, bound and controlled by centuries of tradition, is another; the French peasant is a world apart from the French bourgeois; the intellectual and artist utterly unlike the parvenu financier. They one and all differ in bearing, in manners, in deportment, in speech and in thought, and the only similarity that links the one to the other is that all are French. And in England these differences, these worlds, are even more pronounced, more clearly defined and more dissimilar.

Now the trend of American life does not encourage such dissimilarities. Compared with European countries, it may even be said that they almost do not exist, the largest and broadest difference being that created by the absence or presence of wealth—a very grave difference. To be sure, but capable of adjustment by the acquisition of money or by the loss of it.

It certainly is not to be denied that the American social system carries with it some great advantages over that of Europe, but, most assuredly, it does not lend to novelists such a rich, varied and romantic background to write against. And it is precisely this background of the American social picture that European readers find dull, colorless and uninteresting. It is possible for a European to be resident for years in America and yet fail to overcome a feeling of boredom produced by the intense sameness of the American social picture as contrasted with the romance, variety and richness of the European. It would seem as if there is uniformity and equality which are the pride and aim of the American social system are not altogether to be considered and delighted in as unmixed blessings from the fiction writer's point of view.

I have American friends who find much food for thought in what they consider to be the childish pomps and vanities of English life. Possibly they are childish—and again, possibly not. But they certainly form a better background, a happier environment for the development of the creative arts than the flatness of universal equality. For a poet is more likely to burst into song (and by song I mean song and not a strident shriek or raucous bawl) in the garden of an old English manor house than amidst the roaring machinery of even the biggest factory in the world; a painter is more likely to encompass beauty amongst the architectural glories of a dead and gone age—yes, ruins, tho' they be—than in the engine-room of the very newest and finest ship in the world; and a great dramatist is more likely to come to life amongst those peoples whose lives offer the violent contrasts, the heart-rending struggles and bitter conflicts that are the very marrow of great drama, than amongst those races where money is comparatively easy and no one is so very different from anyone else.

In the matter of his background, the American writer is, thru no fault of his own, at a certain very grave disadvantage as compared with the European writer; and when to this handicap, imposed by the very conditions of
American life, it is added that of the superficial knowledge of America possessed by the average Englishman and Englishwoman (and Continental, for that matter), it must be admitted that there are cogent causes for the neglect of American fiction on the part of English readers.

The average European knows almost nothing of how Americans live. Ice-water, overheated rooms, baseball, easy divorce, big business, movie queens, "flivvers" and stupendous wealth are the things the United States more or less vaguely call to his mind. It is not his fault; it is simply that his newspapers and magazines do not give him a very great deal of information concerning America—at least, so far as it is a question of social, literary, scientific or artistic America.

Whether this lack of information is the fault of the English publications or whether it lies with the quality of the information itself (and here we come back to our first point—the relative colorlessness of American life) it is beside the point to discuss; the fact remains that the average Englishman, thru no fault of his own, is not in possession of this information.

On the other hand, the average American has a fair knowledge of the English social picture, derived mainly from the study of the English classics, and in a lesser degree from the information which his native publications afford him. The majority of American newspapers deal at some length with the scandals of "high life" in England, and appear to be anxious to describe the extravagances of the aristocracy and to dwell on the social side of fashionable life in London.

And, in addition to all this, there are the society weeklies and fortnightlies which write extensively on such questions as English house-parties, presentations at court, the brilliancy of Ascot (illustrated with photographs of the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York), and the great ball of the London season. And when it is also borne in mind that thou-
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MARIE PREVOST

The piquant star of Brass, which is being filmed by Warner Brothers
The Decline of Light Opera

The older generation deplores the modern musical show which is half revue, half vaudeville

By Victor Herbert

Light opera is no longer what it used to be; but then it never was, quite. That is why everyone who has ever been half-way young loves it so much. The high-brow may frown upon it for a flippancy, but one needn’t mind the high-brows, and as for their grand operas, the best beloved of those are the ones in which melodrama at its mellowest is set to flagrantly tuneful airs. Music is the most subjective form of expression; therefore the soundest judgments upon it will be highly subjective and therefore, also, normal music-lovers—critics and professors notwithstanding—will continue to like that music best which is most dear to their recollection. It is not for nothing that John McCormack draws thousands to hear him at the Hippodrome, while other singers with “classier” programs find it hard to fill the meager capacity of Aeolian Hall.

The difference between opera and operetta is less a difference of type than of an element which I might call memory-content. There is nothing that so brings back your youth as a snatch of an old musical-comedy tune that you whistled and the milkman whistled and the grocer’s boy whistled for weeks after, say, the peerless Lillian Russell sang it at the opening night twenty-five years ago. How it all comes back to you! How glorious she was! There had never been so gay and brilliant a show within the memory of the oldest inhabitant! And how very young you were! Can you imagine feeling that resurgence of your departed youth upon hearing an echo of Götterdämmerung? Who could be beguiled into forgetting his grey hairs when the phonograph next-door proclaims La Forza del Destino? But it’s worth being sixty to feel the years roll back from you when a street-organ pauses outside your door to grind out Daisy, Daisy, Give Me Your Answer, Do, closely followed by Oh, Tell Me, Pretty Maiden, Are There Any More At Home Like You? I am not rendered the more immune from such sentimental lapses for having compounded a few of those musical elixirs myself.

It isn’t a matter of quality, for your true light opera is every bit as reputable a production both for music and libretto as the “grandest” opera ever thought of. It is growing rarer and rarer nowadays, however, and the half-revue, half-vaudeville show which seems to be taking its place is too purely topical and too heterogeneous an affair worthily to succeed it. Offenbach and Suppé are already canonized classics, but Sullivan, despite the Anghican complex which is the dismal heritage of every Handel-raised English musician, was as great a composer as any we know. And who would deny as much to Lehar and both Johann and Oscar Strauss?

Perhaps, it’s partly a matter of time. To my calculation it takes the public from five to ten years to admit a song into its intimate and permanent repertoire—songs of the late war excepted, of course. It is very pleasant to me to know that some of my own tunes have waltzed their way into the whole world’s affections. Kiss Me Again has perhaps turned out to be about as popular an air as there is. It is played and sung from Nigeria to Peru, and altho I dare say it is quite a nice tune, I know many that equal it. Something about it, however, has endeared it to the world at large more than any of my other songs and I am charmed to have it so. But my friends are distressed. They come to me and say: “Why cant you write tunes like that now? What’s the matter? Why don’t you give us some more like Kiss Me Again and Gypsy Love Song?” They do not realize how much memory—recollections of happy days past, old friends and all the rest of it—has entered into their idea of these songs. They forget they have known them for...
nearly twenty years. When Kiss Me Again first came out, nobody thought very much of it; I wasn't crazy about it, nor was the producer, nor was Fritz Scheff who sang it, nor was Henry Blossom, of beloved memory. But the public liked it then, and seemingly goes on liking it more and more. That is why these disappointed friends of mine complain, and I shall never be able to satisfy them. For I can duplicate a tune, but not the age of it.

I confess I am as bad as they. If I were to write an opera tomorrow of which every note would out-Lehar Lehar and every word out-Gilbert Gilbert, and which would take New York by storm overnight, my joy of it would be tame in comparison with my memory of the days when Alice Nielsen sang in The Fortune Teller and the Babes In Toyland scored the hit of their lives.

This is all very elegiac, I fear, but it makes one sad to see light opera in the United States falling into such an untimely decline. It would be such a pity to let it die; everybody would far rather it went on living, and there may be some way of saving it, tho the prospect looks far from bright.

I believe the principal reason for this unhappy state of things is a financial one. In this respect conditions are not what they were years ago, or what they were still in Europe until the war; and by Europe I mean Germany, Austria and France, for Italy has never done very much in the way of comic opera. Austria is far in the lead of all the rest, of course, for to think of light opera is to think of Vienna, with its traditions of the great Strauss families so proudly carried on by the incomparable Franz Lehar, of whom it may be truly said that he stands the undisputed king of all of us today. His exquisite, haunting melodies are known wherever a civilized tongue is spoken; The Merry Widow, with its grace, its dash and its enchanting music, has become the acknowledged model for most of the light opera which has followed it.

The Continental productions are usually lavish in the extreme. In the theaters the orchestras are of symphonic strength, and are composed of highly trained musicians under the baton of such conductors as in this country we have only at the head of important symphony orchestras.

No wonder Americans came back from Europe before the war to grow rhapsodical over the loveliness of the Viennese scores and their artistic rendition. You can write a full score when you know you are going to have a full orchestra to play it, as well as a chorus with trained voices to sing it. In Europe, they train their choruses; they know girls can sing with their looks, but here, be it said, we know just as positively that they can "look" with their voices; and the combination of both is a dream seldom realized. For chic, beauty and lightsome feet, there are no girls in the world to compare with the Broadway choruses, so perhaps the choice is well made after all. Another serious consideration in this country is that both orchestra and chorus have to be well paid, whereas, over there, salaries for these positions amount to mere pittances.

Paradoxical as it may sound, it is the rise of the symphony orchestra in America which has dealt the heaviest blow to the better kind of light opera. When I first came to New York, symphonic music here was in its infancy. In that day you could have counted all the orchestras in the United States on the fingers of one hand, even if a couple of them had been shot off. Since then, however, these orchestras have become so many and so large that they have absorbed very nearly all the competent orchestral players in the country. The few they left were in turn recruited by the large movie houses, which provide such admirable music for their audiences.

This phenomenal growth of orchestras has produced a two-fold result: on the one hand, the only players remaining in the towns of a stock itinerary are neither sufficiently numerous nor sufficiently expert to tackle a good score; and, on the other hand, the people's judgment of music has become so educated and so discriminating that they will no longer tolerate inferior performances.

Between this Scylla and Charybdis, light opera steers a risky and often a disastrous course. The cost of carrying an adequate orchestra out on the road with a light-opera company is utterly prohibitive. It is terribly expensive to assemble even the exceedingly limited number of

(Continued on page 70)
THE TARTAR DANCE

This magnificent interpretation by M. Kochetovskiy has been revived for the fourth program of the Chauve Souris
Posed for Goldberg by the Marmein sisters, dancers in Keith vaudeville

THE PASTRY PEDDLERS
Two o' them Talking

By Ferenc Molnar

Translated from the Hungarian by Joseph Szegenyei

Two little boys, one of them five and the other six years old. They are standing on the porch. There is a gas lamp burning on the street just in front of the house. It is a dreary winter evening, about five o'clock—time to light up all around. In the dim light there, they are softly conversing.

The First: I've got six pennies already. By Sunday I'll have eight and by Wednesday sixteen. By Friday I shall have twenty, for my grandma comes on that day always and I am going to buy the aeroplane that you can pull.

The Other: The one you can pull?

The First: Yes. The one that you push costs forty. Only girls get that. The boy aeroplane is a puller, and it has rubber inside and it's only twenty.

The Other: Why don't you ask your father for more money?

The First: Because he committed suicide.

The Other: What did he commit?

The First: Suicide. Still, he is a lawyer.

The Other: (Looking at him very gravely.) How did he commit suicide?

The First: Well, he committed, that's all. Can't he if he likes to?

The Other: But when? At noon I saw him on the street.

The First: Yes, he was taking a walk and then we had lunch and then he lay down on the sofa and so he committed suicide. I couldn't ask him for money, but I am telling you, when my grandma comes on Friday, she always gives me at least five. With that I shall have the twenty and I'll buy the aeroplane.

The Other: But your father...

The First: What do you want always with my father? I told you I leave me alone.

The Other: Did he die?

The First: Of course he died. What are you looking at me like that for? What are you teasing me for? Your father is a janitor and I never teased you for it, altho I could have done, because my father is a lawyer. Even if he died, he is a lawyer, attorney-at-law.

The Other: Why don't you tell me?

Both are looking intently at each other. The Other's eyes are very bright and he is all excitement. He is urging the First One with his very eyes to tell the story.

The First: You are looking so funny with your eyes.

The Other: Why don't you tell me?

The First: Should I tell you?

The Other: Yes, go on.

The First: I think I can tell it.

The Other: Of course you can. If you want me, I cross my heart and it will remain a secret forever; besides, I am not going to tell anybody.

The First: So you see we had lunch, and a very good lunch, for we had green peas in the soup and my mother said: I say, Sigmund, why are you so silent? The clients call him Councillor and my mother calls him Sigmund and your father calls him the Landlord.

The Other: Not always, for sometimes he calls him just Sir—and you needn't throw it up every time, either.

The First: I am not throwing it up, only you needn't think, that now that my father is dead, we are as poor as you are, for we are still the landlords.

The Other: Not true.

The First: Yes it is.

The Other: No, it isn't. (Pause.)

The First: And then, how was it?

The First: My mother asked him: Have you got a headache, Sigmund? And she asked him: What are you looking at the child for constantly? You see, I am the child, for we have only myself. You see, that's why we shall not be poor, for we are rich because we only have one child. If we were poor, we would have six.

The Other: We only have four.

The First: Well, you are not very poor; just poor. Your father only gets wages and tips for the garbage, but we get money from the court.

The Other: And how was it?

The First: Because my father was always looking at me. My father gave her no answer, and my mother asked him again: What's the matter with you? Have you lost your voice? Sigmund, why don't you answer me? My father told her: Leave me alone, my dear. He called her my dear, for with gentlemanly people it is a custom to call one another my dear. Your father doesn't call your mother my dear, for you are just common people.

The Other: Why should we be common people?

The First: Because your father is just a working-man, a laborer, what they call a laborer.

The Other: We are not laborers, we go out to work.

The First: Who cleans the stairs and who sweeps away the snow? That's laboring, that's laboring.

The Other: No it isn't.

The First: What then is it?

The Other: That's house-superintending.

The First: That's laboring, too, as long as it goes with Tom and shovel. So when we finished lunch and I kissed them, my father pressed me to his waistcoat, and kissed me, and pressed me and he wouldn't leave go, so my mother asked him in French so that I shouldn't understand: quelqueshose, quelqueshose? And my father said: non, non, non, and that, too, is in French and means no, but I was not supposed to understand, you know.

The Other: And then he committed suicide?

The First: No. He first told my mother that he wants to lie down a bit and sleep, and my mother told the chambermaid to put a pillow on the sofa and the ash-tray on a chair next to the sofa, for he would throw the ashes all on the floor—you burned the carpet last week, my dear, she said.

The Other: Does he smoke cigarettes?

The First: No, cigarettes.

The Other: Do you ever steal any?

The First: No, I don't. Do you collect tobacco? Why didn't you tell me before? I could have brought you some. Now it's too late, he is dead.

The Other: How did he die?

The First: He lay down on the sofa and my mother went out of the room to read the newspaper, and then my father called me, and as I went in he was smiling.

The Other: Was he smiling?

The First: Yes, with his mouth and face, but with his eyes he was crying, for the tears were running down his face and he told me I should go right near to him.

The Other: And you went?

The First: Sure. He pressed me again to his

(Continued on page 74)
MARIE JERITZA
Of the Imperial Opera, Vienna, and the Metropolitan Opera, New York
"An artist must realize," says Mr. Kinney, "that to express his God-given individuality as if he had accomplished his work in a moment of inspiration, he must be always rehearsing. It is only by doing a thing over and over again that one can achieve a technique that is so perfect that it seems unconscious. Watching Pavlowa rehearse taught me more than any art school about application to work. She rehearses a dance twenty, thirty and even fifty times, and then she dances before her audience so perfectly and so seemingly unconscious of practice that they think what a marvelous thing it is to interpret music on the spur of the moment. And that is what an artist should be eager to attain—the effect of première touche achieved by rehearsal."
“Etchings that Dance”

Troy Kinney studied at the Yale Art School and later at the Chicago Art Institute during the time that the Barbizon influence was at its height, which pushed design to the background. However, Mr. Kinney paid slight attention to the Barbizon trend and devoted himself to perfecting his own method, which is, stated in simple terms, constant application and constant practice. His sense of design is delicately finished, and his technique is so sure that the feeling of deliberate design never intrudes. Mr. Kinney’s etchings are known everywhere. They are exquisite things, full of motion and life; they have been appropriately called “etchings that dance”.

Courtesy of Kennedy and Company

THE SEVENTH VEIL

SWALLOWES
The churches and missions of Old Mexico are its most inevitable buildings. Tho they are numbered in the thousands, hardly one lacks some notable characteristic. Here the Jesuit, Dominican and Franciscan schools of architecture have their most perfect convention.

Orizaba is one of the most picturesque of Mexican cities. An Indian town, called Ahualiliz-apan (Pleasant Waters), subject to Aztec rule, stood here when Cortes arrived on the coast.
Castle of the Three Kings, which guards the entrance to the harbor of Havana, Cuba, is celebrated in the history of the Island, for it was built in 1597 to protect the city from pirates, freebooters, and other enemies. It is a replica of the ancient Moorish fortress at Lisbon, Portugal, but thru the years its original design has been considerably altered. With its age-grey walls and irregular contour it seems a very part of the rock formation on which it stands. Usually depicted from the sea or coast, we have here a rear view of the old Castle, quite unusual in its aspect of crumbling antiquity.
Excerpts from Carmen
With a few familiar faces in unfamiliar rôles
By Robert James Malone

Below, Carmen (Marguerite D'Alvarez) tosses a rose to Don Jose (John McCormack), while Damrosch is Bizet-ly conducting the opera.
Escamilllo tries to throw the bull and is almost impaled upon the horns of a dilemma. The poor beast has been maddened by his insistent singing out of tune of the Toreador's song.

Carmen chucka up her hand and declares a misdeal when the cards foretell her tragic fate. But she cannot thus cheat destiny, and she gets what is coming to her, for Don Jose meeting her outside the Plaza des Toros makes a last appeal. Reckless of danger and anxious to show off her brand-new mantilla and celluloid comb (presents from Escamilllo), she tries to rush into the arena. Don Jose intercepts her, and with a dagger utterly ruins her best frock, besides incidentally killing her.
Posed for Lumière by Muriel Stryker

DIANA

Page Thirty-Four
Satire: the Humor that Crucifies

"Great satirists are as rare as great poets: the laughter that slays and the image that creates are twin-born"

By Benjamin De Casseres

SATIRE is a giant wasp playing in and out of the mouth of an Ass. It is a poisoned poignard plunged into the heart of Seriousness. It is the humor which crucifies. It is a Medusa with mischief in her eye. It is part Puck and part Mephistopheles; and it is sometimes Isaiah, and its nature is not a stranger to the Neronic taint.

Satire is the human mind at the apex of alertness, the climax of wide-awareness. It is the eyeball of comprehension, and its look is thauumatrgic. What was sublime becomes grotesque, what was dignified becomes ridiculous. Titans shrivel to dwarfs. Dogmas vanish like puff-balls. Pride cracks into a silly cackle and Prudery with skinny ribs has not where to hide her nakedness.

Great satirists are as rare as great poets. The laughter that slays and the image that creates are twin-born. Satire in Molière is a heady wine; in Juvenal it is a knout; in Cervantes a tear; in Rabelais a gufaw; in Ibien it is a syringe of vitriol; in Swift it is a Fury; in Byron a Poised disk; in Aristophanes a murderous scat that slits the faces of gods and men; in Voltaire it is a siccant light that brings out the spectral stains and rents in man, the social beast.

Satire is the enemy of the sentimental and romantic, those elaborate poses of the human. It rubs the buckram off of our attitudes and passes over our deckle-edged mannerisms to peer inside at the reading matter. Pose is orthodox, instinctive. Satire is always heterodox, conscious; a single epithet may turn a Goliath into a dwarf. Ridicule, the brigand, strips the gods of their peacock plumes and leaves them to strut in their polar skies undone and diswrapped.

The frigid smile of disbelief has jostled many a Malvolio out of his complacency. Ridicule is sanitary. The uncleaned smile of irony redeems. The profane hand of satire forces into the gullets of sapless sentimentalists a rending purgative.

The satirist has a nose that is a spy and an eye that is an X-ray. He is a breaker of molds, a bespatterer of images. He has the proud sincerity of Lucifer and the daring of Cain. Standing on the earth with his long dusting-brush, he brushes the printed mirages of constructive idealism off the face of the heavens as a housemaid brushes away a pastel. He routes the world out of its cozy corners and warms his heart under the pole-star.

The elements of satire are moral rage, contempt, cruelty, scepticism, a reversed idealism and extreme sensitiveness. It is often only the malicious mask of failure, a kind of frozen anger. It is the crystal armor of the hypersensitive. It is the scintillating mica of a broken dream. It is a cold diamond on the finger of Scorn engraving an epitaph on the glass houses of human folly. Juvenal's skull was a nest of tarantulas. His deadly bite sunk deep into the fat of pretense and penetrated the bare ribs of Rome. His satires are giant magnifiers wherein Reality, hopeless, implacable, sinister, lies stark to the sight. Every sentence is a pine on which is rammed a human head; and after twenty centuries he is ultra-modern, a startling demonstration of the consanguinity of all over-civilized epochs. Like Carlyle, Juvenal was a satirist because he was a moralist.

Aristophanes and Juvenal were poles apart. Aristophanes' immortal smile had something of a joyous satanism in its play over men. He mocks with the mockery of the gods. His mind sepulchred a thousand ruined hierophants of myth. Socrates lies petrified in his gleaming spit. The satric spirit picked out in Aristophanes what was most inhuman in the man and made him the Cain of comic writers. It was Heine who called God "a celestial Aristophanes." In the universe of art Aristophanes is the full moon, the frozen sneer rising on the sundown of Greek philosophy. Destroy all books but leave us Don Quixote! It is Alpha and Omega. It tells all. It is the Epi of Man. Cervantes was the supreme seer, greater than Shakespeare, greater than Eschylus, greater than Balzac. He was the supreme philosopher, greater than Spinoza, greater than Schopenhauer, greater than Plato. He was the supreme ironist, greater than Aristophanes, greater than Isben, greater than Swift.

Don Quixote is the comic Oedipus Rex. The shimmer of all the tears of man had condensed in the light of Cervantes' eyes—and it was not unlike a smile. His book is the danse macabre of Ideals. It is the tale of the starved Heart that migrates to the Brain, and spins its Cockaynes and Elysiums on the air. It is the saga of the race. It is the legend repeated for all future time of man's adventure in that hell called Reality. Its metaphysic is one's self—the elemental illusion. Its moral is: What is not absurd is not true. Rosinante is the nag we all bestride. The skinny, shivering barrenness of Reality we thicken and hide with the feathers of Hope. And still Rosinante is not the Pegasus of our will! The divine frivolity of Cervantes! His starlit mockeries! The whipped waters of his magical fancy! Don Quixote is a thing done once for all time, and those who lived before Cervantes' birth lived without mirrors. The Knight of La Mancha riding furiously in the wake of half-remembered images, the Troubadour of the Ideal singing his passionate songs to the eternal Jezbel-Dulcinea, the monstreful eye of the Seeker bruised and blackened by muscled circumstance—that is all of life, all of you and me, the ridiculous earth-gods flourishing paper swords.

Don Quixote is the human mind rubbing the dreams out of its eyes.

A JAVELIN from the quiver of an immedicable bitterness—a javelin that smoked in its passionate flight toward its throbbing target, the human heart—that is the satire of Jonathan Swift. In the sunlight he hallowed a monstrous hole, and packed the race into it. Man was, to him, merely an obscene accident whose heart was the parade ground of all the villainies of life.

(Continued on page 74)
"... I'm the king-prisoner in his capital, 
Ruling strange peoples of a world unknown; 
Yet there come envoys from the untraveled lands 
That fill my corridors with miracles 
As it were tribute, secretly, by night; 
And I woke in the dawn like Solomon, 
To stare at peacocks, apes and ivory, 
And a closed door..."

—Will Shakespeare's description of himself to Mary Fitton.

—Act II, Scene I.
Will Shakespeare
An Invention

Clemence Dane, the English dramatist, has done a fine tho daring thing in her so-called "invention," which is written partly in blank verse, as befits the period and characters. The success which the play achieved in London has been paralleled here in its admirable production by Winthrop Ames. The cast was perfectly selected. At the right is Katherine Cornell as Mary Fitton, the Dark Lady of the Sonnets. "... pale, with black hair, a smiling mouth and brilliant eyes. She is quick and graceful as a cat, and her voice is the voice of a singer, low and full. . . ."

Above is Haidee Wright as Queen Elizabeth. "... She is old, as an oak or a cliff or a cathedral is old—there is no frailty of age in her. Her gestures are measured; she moves very little, and frowns oftener than she smiles. . . ."

At the right is Winifred Lenihan as Anne Hathaway. "... She is a slender woman with reddish hair. Her movements are quick and furtive, and she has a high sweet voice that shrills too easily. . . ."
What more satisfying to us poor mortals than to gaze upon gods—especially intellectual gods—eating, and while eating, talking? At the Algonquin Round Table, Alexander Woollcott, with finger upraised, holds Horace Liveright spellbound, while to the extreme right F. P. A. listens cynically. Marc Connolly dogmatizes on Americana to Johnny Weaver, who throws up his hands protestingly. Next on the left, Heywood Broun and the spectacled Joe Kaufman, across the table, indulge in sad reflections on the failure of the 49ers. Behind, immaculately attired Host Case, explains to the elongated Bob Sherrwood the futility of all things, especially of trying to squeeze in another chair at the table. The solitary lady, who seems awe-stricken by her surroundings, is a composite of the very few members of her sex who have been privileged to penetrate this literary arcanum. Next her, Hendrik van Loon glares thru his monocle at Bob Benchley as he scoffs at history and mankind. In the offing, disconsolate, like the Peri outside Paradise, stand the hirsute Bercovici and the hungry Burton Rascoe, the latter waiting to take Mrs. Dawson in to lunch; also Jimmy Reynolds and others longing for deification by inclusion in the sacred circle.
VALE!

By Walter Adolphe Roberts

VALE! It is not well with us who bring
So frail a creed,
To flute of love and April's blossoming
To her, who is the priestess of the spring
And will not beed
The little loves that plead.
She, the beloved one, the marvelous,
Is only amorous
Of an old god who is most tyrannous. She
Was the mate of Pan ere this befell.
Poets, we may not sing
So brave a song
As the immortalpipes the whole day long.
And so, farewell!

PHILOSOPHERS IN SPRING

By Charles Divine

THIS gay commotion on the earth
That singers hail so dear
Is love that, gypsy-eyed, forgets
The love of yesterday.
And all the lanes are young with spring.
Philosophers will weep
That earth is born so new again
While they their ages keep.

SONGS TO BE SAID WHILE WALKING

By Hazel Hall

LET the day come out of the night,
And the night come out of the day—
Night from day, and day from night,
And let the hours be a flight
Of wild birds winging away.
And whether the night or whether the day,
As the hours forever fly,
Holding the sun on their wings, or grey
With dust of night, let them go their way
Calling across the sky.

II

Love cannot stay, love cannot pass;
For every love that dies,
Swift as a flower from the grass,
A newer love shall rise.

Then why have I so long a face,
And why are you so proud?
For one, the spring comes on apace,
For one, the snow's white shroud.

TO

By Gladys Hall

THERE is no path of glory where you trod,
Life seems to be triumphantly the same,
Ah, but my heart breaks into aching bits
To form your name.
No one acclaimed you; you went unrepaid.
Your wistful brow untouched by laurel leaf;
Save as my tears weave tenderly for you
A crown of grief.

WIZARDS OF THE BRUSH

By Pierre Loti

Gauguin

ORANGE-YELLOW sashes
Against burnt-brown bodies, squatting
or leaning;
Lissyon springtime youth
Bathing in cool blue waters;
Mother of God sun-caressed, tawny-eyed,
With heaped-up baskets of colored fruit
at her feet.
Atolls!

Cezanne

Gaunt vigor, raw embodied sap
Aethart an earthy, intimate sky;
Succulent listless fruit
Or pearly fish spilled on tables;
Earth force, sun force, body force, tree force,
Force of crude bursting life.

Degas

Lemon-yellow backgrounds,
Sun-etched figures, lounging or sitting,
Shored against chrome walls . . .
A high-browed man with stiff brushy red hair
And green eye points of madness in his wide eyes.

Odilon Redon

Blackish tortures and inquisitions;
Another mood;
Feathery winds-scattered beauty of cloud-naves,
Pale blue and fleecy white;
The rainbow picked out in rock;
Romance, faerie, white horses, enchanted virgins,
Witchery out of an old stanza;
Pale hunger for transannular fates,
Hands reaching for pale-gold unsetching
suns . . .

MUSIC

By Oscar Williams

I CANNOT hear the sound of the rain
Beating the whole day thru,
But know it for the music
The waves are dancing to.

I cannot see a shaggy hill
Dark and silent and grave,
But know there is music in his heart
To see a dancing wave.

For all the trees on tiptoe
Trying to glimpse the sea;
The stark twilight climbs the skies
Drawn by the harmony.

I cannot hear the sound of the rain
Beating the whole day thru,
But know it for the music
My songs are swaying to.

DAWN flies like a white swan out of the
purpling pond of night;
The young valley glimmers happily,
For May is now shoring the overwhelming
sea of spring.

And the great soul opens its eyes serene,
Its eyes that can see in a calm white light
Both the vast wind and lies like a kiss
on the lips of silence,
And the tiny rose petal trembling under the
caresses of a dew-drop.

KARMA

By Mary Siegrist

WHAT have you done
That now you must be
Slit-eyed
With a face like a fox?
You are, they say, a great executive
Who knows how to manage men
And move them about
Like pawns on a checker-board.
But oh, what have you done
That now you must go
Slit-eyed
With a face like a fox?

AFRICAN HARBOR

By Gordon Matherbe Hillman

THE tanker made the harbor when the
tide was at the flood.
When the glory of the sunset had turned
the sky to blood,
When the masts were tipped with crin-
on and the funnel guys were gold
And the long decks shimmered as the old
ship rolled!

The tanker made the harbor when the
wind was in the trees.
And the silver moon was rolling up be-
yond the farthest seas,
When the duck was on the village and the
night was on the strait.
And the tackle heaved and grated as it
bore ashore her freight!

The tanker made the harbor when the bar
was white with spray.
When the jungle shadows lengthened
across the golden bay.
When the mist was on the marshes and
the Southern Cross rode high.
And the waving palms stood starkly black
against the scarlet sky!

BROADWAY GIRL

By Jack Hyatt, jr.

LIKE Istar, of Babylon, you are a moon
child
But, at high noon . . . when the sun shines
pitilessly . . .
Your beauty has fled.
ELENA SAGRARY

A French motion picture star of extraordinary talent. She is here shown in a setting for the film, Fever, by Louis Delluc, who is a successful novelist and editor as well as scenarist and director. Fever is considered by authoritative critics to be one of the finest motion pictures produced by the French.
Iron Shutters and Open Lawns

The sealed windows and iron shutters of France are the citizen's contribution to the perpetuation of French liberty

By Henry Altimus

One of the first impulses of an American on entering a French home is to throw open a window, thereby at once establishing himself in the eyes of his host as a citizen of a country where liberty is non-existent. Unwittingly, the American thus avows that he is not a freeman but a slave.

One of the first conclusions of an American on seeing the heavy iron shutters that almost hermetically seal Paris shops over-night and over the week-end is that the French are a mean, suspicious, distrustful race; and he at once begins boasting of his own country, with its acres of unprotected plate-glass windows and its miles of open, fenceless and often even hedgeless lawns.

Now bragging, a perfectly healthy, normal impulse, is in disrepute merely because the braggart nearly always boasts about the wrong thing, just as the chief fault with criticism is that it nearly always carps at the wrong thing. When the American abroad boasts of open windows and open lawns, he is not aware that he is praising his shackles as tho they were ornaments; and when he criticizes the sealed windows and iron shutters of France, he does not realize that he is attacking the most eloquent symbols of French liberty.

For some reason or other, Americans mistakenly believe that the French keep their windows shut in order to exclude fresh air and that the iron shutters behind which Paris shops withdraw at night, are designed to exclude thieves. The sealed windows and iron shutters of France are the national monuments to French liberty. They are the citizen's contribution to the perpetuation of that liberty.

When an American throws open a window in his own home, he may do so with the perfect assurance that only fresh air will enter, and he may step up to the window and tranquilly look out upon a tranquil world; a world made orderly by police regulations, made silent by anti-noise associations, made inoffensive by anti-vice societies.

When a Frenchman throws open a window in his home, he does so with fear and trepidation, for he knows that he exposes himself not merely to a rush of fresh air but to the invasion of the countless manifestations of individual liberty: the right to make as much noise as one likes, the absence of traffic regulations and the resultant pandemonium, the lack of speed limit, the freedom to court lover or mistress on the curb as ardently as tho one were shielded by the privacy of a boudoir, the right to live one's life as one pleases.

The first American who threw open his window became the founder of the first society to suppress something. The Frenchman shuts his window, preferring asphyxiation to restraint.

The iron shutters of France are an assurance that individual liberty must have no limits, that the shop-owner will protect himself, but will impose no obstacles. The wide, untrammeled lawns of the typical American estate are an assurance that the country is so thoroughly policed, restraint so effective, the individual so nearly trimmed by preventive legislation to the accepted pattern of virtue, that any deviation from the pattern, any unseemly outburst of individuality, is a remote possibility. The French build high stone walls about their estates, sacrificing the lovely view so that the world beyond may live as it likes.

The failure of Americans in France to understand this and to adjust themselves to a degree of individual liberty to which they are unaccustomed is the source of considerable amusement to the French—and not seldom of considerable annoyance. For the American abroad cannot ignore his missionary instinct to drag the heathen foreigner down to his own heaven.

Recently the daughter of an American millionaire fumed indignantly out of a Montmartre cabaret and rushed to the nearest police station to lodge a complaint, declaring that it was an outrage that such a place should be allowed to remain open. The officer in charge politely informed her that he would attend the performance in person the next day. The modesty of the heiress having made it impossible for her to lodge a specific complaint, the officer was somewhat puzzled after witnessing a typical, amusing and orthodoxly made Montmartre performance. The audience was enjoying itself hugely, which to him was the supreme test, and he was at a loss until he happened to scan the price list. The next day the heiress was informed that her complaint was a thoroughly just one, that the prices charged for drinks at the cabaret were outrageously high, and that the proprietor had been ordered to cut them almost in half.

To the naïve French officer of the law it was inconceivable that the heiress was objecting on moral and not on economic grounds and that she could wish to suppress the pleasure of a thousand people in order to satisfy her prudery. He did not realize that the American girl was acting on a principle widely accepted in her country: that it is simpler to invoke the law than to shut one's window.

I was in the Gare de Lyon one evening, waiting in line for my ticket, when I saw a youth dash thru the gateway from an arriving train, cleave a path thru the crowds, and bolt for the street. Behind him was (Continued on page 71)
Unforgettable Corners of Paris

The artist has sketched these familiar landmarks from unaccustomed angles. You gaze upon Notre Dame (above) from a corner in a byway, instead of from the Pont des Arts, the view favored by many artists and by all snapshotting tourists.
These sketches were made by Samuel Chamberlain from thumbnail notes by Ernest A. Grunsfeld Jr. Both men were in Paris the past year, Chamberlain as an artist and Grunsfeld as an architect in the Ecole des Beaux Arts.

Here, too, you are given unfamiliar views of familiar historic buildings. In every instance the conventional front view has been disregarded by the artist. At the right is the impressive Institute of Paris as you glimpse it from a little side street instead of from the Seine.
Broadway's Melting Pot

Immigrant plays from every land throng the Ellis Island of Art

By Kenneth Macgowan

The New York stage is quite ready to be all things to all men. Perhaps, in the future, to all supermen. Today you can find all manner of entertainment and all manner of art along Broadway. The audience of today has only to choose wisely for the audience of tomorrow. Our theater is ripe for development in half a dozen directions, good and evil. We can choose the road.

Broadway was never so cosmopolitan as this season. The first twenty-five days of December displayed a Shakespearean revival by Belasco; a bizarre German importation, Johannes Kreisler; a French poetic and mystical drama, Claudel's The Tidings Brought to Mary; a Hungarian comedy, Passions for Men, by the author of Liliom; a drama from and of the Yiddish, The God of Vengeance; a couple of cheap French melodramas; an American play about Mexico, an American play about murder, and Zoe Akins' best comedy, The Texas Nightingale.

The materials in these plays include Jew-baiting, usury, the artistic temperament (German and American), mysticism, faith, miracles, leprosy, the triumph of the meek, check-turning as a fine art, prostitution, lesbianism, apache-cum-shiek love, aged and exhilarating depravity, the conscientious objector, and the childlike bandit.

Here there is every variety of writing, from the towering argosies of Shakespeare to Miss Akins' smart, incisive speech; from the free verse of M. Claudel, to the melodramatic banalities of M. Mere; every kind of dramaturgy, from Shakespeare's anticipation of the motion picture "flash-back" in The Merchant of Venice, to the attempt of the authors of Johannes Kreisler to tell a motion picture story in forty-two scenes; and from the messed-up plot of The Tidings Brought to Mary, to the plotless meanderings of Miss Akins.

As for methods of production— But that is worth a good deal of talk in this year of our Lord 1923 and of Gordon Craig the fiftieth.

Forget The Texas Nightingale, Passions for Men, It Is the Law—they are all done in the usual fourth-wall style. Realism of various kinds, and at its best "only remarkable," as Arthur Hopkins has reminded us, because it is not real. Take, instead, the three-costume pieces of the month—Belasco's Merchant, the cinemese Kreisler, and the Theatre Guild's production of The Tidings Brought to Mary. They are all three either poetic or fantastic, and they strive by three utterly different methods to achieve a background of persuasive beauty.

Belasco's revival is the canonization of scenery. He has actors, of course, and he gives a great deal of care to their selection and drilling. A. E. Anson is noble as the Duke of Venice, and there are Philip Merivale, Fuller Mellish, Ian MacLaren and Albert Bruning—but no uncommon actress—to back up David Warfield's long-awaited Shylock. But even Warfield—playing a sympathetic and very personal Jew, sometimes too dumbly, sometimes with mere belly-muscle, now and then with the great pathos for which alone he is celebrated—even Warfield is not important, compared with the scenery. This is not because it is good scenery. Only one of the canvases by Ernest Gros is really fine—the courtroom scene. The scenery is important merely because it gets deliberately in the way of Shakespeare. These great towering halls and houses, these thick box-trees and rounded pillars cannot be shifted about with any great amount of speed. And so the orderly scheme that Shakespeare devised for the telling of his two stories—the story of Shylock and Antonio and the story of Portia and Bassanio—has to go by the board.
Instead of presenting these stories in alternating scenes, as Shakespeare wrote them, Belasco has to lump together all the scenes in Venice and all the scenes in Belmont. The dexterous, lyric swiftness of Shakespeare's narrative is sacrificed, as it always has been by our conservative producers, for the sake of realistic scenic display.

On the other hand—just as bad a hand—take this Johannes Kreisler. It is written in forty-two scenes against the Merchant's twenty. The scenes of this tragedy of the artistic temperament, drawn from the same sources as The Tales of Hoffman, are given almost as rapidly as in any movie. Indeed, the entertainment is practically a movie in stage terms. The thing is accomplished by all manner of mechanical devices and an endless profusion of lights.

A little stage containing just room enough for the composer Kreisler and his crony-confidant rolls out of one corner and the old man begins his tale: "It was on the hillside of Bamberg. . . ." Black-out. The little stage rolls back. The lights come up, upon a deep setting of the hillside and the young Kreisler of many years before. Back to the study again, and another "spoken title," as the movies call it. Then out of the blackness a glimpse of a little stage high in the air, which rolls forward from the back. And so on for two hours and half. Machinery, machinery, machinery. Beauty also now and then, when Svend Gade, the artist from Berlin, is at his best. But not much drama. The business of this production is novelty and display, not the depths of human emotion. It touches the significant only when the fantasy of the German stage directors, who put it together, ventures off into fantastic visions of the artistic temperament, and these are accomplished with only light, a very few properties, or at most the ordinary full-stage innocent of machines. In this squirrel cage is Jacob Ben-Ami, a fine artist, racing madly to keep up with the whirling wheel. He achieves a surprising amount of characterization even while he dodges scenery, rips off a gray wig and smooths out the wrinkles of age as he slides down the years to youth.

Then there is the Theatre Guild's production of The Tidings Brought to Mary. Claudel's play is a turbulent and mystical drama of the Middle Ages, built up, like the Merchant and Kreisler from more than the usual three or four scenes of our dramas. Instead of spending time, energy, and illusion over trying to turn roadsides into cottages and cottages into mystical hills, the Guild's director, Theodore Komisarjevsky, and the Guild's artist, Lee Simonson, have boldly kicked scenery clear out of the stage door. They have thrown the curtain after it.

When you first enter the theater and during the only intermission, you see the steps which fill the stage, the gold hanging at the back, the forestage where the orchestra pit used to be, and a flight of stairs leading to small doors in the walls of the theater close to the prosenium. Add a rude table-cloth, two stools, a couple of ceremonial candles, and some flowering branches, and you have the whole scenic equipment. Gloriously garbed nuns enter from the side doors at the beginning of each scene to add some little definitive detail. Here is nothing but a permanent, formal stage, plainer than Shakespeare's own playhouse; but a little thought and the patterned loveliness of costumes and lights make it into a magic spot where anything may take form. The spirit of the past lives here—of Claudel's play and the past of the theater. The spirit of the future may live here as well. Perhaps it will some day.

So much for the disappointments of Belasco's Merchant, the mechanical tricks of Johannes Kreisler and the beauty of The Tidings Brought to Mary.

Broadway dashes afar off from all this when it goes to see Franz Molnár, creator of the sublime roughneck, Lithom, now busy competing with The Passing of the Third-Floor Back and Winchell Smith in a comedy of the terrible meek called Passions for Men. Here is an innocent and mildly amusing play written round the kind of angelic incompetent which O. P. Heggie plays so perfectly. He plays him just as perfectly in this piece.

For a contrast consider The God of Vengeance, a drama of the (Continued on page 69)
Lenore Ulric, a characteristic portrait of whom appears above, has been packing Belasco's Theatre to the doors by her remarkable study of that impudent but alluring gamine, Kiki, for well over a year. She scored her first big success in Tiger Rose, and followed it with a Chinese play, the Son-Daughter.

It is a far cry from The Music Master to The Merchant of Venice, but David Warfield (below) has at length achieved his greatest ambition: "to play the Jew which Shakespeare drew." David Belasco has given him a splendid background, and the play and impersonation are well worth seeing.

Lotus Robb shares the honors with Ben-Ami in that novel and beautiful production, Johannes Kreisler. Miss Robb plays four distinct characters—each embodying Kreisler's ideal. Below, she is costumed as Donna Anna.

Ana Mason (above) has hitherto been regarded as a beautiful woman who can wear beautiful clothes with remarkable distinction, and who can act with charm. But in The Last Warning, while always a handsome figure, she acts with the intensity demanded by this engrossing mystery play.

Bela Lugosi (below) is a newcomer to the American stage, where he scored an instantaneous hit as Fernando in The Red Poppy. He is a member of the Budapest National Theatre and has been acclaimed there as one of the most promising of the younger leading men of the stage.
A Young Lady of Character

By Frederic Boutet

Translated from the French by William L. McPherson

"YOU" shall not marry him. I am absolutely opposed to it, and your mother is also. You are foolish, Marie-Thérèse. He is an imbecile and an incapable—that young fellow. He hasn't a cent to his name. He has no situation and is incompetent to make one for himself. He is a pretty boy who knows nothing but a few parlor tricks. A fortune-hunter, who thinks only of fascinating some rich girl. And you let yourself be caught like that! You, my daughter, who are educated and intelligent and have real force of character! It is idiotic. But I will not let you do it. You shall not marry him.

M. Vallagne, who had been pacing up and down the room in great irritation as he talked, stopped in front of his daughter and repeated with emphasis:

"You shall not marry him. I am absolutely opposed to it."

Marie-Thérèse, erect and pale, confronted her father. Her black eyes flashed, her hair stragglng down over her little forehead and an inflexible resolution hardened her pretty face.

"I shall marry him," she declared in a voice which she tried to control, but which trembled, nevertheless. "Pierre Corbellier is neither incapable nor a fortune-hunter. He is a man of great promise who has never yet had a chance to show his ability—that is all. I have studied him closely, and I never make a mistake. He loves me. I love him. I shall be proud and happy to devote my life to him. I am free to dispose of myself. I think. The days have gone by when parents married their daughters by force."

"But, my dear child," Mme. Vallagne interposed, "your father is perfectly right. This Corbellier may be a nice young man. But, all the same, he doesn't seem to be worthy of you. I am astonished that after having refused many good offers . . . And then you know that your Aunt Henriette will not approve."

"That doesn't matter to me. Let Aunt Henriette disinherit me, if she wishes to. And don't give me a penny of dowry if you think I oughtn't to have it. I don't care about that, either. I shall marry the man I love."

"And I tell you, you shall not marry him," cried M. Vallagne, whose choler was increasing. "I don't want to have my daughter marry a clown, who . . . ."

"Your insults don't affect me and they don't affect him," Marie-Thérèse answered haughtily. "I shall marry him."

She left the room with all the dignity she could muster. Her parents exchanged despairing looks. She was their only child. They were rich. They had completely spoiled her and dreamed of a brilliant mar-

riage for her. M. Vallagne wanted her to wed a rising politician. Mme. Vallagne had a weakness for diplomats. And here was Marie-Thérèse picking out this Corbellier, who made vague claims to being an author and art critic, but who had never published anything beyond unimportant articles, once in a while, in unimportant newspapers. It was heart-breaking.

Marie-Thérèse had retired to her chamber. For some minutes she sat there motionless, her eyes fixed, struggling to control herself and to think. Her decision was soon taken. She would fight to the end, and she would triumph. In order to put herself more clearly on record she went to her desk and wrote Pierre Corbellier:

"I love you and I shall never belong to anyone but you. Obstacles which appear almost insurmountable keep us apart. What does that matter? I shall be your wife. I want to be. Have confidence in me."

She signed her name.

That evening she told her parents what she had done. They were indignant and furious. Such a letter would compromise their daughter forever.

"That's just what I meant to do," she said defiantly.

The scene was violent and long drawn out. It was repeated the next day in the presence of Aunt Henriette, whom the parents had summoned to use her influence with Marie-Thérèse. But no influence was of any avail with this young woman. She had inherited from her father an obstinacy which, up to now, they had mutually admired, calling it strength of will. She was inmovable. She wanted to be Mme. Corbellier. She would be Mme. Corbellier. To that end she kept up for three months an unceasing combat, into which all the friends of the family were drawn. Most of them took sides against Marie-Thérèse.

There were some young girls, however, who admired her courage and offered up prayers for the triumph of love.

This triumph came about in a romantic fashion. MarieThérèse eloped with Pierre Corbellier. She reached this decision after a scene more violent than any of the others, in the course of which her father went so far as to threaten to "break that boy's neck."

She wrote to Corbellier immediately, telling him exactly what to do. The elopement was to take place the next evening, by automobile, at nine o'clock.

After dinner Marie-Thérèse stole away from the apartment, leaving a letter for her parents. Corbellier, who followed the young girl's orders with submissive admiration, drove her to a hotel, where he took (Continued on page 78)
Spring Is Here!

A few signs whereby the busy person who has no time to give to Communion with Nature or the perusal of Almanacs may be made aware of the arrival of the most beautiful season of the year

By

August Henkel
Whenever a policeman sees a group of noisy, gesticulating urchins, and hears the clink of marbles, he knows that Spring has come. Tho he remembers the joys of his boyhood, he remembers as well that he represents Law and Order, so he gruffly orders the gamesters to “Move On!”

No, this is not the closing day of a prize contest, it is merely the opening day of Spring, and the poets have apprised the weary editor of the fact by making their annual offering of triolets, villanelles and odes—praying for unpoetic coin of the realm in exchange

Even in these days of smokeless coal and vacuum cleaners, there is many an old-fashioned housewife who annually treats her family to a Spring house-cleaning fête, where the man of the house dines on a cup of brackish coffee and an unbuttered sandwich, and glooms over the departure of Winter, while the pet bird coaxes him to “cheer-up, cheer-up”

Mr. Younghusband returns to his two-room apartment after a hard day at the office and sees the fruits and vegetables, that he had expected to find adorning the dining-table, adorning his wife’s new hat instead—but in a highly glazed, inedible form. Tho not at all a caveman, he wishes he were living in the Stone Age, when Spring did not come in with bouquets and bills.
A camera study of Wanda Grazer by Howard C. Cloyes

SUMMER SHADOWS
The Impotence of Reason
The Mind and the World are ruled by the Emotions
By Burton Rascoe

A FEW weeks ago a man for whose intelligence I have the greatest admiration—Dr. James Harvey Robinson, author of The Mind in the Making—told me he considered John Dewey's Human Nature and Conduct, and Reconstruction in Philosophy to be the greatest philosophical works ever written. The statement astounded me, for I had read, with considerable difficulty, a number of Professor Dewey's disquisitions in various periodicals, and had been much less impressed by the weight of his utterances than by the heaviness of his prose; and my mind summoned up the names of such philosophers as Plato, Aristotle, Kant, Comte, Voltaire, Fichte, Hegel, Spencer, Nietzsche, Mill, William James, and so forth.

You will note that I confined myself instinctively to the thinkers of Western civilization and dwelt not at all on such names as Confucius, Buddha, Zoroaster, Moses, Jesus and Mohammed. In other words, I modified Dr. Robinson's statement in receiving it and took it to mean that in his opinion Professor Dewey is the greatest speculative philosopher the occidental world has produced.

Of the philosophers whose names occurred to me I recalled that, tho I considered him a great and charming essayist, I could follow Plato something less than half way in his idealism; that Aristotle held to certain superstitions now outmoded for some two thousand years; that from Kant I learned but two phrases, the categorical imperative and knowledge à priori; that Comte and Fichte I had read but a little and had forgotten that; and that I had found the others stimulating, interesting, provocative but not infallible proclaimers of the truth as I see it. When I came to think of it, I had not yet read any philosopher whose ideas I could swallow whole. I had detected, or thought I had detected, in them all occasional flaws in logic, precept and even in common sense.

I resolved forthwith to procure the two Dewey volumes and give them a careful scrutiny. This I did every night for an entire week. I read one of them twice. And I give you my word, I found nothing in them that was new, instructive, profound or entertaining. I record this in humble frankness, for it is just possible that Professor Dewey's words say more to him and to Dr. Robinson than they do to me and that subtleties of his thought are past my comprehension. When he tells me that there is, properly speaking, no such thing as an instinct for self-preservation, no such thing as a will to power, no such thing as self-deception, and then does no more than give new handles to the things we mean when we use those terms, I can see nothing profound in that.

However, in the midst of his ponderous thought, Professor Dewey has thrown a great deal of current psychological grist for the grinding. Psychology is the newest of the sciences and much yet is to be learned in the field. Very little has been ascertained with any degree of certainty about the workings of the human mind, but a number of theories have been advanced which at all events sound reasonable enough. The book which contains the most acceptable of these theories, that has come my way, is Human Character, by Hugh Elliot, an English psychologist.

Elliott's book is the simplest, clearest, best-ordered, most readable work on psychology I have encountered since William James was alive and writing. He has a happy audacity for a psychologist. He worked out his academic apprenticeship, "but," he writes, "it is not in books that we shall learn to know human nature; on the contrary, too much reading is a burden, which brings not a truer view of life, but a view of life artificially extracted and to some degree distorted." And so, instead of sitting in his study reading the works of other men, he went among all classes of people, observing traits of character at first hand.

He is the first psychologist I have read who has treated psychology as a separate and distinct field for investigation. The others almost invariably make psychology a branch of ethics, and mingle with their data and
deductions their individual ideas of desirable conduct. Elliot has apparently rid himself of all the usual ethical prepossessions and traditional prejudices. He has not concerned himself with ideas of good and evil but exclusively with what prompts us to do this and that. He has endeavored to find the mainsprings of all the unreasoning actions that take place in our lives—why men and women talk scandal about their friends, why a patient who has gone thru a serious operation likes to relate the details of his illness, why a person in a high state of excitement has to communicate his excitement to everyone he meets, why we applaud by clapping our hands, and so on.

Perhaps the most important feature of Elliot's new starting-point in psychological investigation is the elevation of emotion to the position of supreme importance in the determination of character. The earlier psychologists divided mind into intellect, feeling and will, and attached the greatest importance to intellect. This was due to the fact that intellect is the factor which distinguishes men from the other animals and to the fact that it was the easiest to study. Now, the more advanced psychologists say that thought itself is only a manifestation of emotion and that reason has very little influence on the activities or conduct of an individual. Intellect is a comparatively recent acquisition with man, while his instincts, his emotions, are heritages from his most remote ancestors.

Here are, in brief, some of the conclusions Elliot draws:

1: The character of an individual is not an absolute fixed property but fluctuates from time to time according to his physical state as well as to the mental factors which may be in operation.

2: Motives spring from instinct, not from reason: the human mind consists of feelings to which the intellect is merely a superficial veneer.

3: The mental life consists of a succession of feelings following continuously one upon another. The more vivid the feeling of the moment, the more buried the remainder of the mind. Strong mental concentration implies anaesthesia elsewhere.

4: There can be no such thing as a "cold" intellectual. If a man is "cold," (i.e., emotionally deficient), he cannot be an intellectual, because he cannot bring into intellectual service any considerable energizing emotion.

5: Art and literature are the expressions of minor emotions. "A good poet is a bad lover"; for intense feeling cannot be reduced to refined expression; it is too blunt and heavy.

6: Friendship is a minor emotion which is not strong enough to permit of any extensive draft upon the egoism of another, and a friendship which is opposed to the personal interests of one party is very unlikely to endure. On the other hand, a friendship which has arisen by degrees over a long period may become very strong and resist many impacts with the major passions.

7: The philosopher may be proof against the vicissitudes of life, but in so far as he is anesthetized to the pains of life he is also anesthetic to its pleasures. His life is emotionally flat. Lives devoted to thought very commonly fail of their purpose. They lack driving energy and the power of thought itself wanes on account of inadequate pressure and stimulus.

8: The more the mental energy is trained on to one branch of thought the less is there available for other branches. Mental energy is a limited quantity for each individual, and if it is used up in one way, other ways are neglected.

9: Life is a continuous flow of feeling; the happiness of life depends upon the nature of the feelings which we experience as we move along. If the normal flow of feeling is seriously disturbed by our mode of life, then that mode of life is hedonistically unreasonable.

Under the classification of major passions, Elliot includes egoism, love, social and moral feeling, jealousy and religion. He finds that, although it is probably a late acquisition in the human species, the social and moral feeling has become so deeply embedded in our subconsciousness as to amount to an instinct. It is an instinct subserving the preservation of the individual and the perpetuation of the species; without it the human species would soon disintegrate. It has no stronger relation to morals and to law than the emotion which gives rise to a law has to the law itself. Morals, legislation, and convention are codified expressions of social feeling, but they have no higher sanction than that; for this reason, when a law or moral concept or convention no longer exists as an expression of the social and moral feeling it is a dead letter so far as human action is concerned, no matter how much pressure is exerted to make people conform to it. To take a familiar example: the Eighteenth Amendment is disregarded in every
The World We Live In
A Satiric Comedy
By
Karl and Joseph Capek

Of the two brothers who have collaborated in the satiric insect comedy now playing in New York, Karl is the busier and more prominent. He was born in 1890 in Northern Bohemia. His work includes plays, poems, criticism and short stories. His first play was The Robber, begun in 1911, but not completed until after the war. It depicts the victorious and ruthless spirit of youth seizing all it covets and ridiculing the advice and logic of old age and experience. It was followed first by R.U.R., then The World We Live In (originally The Life of the Insects), which is a curious and effective satire on human society. It was a courageous thing to attempt to transfer it to the New York theater, and Mr. W. A. Brady deserves credit for the very successful result. Fortunately he had seen the play on more than one occasion during his visit to Europe, and was able to reproduce its salient features here.

Karl Capek’s short stories also reveal a strong and original talent. The volume, entitled The Crucifix, contains penetrating psychological studies, and Tales of Distress displays a broad humanity and pity for the fallibility of human nature.
Melomaniacs and Modernists

Reflections after straying among musical reactionaries and revolutionaries

By

Jerome Hart

Tito Schipa is one of the finest and handsomest of lyric tenors. He has sung with enormous success at La Scala, Milan, with the Chicago Civic Opera, and in the South American opera houses.

© Lumière, N. Y.

It takes all sorts and conditions to make up the musical world of New York. The more or less enchanting fauns and satyrs of modernism jostle with the staid and serious mortals who were bred on Bach, nurtured on Beethoven, and weaned on Brahms, and only a few of whom consider Debussy the last choice morsel in modern musical sustenance, to be consumed sparingly, like caviar.

This season we have again had the Beethoven Association harking back to the ancient classics; and for the pure love of music, or the love of pure music, and without fee or reward, great artists have come forward to revive and interpret splendid compositions which but for their generous aid might be neglected and mayhap forgotten. The admirable Society of the Friends of Music has also continued to seek the more sequestered paths and peaceful byways of music, in search of works of fine factura, and under the baton of the masterful and magnetic Bodansky has given concerts such as delighted our ancestors in the earliest days of the Philharmonic Society. All these concerts, and there have already been several this season, have been largely attended, chiefly by the older class of concert-goers.

But the young and aggressive moderns are knocking loudly at the door, and are insistently and sonorously demanding to be heard. And heard they must and should be, for some of them have much which is interesting and striking to say. We of an older generation cannot say to music as Canute said to the waves, "Thus far and no farther," and if we did, we know that we should very properly be laughed at, just as Canute knew that he was commanding the impossible to happen. It cannot be believed that music, one of the oldest as well as in one respect the youngest of the arts, is going to stand still, that the last melodic and harmonic word has been spoken, that all the possible melodies have been sung, the complete category of chords has been compiled, the limit of progressions attained.

Music has been spoken of as one of the oldest as well as youngest of the arts for the reason that, as we now know it, music, with its system of notation, harmonization and modulation, has not been in existence for more than a few centuries. The various old classic modes, dating back to the Golden Age of the ancient Greeks, and probably long before that, are still retained. But music as a science is comparatively new and is still in process of evolution and development. To shut one's ears to the modernists is therefore absurd and, indeed, impossible. Those who are in the musical movement could not if they would, and sensible persons would not if they could.

Nevertheless, ultra-conservative critics scoff and deride nearly everything new which is submitted for their judgment, just as of old Davison of the London Times, derided Wagner, and Hanslick sneered at Brahms. One cannot altogether blame them, for a good deal of modern
music seems to be mere noise and nonsense on a first hearing, and intimate acquaintance and careful analysis only tend to confirm this opinion. In music, as in other forms of art, we are getting what is called impressionism and expressionism, with many of the affectations, extravagances and impostures of those cults. But, while too often so-called musical modernism is a mere cloak for impudent charlatantry and a disguise for ignorance of technique and the mere fundamentals of music, this is by no means invariably the case. The modernist, however, who is well founded in music, who has mastered the principles of harmony and counterpoint, who knows his Bach, Beethoven and Brahms, and understands and appreciates their greatness, but who at the same time is exploring the resources of new sonorities or scales and of harmonic and enharmonic combinations, is like Cézanne, who before he became the great impressionist he was, had learned all there was to learn in the academies about the technique of drawing and painting, and to whom the glories of the old masters were fully revealed.

Which brings us to the first concert given on a recent Sunday evening, at the Klaw Theater by the International Composers' Guild. About this my own feelings are still considerably mixed. With the best will in the world, it was impossible to recognize in some of the compositions submitted aught beyond sheer eccentricity and downright ugliness. Of beauty in the accepted musical sense there was little or nothing, save charming settings by Marius Francis Gaillard of stanzas by Verlaine. This young French composer, who is also an admirable pianist, should have a considerable future, for his work is sanely modern. Incidentally his songs were sung by Madame Georgette Le Blanc Maeterlinck with a maximum of dramatic expression and a minimum of voice.

I also liked much of Arthur Honnegger's first sonata for violin and piano, exquisitely played by Gustave Tinlot and Carlos Salzedo. But this also was spoiled by a too obvious straining after effects which, in my humble opinion, do not rightly come within the province and purview of music. To be told, as we were by the program, that the composition "derives its thematic material from a centrifugal figure in each movement" is not very helpful to the average individual. Indeed, it seems only a little less nonsensical than the alleged ambition of another modernist, Migot, of whom I recently read in a French publication, which is to write three-dimensional music, "music which has density plus surface," a feat achieved by writing in several planes, however that is accomplished.

Another composer who played his own work at the Klaw Theater was Dane Rudhyar, who gave on the piano his Luciferian Stanza, a succession of crashing dissonances, and another entitled, apparently on the locus a non lucendo principle, Ravissement. The first, we were informed by the program, "belongs to a larger group of piano pieces, Soul Fires, which is the first part of the composer's Cosmophony of the Universe and Man." Now I have no doubt that Mr. Rudhyar is a very clever young man, for he won a thousand dollar prize at Los Angeles. He has also written a brochure on Debussy and has contributed musical articles to high-class magazines. Mr. (Continued on page 77)
MADAME LILLEBEL IBSEN

A Norwegian dancer, well known on the Continent, who plays “Anitra” in the Theatre Guild’s production of Peer Gynt. She is the wife of Tancred Ibsen, grandson of the famous dramatist.
American readers—including the critics—long ago crowned Carolyn Wells (below) Queen of Humor. She gives her verses and essays a distinctly original and delicious touch. She also writes marvelous mystery and detective stories for the entertainment of the T. B. M. At present she is at work on an Outline of Humor.

To the petulant child, the bored flapper, and the troubled grown-up, we give the same prescription: Tony Sarg’s Marionettes. They offer rare entertainment, and much food for laughter and philosophic reflection.

Harold Lloyd is one of the greatest merriment-makers in motion pictures. His expression of injured innocence would have brought a smile to the face of Timon of Athens. His newest film is titled Safety Last.

Below is Elsie Janis, the ever-youthful, ever-fascinating, ever-popular entertainer of the stage. Her singing and dancing are a delight, and as a mimic she is unsurpassed.

Paul Whiteman looks over his audience before he raises his baton, the signal for his famous orchestra to make the tantalizing music that goes directly to your feet.

Above is the most popular and widely read newspaper contributor in the world. He is Bud Fisher, the creator of those immortal entertainers, Mutt and Jeff.
Wanderings
By
The Man About Town

MEN are inveterate gossips—even more so than women, I believe. Especially do they love to sit and talk together about old days and old ways. Thus it is that often, when determined that I will go and hear some beautiful singing by Bori, Alda or Easton, Johnson, Gigli or Danise from a corner of the press box at the Metropolitan Opera, I get no farther than the publicity office of that famous institution. There one can usually spend a happy and harmonious hour gossiping over old times and old friends with Willy Guard, listening with becoming deference to the well-considered obiter dicta of General Director Gatti-Casazza on old operas and famous singers of days past; laughing at the snatches of ancient balladry as well as the newest story of that character Frank Warren, and exchanging greetings or reflections with the critics and other journalists, most of them veterans, who for years have made Willy Guard’s sanctum another Press Club.

Occasionally Tom Bull, the genial Cerberus in front of the house for more than a generation, and who knows every opera by heart and every habitué and star as a personal friend, will drop in and keep the ball of reminiscence and anecdote rolling. Eddie Ziegler, second in command, who grows more like an impresario every day, and who himself graduated as a journalist and critic, will unbend and jest with the best, and “Ally” Seligsberg, the learned counsel of the Metropolitan as well as of every great star, and who knows all their professional and unprofessional secrets, but who has never been known to reveal an inkling of his knowledge, becomes a genial gossip about everything in general and nothing in particular.

From time to time a self-styled journalist or dead-head creeps in almost furtively to beg one of those little slips which the Publicity Director hands out with so much liberality but discrimination withal, and one gets an object lesson in urbanity and courtesy. Ever and anon also famous singing-birds hop in just for the pleasure of exchanging greetings with one of the most popular persons on Broadway.

During the years that I have been privileged to make the Metropolitan’s publicity office a place of frequent resort, I have seen some renowned personages in the little ante-room leading from it to the stage and auditorium.

I saw President Wilson there when he came back from Paris in the Spring of 1919 expressly to explain his League of Nations scheme from the stage of the Metropolitan. And only the other day I stood a few feet from another member of “the Big Four,” Clemenceau, who expounded the wrongs as well as the rights of France under the Treaty of Versailles from the same platform. Others whom I have seen in the same place are ex-President Taft, Ambassadors Jusserand and Rolando Ricci, also sage senators, great judges, shining lights of literature, the drama and the arts too numerous to mention or even recall.

There are few more interesting persons who come and go thru that little ante-room than the great musical figures of today as well as occasionally of the days before yesterday. Indeed, it seems but yesterday since I saw there Caruso, stout, swarthy, jovial as always, with, also as always, a small knot of friends and admirers clustered round him, and looking as if he had many years of almost unexampled success and prosperity before him. Anon stalks by, wonderfully erect, alert and youthful for a man well on in the seventies, Victor Maurel, greatest of singing actors of his day; and then that even greater actor-singer Chaliapin, like a big jolly boy, full of the joie de vivre. That most exquisite of singers, Madame Sembrich, comes tripping along like a girl after witnessing the performance of Thais, with her pupil Jeritza as the splendid countezen of Alexandria. It would be rude as well as silly even to hint at her age, but she looks half of it, whatever it is.

One of the youngest and sprightliest of the veterans of grand opera is Antonio Scotti, “Toni” to his intimates, nothing downcast by his recent experiences as an operatic impresario, tho it is known and deeply regretted that his last venture in that capacity made heavy inroads

(Continued on page 72)
The chasuble at the right shows the exquisite beauty and the perfection of workmanship attained by textile artists in the making of ecclesiastical garments. This vestment was woven by Agnes Branting of Sweden in 1918.

The strip at the top of the page is a wall-hanging of unusual beauty, woven during the Middle Ages. The design is symbolical, and the patterns are very like those in the larger hanging pictured below, which was made in 1922.

From the Looms of the North

Textiles have occupied a foremost place in Scandinavian handicraft for centuries. The artists have followed along traditional lines largely, and have disregarded modern innovations. An international exhibition of Swedish textile art will be shown at the Gothenburg Jubilee Exposition this summer.

Above, a small rug of conventional design and loose weave, giving an effect of shagginess. At the right, a wall-hanging from the Middle Ages.

The pattern of the elaborate hanging above, is based on principles of old Swedish textile design. It was woven by Marta Maas Fjällerström last year.

Page Fifty-Nine
LILY LEONHARD
A piquant entrant in the Beauty Contest
In Studio and Gallery

The Fourth Exhibition of the New Society of Artists at the Anderson Galleries touched the high mark in events on the Art Calendar. Some of the best work of our painters and sculptors of the first rank was shown. Opportunity was offered for better comparison in the treatments of subjects by placing the work of each man together instead of according to the usual manner of hanging. Altogether prizes were offered, the work of the artists was unusually fine, and the tone of the exhibition was raised immeasurably beyond that of last year. Works of the following were exhibited: Chester Beach, Gifford Beal, Reynolds Beal, George Bellows, A. Stirling Calder, Robert Chanler, Timothy Cole, Randall Davey, Hunt Diederich, Paul Dougherty, Guy Pène Du Bois, Frederick E. Frieske, William J. Glackens, Samuel Haldert, Robert Henri, Rockwell Kent, Leon Kroll, Gaston LaChaise, Albert Laessle, Ernest Lawson, Hayley Lever, Jonas Lie, George Luks, Dodge Macknight, Paul Manship, Henry Lee McFee, Gari Melchers, Jerome Myers, Elie Nadelman, Joseph Pennell, Van Deering Perrine, Maurice B. Prendergast, Edmond Quinn, Boardman Robinson, Frederick G. R. Roth, C. C. Rumsey (the late), John Sloan, Eugene Speicher, Maurice Sterne, Albert Sterne and Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney (Gertrude V.).

The Portrait, by George Bellows, is an exceptionally fine study. The subject is Mrs. Bellows, and the artist has placed on the canvas all his feeling for character, lighting and color. The face is the subject and the center of attraction. There is no opportunity for the eye to be attracted by minor details. His landscapes are even freer in brushwork, and they are painted without fear of subject, color or handling.

Leon Kroll’s, The Sonata, has the feeling of music. The figures are serenely in keeping with a melody, and the picture as a whole has the charm that comes over one when listening to the soft chords of a piano. In Full Blossom the artist gloriously makes the apple-tree to the Spring landscape what a light is to the darkness. Landscape—Central Park is entirely in keeping with our New York days, and reflects truly the real grey-brown of our parks.

Rockwell Kent has gone to the far North for inspiration. His paintings stand out in their individuality. Equinox, Winter, a big subject for canvas, shows brilliance of color and splendid composition. Alaskan Land-

scape is again the country of beautiful snow-clad mountains. The foreground is splendidly handled, the dusky shadow of a huge mountain emphasizing the distance in its beautiful sunshine. The bigness of the snow-country is felt throughout his work.

The Creek, by Hayley Lever, makes a sharp impression by the strong use of color and freedom in brushwork. The picture reflects the keen enjoyment of the artist in his subject, and radiates the heat of a summer day.

Dodge Macknight ranks high among water colorists. His work is distinctive and shows an unusually fine understanding of color. Whether he paints in a high or low key, his handling is sure. Snow in New Hampshire shows freedom in treatment and unusual placement of strong color on the white snow background.

The Pot Hunters, by Gari Melchers, stands apart from his other subjects. The picture is beautiful in color; in fact, the dull red neckerchief on one of the figures is so handsome in tone that it holds one long and compels another glance. The mind looking at this painting recurs instinctively to the artist’s murals, so rich in color.

Paintings by Maurice B. Prendergast are recognizable at once as his work, which is marked by a powerful originality in assembling many figures on a small canvas and in balancing his subject completely. Not only is the composition well thought out, but the placement and use of color are entirely characteristic.

Paintings by Eugene Speicher are dominated by the use of greys. And they are compelling in attraction. They give out the spirit of the modern and yet bring back to us almost a feeling of the daguerreotype.

Maurice Sterne reveals in antiquity. His Head of a Child seems to have come from the workshops of long ago. His pictures are of great interest and hark back to the time of the Florentines.

Painting, Pastel, and Drawings by Albert Sterne have great charm. This artist has the faculty of working in any medium. Each composition strikes the juste milieu in the trend toward the modern. Beautiful color, sympathy and understanding of subject make Mr. Sterne a commanding figure in the art world.

Sculpture by Gertrude V. Whitney, covering a period of twenty years, has been on view at the Wildenstein Galleries. Mrs. Whitney in many of her subjects shows (Continued on page 69)
There is an ease of pose and lack of stiffness in this photograph that is charming; you are conscious of the movement arrested while the boy pats the dog. The action is not frozen and the spacing and picture hold together. It was rather daring to cut the dog in two, but one is not conscious of the loss. In fact, if the whole of the dog had been shown, it would have been too much repetition of the vertical, with the balusters, the boy's legs and the four legs of the dog.
The Camera Contest
Looking Backward

This habit has been condemned as fatal to one's advancement, but it is sometimes necessary, to measure one progression. So it is with us. In looking back over the past six months, since the inauguration of the Contest, we are more than gratified with the results. We have built up gradually, as all good building must be done. Prints have been received from Denmark, Holland, England, China, Saskatchewan, New Zealand, and from every nook and crevice of the United States. Not all pictorialists wander about on the paved streets of cities, for time and time again packets have come to us from almost unknown hamlets, and these packets have contained photographs of beautifully seen things.

Beginning, as we did, in the middle of summer (prints are always judged two months previous to their appearance) the returns were negligible. At first, the prizes were won principally by those residing in the East; soon, however, we began to hear from the Western section of the country, and this month both first and second prizes go to the Far West. The judging has been fair and impartial. Seldom does one judge know who is to be on the jury with him.

The judging of prints is done along the following lines: Originality is sought first (another word for that would be composition). At this point I would like to repeat a conversation I had recently with a well-known photographer. She said that Europe was full of beautiful things waiting for someone to come along with a camera; that on account of this beautiful architecture the pictorialists of Europe seldom strove to create, but were satisfied to copy, while the pictorialists of America had to combat many things to create beauty. For in this busy country of ours picturesque ruins are not efficient and soon give way to skyscrapers and model factories where efficiency reigns.

The second point of consideration is treatment. Time and again has a print lost because of a lack of proper treatment. First, we must consider the reproduction qualities if we are to have good studies in the magazine. If your prints are under-exposed and lack detail, they are sure to be criticised. As all things in this world are judged relatively, so it is that sometimes a well seen bit must step aside for one not so well seen, because the taker of the first was careless in his treatment either of the negative or print.

Remember, each time a print is photographed there is a falling off in values, and if the detail is indistinct in the original, it is very apt to be

STREET, ST. MIHIEL, FRANCE
Third Prize
By Meyers R. Jones
A charming bit of architecture and a beautiful example of a bromoil, one of the most difficult and at the same time individualistic methods of expression

CROSSING
Second Prize
By John Hagemeyer
Originality of view-point: effective pattern without an unnatural forcing. If he saw his theme so beautifully, it is regretted that he did not go further and make a more interesting pattern
totally lost in the reproduction or cut, and that faint lines will fill up very quickly with ink and smudge in the printing. The snap-shot or drug-store-developed print stands a poor chance because it is constantly being compared with prints that have been carefully prepared. Also, it is apt to give the judges the impression that the taker doesn’t believe in his pictures or he would have given them better treatment.

But do not be discouraged if you do not win a prize quickly. The efforts put forward in the endeavor to win will repay you. The monthly perusal of the magazine and the comparison of the prize-winning pictures with your own work will quickly show you some point where you can improve and in a later contest be one of those whose prints are admired.

**CATHEDRAL PATTERN**

*Honorable Mention*

By Mrs. Antoinette B. Hervey

Well balanced, interesting and a good example of architectural photography

Try and send in some figure studies. Because we are called “Pictorial Photographers” do not suppose we are only interested in the scenic. The unusual in portraiture is wanted. Send us still-life studies—they are the most difficult of all. But, no matter what type of photograph you attempt, never forget that thing so often mentioned—composition.

*(Continued on page 75)*

**TEASELS**

*Honorable Mention*

By P. Murray

Excellent composition and a beautiful picture found in a clump of weeds that most people would pass by
would naturally be that he refused to eliminate these novelists from consideration when challenged to make any such comparison, since he has the right to match the best, and not the second-best, that his country has produced against the best that America has produced.

No, the European critic and reader will not readily abandon the traditional standards when it is a question of classifying or awarding a place in literary art to any work acclaimed as "vital," "great," "memorable," "momentous" and so on—no matter whether the work be of Latin, Slav, Scandinavian, English or American origin.

Sinclair Lewis is on record as having asserted that English writers are "too darn literary for any use." Now, the English reader, like the Continental reader, rather inclines to think that literature ought to be literary, just as music ought to be musical and art artistic. One wonders if Mr. Lewis is of the opinion that Schubert, let us say, is too darn musical for any use? Or, Gainsborough and Raphael too darn artistic, and Shelley and Tennyson too darn poetical?

"Pep" and "snap" and "punch" are no doubt most estimable qualities—in pugilists, salesmen, baggage-smashers and successful thieves—but one asks if it is really essential that creative and imaginative artists (as distinct from animated fiction pumps) shall also be required to exude these particular virtues.

It is certain that, judged by the American "pep" standard, many of the greatest writers the world has ever known would have no standing whatsoever; and it is equally certain that neither English nor Continental readers and critics will readily substitute this extraordinary standard for that of genuine artistry.

I once worked for a short time in a certain American literary agency which handled almost exclusively the work of European writers. Some of these writers had considerable standing in their own countries, but their work was frequently returned to them as unsalable in America owing to a lack of "pep," and many were the letters sent imploring them to infuse a little more of this magic quality into their stories—a quality absolutely incomprehensible to the cultured Continental writer and probably regarded as contemptible when comprehensible.

A few weeks ago I was talking to the editor of a well-known monthly magazine about the work of Johan Bojer, for which I expressed great admiration. He told me that he had received several of this author's short stories for consideration, but that they were quite unpublishable in his magazine. I asked why.

"They've no pep; they're nothing but atmosphere," he replied. "Well, what of it?" I said. He looked at me as if I were losing my reason. "We must have some pep," was the reply, "a story can't get along without some pep." (It is amazing how many of them have and still do, all the same.)

The "pep" standard constitutes one more stumbling-block in the way of European appreciation of American novelists, just as the lack of "pep" in European novels must prejudice them in the eyes of tens and hundreds of thousands in this country. The European reader will forego "pep," but he usually appreciates the sophisticated viewpoint of the man of the world; the American reader, on the other hand, is little impressed by worldly sophistication but extremely appreciative of "punch" and "pep." How can such divergent demands be squared?

They cannot; not unless and until the European writers acquire "snap" and the American writers that intangible something which, for lack of a better term, I will call the grand manner. The term, I know, will meet with a good democratic sneer, but, nevertheless, I persist in using it, as it expresses more or less accurately the quality I have in mind. With a rich and picturesque background to write against, and at little the grand manner in writing, American authors would have at the very least as good a public in England as any good non-British writers.

In the meanwhile, America's contributions to the world in fields other than that of art are loudly, widely and insistently proclaimed. Her pre-eminence in commerce, industry and business enterprise and her singular gift of mechanical inventiveness are universally acknowledged. Can she, then, any more than any other race of these or earlier times, expect complete success in every province of human endeavor? For, as the late Dr. Emil Fisch wrote in the opening sentence of his Success Among Nations, "Scarce anybody, upon the most cursory consideration, can have failed to realize how rarely, if ever, national success has been complete."
A Summary of Shows

(Drama—Major and Melodrama)

Dagmar. Schwenk—Ala Nazimova in Austrian play translated from the German.
The Fool. Times Square—Channing Pollock has almost written “the great American play.” Finely acted.
Hamlet. Harris—John Barrymore at his best.
It Is the Law. Bayes—Modern melodrama excellently acted.
Johannes Kreisler. Apollo—Fantastic puzzle play, wonderfully staged.
The Last Warning. Klaxon—Of all mysteries plays the most exciting.
The Laughing Lady. Longacre—Smart modern play by Sutro, with Edith Barrymore, repeating the London success of Marie Lohr.
Listening In. Bijou—Full of thrills, natural and superlative.
The Love Child. Cohun—Highly emotional play from the French.
Loyalties. Gayety—Fine Galsworthy play superbly acted.
The Masked Woman. Eltinge—Another French play, with Lowell Sherman in a remarkable study of vice.

Abie’s Irish Rose. Republic—Jewish-Hibernian comedy written and played in farcical spirit.
The Egotist. Thirty-ninth St.—Leo Ditrichstein in a part which fits him to a nicety.
Give and Take. Forty-ninth St.—Aaron Hoffman’s new play, with Louis Mann and George Sidney.
The Humming Bird. Ritz—Maude Fulton stars in her own play.
Jitta’s Atonement. Comedy—Brilliant tragi-comedy adapted by G. B. S. from a play by Trebitsch. Bertha Kalish as Jitta.
Kiki. Belasco—In its second year, with Lenore Ulric as a bewitching gamine.
Merton of the Movies. Cort.—Mirthful and sometimes touching satire, of a screen-struck hero.

The Lady in Ermine. Ambassador—A reversion to the best type of musical play
Little Nellie Kelly. Liberty—George Cohan excels himself.
Liza. Daly’s Sixty-third St.—Infectiously jolly, jazzy second edition of Shuffle Along.
Music Box Revue. Music Box—Irving Berlin’s latest songs; lovely girls; a glittering gorgeous show.
Sally, Irene, and Mary. Casino—Very chic and up-to-date girly-girly show.
Up She Goes. Playhouse—A splendid evening’s entertainment, full of fun and other good things.
Ziegfeld Follies. New Amsterdam—As usual, better than its best predecessors.

Humor and Human Interest

Mike Angelo. Morasco—Carillo in one of his inimitable Italian-American studies.
The Old Soak. Plymouth—Don Marquis’ immortal creation splendidly transferred to the stage.
Passions for Men. Belmont—A sentimental but delightful play by the author of Liloom.
Poil of Flanders. Little—Another amusing skit on the movies, with Genevieve Tobin.
Rose Briar. Empire—Agreeable and amusing vehicle for the dainty charm of Billie Burke.
Secrets. Fulton—A real, old-fashioned love story, with beautiful acting by Margaret Lawrence.
So This Is London! Hudson—Comic social satire on British and American types.

Melody and Maidens

The Moscow Art Theatre. Jolson’s Fifty-ninth St.—The perfection of high dramatic art.
The Merchant of Venice. Lyceum—Sumptuous Belasco production, with David Warfield as the Jew.
Peer Gynt. Garrick—A fine Theatre Guild production of a great play.
R. U. R. Frazee—Fantastic melodrama and social satire by Capek; excellently produced and played.
Rain. Marine Elliott—Morbid sociological study, with Jeanne Eagels playing superbly.
The Seventh Heaven. Booth—Good melodrama, well acted.
Six Characters in Search of an Author. Princess—Excellent satire and irony admirably played.
Whispering Wires. Broadhurst—First-rate and exciting melodrama.
The World We Live In. Forty-fourth St.—Another of Capek’s allegorical satires. Admirably staged and well acted.
Our Contributors

WILLIAM McFEE, whose last novel, Command, is now in its third edition, has decided to leave his native land and except for an accent, and become a naturalized American citizen. Once a month Mr. McFEE runs thru the romantic streets of Budapest and Sopron, and he has expressed, in his imperial probe, its true atmosphere. Not only does he find times to contribute to various magazines, and be chief engineer of the Metropolitan, but he is working on a new novel. 

* * * VICTOR HERBERT, America's most popular composer of light opera, is a descendant on his mother's side of Ireland's famous novelist, Samuel Lover. He was educated musically in Germany, and was principal cellist in the Court Orchestra, Stuttgart, before coming to the United States. Here he was solo cellist in the orchestras of Theodore Thomas, Seidl and others, and afterward conducted the Pittsburgh Symphonv Orchestra and his own New York Orchestra. He has composed more than twenty successful light operas. His latest is Troy Kinney which has two passions—which are really one—etching and hard work, the hard work having principally gone to adding one etching. The operas are never played. Two years ago he had a one-man show at the St. Louis Art Institute and, coincidently with that, one at the Cornell University School of Architecture.

* * * R. le Clerc Phillips was born in Pembroke shire, Wales. She was educated at Clifton, afterward taking to lecturing and lecturing. She has lived much on the continent of Europe, and during the war was in the service of the French Government, attached to the Ministry of Propaganda, and both wrote and lectured on France's war aims. She has been in America three years doing historical research work specially connected with the economics of war, and writing articles for various publications. 

* * * Thomas Craven is a lecturer, writer and critic on the subject of modern art; painting is his avocation. He contributes to the Dial and to art magazines. 

Molnar, author of Liliom, is at present in Budapest, superintending the superb production of the latest play, Heavenly and Earthly Love, for which foreign managers from all over the world are competing for the rights of production. He married a months ago to Sari Fedak, the Hungarian musical comedy star. Two of Them Talking is one of a group of short plays by children written by Molnar several years ago. 

* * * Joseph Szebenyi, Molnar's translator into English, is known in Hungary as the translator of Kipling and Wilde into Hungarian, as a war correspondent, and as a magazine writer on subjects of finance and economics.

During the war he was on the staff of the London Morning Post and his articles were carried daily to the New York Times. He writes for the Century, Atlantic Monthly, and other publications. 

* * * Clayton Knight, whose clever sketches for R. le Clerc Phillips' article so well express the ideas of the author, does a great deal of magazine illustrating. He is now making a series of drawings of the old houses of Long Island. 

* * * Henry Altimus, author of many gay stories of Paris, left ten years ago for the South Seas to escape modern plumbing, telephones and chewing-gum publicity. He never got farther than Paris, where two of these do not exist and where the other does not work. His article in this issue reveals the unique point of view which has made his stories so exceptional. 

* * * Robert James Malone, who has amused you with his Excerpts from Carmen, started his artistic career on a Baltimore newspaper, and has developed a remarkable technique in his caricatures. 

* * * Benjamin De Casseres, satirist, iconoclast and writer, has just had a new edition of his book, The Shadow Eater, published by the Government of the American Library Service. 

Don Martin has written the preface and Wallace Smith, after staying awake all night by the pictorial possibilities, made the illustrations. There is one fascinating cartoon by Decayas. 

* * * George William Breck is a war veteran, caricaturist, and writer. In his cartoon on page thirty-eight he shows the Olympians at Lunch, at the sacred Round Table of the Alcquin. 

* * * Jerome Hart is an editor of British and American journals and magazines, a writer of musical reviews, and a composer of songs. He contributes special musical articles to these pages. 

* * * Kenneth Macgowan graduated from Harvard only five years ago and now is a newspaper-man in Boston and Philadelphia. For a year of hard work he became publicist and advertising director for Goldwyn. He is now dramatic critic for the New York Globe and Vogue, and contributes to many leading magazines. 

* * * Samuel Chamberlain calls himself an "architectural artist." He spends his summers in Europe and his winters in New York. He is a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, and his work appears in art and architectural journals. 

* * * Frederic Boutet is one of the most talented and versatile of the present-day caricaturists of France. 

* * * William McPherson is a newspaper-man and an authority on international politics. By way of diversion, he translates stories from the French. 

* * * A. M. Hopfmueller is the Art Director of the 

(Continued on page 78)

It overshadows even beauty

WOMAN'S charm is a subtle thing. The slender fingers of its magic often cast a strange hypnotic spell. And then you hear people say: "What can he possibly see in her?"

But Mary was different. She was simply and obviously beautiful and every one said so; even the girls who envied her most. Yet she had fox-trotted blithely through that period when a girl is supposed to participate with equal seriousness as a more serious thing than it appears to be at twenty.

And now she was rapidly approaching those more serious years that pendulum about the thirty mark when friends begin to be just a little concerned.

All of the girls of her set were either married or about to be. She was bored—very, apparently, not about to be.

In spite of all her charm, some invisible something was eclipsing her beauty and holding her back.

If any of her friends knew why, no one dared to tell her.

And she, least of all, knew the reason.

* * *

The insidious thing about halitosis (the medical term for unpleasant breath) is that you, yourself, rarely know when you have it and even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouthwash and gargle.

This halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. So the systematic use of Listerine this way puts you on the safe and polite side. You know your breath is right. Fastidious people everywhere are making it a regular part of their daily routine.

Your druggist will supply you with Listerine. He sells lots of it. It has dozens of different uses as a safe antiseptic and has been trusted as such for half a century. Read the interesting booklet that comes with every bottle—Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, Saint Louis, U.S.A.

For HALITOSIS USE LISTERINE

Page Sixty-Seven
From a Collector's Note-Book

By W. G. Bowdoin

The technique of collecting varies.

For the collector with a long purse

there are the antique shops that are
to be found in almost every city, nearly
till of which charge all that the traffic will
bear. Then come the auction rooms, where
competition for desirable pieces is more
than likely to run the prices up.

The by-paths which may be followed
with much occasional success by the col-
clector with a short purse include the so-
called "rummage sales," where curios once
highly valued, but which have served and
have been discarded in favor of something
better, may now and then be secured for
the proverbial song.

A source that contains many gems, but
which has been held negligible by most
collectors, is to be found in the push-carts
of the New York Ghetto. On Orchard
Street, sandwiched in between carts over-
flowing with pharmaceutical secondaries, old
boots and shoes, and much junk, may be
found carts stocked with curios. These
come from the sale of unclaimed bag g a s,
storage warehouses, and maybe from
robberies.

Among the
items that were thus
picked up by a collector
who made this section a part of his
hunting ground,
were an original
drawing by
W. Hamilton
Gibson, in a frame
that gave
the page in
Sharp Eyes
in which the
drawing was
reproduced;
an original
drawing by
Boardman
Robinson
(framed), a wood-block print in color by
Arthur W. Dow, with the exhibition label
still in place; several Chinese printings on
silk; a Florentine mosaic; certain Indian
elephants carved in ebony; some Swiss
carved nut-crackers in animal and bird
forms; a Polynesian fishhook with native
cord attached, constructed from an Ablo-
lon shell; Eskimo carvings on bone; an
eagle's claw; and some valuable auto-
graphed books.

There was later shown in the Art
Center, New York, a highly interesting
lot of rare perfume bottles, patch-boxes,
and other toilette articles ranging from
the seventeenth century, in the Houbigant
collection.

Chelsea porcelain items, articles from
the hand of Wedgwood, fabrics of Batter-
sea enamel, tortoise shell, galuchat (fish
skin), mother-of-pearl, rock crystal, cut
glass, ivory, gold, silver, Verne Martin,
agate and burl work were all included
and made a fine showing.

The Wedgwood item was a jolly bottle
with a light blue ground, upon which a
myth figure in white, after Flaxman, was
superimposed, floral border holding the
design together. One of the patch-boxes was of red
leather; it contained an eyelash brush, a
silver tongue-scraper and a needle for
ribbons. This box showed incidentally that some of the grand dames of the late
eighteenth century had something on the
modern fashionables, for our flapper's
vanity-box is not quite so thoroughly equipped.

The curio collection belonging to the
late Mrs. S. B. Duryea, of Brooklyn,
was dispersed at the Anderson Galleries,
lately November. There were nearly 500
lots in the catalog.

The collection was a most unusual one
for a woman, and included weapons from
Oceania, Asia, Europe and America, arms
and armor, hunting trophies, objects of
ethnographical and geological interest,
ivory and w o o d e n c a r v i n g s,
lacquer, porce-
lain, brasses, clothing, fur-
niture rugs and miscel-
naneous objects of art.

The practice of using coins for buttons
is by no means an uncommon one. Certain
of the Siamese coins, called
bulkiet coins, lend
themselves well for
this pur-
pose. A globe-trotter
discovered a corner of
Bafaria an
old inn-
keeper, who
used large silver
coins for his
dress buttons and some of the
Mexican Indians are said to employ them.

The practice of using buttons for coins,
on the contrary, is unusual. It may be of
interest to the man in the street to recall,
therefore, that this was done quite gen-
erally here during and after the Civil War.

Because of the scarcity brought about
by exportation and hoarding, the metallic
money of all kinds commanded a premium
at that time. Therefore, many firms, and
in some cases individuals, used buttons and
various forms of tokens as money. These
were in reality promises to pay, or I. O.
U.'s. This personal currency was recog-
nized and accepted in the communities
which it was issued and in nearby places.

The use of buttons and tokens as money
was in part responsible for the issuance by
the United States Government of the prac-
tical currency that earned the term of "shin-
plasters." Some of these carried pictures
of current postage-stamps and were called
"postage-stamp currency." They ranged in
value from three to fifty cents.
Broadway’s Melting Pot
(Continued from page 45)

Viddish underworld which, I believe, A. H. Woods once threatened to exploit on Broadway. This study of character and ideals and neuroses, written by Sholem Asch and poorly translated, takes a businesslike brothel-master and conscientious father for its hero, and enables us to see Rudolph Schildkrut, father of young Joseph and long one of Max Reinhardt’s best players, doing his first part in English. He does it so well that the prospect of a Lear, or a Shylock, from the man is decidedly exciting.

Last comes the poor little American drama—so basely neglected this season. Zoe Akins’ comedy of a roughneck but artistic temperament, The Texas Nightingale, is already dead, dead as a stage door-nail. It was a frail thing, plotless, cheap, too, but unquestionably observant and veracious. It seemed to me that Jofina Howland played the rambunctious prima donna with a bit too much of the sledge-hammer touch even in the most pianissimo passages. Yet she was far too good to deserve the continual scolding with which her manager, Gilbert Miller, heaped on her by abruptly closing the play when it had some prospects of making its way, and explaining that he was doing an act of histrionic prophylaxis.

You must have American plays, no matter how cosmopolitan we may care to be. And one good way of getting them is to encourage Zoe Akins.

In Studio and Gallery
(Continued from page 61)

that the late war has meant much to her. Honorably Discharged has the keen understanding of duty well done. Fourth Division Memorial is a perfect specimen of the fine young American soldier. Buffalo Bill is particularly strong in action. The taut reins, the open mouth of the horse, with feet off ground, all help to complete a vigorous piece of workmanship. Doors of El Dorado is a well-balanced composition having the feeling of expectancy in the half-opened doors. Washington Heights and Inwood Memorial, a commanding group, is powerful and shows the imaginative and technical ability of this sincere artist.

The Brooklyn Society of Artists has, according to some of its members, outlived its usefulness. A great many of these artists have resigned or are about to resign, but they announce with one voice that this whole resignation is not in any sense a secession—merely insinuating that they are leaving a train which has run out of coal. Meanwhile a new society has been formed by them and has been christened The Brooklyn Society of Modern Artists, whose expressed purpose is to hold exhibits of American progressive art, featuring or fostering no individual school, but encouraging originality and individuality in the art. H. B. Tschudy is president of the new society; Edmond Well, secretary, and Alex. P. Courard, treasurer.

The Milch Galleries held the first exhibition of Water Colors by James Montgomery Flagg. The subjects were landscapes, portraits and interiors. In the out-of-door sketches the handling is freer and farther from the touch of illustration. In the portraits and interiors the artist (Continued on page 73)
The Picture Book De Luxe of the Movie World

ADVICE TO THE INTERVIEWER
You never can tell, some of the most outrageous ideas about the stars you interview. Window. Even in this age of scientific research, the stars are still beyond our reach. Inquisition, silver screen, the stars are still beyond our reach. How will you make your approach? What will you say when you are, at last, in the presence of the celebrity? An interview can be ruined by a tactless remark. What to do—and why. The fatal results of doing the wrong thing. Humorously told by one who has been interviewed many times.

FLAShes FROM THE EASTERN STARS
In April not only will the stars of the silver sheet sparkle from this page, but the stars of the footlights will also twinkle. Melville Johnson, who has talked with many of them, will set down the gossip that proves altho stars may be stars they are also human.

PRISCILLA DEAN
Why is it that nearly all the photographs of the charming Priscilla are full-face? She has a striking profile. Hal Phyfe has caught her naughty beauty perfectly in his sketch.

CENSORSHIP
The first of a series of three articles on censorship—they should not be missed. Stanton Leeds has written cleverly and sanely of the numerous absurdities of the Argus eyed and pompous censors.

In
The Picture Book De Luxe of the Movie World

Classic for April

Cartagena Eroica
(Continued from page 15)

In moonlight, a quality of being alive and sentient, like the blue of that sky this morning, a quality that evokes the legends of past ages, until you conceive yourself doing ferocious things, ordering executions and walling up virgins in grim fortresses.

Looking from the walls, you stalk majestically along the narrow sidewalks. Here and there you catch sight of something you have been educated to call romance. Too often it is merely clinging to the embrasure of a window. He too has an assignation. As you pass, you may glimpse something ominous to the stranger, while a pair of black eyes in a dead-white face examine your blood clumsiness as you stumble past. You begin to doubt whether you are such a tremendous cosmopolitan after all. You are not sure that you could prove your consanguinity with these swart cingras of a Southern clime. Their glance, and the glances of their women, the level penetrating appraisal of the Latin—fancy hanging in the hand of the world.

You are no longer in the moonlight, and you have lost the desire to illustrate the battles with burning heretics. This old city of the Carthaginians has a ton upon it of its own, not entirely synonymous with your home town, it appears. The huge tumbled-studded doors must surely harbor something more sinister than domesticity. You recall the Inquisition, which like assignation has a vaguely terrifying sound to folk who pay income tax and garage hire and club dues. A broadening business, this travel, you conclude as you debouch upon a plaza flooded with that dazzling daylight, that elusive moonlight. A marble statue in the center of the irregular space resembles a congregation of the sheeted dead. The semi-circular arches of the arcades are dramatic in the profundity of their shadows.

The silence is oppressive, and you reflect with some uneasiness that this is not the plaza, and all that is looking for. And you want your hotel! This moonlight is wearing, you discover. You need very much the bright cheerful electric light, the warmest thronged mechanism, the softest bottle. After all, you decide to postpone abandoning your wife—if you can only find the hotel!

A figure detaches itself from a dark corner and moves toward another figure now approaching. The bells of the Cathe
dral boom out the hour in clangorous re
tactant tones that vibrate in the air among the cloisters. The two figures, which are policemen, change places, and one of them emits a shrill and terrifying whistle on his little tin horn. He has changed the watch and all's well. You hasten away from these alarms and excursions, and recognize an opening which leads, you feel sure, to the hotel. It does, and as you gain once more its friendly neighborhood, you are aware you have gotten something of that romantic essence you left home to find.

The Decline of Light Opera
(Continued from page 23)

Players which is all the very small orches
tra pits of our New York theaters allow for; but to transport the workers and the bands of them about the country would drain the resources of a Maccenas.

In all European countries the fine arts are ranked as equally essential to the public welfare with the more sober necessities of life, and governments see to their financial support with no more question than they maintain the national highways.

The needs to me that a similar arrangement band of them about the country would be the only one by which we can hope to keep our more costly forms of musical presentation alive, and assure to our chil
dren, in their middle age, the same delightful and rejuvenating memories the comic opera of our younger days gave to us.
plastic organization, or that sheer craftsmanship can raise the impersonal to the plane where it becomes personalized again. Compare his oil studies of skyscrapers with his camera study of the same; in the painting I find a certain definite quality; a linear precision, and a remarkable range of tonal contrasts which suggest the photograph; but the beauty of the painting lies in its design, in the imaginative reconstruction of the basic planes to produce a new form stronger than the literal object of the negative.

And so it is with his exquisite flowerpieces, his astonishing drawings of individual trees, and his landscapes. Here again it is the mind of the artist working upon the raw material of nature to create a new order. Mr. Shoker remarked to me that it was his aim to give his work "The absolute beauty we are accustomed to associate with objects suspended in a vacuum," meaning, by this to strip his drawing of all superfluous ornamentation, to direct attention to one form, and one only, complete in itself, satisfying, and coherent. To accomplish this aim, his pictures are simplified to the last degree—the background is generally an uncovered space of that white, and the subject is emphasized by sharp black-and-white contrasts. He employs color sparingly, one or two tones in most cases, and these applied in flat areas, the exact opposite of the Impressionistic method. His refined workmanship is unapproachable, an attribute quite in keeping with his subtle vision and his ability to render form with singular delicacy, and yet without needless adornment.

An art of this character has its dangers: It is likely to lead to an absorption in processes, and to give primacy to materials; it tends to lose itself in textures, arbitrary patterns and decorative prettiness, and to forget that the medium is only a vehicle for the expression of life and reality. As concerns Mr. Shoker, there is little to be feared; he is too genuine an artist to surrender his talents to a mechanical paste. He works slowly and with the utmost care, and exhibits only those productions which he feels carry out his own conception of a definite and enduring beauty.

Iron Shutters and Open Lawns

(Continued from page 41)

a uniformed ticket collector, too weighed down with the instruments of his business to gain on the fugitive.

I took in the situation at once, and, tho I had been living in France many years, I suffered a momentary lapse and joined the ticket collector in the chase. Suddenly, however, I recovered my self-possession and realized that I was committing a breach of individual liberty. I stopped and joined the onlookers, leaving the official, as they did, to pursue his duty. It was his business to collect tickets on the arrival of trains, and it had been the particular whim of this year's passengers not to pay his fare and bolt the collection at the gate. Pursued and pursued were each attending strictly to his own business, and thus the fugitive was looking while this business was being transacted.

The collector did not call Stop Thief; he asked for no help, and none was offered him. The youth was free to get away if he could, the official was free to catch the fugitive if he could; and, whichever way the issue went, the onlookers were merely interested in seeing that there was no interference one way or the other. If the setting had been the Grand Central Station instead of the Gare de Lyon, a thousand travelers would have been at the heels of the fugitive and would have delivered him up to the law with the sadistic pleasure of a joyless people.

It would be an error to conclude from this that the French are a lawless race. The difference is psychological. The American, in so far as he sees himself as the ticket collector, charged with the sacred duty of protecting property. The Frenchman sees himself as the fleeing youth, drawn by the lure of Paris and determined that the price of a train ticket should not stand in the way of his happiness. The American trembles lest the youth, escaping the law, climb thru the open windows and unencumbered lawns of his home. The Frenchman, his windows sealed and his shop protected by heavy iron shutters, feels secure in allowing the youth the freedom of the city.

On the evening of the last Quai's Arts Ball, the Paris students and their models marched in a body, as usual, to the hall where their mad annual revel was to take place. On their way up the Champs-Elysees, they made a slight detour into the rue Royal and invaded Maxim's, taking possession of the dance-floor and of the tables, drinking the guests' wine, eating their food, and turning that dignified cafe into a veritable love-den of Nineveh. The French couples, surrounded in the midst of their dinner, entered readily into the spirit of the invaders and ordered more food and wine for the marauders. The Americans, outraged, appealed to the manager. The latter shrugged his shoulders, smiled, and said: "What can we do? It is youth!" The Americans appealed to the police, who had marched with the students and had entered the cafe with them. The police replied: "Que voulez-vous? C'est la jeunesse!"

The Americans, thinking of their open windows and unprotected lawns, were terror-stricken. The French guests, windows of their homes sealed and their shops secure behind iron shutters, toasted piratical youth. While the police stood by, ready to interpret French law to the uninstructed and to explain that fun did not constitute an infraction of that law.
on the savings of a lifetime of hard and admirable work. He, too, keeps amazingly youthful in appearance because he has a young heart. There is no greater favorite both before and behind the curtain than the man who has taken the place once occupied by Maurel and Renard, and one hopes to see him once again in perhaps his finest role, that of the amorous Don in Mozart's greatest opera.

I have reproduced a capital autographed pencil portrait of Scotti which I found pasted on the wall of Willy Guard's office. It is one of a collection of similar portraits of operatic celebrities by Roy Stowell, recently on view at the Ehrich Galleries. It is interesting to know that the artist is a young man who looks after the great curtain which veils the stage of the Metropolitan from the audience. There are many such interesting and clever people among persons engaged nightly at New York's grand opera house, and at some time or another one sees them all in that snug little publicity room, which is just as untidy as a busy pressman's room ought to be.

On a recent Sunday evening I attended a dress rehearsal at the Empire Theatre of Rose Briar, a rather weakly pretty comedy of modern manners, especially in the manner by Booth Tarkington. There was a galaxy of theatrical and other celebrities present, and they made the most appreciative audience possible, conveying the impression that one was witnessing a masterpiece played as a masterpiece should be, which was very far from being the case. I could not help reflecting on the first time I had seen Miss Billie Burke, who enacted the heroine so prettily, and also on the first time I had read a Booth Tarkington book. It was in London, nearly a score of years ago, that I first saw Miss Burke, with that admirable comedian Charles Hawtrey, in an eighteenth century costume comedy by Louis Napoleon Parker entitled Mr. George. Then as now she was what Austin Dobson called "a dainty rogue in porcelain," and just in time to flatter me, the passage of years seems to have made no difference whatever in her, except that she has greatly improved as an actress.

The first time I read a book by Booth Tarkington was when I was in Petrograd in the early stages of the great war. It was Peorid, lent me by the charming wife of the then American Ambassador and I thought then and do still that it was the best and most amusing book I had ever read, and that no other writer had ever written with such humor and comprehension about young people. I cannot help wishing that Mr. Tarkington would give up writing plays about modern society, Bolshevists and such like, and give us more books and plays like Peorid and Clarence. No one understands the psychology of youth better or conveys it more sympathetically, while, frankly, I do not think he knows very much about the other subjects. Beside, who wants to know any more than is already known about the knives, corks and crazy idealists who have ruined Russia, or about the present social silly folks who live in ostentatious homes on Long Island and frequent road-houses and cabarets?

Speaking of cabarets, the other night I went to one of a character which Mr. S. Jay Kaufman would call "different." I mention Mr. Kaufman because that invertebrate "Round-the-Towner" beguiled me there. It is called the Club Gallant, and is located at Macdonough Hall, near Washington Square, that is almost in the heart of the Village. It is a little slice of night life as it is lived in Vienna or Budapest, where Mr. Kaufman has recently been sojourning. Small, cozy, intimate, with striking and amusing murals by De Porraro and others depicting New York celebrities, one gets there an entertainment which without being downright shocking is sufficiently daring to make one sit up and take notice. Anecdotes which, as the English say, are "well, not quite..." episodes which approach the knuckle without being absolutely raw, and songs saucy and chic help to provide a pleasant supper or light refreshment. One would like to repeat the sayings and describe the doings of Miss Betty Brown, as commère. She is that budding Fanny Brice, who will yet be a star on Broadway, or I am much mistaken. Betty can say and do things which are extremely amusing, but which do not gain by being recorded in cold print. Then there is a brilliant young Mexican poet named Zempilla, who does not even need an enormous hat or a short jacket and braided bell-bottom trousers to proclaim his nationality, for he is a remarkably gentle and picturesque-looking desperado, who, among other clever and amusing folk to make one forget that it is high time for all respectable folk to be in bed and asleep. For those who believe with Tom Moore that "the best of all ways to add to your days is to steal a few hours from the night," the Club Gallant is exactly the place to go to just before the witching hour.

While on the subject of clubs, I ought to say something about that social galaxy which calls itself The Pleiades. The members and their friends congregate every Sunday night at the Hotel Brevoort and regale themselves with a good dinner and a good entertainment to follow. On recent occasions among the invited guests were such celebrities as Dr. Lorenz, wizard of bloodless and orthopedic surgery, Senator Royalty, poet, Edwin Markham the poet, Augustan Duncan, head of the Equity Players Theatre, and Miss Virginia Murray, Secretary of the Travelers' Aid Society, which does such interesting and beneficial work. I spent the Christmas season in New York, especially among young girls, and other interesting folk. There was some capital singing, especially by Knight Macgregor, who gave an aria from "The Red Mill" at the Cafe Figaro in a manner which befitted him for the Metropolitan Opera; and Miss Claire Stratton, a charming young soprano, who so far has only sung in light opera, but who deserves a leading theatrical position among artists. I can think of few more agreeable ways of spending a Sunday evening than with the Pleiades.
In Studio and Gallery

(Continued from page 60)

goes nearer to his old field, and the broader stroke is missing. The showing is pleasing in general and it is of interest indeed to see a well-known illustrator break from his usual routine.

Robert Stone Weidman has on view at the Babcock Galleries two paintings, The Brook, and Apple Blossom. They are the only two paintings he has to show for a lifetime of work. Mr. Woodward lives and has his studio at Shelburne Falls, Massachusetts, and for the past few months has been assembling his pictures for his first exhibition. One morning after breakfast he decided to go over to the studio, about three miles away, and finish the minor details connected with his show. The nurse (Mr. Woodward has been forced to go in a wheel-chair for the last fourteen years) then broke the news to him that the studio had been completely destroyed by fire during the night. Two hours of flames had destroyed fifteen years' work. But he immediately sent the two remains of pictures to the gallery and he has started to repaint the first pictures of his new collection.

The annual combined exhibition of the American Water Color Society and the New York Water Color Club, held as usual in the American Fine Arts Building, brought together a notable showing of work in this medium. Water colors gain power in color and in breadth of handling minus the use of tube white. Nothing can give the brilliance and luminous effect that the bits of white paper showing thru the color masses bring out. The works of Briger Sandzen seem to prove this theory, two small sketches in particular, The Best Cedar and Snow and Sunshine, standing out in their colorfull simplicity. John E. Costigan is splendidly represented by his Girl in a Boat. Joseph Lenthard's many sketches show his power in water color. Storm stands forth boldly in his orange and black, and others can readily be matched as the work of this artist. Irene Weir has caught the brilliance of Capri's sunshine in her sketches of the island. Her work is strong and shows characteristic landscape, Granville Smith, Chauncy Ryder, George Hallowell, A. Schille, W. Emerton Hetland, Sandor Bartsath, William Crossman, and many other well-known painters completed a satisfactory exhibition.

Lone Wolf from Glacier Park, Montana, whose exhibition last year caused quite a lot of comment, announces that he is coming back to our village. He has some new pictures with him which he expects to exhibit and, altho he will never be numbered among the great artists, his Indians and cowboys are always worthy of note. For one thing, Lone Wolf, knowing his people and the West, never makes technical mistakes. If in painting a native dance he has one feather stick behind the Chief's left ear, that is where the feather

should be for that particular type of dance; therefore, historically, Lone Wolf is important. Also it adds interest to know that he is self-taught, tho Thomas Moran and Charles Russell occasionally criticized his work.

The Toronto Muscum had an excellent showing, in their February exhibit, of contemporary American art. It was due entirely to the efforts of Mrs. Albert Sterner that so many noteworthy paintings were shown. With less than a month's time at her command she managed to locate the artists and personally view the eighty pictures which she selected for Toronto. Her choice ranged from conservatism to radicalism; one of the best things she chose was Portrait of a Lady, by Gifford Beal, George Bellows, Paul Dougherty, Guy Peuc Bois, Rockwell Kent, Walter Ufer, Kenyon Cox, Miller and Hasley Lever are only a few of the names of the artists represented. Mrs. Sterner herself supervised the hangings of the pictures in Toronto.

The Brown-Robertson Galleries have had on view Western Landscapes in Water Color by George Samuels. These interesting sketches are the outcome of study and travel in the West. The paintings Pyramid Lake, Cypress Trees, and Old Witch Cypress Tree have a distinct feeling of Japan. They are lovely in color, but stronger in their decorative quality.

The seventh annual exhibition of the Society of Independent Artists is on in the rook galleries of the Waldorf-Astoria. The Independent show is the great democratic murier of American art, presenting, as it does, the works of any artist without reference to his previous condition of fame or servitude. Works for the Independent show are not selected by a jury, and no prizes are distributed. It is the society's guiding principle that all artists are hung free and equal. Some facetious persons may be in favor of just that thing for the Independents. The fact is, however, that notwithstanding acres of freaks and fantasies, the Independent show remains the one great, colorful, rollicking art show of the American year. It belongs. It is ours. It is a democracy, with the weakness and the strength of democracy.

This year the society is showing an unusual Mexican group, with work by Diego M. Rivera, and other giants from across the Rio Grande. But we must not forget the work of our own giants—such men as Sloan, with his fine paintings of New Mexico, Bellows, Henri, Hart, George Hart, Mrs. Whitney, A. H. Maurer, Baylum, Hammer, and a host of other talents. Among the interesting features this year is the fine series of drawings and water colors of American buildings by Howard Mingos, a talented young artist who is rapidly winning the appreciation he deserves.

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Page Seventy-Three
The Treasure Chest
Is Now Open To Readers Of This Magazine

Are you, dear Reader, acquainted with the accomplishments of our wonderful Club? Have you heard how the presents of money, which are given daily from our Chest, are helping girls and women from all walks of life to pull themselves out of situations of continual want? In the Middle West lives a dear old lady, one of the most lovable characters it will ever be your pleasure to meet. Too old to enter ordinary business in competition with the younger and more active generation—too proud to accept charity, this lady of our tale knew not where to turn when widowhood left her with no visible means of support for the future. The Treasure Chest was her friend in need.

In Central New York lives a young girl, waiting and planning for the day when the “best man in the world” will claim his own. She is poor—too poor to provide herself with the things that you know and I know she should have. To her we have sent the key to our Treasure Chest, and she will soon have her heart’s desires fulfilled.

In Western Pennsylvania, Southern New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland—in fact, in most every state in the Union—keys to our Treasure Chest have gone out to girls and women who have told us of their desire or need of more money. Not one will be denied. To each and every one, we have given the privilege of unlocking the Chest at will and taking such Treasures as she proves herself entitled to.

We do not seek your financial support to carry on this good work. If you need money, however, then we do want you to join us, for, thru our plan, we offer you an unprecedented opportunity to increase your income so you will be prosperous and happy.

Unfortunately, space does not permit us to explain our entire plan here, but, briefly, it is collecting renewals and securing new subscribers for Beauty—the magazine for every woman—work that can be done without previous experience and during spare time. Would you like to hear more about it? Then address a letter or post card at once to

Katharine Lambert
Secretary, The Treasure Chest

Beauty
175 Duffield St.
Brooklyn, New York

Page Seventy-Four

Two o’ Them Talking
(Continued from page 26)

Swift is the satirist of satirists. He is so great that he has to hide himself behind triple veils. His misanthropic passion is so deadly, his scorn of the race so overwhelming, that he is, in the most fantastic narrative while he puts you to death. Behind his books stands a diabolist, a baffled Fury, a glittering Eye whose lights are frozen heels. Swift was the Dante of satirists.

Moliere conceived in the living flesh; the satiric spirit in him pales with the life of consciousness. He is loaded with the human soul and exposes its comical nakedness. But his eyes droop forgivingly. He was a riant old man. He unmasking convention, seolds hypocrisy, castigates insincerity with the enormous reservation of his incurable humanity. His satire ridicule, but never condemns. He was the spiritual father of Thackeray. Tartuffe, Danden, Don Juan—society is at fault. Social usage and social criticism among the criminals—and you cannot indict an abstraction.

Moliere’s touch is as sure as Shakespeare’s, and as impersonal. Light, negligent, mischievous, his misanthropy flowed from red corpuscles. The sweet alloy of earth is in all he created. What his characters lose in infinite sweep they gain in clarity, simplicity, familiarity.

Moliere was the golden bee of literature.

Poets pay their debts in stars and are paid in warmwood. This is true of Heinrich Heine, whose irony slashed the enthralls of German complacency and whose poetry marked an epoch. He was a colossal head deimiaded by a thousand blazings contradictions. His satire was born of a gigantic internal strife. Many of his poems begin with the song of the night ingale and end with the hiss of the serpent. Dreams of alabaster he pedestal on blocks of ebony. He was a monastic sybarite, a dilettante of flagellations. Suddenly inexplicable tears turned to streams of acid on his cheek. From his violin he struck a maddening-monstrous note while leaning over that gigantic trough—the grave.

Heine was the pixy of ironists, a sentimental imp. He was half Hamlet, half Pierrot. In his every page vibrations, every quivers, and stings. He wrote from, through, in, beyond, and to innumerable twilight. Whirling fireflies pricking the dark of an unquenchable melancholy. He was an Oreatus pursued by the demons of the comic, for there is a laughter that is fatal and a smile that slays him unto whom it is born. And Heine had that dreadful dower. His wit was tragic. He himself played jester to his disowned ideals. His brain crashed against his heart, and there flashed forth the bolt of laughter that killed him.

How well and how sanely the satirists are hated by Conformity, that Goliath who is a cumbush—Voltaire, who ripped the earlaps from Belief; Byron, whose fist of iron, like a murderous club, split the skull of British conformity; Victor Hugo, who quartered kings and popes on his steel, from so near. It is more difficult to hit a target in a shooting range. Did you ever go to a shooting gallery?

The Other: Yes. Three shots for ten.

The First: In the City Park it is three for five.

The Other: Yes. There is one there. There is even a rabbit, and if you hit the tail, it runs. I saw a soldier, and he was an artillery soldier, too, and he couldn’t hit the tail. All Sunday afternoon he tried. And the other soldiers were laughing, but they were just infantry. Then his money gave out and he went off without scoring a hit. He was an artillery soldier.

A long and embarrassed silence.

The First: What are you going to be?

The Other: Artillery soldier.

Without noticing the First One, the Other One called to his garden and clumbs up the dusting-pole. There he perched and is looking up at the Lawyer’s windows on the first floor. He is silent and is biting his nails.

Satire: the Humor that Crucifies
(Continued from page 35)

The First: Because he was dead. He hit the middle of his heart. But it’s easy from so near. It is more difficult to hit a target in a shooting range. Did you ever go to a shooting gallery?

The Other: Yes. Three shots for ten.

The First: Is there a drummer there, too? If you hit it with the gun, he beats them.

The Other: Yes. There is one there. There is even a rabbit, and if you hit the tail, it runs. I saw a soldier, and he was an artillery soldier, too, and he couldn’t hit the tail. All Sunday afternoon he tried. And the other soldiers were laughing, but they were just infantry. Then his money gave out and he went off without scoring a hit. He was an artillery soldier.

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The Camera Contest
(Continued from page 64)

The judges for this month's contest are
Margaret Watkins, ex-recording secretary
of the Pictorial Photographers of
America, C. R. Myer and Eugene W.
Brewster.

First Prize—W. Laura Gilpin, 30 West
Dale Street, Colorado Springs, Colorado.

Second Prize—Crossing, John Hagey
meyer, Carmel by the Sea, California.

Third Prize—Street, St. Mihel, France
Meers R. Jones, 274 Henry Street
Brooklyn, New York.

Honorable Mention—Teasdale, P. Mun
ray, 234 Plymouth Avenue, Buffalo, New
York.

Honorable Mention—Cathedral Pat
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in Brief Review

A careful reading of such modern inquiries as Eliot's Human Character, Robert Chenuault Civiher's Psychology: the Science of Human Behavior, and James Harvey Robinson's The Mind in the Making is calculated to give a severe jolt to most of our little complacencies. It is shooting a bit wide of the mark to say that such reading will alter to any considerable extent our habitual behavior, for it is the very essence of these observations about human character to assert that thought, reason, logic have little if any effect upon our courses of actions. Yet, when thought, reason and logic do not interfere seriously with the expression of our major passions, they may modify and transmute some of the concomitants of these major passions and our minor emotions into a saner attitude toward life. Thus, in the light of these recent investigations, it is a fallacy to assume that there is truth in the old adage that to understand is to forgive; there is a relative truth in it, in so far as when an understanding of a situation is reached, we are likely to forgive by reason of the fact that such an understanding does not involve our major passions.

(Continued on page 78)
Melomanics and Modernists

(Continued from page 55)

Rudyard is a theosophist, and theosophy, as we know, is a very esoteric and profound creed. It would appear to do little to introduce theosophy into his music, with the result that it can only be understood by the elect and initiated. One feels disposed to say of him as was said of Bunthorne in Patience: If this young man expresses himself at all, why, what a very singularly deep young man this deep young man must be.

There was one truly remarkable number our Orchestra, which is here of the International Composers' Guild, and that was Angels, the second movement from a symphonic suite. Man and Angels, by Carl Ruggles. It is scored for six muted trumpets, and to me and to most of the audience it sounded like sheek cacophony. I had, however, been previously assured by that very eminent and sincere musician Carlos Salzedo, who has himself written some beautiful modern music, that it was a truly remarkable example of contrapuntal writing.

Contrapuntal it certainly was, in the sense that a player appeared to be playing counter to and independently of the rest. The parts did not seem to have the slightest association, in fact, the three trumpeters gave one the impression that they were all playing different tunes in different keys. The peculiarity of the audience was accentuated, especially when the player nearest the prompt wing of the stage became almost apoplectic with the result of his exertions. One critic of feeble mind was in a state of a frank but slightly profane Philistine: "If his angels make such a horrible din, what in hell sort of a noise would Ruggles' men make?" I fear that if any of the young Modernists condescend to read this, they will shrug their shoulders in pitying contempt. But I would beseech them as they are youthful to be merciful, to cultivate a sense of humor—for most of them are so deadly earnest—and to avoid the pose of preciosity and superiority which makes many of us take them less seriously than we might otherwise be disposed to do.

But, better News: The American Music Guild held its first subscription concert in the Town Hall. This organization, which has been active a year or so ago, comprises a group of the younger composers who have united to secure greater recognition and opportunities for performing musical compositions by Americans, a most laudable enterprise. A first sonata for violin and piano by Louis Greenberg contained much excellent material, including a charming but all too brief scherzo, and the opening movement. But it was scrappy and diffuse and much too long, for it lasted over half an hour. It was admirably played by the composer and Mr. Albert Stoessel, a violinist of fine quality.

Mr. Daniel Gregory Mason is a talented and earnest musician, but one who cannot find much to admire in his Russian songs, although The Song and The Prophets have big voices. But one could not help sensing that the composer had not cast himself sufficiently in the role of the poet to attempt to follow in their footsteps. Mr. Weerumla, almost of course, sang them finely. By far the best thing of the evening was a sonata for piano by the late Charles T. Griffes, played with perfect insight and appreciation by Miss Katherine Bacon. Thordy modern in themes and treatment, it showed what can be accomplished by an essentially modern writer when there is absolute sincerity combined with inspiration and rare musicianship.

The modernists would be scarcely likely to recognize the two Rhapsodies for oboe, viola and piano by Charles Martin Loeffler as belonging to the same school. So long as they are beautifully wrought, while the writing for the different instruments shows a perfect sound they will be admired. Would that American composers would give us more of such music! However, the American Composers' Guild has made an excellent start, and one can wish it the success which it has already shown it deserves.

Receipt of the Eolian Review, an admirably compiled and well-written musical quarterly, edited by Carlos Salzedo, which has just reached the first number of its second volume, calls to mind the fact that recently the National Association of Harpists has been formed, with headquarters in New York. Time was, and not so long ago, when the harp was a somewhat despised instrument. Thanks, however, to the mechanical and tonal improvements effected by such makers as Wurlitzer, and Lyon and Healy, and to the development of a new harp technique, partly as the result of its increased use in the modern orchestra and partly from the brilliant compositions written for it by Debussy, Salzedo and others, the harp now takes its place as an instrument of first-class importance. To what extent the harp and its technique have improved may be deduced from the fact that up to a few years ago only four or five players could be produced from it, while today there are thirty-two distinct effects. Music students who are in doubt as to what instrument they shall take up might well turn their attention to the harp, which is likely to be in growing request for orchestral and solo work.

The cry is "Still they come." Yet another orchestral organization with it, is said, a strong financial backing, has sprung up recently in New York, the City Symphony Orchestra. It has been "dedicated to the service of the people of New York," and is to be maintained by the membership of the offer of tickets to people who are not members. The orchestra contains excellent material, and when the members have played together for a few months will doubtless be welded into a homogeneous body. Some of its concerts which I have attended have been of excellent quality both as to programs and performance.

But it seems to me that the organization are playing in north of Thirty-fourth Street. Already two local and two visiting orchestras give regular concerts-goers all the symphonic music they can assimilate at the Carnegie Music Hall and the lobbies of which are overrun—I was going to say infected—by people from the East and West Sides seeking for free admission. If the City Symphony Orchestra cater for these musically starving and deserving folk, and play at armories and schools south of Thirty-fourth Street, it would be doing a fine work.

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SHADOWLAND for April
A Young Lady of Character

(Continued from page 47)

Two rooms—one for her and one for himself. She instructed him to write on the register: "M. and Mme. Corbellier." Then she bade him good night and locked herself in her own room, where she slept perfectly. Corbellier, in the next room, did not sleep at all. He was much disturbed. What would be the outcome of this adventure? Besides, the young lady's energy and initiative began to frighten him.

The elopement forced a marriage as Marie-Thérèse had foreseen it would. After a dramatic explosion M. Vallagne was obliged to recognize that there was no other way out of his frightening situation. He gave his daughter's hand to Pierre Corbellier.

In order that the latter might have the air of doing something, they procured for him a respectable sinecure, with a small salary attachment. The marriage was celebrated after a brief delay. Love triumphed.

Before long Marie-Thérèse, now Mme. Corbellier, made three discoveries: first, Pierre Corbellier was a fool; second, Pierre Corbellier was tiresome; third, Pierre Corbellier was lazy. These discoveries greatly annoyed her. She did not hide from her husband what she thought of him. He was humiliated, for he had a very good opinion of himself. Nevertheless, he did not dare to contradict Marie-Thérèse, for she filled him with terror. This sentiment was rapidly aggravated, since she fell into the habit of making cruel scenes which rendered him thoroughly unhappy. These scenes never occurred in public. They were reserved for tête-à-têtes. But they increased in violence and became more frequent, so that the unfortunate Corbellier's life became intolerable.

After a year of suffering he recognized that there could never be a turn for the better. He said to himself that any sort of life would be preferable to life with Marie-Thérèse. He also ventured to tell her this.

"My dear," he said timidly one evening, after a most trying clash, "I realize that you were deceived in me. I am not at all what you thought me to be. That is clear to both of us. I am very sorry. I don't want to impose myself on you any longer. Since you cannot endure me, since you are so distressed to have married me, it is useless for you to spoil your life by living with me. I understand that you would like to have a divorce. . . ."

She jumped in the air.

"Divorce? Divorce? You are a fool. Divorce you, after all I did to marry you! To change my line of conduct, to look like a weathercock! I do that? Never! Yes, it is true that I was deceived in you. But I don't want anyone to know it, you imbecile. That would be the last straw!"

Our Contributors

(Continued from page 67)

Brewster Publications. His cover on this number of Shadowland is an impression of the boisterous March wind. *** Burton Rascoe, who is a well-known critic and contributes to many newspapers and magazines, says that the best exercise in writing he ever had was when he wrote nearly all the papers for two women's clubs, in his youth. As these papers had to be read by different club members as though they were original productions, he was obliged to vary his style to avoid detection. So he imitated Carlyle, Hugo, Macaulay, Emerson, and other noted authors. By this means he made enough money to spend the summer in Canada, and to visit New York for the first time. *** Eldon Kelley, whose decoration on page forty-one, so well expresses the spirit of the article, plans to spend this summer in Paris, studying very hard, and playing occasionally. *** August Henkel is a talented cartoonist and illustrator, and hopes some day to be a painter. *** W. G. Bowdoin is on the editorial staff of the Evening World, and spends his spare time haunting old shops and auction rooms, adding to his collections of antiques and novelties. Leo Kober, whose pencil portrait of Charles Sheeler appears on page eleven, is not from Czechoslovakia as we stated in the February Shadowland, but is a native of Hungary. It is his best beloved country, and next to it in his mind and heart he places America.

Recent Books in Brief Review

(Continued from page 76)

ties, the era of French Symbolism, and the period of Decadence; Command (Double-day, Page) by William McFee, a first-rate performance in the Comradian manner, detailing the emotions of a man of scruples and idealism. Where the Blue Begins (Double-day, Page) by Christopher Morley, a delicious satiric fantasy, more considerable in merit than all that Morley has hitherto written; Wanderer in the Waste Land (Harper) by Zane Grey, the most ambitious effort of this popular writer of Western stories, marred stylistically by false poetics, inverted sentences, and careless spelling; Captain Blood (Houghton, Mifflin) by Rafael Sabatini, a romantic costume tale of pirates for the sort of people who like that sort of thing.
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Things We Have Always Known

The recent business condition has brought to the forefront of thought many fundamental considerations that have always been known but have been damned with faint praise.

Human nature in the mass is very much like human nature in the individual. One of its dominant characteristics has been summed up in the observation, “You never miss the water till the well runs dry.” We never appreciate fundamental things until we have occasion to do without them.

This observation has a special application to the Demand of the public for the products of industry. While the Demand was at high tide and everybody was busy trying to supply that Demand at a profit no one, seemingly, gave a thought to where the Demand came from, how long it might last, or what would happen if it should fail. We merely assumed the permanent existence of the Demand, just as we assume the presence of water, air, and fire.

But a day came when Demand began to subside, and in many industries it came almost to a full stop. And then we missed it, and realized, as never before, what an important thing it was. And we began to inquire where it came from in the first place, and how it might be restored.

We always knew—everybody knew—that Desire for things made a Demand for them in the market. That people desired things we accepted as an elemental fact. But when we discovered that Desire fluctuated we began to appreciate that Desire, as we know it, is a thing created by the art of man. It is a highly specialized form of an elemental need—just as a Louis XVI chair is made out of a tree.

This discovery led to another equally important discovery that the means of refining and specializing that Desire was Advertising. The gigantic work that has been accomplished by modern advertising now stands out in bold relief. It has been the means by which the refinements of civilization have been made known and made desirable, and this desire has been made into Demand. It is a simple fact that a million profitable forms of industrial activity owe their very existence to the fact that Advertising upheld the standards of living which in turn provided the demand for their products.
APRIL, 1923

SHADOWLAND

Expressing the Arts

VOLUME VIII

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TAPESTRY

Guy Rowe studied at the Detroit School of Fine Arts under the direction of John P. Wilkes, and was allowed to develop his own method. Depicting character is what he desires, and technique interests him only in so far as it enables him to achieve this end. He has exhibited at the National Academy.
WATER LILIES

Leon Kroll was a student at the Art Students' League in New York, and later worked under Laurens in Paris. He has exhibited at the National Academy, the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, and is represented in many of the museums throughout the United States.
Louise Upton Brombach has never studied at any school or under any artist. She has developed her own method. Her exhibits have been shown in all the well-known galleries.
IN THE PARK.

In this painting Kenneth Hayes Miller has achieved the austerity and melancholy that are a part of autumn.
Kenneth Hayes Miller
Who occupies the place in the world of Art, that James Branch Cabell holds in Literature

By Edgar Cahill

ART in America exists in a world of clangor and subway crush. In such a world the race is to the active elbow; the platform to the leather-lunged. Mere unobtrusive merit has little chance. Perhaps that explains why so many of the pandits and purveyors of art for the American people have remained insensitive to the fine work of Kenneth Hayes Miller. In a world of shouters Miller continues to speak in a quiet voice. I have not, so far as I can remember, read more than two intelligent sentences, anywhere, about Miller’s art, and yet the man has been living and working and teaching in our New York for the past twenty-odd years. I have seen critics approach his work with Renoir in one hand and Freud in the other. But the intricate traps of history and psycho-analysis are sorry things to set for beauty. It is like laying fish-nets to catch a river.

Now, in esthetics, as elsewhere, quiet, simple things are best. Simplicity lies at the heart of all truly beautiful things. Great art is simple. It is divinely simple, and like the white radiance of eternity it has already broken up into something else when it passes thru the critic’s dome of many-colored glass. An artist usually speaks to us about some one thing, some esthetic passion which has made him its inspired orator. With Kenneth Hayes Miller it is the human body. Everywhere it is the human body, its forms, contours, colors.

Miller’s landscapes show an earth that displays her curves like a rich-bodied woman. His hills undulate like human torsos, nobly and generously planned. Miller has a very individual way of giving us his impressions of landscape. One might call them personalistic rather than impressionistic. Realistic they are not, altho the painter has succeeded in giving us a hypnotic suggestion of reality while leading us into an inner world of his own, where reality depends upon a rhythm established between the artist and the beholder. He makes us read ourselves, the structures, and tensions, and movements of our own bodies into those landscapes, and into those ample and calmly splendid nudes. They restate the pleasure which we take in the harmoniously balanced masses of the one reality we can really know, our own physical selves.

Take those Bathers of Miller’s, poised in full-bodied nudity against a mysterious and yet peculiarly real earth and sky. They are like stanzas in a calmly phrased hymn to the triumph of human body. They are like the women of a more gracious and subtly colored Sparta, so real that a scratch would make them bleed, and yet as elusive as Daphne of the morning mist.

There is a gentle melancholy in Miller’s nudes and in his landscapes. They are like ripe flowers, drooping with excess of life, and brooding silently in the great calm of midsummer. There is an almost hieratic calm in all his things. His women are full-blown flowers that do not flaunt their colors. Their colorfulness is suggested rather than stated, red, lips, perhaps, caught up and carried out in a slender flute-like refrain thru the canvas. Miller knows how to use quiet colors richly. Look at a thing like Bryan Last in Bed, which shows a rich grey personality slightly touched with brighter color, and might be called Woman in a Grey-Eyed Calm. Or, again, look at Girl in a Green Jacket. Here we feel the rising of a subdued but strong tide of the colors of youth, a quiet, dreaming youth, on the morning when life holds out a promise of more brilliant and fuller-bodied blossoms.

Miller seems to have turned from the nude in recent years. In the Park is an example of this later work, which is proving rather troublesome to his admirers. Is he giving us a satire on clothes, on the shame of sack-cloth which man has cast upon the shrinking divinity of the human form? Perhaps. And then perhaps it is only a mood of the painter. In the Park is an autumnal poem, (Continued on page 71)
Ruth St. Denis and her terpsichorean partner, Ted Shawn, have not only restored the classic spirit to the dance, but have infused into their varied measures the spirit of folk-lore and historic romance. They have gone far afield and have explored the ages in their researches, ranging from China to Peru and going back to the far-off days when Israel was in bondage to Egypt and the great Tutankhamen reigned in prodigious luxury at Luxor. Chinese gods, Javanese warriors and toiling slaves are portrayed by these graceful and dramatic dancers, who are equally successful in the display of social joy, religious exaltation and profound emotion.
LOLA GRAHL

This brilliant young interpreter of the immortal melodies of Johann Strauss is now in Vienna, playing the title rôle in Franz Lehar's latest operetta, The Cousin From Nowhere
The Future of the Dance in America

It depends on the cultural foundation of the race—on appreciation of the glory, the beauty, the value of the arts

By Adolph Bolm

Because I am so intimately interested in the development of dancing as an art, in the creation of a public understanding of its multiple message—its far-reaching message of beauty and joy—I feel justified in asking what is the present, the future, of the dance in America?

I have lived and worked here intermittently since 1916, long enough, I believe, to be able to formulate and express an opinion with pardonable assurance. I have studied the American student, as well as the people at large, at their dance diversions, and my studio may fairly be designated a laboratory as well as a classroom.

Before making a prophecy, or admitting my hopes for the future, let me give what I consider a résumé of the present status of the dance in this country.

First, let us examine the qualifications of the student. I find the American student tremendously responsive, sensitive to suggestion, eager, ardent, persevering (often doggedly persevering) and untiring. Qualities of grace and feeling for line are not lacking in the make-up, and a sense of rhythm is far from absent, but—and here is a most important fact—the dancer in America has been fundamentally, one might say intellectually, under-nourished.

The larger number of students and even professional dancers have hitherto lacked a most vital requisite: that of an inherited or acquired knowledge of music. Music is naturally the most potent expression of rhythm. The dance has its birth, development, and climax in music. It is the inspiration of every creator of the dance form.

And yet it is just here that American students reveal the weak spot in their educational armor. The reason may be found in the fact that the average American home is by no means an art center. In Europe good music is a familiar friend of both plutocrat and proletariat. The plumber, the butcher, and the bricklayer sing or whistle their favorite operas at their work. But America's greatest passion is sport—the athletic life. This is not necessarily a drawback to the appreciation of art. On the contrary, to those who want to study the dance as a life profession or even for diversion, a well-trained body is a superb asset. Actually it is the foundation to success.

Another indication of the comparative failure of Americans to grasp the wide, almost limitless educational meaning of the dance is the average student's ignorance of the necessary intellectual training.

When aspirants to education in this difficult profession enter my studio they enter a new world. They learn that the dance is synthetic, a composite creation of art and science, the ripening of years of research, unflagging labor, erudition won by unremitting study. All this involves some familiarity with the history of music, of religions, of the fine arts, of the secrets of color, design and harmony—in short, it is the story of the world and its races, together with racial traditions through different phases of their evolution. They learn that dancing is not merely trained gestures of the body, but the culmination of profound sincere emotion. To paraphrase Jacques Dalcroze, I would say that "the dance is the visualization of thought."
Do you see then how vast is its field and its performance?
Therefore, I say that the future of the dance in America depends on the cultural foundation of the race—on appreciation of the glory, the beauty, the value of the arts, developed from the earliest days of childhood to and onward from maturity.
A never-ceasing pursuit of the ideal expression of emotion should be the first incentive of the student. Unless this be present, the drudgery of study, the endless technical exercise, will kill ambition, and inspiration will never rustle its glorious wings over the uplifted head of the student.
So much for the artistic standpoint as viewed from the pedagogic perspective.
But there is a subtle poison working against real appreciation of the pure form of the dance art. It is the "society" dance as I have seen it practised in American ballrooms.
I hope to be pardoned if I say that I consider many ballroom dances positively immoral. They are, usually, a corruption, a degeneration of the self-expression of an extraordinary and tragic race—the Negro. I have visited Negro quarters, have seen their revival meetings, have heard them sing their spirituals. I have seen their genuine native dances, and was sincerely surprised, touched and inspired by the passionate spontaneity, the pathetic tragedy, the humility, the ecstasy, the abandon, the imagination, and even the genius they reveal in both dance and song. Their contribution to this branch of modern art is, in its way, just as remarkable as anything the white race has done.
But this wonderful rhythm and this primitive gesture, so eloquent in its own sphere, have been degraded by having been transplanted into the social life of an alien people. The Negro dance has thereby lost much of its character, its real influence and its significance. The modern society dance, together with that other false and commercialized expression of Negro art we call "jazz," has become a devastating enemy to the progress of appreciation of the art of dancing. It should have no place in the drawing-rooms of cultivated people.
American boys and girls are growing up in this atmosphere. It is their main, and often their sole choreographic education. To remedy this we must bring back the social dance of yesterday, the dance of the people. It is healthy and has nothing of the decadence, the sophistication and suggestiveness of the modern social pastime.
To do this one must begin in the home; begin with the child, and not stop there! Teaching the child to dance must not mean merely a dancing-class in which children ape the atrocious habits of their elders. Modern society dances lack variety, imagination and grace. Sorry fare for the young of the race.
No! Let us have a return of the folk dance, the original expression of the dance instinct in the people. Let us take up again the mazurka, the polka, the waltz, and other forms derived from these, such as the "round" and "square" dances of other days—clean, beautiful, healthful, interesting and social.
(Continued on page 71)
Hardy Perennials of the Concert Hall
By Eldon Kelley

THE COLORATURA SOPRANO
Who has searchlights trained upon her whenever she embarks on the High C's

THE PIANIST
Whose realistic execution of the Flying Dutchman brings down the heavens as well as the house

THE INFANT PRODIGY
Who, as the years roll by, never dresses a day older

THE ACCOMPANIST
Who has been trained to register insignificance, but who knows he is a better pianist than the tenor is a singer
Ten-Minute Plays
II: TWO LADIES TAKE TEA
By Djuna Barnes

The drawing-room of Countess Nicoletti Lupa's little villa overlooking one of the bluest of Italian lakes.

The walls are sweetly melancholy with prints of a past voluptuousness. A myriad of tiny glass pendants impale the atmosphere on their darting points. Venetian mirrors, that hid with brittle persistence in an age long past, still lie, but the task is not an ungracious one, for the face that pauses before them occasionally, is at once enigmatic, handsome and daring.

The Countess is seated at a desk, resting the hint of a pearl-handled pen lightly against her cheek. So seated, it is evident that she is tall and stately. She is miraculous with black lace, and pernicious with unpurchasable perfume. The motif of her blue and red ear-rings is carried out by the tall windows directly behind her, representing the Nuitette at that moment when the Mother is most poignantly convalescent.

The Countess is of uncertain years. When she moves it is with a dangerous smallness of gesture, the movement of a sword in a scabbard, accompanied by just the right murmurs of rebellious ribbons and desperate taffeta. She is so fearfully blasé that she does not care where her next shudder is coming from.

She is alone, tho she is evidently expecting a single person to tea. Two delicate cups stand upon a tray near at hand.

The sound of a distant bell is heard, and somewhere from the lake the cry of a grieving bird, just deciding to stand on both feet.

There then descends silence. Presently, however, the countess is aware of the presence of Fanny Blaze, a young American. She has come along the garden path, and now stands leaning against the casement. Slowly she comes in. She is blonde, dressed in hyacinth, and is without ornament save for a single red rose, which she has placed behind her ear. When in Italy do as the Italians, etc.

She is below medium in height, but as one might say, exquisitely lacking in inches. It is evident that the two have met both for tea and for no good.

FANNY (coming forward, directly, warmly): May I?
LUPA (rising, gracious, both hands extended): Oh, my dear!
FANNY: It is very warm, isn’t it?
LUPA: Detestable! But here, in the shade—
FANNY: Perfect.

LUPA (pouring tea): Perhaps you would rather have something with ice in it?
FANNY: Oh I thank you, no. Just a little lemon. It’s always so touching to be Russian in Italy.
LUPA (the shade of a smile hovering over her lips): Or at home abroad—or calm during a storm—
FANNY (moving her spoon in a perfect circle): Quite.

LUPA (softly, in a voice pitched to hospitality): You are in love with my husband, the count?
FANNY (turning her head a little to one side arranging the rose): Ravished.
LUPA: Is it possible that you are naïve?
FANNY: No, brilliant.
LUPA: I see. Well, as my husband’s wife, what have you to offer?
FANNY: Nothing. He is bound to accept.
LUPA: You are—rich?
FANNY: But not quite American.
LUPA: I love little, blonde, frank women.
FANNY: And I, I am fascinated by your tall brutality.
LUPA: Of course, you know that I ride better than you?
FANNY: Undoubtedly.
LUPA: I have my own way with animals.
FANNY (enthusiastically): Don’t I know it.
LUPA (drawing slightly): I have a beautiful foot. It looks well in a stirrup, descending a staircase, on a neck—
FANNY (nodding): While mine are deformed with pinching. But they are piquant—
LUPA: And I have a sharp tongue—
FANNY: My dear countess, you are brilliant, adorable, fascinating! Were I a man I would choose you, of course. But men are fools, they adore safety; therefore your husband will follow me home like a chick.
LUPA (leaning forward on one ringed hand): Just what does he see in you?
FANNY: Well, to put it in the Scott Fitzgerald way: the speechless and dumbfounded.
LUPA: Let us put it still another way: What is wrong with me?
FANNY (impatiently): You are superb. That is enough. If we were liquer I could explain it even better, by saying that I am moonshine and you are aged in the wood. You are too perfect. You need no pruning. What possible use have you for a lifelong devotion? You will continue, like the sea, no matter what little slopes are set upon you.
LUPA (smiling): What will you do with Nicoletti when you get him?
FANNY: Heavens! I hadn’t thought of that. (She begins counting off on her fingers.) I promise to muzzle him against the cold, to introduce him to at least one new dish a season, and once in a long while I shall make him a trifle jealous, as we sit in the first-class carriage of some train, leaving one place for another.

LUPA: You almost convince me—
FANNY (with a sigh of ecstasy): Darling!
LUPA: That you won’t do at all.
FANNY (coming out of her ecstasy abruptly): Won’t do?
LUPA (rising to her full height, lighting a cigarette with fearful poise): You see, to (Cont’d on page 70)
Fred and Adele Astaire belong to no particular school of dancing, but they have the priceless gifts of grace and charm. They perform almost unbelievable feats of pedal dexterity as they twist and turn and flit across the stage like sprites. At present they are among the chief attractions of The Bunch and Judy
If you should ask the artists, critics, or motion picture enthusiasts in the German and Hungarian speaking countries who they consider the most beautiful of their blonde screen stars, you would be answered: "Iza Lenkeffy." This lovely actress has played the leading rôle in more than two hundred pictures, and is as beloved by her countrymen as is Mary Pickford by us. Her husband, J. Roboz, is the manager of the Comic Theatre of Budapest.
The Unearthly Imagination

Of which four types are: Odilon Redon, in painting; Edgar Allan Poe, in poetry and prose; Claude Debussy, in music; Maurice Maeterlinck, in philosophy

By Benjamin De Casseres

The Imagination — that stupendous aquarium of the soul in which moves as through all colored forms and monstrous indefinite images—has three qualities.

In painting, literature, philosophy, and music, one of these three ways of holding the universe in solution must dominate.

There is the realist imagination, which reproduces what it sees, and seems more than it reproduces; the romantic-etherereal-heroic imagination, whose images are a fusion of the personal will and the indestructible pagan delirium; and the Unearthly Imagination, rarest vintage from the press worked by the encellded ghosts that agglomerate by the million in the blood and marrow of a few beings, and whose images, chromatic and verbal, will be no other than bare insinuations, mythic hints, infalile whispers—apocalyptic announcements from the immensities of the spaces buried in what we call the Unconscious, with its fatal stars, unorbital planets and comets, and its mal-shape and no-shape wilderness of clouds that throw their Man-made and Devil-dammed reflections on the screen of consciousness.

Four types of the Unearthly Imagination are: Odilon Redon, in painting; Edgar Allan Poe, in poetry and prose; Claude Debussy, in music; Maurice Maeterlinck (the Maeterlinck of The Treasure of the Humble, Wisdom and Destiny, and the Plays), in philosophy.

It is an empire aside, a Prester John Land where Prospero and Titania rule, turn and turn about, with a shadowy but cosmic Mephistopheles and his paramour, a hopelessly unhinged and startle-eyed Cassandra.

Art is the humor of reality. The Unearthly Imagination typied in these four men is the humor of the imagination itself — that celestial humor whose terrible irony is hid in the sunbeams of the anonymous Source.

Life is a ghost story. From the clear, snow-clad peaks of absolute Realism— that summit upon which Schopenhauer stood—or from the arcum of ultra-violet rays from which peer the eyes of an Odilon Redon, an Arthur B. Davies, a Frédéric Chopin, a Percy Bysshe Shelley or a Francis Thompson, the vision and the verdict are the same: We are fabulous dust thrilled by a Mystery.

The external universe is a phantasmo-rama that brews sensations. The earth is unearthly because the finest, rarest spirits on this half-dried sun-flake apprehend what is nominally called the Real as a morphinated vision. The poet, who is the final critic of all finite things, is drugged with the Infinite and the Eternal. He is a cataleptic in a state of Mystery—which is our state of Grace.

The Unearthly Imagination being the very highest form of the poetic imagination, it follows, logically, intuitively and absolutely, that the great Decadent, as rare in the psychic upswirl as is radium in the physical upswirl, is the very Logos of Beauty.

The Unearthly Imagination lives by suggestion. It has never uttered a complete sound, painted a full-length dream, or sounded the scale. Spokesman of an Other-where, it lingers, half-syncopated, behind the irrelevant. (Seven-eighths of the brain is always immersed in the unconscious.)

There in that world of perpetual shadow it is that Odilon Redon has set up his easel and worked by the light streaming from that wispy other eighth which we call consciousness.

It is in that tenebrous seven-eighths that Poe wrote and saw, for he, like Jules Laforgue and Charles Baudelaire, was nyctalopic and one of the suns that blaze in Cimmeria.

It is there that Arthur B. Davies found Form. It is there, in the trackless Mammoth Cave of creation, that William Blake traveled and worked.

Even the wide-eyed brain of Robert Browning fell under the spell when he wrote his mysterious and beautiful Childe Roland; and that surgeon of emotional shreds, Henry James, took the veil of the Unearthly and soaked his consciousness in the glamour of the deeps when he wrote The Turn of the Screw, the greatest ghost story in any language.

But it was Gustave Flaubert who gave to us, for all time, the ironical epic of the Unearthly Imagination in his Temptation of Saint Anthony. For nothing is complete in this world until it wear the crown of cactus—Irony.

The Unearthly Imagination is like music in the Fourth Dimension. It is a theme for a James Huneker or a Rémy de Gourmont. That there are varieties of the Unearthly Imagination that border on lunacy adds to the beauty of it. Sanity has never been the criterion of anything except business and other forms of theft. Shakespeare has been called the sanest of poets, Leonardo da Vinci the sanest of painters, and Emerson the sanest of thinkers. Yet when Shakespeare gave to us his greatest creation, Hamlet—the most suggestive and subtle creation in all dramatic literature, except it be that other victim of the Unearthly Imagination, Don Quixote—he gave us a victim of unearthly dreams, one whose sanity is most, among the Philistines at least.

Leonardo da Vinci is known today to millions because he put the smile of insanity and wisdom (two parallel mental lines that often meet) on the face of Mona Lisa. And it was Emerson who came out flatfooted for insanity as a necessary ingredient in all genius.

Look at the albums of Odilon Redon, unique in the world of paint. They are the last word in the evolution of the (Continued on page 69)
Portraiture in Wood

By Chana Orloff

Chana Orloff is a Russian modernist sculptor who caused great sensation in one of the Paris Salons by her study, La Femme Enceinte, around which a furious discussion raged. She is considered by many of the leading European critics to be one of the greatest woman sculptors on the Continent, and the greatest practitioner of the ancient art of carving directly in wood. In all her work there is an unusual compactness of form and an avoidance of angles. Her studio is in Paris, near that section beloved of all artists, Montparnasse.
Wagner Economized

What the German stage, driven by necessity, is doing to the stage pictures of the Bayreuth master

By Henry Osborne Osgood

The visit to America for the first time in its musical annals of a complete German Opera Company, which at the time of writing was to make its first New York appearance at the Manhattan Opera House on Monday evening, February twelfth, is a matter of interest and importance almost on a parity with the visit of the Moscow Art Theatre.

The company, composed of many of the best operatic artists which Germany possesses, and numbering with orchestra and chorus about two hundred persons, brings its own scenery, costumes and mechanical devices, and is under the management of George Hartmann, distinguished general director of the famous Deutsches Opernhaus of Berlin. Mr. Hartmann is to the opera in Germany what Reinhardt is to the drama, and while remaining faithful to the spirit of Wagner, he presents the Master's music dramas with all the features rendered possible by the advances made since Wagner's time in scenic art and stage lighting. It is understood that the scenery and dresses of the visiting German company have been specially designed and made, and are notable for several interesting innovations.

Which brings me to the consideration of some of the modern methods of staging Wagner's works, as I noticed them during my recent visit to Germany, and especially what I saw at the Munich Opera House, where I had for some years occupied an official position.

There was nothing connected with the science of opera making and producing that Richard Wagner did not know from A to Z. First, he wrote the texts of his own operas—or music dramas, as he was careful to call them and have them called—and, in writing them, he elaborated his theory of the necessity of unity between music, text, and drama, regarded before his time as a matter of no importance.

Next, he set these texts to music. But it is only as a composer that Wagner was the supreme genius; his talent as a dramatic poet would never have saved his name from oblivion had he not written his magnificent music in which to preserve his poems. And when the music dramas were completed, it was Wagner who prescribed and personally attended to every detail of the production.

Hampered by the jealousy and stupidity of bureaucrats in the Munich Royal Opera, where thru the patronage of the King of Bavaria, most of his later operas were first given, Wagner found ways and means to erect a theater after his own ideas at Bayreuth, in which he reigned supreme. There he saw to it that those selected artists who were allowed the privilege of singing for him without pay were made to take every step and make every gesture he had written down with minute care in his scores, on the stage he had planned, and amid scenery which he prescribed down to the last detail.

Thus the "Bayreuth Tradition" was established by Richard himself and has been carried on under the watchful and jealous eye of Frau Cosima, with Siegfried to assist her (more or less), thru all the years between the master's death and the interruption of the festivals caused by the war.

The ridiculous part of the Bayreuth tradition is that Richard himself, an active and exiled revolutionary way back in 1848, and as progressive in everything...
else as he was in politics—would have been the first to get away from it had he lived, and to have adopted everything new and good that came along in stagecraft. Not so his widow. What Richard had ordained remained the final word for her, and the rest of Germany followed Bayreuth, as it always had done. In consequence, up to the time of the war, the Wagner scenery was pretty much alike on all German stages, a little more or a little less elaborate, according to the resources of the theaters, a little fresher or a little more ragged, according to its age, but as a rule in the same general style—and that style, unfortunately, dating back to the seventies of the last century. A few stage technicians had done their best to improve the old designs with modern lighting, but nowhere had there been an attempt to simplify or conventionalize the designs themselves.

But since the war—that is quite another story! It was, however, necessity, and not voluntary artistic impulse, that brought about the departure from tradition. With the steady drop in value of the German mark, and the consequent shrinkage of the budget for productions in German theaters, Wagner scenery à la Wagner became altogether too expensive. Brains were set to work to evolve a new style of investiture that would be adequate and effective without costing too much. As might be expected, some of the results have been satisfactory, others are by no means so.

The very Munich that saw so many Wagner premières, a half century and more ago, was one of the first cities to step away from the tradition. Just at the end of 1921, the State (formerly the Royal) Opera came out with a whole new suit of scenery for the Ring. Munich—the home of the famous Secession movement and of its present-day stepchild, the New Secession—has always occupied the drum-major position in German art; and, as a matter of fact, in the case of the Bavarian capital it was on artistic rather than economic grounds that the innovations were undertaken.

But the new Munich settings do not seem to show an improvement on the original Wagner designs commensurate with the amount of thought and time that went into their design and construction. Part of this is due to the fact that the lighting frequently is not what it should be. Siegfried's forest, instead of being drenched in glorious sunlight, is half dark; in fact, there is throuout the Ring an atmosphere of darkness that whearies the spectator and makes any facial expression of emotion by the actor-singers quite useless. And the innovators have not had the courage of their convictions. Those ridiculous reeds, behind which Mime lurks in that same forest scene, look like nothing except what they are, dry sticks stuck in holes in a stage bank. A courageous designer would banish them entirely. For the interior scenes—Hunding's hut and Siegfried's cave—the designers also failed to find any better plan than that laid down by Wagner, tho, of course, the execution is in accordance with modern stage practice.

Most successful were the settings for the Siegfried-Wanderer scene in Siegfried and—strangely enough—the rather elaborate landscape for the scene of Siegfried's death in Die Götterdämmerung, a happy combination of naturalistic design and lighting that made one long to be sitting among Gunther's henchmen, listening to the beautiful narrative from the lips of the—it must be said—not over-modest hero. (Gunther was not such a bad fellow, after all, still, a lot of us doot care for the gentleman who kisses and then tells—not once, but every time anybody will let him get started.)

(Continued on page 72)
DOROTHY GISH

As La Clavel, the dancer from old Seville, in the film version of The Bright Shawl, by Joseph Hergesheimer
Two Stars of First Magnitude in the Continental Cinema

LYA MARA
An Italian motion picture star of extraordinary dramatic ability. She had won a high place for herself on the speaking stage before she was lured to the screen a few years ago. She hopes some day to appear in a motion picture.

MARIE THERESE MATHYS
This twenty-year-old French girl is known in screenland under the name Marie Thé. She has just finished a dramatic film in Paris, and is now preparing to go to Berlin, where she is to be starred in a play staged by the Ufa Film Company, under the direction of Regisseur Lubitsch.
Phonomania

An expatriate, descending from the leisurely altitudes of Montparnasse, finds all America bowed down before a gun-metal instrument

By Henry Altimus

As an expatriate, living in Paris and visiting this country only at long intervals, I have wondered why the American colony in Paris has grown with such amazing rapidity of late, why Americans were coming to the City of Light in such numbers and coming to stay. They were not coming for cultural reasons, as they did a decade or two ago, for today the music in New York is far better, the theaters are much more interesting, and our art is rapidly approaching the European level. I had not been back forty-eight hours when I discovered the reason: the most unbearably perfect telephone system in the world.

Of course, some Americans go to Paris to train for divorce in an environment more fashionable than Reno, and others go because only those with a thorou education in chemistry can wink at the Eighteenth Amendment and preserve life and eye-sight, but the vast majority emigrate to escape the telephone system. If they don't, they should.

Here is a legend that China, at one point in her development, many centuries ago, had attained a degree of civilization far superior to our own today, but that at this point the emperor had decreed that every mechanical invention, every ingenious device which made that civilization superior, be destroyed. I do not know precisely in which century this occurred, but it was approximately within a year after the telephone service had reached the perfection it now enjoys in this country. Unfortunately, this is a republic and the President has only the power to call disarmament conferences and issue Thanksgiving Day proclamations, so that civilization must go pitilessly on its course.

When a foreigner, with admirable clarity and calm, speaks of the next war, there is great consternation among Americans, yet it is only the frequency of wars in Europe which has made the Continent such a wonderful place to live. Europe has always been so busy fighting that it has never had the leisure to install modern plumbing or perfect its telephone system.

For a brief space, during the recent war, there appeared a little hope for America: the telephone service deteriorated appreciably, expert operators became scarce, rundown material was hard to replace, and a telephone subscriber could at last call his soul his own. But the hope was short-lived. The war ended prematurely.

If General Pershing had had his way, if the Metz offensive had been carried thru, the American troops marched to Berlin and the war prolonged another year, the telephone system might have broken down so completely in this country that it could be scarcely improved before the next war, thus attaining a chronic condition of fitful operation such as makes telephoning in Europe a romantic and uncertain adventure; a diversion of many surprises, not the least of which is getting your number within the same day you ask for it. But the counsels of General Pershing did not prevail, the Yankee troops did not march to Berlin, and Americans began to emigrate to Paris in increasing numbers.

On my arrival in New York I put up with an old friend. On my second day I had occasion to use the telephone. I made my usual preparations. I drew a comfortable arm-chair up to the telephone instrument, piled it high with cushions, lighted a pipe, and opened The Boy Grew Older to page eighty-seven, with the pleasant prospect of finishing it at the sitting. I put the receiver to my ear.

"Hello?"

It was a woman's voice. Central had put me on a busy wire. I waited. A busy wire is always an adventure. But my curiosity was not rewarded, for not another sound came, and I hung up for a moment. Again I lifted the receiver to my ear.

"Please?" Again the same woman's voice, more cajoling. Again the busy wire, I thought. A woman pleading. Perhaps with a man, a lover. Mystery! Tragedy. I waited breathlessly, but evidently the couple had heard me lift the receiver from the hook, knew there was an eavesdropper to their drama, and at once became silent. Despairing, I once more hung up the receiver. I put it to my ear after a wait.

"What's the matter with you? I've been asking you for your number, please?"

"This is Gramercy 5042, " replied the voice. I recognized it. Fluttered, speechless, I stammered: "I'll call up later," and hung up the receiver. I could not have delivered the message I had planned. I was too dum-founded. The whole operation had lasted eighty seconds. But for my blundering, it would not have required more than twenty seconds. It was bewildering, incredible. I had not even framed my speech. I had thought there would be plenty of time for that after I had skimmed a chapter or two.

I rose and began to pace the room. My reading was spoiled for the day. From years of habit as a telephone subscriber in Paris, I can only read with a telephone receiver to my ear. I have done all my reading that way. My education during the past ten years has been acquired during telephone calls. I average from three to four volumes a week. Busy Parisians get their only sleep during calls. There is always a couch near the instrument in well-appointed homes. But with twenty-second service . . .

I began to understand America. I realized why the newspaper has supplanted the novel, why the anecdote has superseded the short story. I paced up and down the room reflecting on these things when the telephone bell rang. I had scarcely concluded the conversation when it rang again.

It rang all day, ceaselessly, relentlessly. By four o'clock (Continued on page 69)
DAPHNIS
An original water-color drawing by Arthur Rackham, made for Milton's Comus and included in the exhibition of the artist’s work at the Scott and Fowles Galleries this past winter.
Maurice Sterne is an individualist. His works are heartfelt results of phases in his life. Born in Russia, he came to America a poor boy struggling to attain an art education. By winning a prize for his work, he was enabled to live and study abroad. Feeling the desire for different surroundings he went to India and Java, but still the inspiration did not come. Impulsively he took a steamer for Bali, in the Malay Archipelago, and there his ideal was found. In Bali the natives lived in perfect harmony with nature. The costumes, the processions, the old ceremonies, made a deep impression on the artist and the outcome was some of his finest work. After spending about two years in Bali he returned to New York, and Mr. Birnbaum exhibited his drawings with great success. He could not, however, re-adjust himself to American life, and much time was spent in the study and painting of flowers. In Maine he produced Rock Studies, entirely individual and interesting. Then came life with the Pueblo Indians in New Mexico. The artist with his great friendliness and understanding gained the confidence of these people, thereby making drawings and sculpture unusual and distinctive. At present Maurice Sterne is working in Italy and devoting much time to sculpture. The Bourgeois Galleries have twice exhibited his work and succeeded in placing drawings and a sculpture, The Bomb Thrower, in the Metropolitan Museum.
A NATIVE OF BALI

Some of Maurice Sterne's finest work was done during his two-years' sojourn in Bali.

SALOME

One of a number of symbolical drawings made by the artist when he was depressed in spirit.
STILL LIFE
Artists from Muscovy

Sketched by Wynn

Constantin Stanislavsky, co-founder of the Moscow Art Theatre, and for more than twenty years its leading spirit, began as an amateur. He has developed into the greatest director and one of the finest actors of his generation. He himself has set the example of perfect team work, which has made the Moscow organization the most notable theatrical organization that has ever been brought into existence. Gifted with a splendid imagination and with original theories of stage direction and acting, his productions are perfect examples of naturalism which never oversteps the bounds of good taste and results in overemphasis. The visit of the Moscow Art Theatre to New York and other cities in this country is likely to have an abiding effect on the American stage.

IVAN MOSKVIN
Moskvin’s ability to merge his identity in whatever part he plays is shown at its best in the role of that Russian rolling-stone, Luka, in Gorky’s The Lower Depths. Here we have humor and humanity, high comedy and love. He created the role in the original production in 1902.

CONSTANTIN STANISLAVSKY
Thanks to Chaliapin and Didur, Boris Godunow was not unknown to American audiences before the arrival of the Moscow Art Theatre. Alexander Vishnevsky (below), of that organization, gives another fine impersonation of the character in Tsar Fyodor Ivanovitch.

Fiona Shevtchenko and Peter Baksheieff (above) give fascinating but repellent portrayals of sensual and selfish types in The Lower Depths. She is the wife of the lodging-house keeper and he is the smart young thief who has grown tired of their illicit love.

At the right is one of the great moments in The Lower Depths, when the broken-down gentleman is discussing the situation with some of his companions and they realize their different degrees of misery and degradation. The episode, as well as the whole play, is presented with such naturalness and absence of melodramatic effect that it is profoundly moving.
Looking as if they had stepped from a Greek frieze, the Duncan Sisters are the Three Graces come to life. They quitted the Duncan School three years ago and developed their own choreographic methods. Today they are the rage of Paris, and doubtless will be of New York, whither they come next season.
The Man Who Was Mad

By Frederic Boutet

Translated from the French by William L. McPherson

It is not very agreeable to meet a man who was your friend at college, and who afterward was interned for many months in an asylum—an asylum for highclass pay patients, but a madhouse just the same.

Lucien Canalle had the appearance of a man who had perfectly recovered when I met him face to face on the boulevard. Apart from a certain air of sadness and of premature old age (he is thirty-two, I believe), he seemed quite normal, and I tried to treat him as if nothing had happened. We took seats on the terrace of a café and I talked gaily of old times at college, where he and his brother had been in the same class with me.

"You are very polite," he said. "You talk to me as you would to anybody else, don't you? But I know, you see, I am the man who was mad. With you, as with the others, and as long as I live, I shall be an object of suspicion. They keep watch on me without seeming to do so. They are too free and easy, too gay, too amiable. They agree with me too pointedly. I am the man who was mad."

"But, no, I am not mad! I have never been mad! I want, for once, to tell the whole truth. But the truth now is no longer of any importance. A wrong has been done to me and another has benefited from it. I was not the madman. It was my brother Louis. No, I beg of you, let me tell you the whole story before you assume that I have not been cured.

"Louis went mad seven years ago. He was twenty-eight, and I was twenty-six. He was not mad all the time. He had periodical attacks. He undressed himself, he thought that he was surrounded by enemies, he argued with pieces of furniture and fought with them. We came of stock somewhat abnormal mentally, and Louis, besides, overdid things between his eighteenth and twenty-fifth year. He studied mathematics too hard and dissipated too much. The two things don't go together.

"When this derangement began, we were in the country, at the family château. You know that our parents died long ago. I was alone there with Louis. He grew worse and worse. The attacks became more frequent and more violent. The rest of the time, however, he had no trouble. And he had no memory whatever of the crises after they were over. He was a good fellow, as always, cheerful and perfectly content with life.

"I persuaded him to return to Paris. I had already consulted Prunier. You remember him, don't you? He was also at college with us, and he remained—he had remained—I should say—my best friend. He had just taken his degree in medicine. He was a pupil of Cave, the celebrated alienist, and I could not have found a better man to consult.

"He knew Louis well. He examined him carefully without letting him notice it, without putting him in the least on his guard, treating him like an old friend. He told me finally that it was a serious case, though curable. With care, rest, fresh air and hydrotherapy he could recover in less than a year, but only on condition that he be put in charge of Cave, who had a sanitarium in the suburbs. Everything at Cave's is up-to-date. You can well believe me, for I was there myself.

"I hesitated. It seemed horrible to me. As I just told you, between attacks he was relatively rational. He attended to his affairs and pursued his studies in physics, directing the latter, moreover, toward fantastic problems and scientific extravagances, impossible of realization. But for the most part he lived like everybody else, and lived even at too rapid a pace, for he went out every evening and indulged in all sorts of excesses. I was obliged to accompany him on these expeditions and God knows if that was not a torment to me, for I was a serious-minded person. But I hardly dared to let him go alone.

"Besides, nobody else suspected anything. In the house in which we had our apartment, in the Avenue Villiers, the other tenants found him more sociable than they found me. He never had any attacks outside and I did my best to conceal them from the servants, locking myself up with him and trying to quiet and stifle his cries.

"But that state of things could not last. He became more violent than ever. Prunier was annoyed and told me that I was to blame. He said that Louis was in danger, that he was aggravating his condition every day by the life which he led and that it was necessary to confine him without delay, if we wished to avoid a catastrophe and a public scandal.

"Prunier also told me that he was going to America to study asylum methods there, and that he wanted to set his mind at ease about the two of us before he started. Finally, he insisted peremptorily that something should be done.

"And then, in addition, I wanted to get married. I was very much in love and I feared the results of some eccentricity or worse on Louis' part. He also knew the girl I loved—Yvonne Martier.""

"Yvonne Martier?" I said in astonishment. "But she married.

"Yes, she married my brother," Lucien Canalle interrupted. (Continued on page 74)
Henrik Ibsen wrote his master poem, Peer Gynt, when a wanderer in Southern Italy in 1867. In a letter to a friend he affirmed that much of it had its origin in the circumstances of his own boyhood. His imagination created a perfect type of the errant and erring youth, partly real and partly fanciful, with folklore as a background.

Norway's most famous composer, Edward Grieg, has done much to perpetuate the story of Peer Gynt, for his vividly pictorial music has been heard the world over. Who does not know and love Solveig's Song, the Death of Ase and Anitra's Dance?

Peer Gynt Comes to New York
Sketches by Leo Kober
To keep his mother, Asé, from following him, Peer has perched her on the millhouse roof. As he strides away, she cries: "Peer!—God help me, now he's off; Reindeer-rider! Liar! Hei! Will you listen? No; he's striding O'er the meadow—Help! I'm dizzy!"

At the left is the young hero impudently defying the Troll King in his hall under the mountain. Joseph Schildkraut plays the difficult rôle of Peer Gynt with extraordinary skill and spirit.

On the opposite page is Peer watching three farm girls dancing and singing in the meadow. He cries out to them: "To whom do you call?" They answer: "To the trolls! To the trolls!" Peer leaps from the bridge and dances with them.

Peer meets Solveig at the wedding celebration. He grasps her wrist, crying: "Oh, it is well you have come! Now I will swing you round fast and fine!" But Solveig answers: "Loose me! You are so wild!" "The reindeer is wild too, when summer is dawning," retorts Peer.

Ladislas Kún (right) conducts the orchestra for the Theatre Guild's production of Ibsen's drama. He is one of the finest classic musicians of Hungary. Theodore Komisarjevsky (left), who so ably directed Peer Gynt, was one of the experimentalists and pioneers in the theater in Russia.
Savely Sorine
A master of pure and austere art among radicals

By Leo Randole

One may say: "A quelque chose malheure est bon," and thank the Russian Revolution for turning the greatest artists of Russia into wandering refugees. Yet it seems unfair to both artists and the public to have tossed and crowded together the incongruous individualities of the captivating group of Russian modernists known as the "Mir Iskoustva," as was done in a recent exhibition. Primarily founded by Alexandre Benois to combat the influence of impressionism, the "Mir Iskoustva" reflects the individual reaction of each member toward the tendencies of the modern movement in Art.

In spite of the Russian Ballet and the exhibitions of some Russian artists, in spite of their own Futurists and Independents, neither Paris nor New York has been quite prepared for the bold individualism of the "Mir Iskoustva" members, presented as they are en masse. The inheritance of Byzantium and the Tartars, the perilous and primitive codor with which these enfants terribles demolish to rebuild again, the poignancy of their sorrow, their sharp sensuality—all this is too overwhelmingly disquieting and stirring to occidental senses. But one should not grumble at so many riches, and bear in mind that this extraordinary exhibition in the Brooklyn Museum is the grouping of artist friends, primarily collaborators of an art magazine, brought together by their common sympathy with the modern movement in arts; and that each artist is perfectly free to express his own genius with no school nor formula to trammel his individuality.

Acquainted as one may be with these facts, one still experiences surprise in facing the serene art of Savely Sorine. And in recovering from the perplexity at finding such masterly simplicity and perfection next to the most riotous and unrestrained radicalism, an immediate comparison forces itself between Sorine and a French master of the nineteenth century—the great Ingres. The comparison is immediate and lasting, with strong points of similitude, in spite of Sorine's personality and the fact that between Ingres and him was Cezanne—that other French master who brought new blood and vivified the spirit of the present generation.

Nowadays it is common to invoke the name of Ingres in connection with modern painters. "Ingrism" in its absolute classicism has become a cult among the most abstract Futurists, and many a drawing of Picasso and Matisse could affirm the sincerity of this idolatry. All those who know how to draw were called at one time or other "Ingrist."

It is easy to understand why the most exasperated equilibrist feels appeased by this genius of order and purity and has consecrated him as patron. While such sayings of Ingres as: "Draughtsmanship is the honesty of art," "The line is the design," "The line is everything," "One cannot find beauty by practicing, one should find it in the model," or "Draw purely but broadly," have become gospels to them, there is something perversely paradoxical in the adulation of a master whose sensibility and perfection are felt and recognized but not accepted as means to attainment.

The connection between Sorine and Ingres is, however, of a different and more intimate nature. It does not merely apply to their "manner" of painting. Spiritually the two men are kin. In art, such miracles do happen. Separated by a century, an Ingres is found reincarnated in Russia by a Sorine. He who revolted against the tyranny of David and his cold mimicry of ancient Rome and Greece, is found reincarnated in one whose revolt consists precisely in remaining himself in calm and truth, while all around him is raging in a chaotic tempest. This beautiful and calm faith of Sorine, stands above the technical resemblance that exists between him and Ingres.

Like the art of Ingres, that of Sorine captivates by its spiritual quality. As an artist Sorine is an aristocrat. Art only outwardly appears democratic. Like life itself it throws out all it possesses and it has its "low-brows" and aristocrats, its false prophets and apostles. To Sorine—the aristocrat—it was given to portray the human beauty of soul and mind. For this reason he is often referred to as the portraitist of aristocracy. This title ordinarily

(Continued on page 72)
THE GIRL WITH THE MIRROR

The art of Savely Sorine captivates by its spiritual quality. As an artist, he is an aristocrat. He cannot paint unless his sitter possesses nobility of mind and spirit—de la race. This quality becomes the motif of his paintings; all seems to be simplified and eliminated for its sake—it shines over everything like an impalpable aureole.
THE MIMIC
Vanda Hoff, dancer at the Palais Royal, poses before a wall panel of carved wood by Norman-Bel Geddes
Claire Sims is a Danish artist who is popular on the Continent for her "Parody Dances." Above she appears in her number, The Naughty Child, with her three assistants, Jocko, Mother Goose and Teddy Bear.
A "Little Theater" from Russia

Out of the amateur actors of 1898 comes the genius of the Moscow Art Theatre

By Kenneth Macgowan

It is 1938. Berlin and the whole German nation is in ecstasy over the great company of American actors appearing at Pariserplatz Theater. Press and pulpit re-echo with praise of the "first theater of the world." Cordons of the Schutzpolizei are needed to calm the crowds fighting their way to the box-office. At dinner parties you hear no other names than those of the great tragedians Frank Conroy and E. J. Ballentine; the distinguished actresses Helen Westley and Margaret Mower; the two playwrights who have given this company its greatest triumphs, Philip Moellner and Lawrence Langner; its scenic artist, Lee Simonson; its autocratic but inspired director, Edward Goodman. Perfection of ensemble, brilliance of scenic detail, genius in impersonation and exaltation of dramaturgy stamp with authenticity the climax of the triumphal tour thru Europe of the Washington Square Players.

This is not so very fanciful a parallel to what happened in New York when the Moscow Art Theatre came to town. This brilliant organization—whose advent may well mark a turning-point in the history of the American stage—began its life a quarter of a century ago in circumstances very much like those that ushered the Washington Square Players into the Bandbox Theater. The finest acting company in the world is nothing more nor less than the outgrowth in Russia of what we in America call the "little theater movement."

Constantin Stanislavsky, its chief director, was an amateur actor in 1897, and he managed a little theater organization that went by the name of the Society of Art and Literature. Nemyirovitch Dantchenko, its regisseur, its business man, and its picker of plays, was a rich dilettante and teacher of dramatic art. The result of an eighteen-hour session over a café table was the union of these men and their ideas, and the formation of the Moscow Art Theatre. Before their playhouse opened in the fall of 1898 they had gathered together the young men and young women who still form the center and first-line of the company. Almost without exception, they were the sort of people you find in our little theater companies today—amateurs who earned their livings at law, business or teaching.

Two things account for the quality of the Moscow Art Theatre today. One is the idealism and the artistic intuition of its directors, Stanislavsky and Dantchenko; their genius and their judgment have molded the efforts of their associates. But quite as important—far more important as a lesson to the American stage—is the fact that this group was organized as a repertory theater, one playhouse, one permanent company, one policy of direction, and a repertory of great plays given in alternation, night by night, to one loyal audience. Upon this foundation, the Moscow Art Theatre has built financial success; and, thru the years of constant practice and association in a wide variety of parts, the actors have developed their individual talents and created an ensemble beyond anything we know in America—or ever will know until we have repertory theaters of our own.

The Broadway playgoer who visits Jolson’s Fifty-ninth Street Theater every Monday to see the Russians at work gets one extraordinary shock. It is not the good plays—Tchekov’s The Cherry Orchard and The Three Sisters, Gorky’s The Lower Depths, and Alexei Tolstoy’s Tsar Fyodor. It is not even the brilliant direction and the amazingly smooth ensemble. It is the virtuosity and variety of the actors.

Here on one night is a dumpy comedian named Moskvin playing that tragic half-wit Tsar Fyodor, and on another the moth-eaten old pilgrim in The Lower Depths, and playing both parts with equal brilliance. Here on another night is the company’s greatest actor, Katchaloff, pre-
senting the same Tsar in a different and even more moving interpretation, and on still another playing with such extraordinary finesse the degenerate Baron in Gorky’s polyphony of the slums. Stanislavsky, himself, is in one play a Nordic noble that might have stepped down from Valhalla, in another an ornately rugged philosopher of the cellar, and in still a third a debilitated country gentleman with a taste for billiards.

It is the constant practice on such varied parts, under a direction of the intuitive understanding of Stanislavsky, which has made the little theater of the Society of Art and Literature into the greatest acting-machine in the world. The thing is not impossible in America. Capital, energy and a very little genius are all we need. In the playgoers that sit enthralled before the pageantry of Tsar Fyodor, the squalor and ecstasy of The Lower Depths, and deep, piteous humanity of Tchekov, America already has the eager audience which would complete its theater.

The American manager who should have had such a repertory theater years ago—Arthur Hopkins, of course—signaled the arrival of the Russian players with the most disappointing production of his career. Of the two versions of Romeo and Juliet announced for mid-season, the one that Hopkins made for Ethel Barrymore arrived first and departed almost immediately for very good reasons. As Juliet, Miss Barrymore was heavy, slow, and dull. Even her physical radiance seemed dimmed. The company was almost as ponderous as the star. They were directed at a leisurely pace, and the stage-hands—who had only to drop curtains across the front of Robert E. Jones’s permanent setting and add or subtract a chair or two—took their time with the changes of scene. There was no youth, no passion, no fire, no speed to match the boundless lyricism of Shakespeare. Only one actor, Basil Sydney, acquitted himself as well as his part deserved and, tho he read Mercutio’s lines with uncommon cleverness, he, too, lacked dash.

Against this Romeo and Juliet stand Jane Cowl and the production which the Selwyns have sponsored. It lacks much. The scenes of Rollo Peters are without style; and fifteen lengthy intermissions delay the sweep of the story. The supporting company is generally without distinction. But the production has cer-
best, which is the sort of thing "her public"—as we call the frightful monster which limits the range of almost every actress in America—likes best to see her do. This is, of course, the grand lady. She must be as beautiful as Miss Barrymore herself, she must wear unapproachable gowns. She must chat familiarly with Sir Gerald Applegate, K. C. B. And she must be just a little "déclassée," Not enough to be vulgar—need I say?—but just enough. Enough, at any rate, so that shoddily aristocratic Americans can feel at home in her presence.

This is the sort of part that Miss Barrymore finds in The Laughing Lady, a London drawing-room success written by that grand old man of the teacups, Alfred Sutro. It is all very like being back in Piccadilly in June, 1914. Smart and yet well-bred by twentieth-century standards. Ingenious, too, at least, in the first two acts; the English playwrights of this sort were always ready to begin the evening with a new idea or a little freshness of dramaturgy if only you agreed not to hold it against them, or not to expect them to provide anything but the usual ending.

Perhaps I ought to say one of the two usual endings. For in these plays about the lady who loves somebody besides her own husband there are always a couple of solutions. In one of them, the lover goes away to Zam-besi to improve The Empire and his morals, and the wife settles down again with her boring spouse. In the other—when both are married—they both settle down. Unhappy boredom reigns supreme and the British family is saved.

Sutro goes to the length of having his heroine divorced about 4 p. m. and falling in love with her husband’s ruthless counsel at 9:15. This gives Miss Barrymore an opportunity for some humor as well as emotion, but it makes the reconciliation with her husband particularly foolish.

The Laughing Lady is better acted, I think, than any American production of this sort in many years. Cyril Keightly is a little out of the passionate picture, but he is no lout, and the rest of the cast is quite, quite expert, as Lady Stuttfiled of A Woman of No Importance would have said. There is nothing slow or labored here. Except, of course, Mr. Sutro’s last act.

The remainder of the month provides a number of productions worth some sort of comment:

The Lady Cristilinda—now departed; a sentimental but deft piece of work by Monckton Hoffe, in which Frank Bainter did the best acting of her career.

The Egoist—also of brief duration; a sophisticated and spasmodically brilliant comedy by Ben Hecht, in which Leo Ditrichstein gave his usual performance of the Continental great lover in a part supposed to be an American playwright.

Secrets—a combination of Milestones and Romance, with an anti-feminist philosophy of its own, written with a fair amount of skill by Rudolph Besier and May Edginton, and well acted by Margaret Lawrence and Tom Nesbit.

Why Not?—a pseudo-Shavian discussion of the absurdities of divorce, brightly but not brilliantly written by Jesse Lynch Williams, rather well mounted by the Equity Players, and enthusiastically endorsed by the Reverend Percy Stickney Grant.

Rose Briar—Booth Tarkington engaged on far too polite and slow-paced a comedy, with Billie Burke, Victor Herbert, Joseph Urban, Florence O’Dinshaw, Allan Dinehart, Frank Conroy, and Julia Hoyt lavishly engaged in an attempt to enliven it.

Jitta’s Attonement—Bernard Shaw’s rather dull translation from the German of a quadrangular problem play, in no way exciting, except for the skill of Frances Byrne and a few moments of Bertha Kalich’s acting.

Polly Preferred—a comedy of bluff, founded by Guy Bolton on the historical precedents of Colan & Harris, and uncommonly well directed by Winchell Smith.

A Square Peg—Lewis Beach’s over-documented tragedy of family life near Detroit, proving that what’s sauce for the New England goose is sauce for the Michigander.

(Continued on page 75)
Don Quixote
the
Immortal

Above, Feodor Chaliapin's magnificent impersonation of Don Quixotte in Massenet's famous opera

At the left, a bronze of Don Quixote and his famous steed Rosinante, made by the sculptor, C. E. Dallin

A puppet of the picturesque rover, made by Tony Sarg for his marionette play, The Adventures of Don Quixote

At the left, one of Gustave Doré's famous woodcuts for the 1863 edition of Cervantes' book. The caption reads: "Il se promenait d'un pas lent et mesuré"
The poor little country girl hasn't been permitted to seek her fortune in the city for many years. And she always had such a wonderful time, miraculously escaping the pitfalls of the Great White Way, becoming a famous prima donna, then renouncing her career forever when the boy from back home begged her to return.

The Prodigal Son has been sadly neglected of late, and never has the need for him been greater. This is the day of the small-town story in which poverty and despair predominate. And all such distress used to be remedied by the return of the prodigal. Below, observe that he has arrived just in time to save the family homestead for the old folks.

Nowadays the popular heroes are affected, analytical and anemic. The girls of the present generation are being cheated—they do not know the meaning of the word Romance. They should meet the dashing, red-blooded Western hero of our youth, who fell in love with the Eastern heiress and who, when his suit was flouted by her parents, held up the stage-coach and kidnapped the fair lady.
A few of the best-seller heroes and heroines of the past twenty years beg to be restored to popular favor.

Here is the poor little English governess who used to be employed regularly by some branch of the Social-Climber family. She was always ordered from the house when the son-and-heir fell in love with her; she always dropped the locket with the crest that proved her of noble blood, and in consequence the wedding-bells always rang merrily.

Here are the favorites of our boarding-school days—the princess-in-disguise who is enamored of the poor poet. In all our reading we never have experienced a thrill equal to the one when we discovered that the poet was traveling incognito, and was really of royal lineage.

The noble young district attorney, who proves that his sweetheart’s father has embezzled the city’s funds, has been smothering in the dust of library stock-room shelves for many a year. Who will resuscitate him?

Little orphan Pollyannie, whose sunniness warmed to life the dying affections of numberless young married couples a few years ago, should be restored to the public to carry on the good work of Doctor Coué.
Euterpean Recollections and Reflections
Concerning London’s Royal Opera House, now the home of “Jazzaganza”
—and Opera and Symphony in New York

By Jerome Hart

While the grandest of grand opera flourishes in New York for six months in the year, and our super-Metropolis is more than ever the Mecca of the modern musician, opera seems to be on its last legs in London, and the concert season is languishing. The Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, after an existence of nearly two hundred years, is now the home of what the advertisements describe by the egregious name of “Jazzaganza”—a combination of musical comedy, revue and vaudeville of a distinctly American type. Sic transit gloria Londiniensis!

Since the post-war failure of that modern Meecenas of musicians, Sir Thomas Beecham, who lost over two hundred thousand pounds in endeavoring to restore opera in England, and especially opera in English, to the proud position it once held, spasmodic attempts have been made to present grand opera at the famous house which has been its home since 1732. But they have been more or less failures, a fact due largely to the impoverishment of society as the result of the war. Only a few weeks ago the last attempt of the British National Opera Company to keep alight the operatic torch flickered out. But it made a brave final sputter, for in the last week such standard works were presented as Mozart’s Magic Flute, his Marriage of Figaro, The Valkyrie, Hansel and Gretel, Aida and La Bohème, the last with no less a person than Dame Nellie Melba, who returned for one night only to the scene of her former triumphs, in aid of her less fortunate brothers and sisters of the operatic stage.

Incidentally, in the penultimate week of grand opera at Covent Garden, one especially interesting, and, so far as this country is concerned, almost unknown work was performed—Phoebus and Pan, by John Sebastian Bach. But did Bach ever write an opera? some will ask. He did not. But the grand old kapellmeister did write a satirical and jovial cantata as a rejoinder to some of his critics who found fault with his music as too dry, and this Beecham, a few seasons ago, had made over into an opera, which proved a great success, and which one would like to see on this side of the fishpond. I have the score, and find it an excellent and melodious bit of rather bucolic fun, which would make a good half of a double bill.

But let us get back to Covent Garden and indulge in a little retrospection. It first opened its doors on December 7th, 1732, as a home for English opera, under the management of John Rich. One of the first works performed there was Gay’s Beggar’s Opera, which, as someone said at the time, made Rich gay and Gay rich. This work was revived in London between two and three years ago, and is still running after considerably more than a thousand performances, while its successor, Polly, by the same author, has also recently been successfully revived at another London theater. It was a mystery
and disappointment to many that the famous ballad opera did not prove a success in New York, for the company was excellent and the performance a delight. Perhaps it was produced at the wrong theater, or it was not in the right hands, as some thought. At any rate it is pleasant to know that the admirable old work has had great success in other and more appreciative cities in America.

Among the English operas produced at Covent Garden was Artaxerxes, by Richard Arne, composer of Rule Britannia. Later Charles Dibdin, the balladist, Henry Atwood and Henry Rowley Bishop wrote many operas, chiefly of the ballad type, for Covent Garden. Weber composed the music of Oberon, to an English libretto written by J. R. Planché, especially for that house, where it was first produced on April 28th, 1825. "When I entered the orchestra," Weber wrote to his wife, "the house, crammed to the roof, burst into a frenzy of applause. Hats and handkerchiefs were waved in the air. The overture had to be performed twice, as had also several pieces in the opera itself." Weber, who received a fee of one thousand pounds for Oberon, the largest sum up to that time ever paid to the composer of an opera, died in London a few weeks after its production. It remains in the repertory, and was revived at the Metropolitan, New York, a few seasons ago, with no little success.

Beethoven's only opera Fidelio was first staged in English at Covent Garden on June 12, 1835, with the famous Malibran as the noble heroine. Adelaide Kemble, sister of the more eminent Fanny Kemble—who married and settled in America—appeared there in an English version of Bellini's Norma in 1841. The theater was burned down in 1856, and was rebuilt at a cost of one hundred and twenty thousand pounds, a very large sum for a theatrical enterprise in those days. Recording the reopening in May, 1858, a contemporary chronicler commented thus on the luxurious accommodation: "There is a distinct rest for each arm to every fauteuil, so that no one, however quarrelsome, can dispute that point of repose with his neighbor. The Norfolk giant himself might sit with perfect ease in any of the chairs, and the most extensive of crinolines might pass from end to end of each row without producing a ruffle of either silk or temper."

Then came the memorable Gye and Mapleson régines, with Mario, Grisi, Patti, Nilsson and others. My own recollections of Covent Garden commence in the middle nineties of last century, when the house was under the direction of Augustus Harris—"Augustus Drurianus," as Punch dubbed him, for he also managed the other royal patent house, Drury Lane Theatre. I was at the time an official delegate from Australia to an Imperial Conference, and I well recall receiving from Sir Augustus, then a Sheriff of London, an immense, gorgeously illuminated card of invitation to a gala performance of Die Meistersinger, followed by a ball at Covent Garden. The opera, which was done in Italian, had a truly remarkable cast including Eames, the two de Reszkes, and David Bisham. A month later Harris died, the house passed into the hands of the newly formed Grand Opera Syndicate, presided over by the then Countess de Grey, afterwards Marchioness of Ripon, a beautiful and distinguished grande dame. She had as her right hand man the adroit (Continued on page 73)
ENTRANCE TO THE ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS, VENICE

In the galleries of this renowned Academy are canvases by Titian, Paul Veronese, Tintoretto, Corrado, Bellini, and other great masters of color. In his guide to the Academy, published in 1882, John Ruskin gives this description of the façade: “Over the entrance gate are three of the most precious pieces of sculpture in Venice—her native work, dated, and belonging to the school of severe Gothic; St. Leonard on the left, St. Christopher on the right, under Gothic cuspit niches, and the Madonna in the center, under a simple gable bearing the date 1345. You see the infant sprawling over her knee in an ungainly manner; she herself sits with quiet maiden dignity, but in no manner of sentimental adoration. That is Venetian naturalism—showing their steady desire to represent things as they really might have existed...”
Literature With a Silver Lining

Stories about a gentleman, hardly a gentleman, and the head of a family

By N. P. Dawson

Richard Middleton told the story about the man from Scotland who was found standing in the middle of a London street laughing out loud. When someone asked the man why he was laughing, he replied, "Oh, I was just laughing at Glasgow!" He was laughing because Glasgow, which had seemed to him so big, had suddenly become so small.

If we are ever found standing in the middle of a street laughing out loud, it will be because we may have just come out of a museum where we have seen James Joyce's Ulysses, that novel in which "everything" is told, reposing in a glass case, where one of its most enthusiastic admirers early consigned it; or we may have been thinking of T. S. Eliot's trick poem, The Waste Land, which had hymned the "drying combinations," and the moon shining bright on Mrs. Porter and her daughter, who washed their feet in soda water—these two works of tremendous significance in their day, in which we were to be found all the anguish and torment of a tottering world tumbling to its doom always be "wonderful"? We do not know. Yet it has ever been so, and from Chateaubriand down young men have filled the land with their ecstatic moanings. But when the world does not collapse after all, and when such truly affrighting portents as Ulysses and The Waste Land have passed and been forgotten, then is the time for laughter. And there are already signs—if the character and tone of books being written is a sign—that the laughter, mesdames, is about to begin.

In Mystery at Geneva Rose Macaulay is not having her fun with a League of Nations Assembly because she does not "believe in" the League. She herself seems to have what she calls "the League mind"—which she says the French have not. She gets her fun out of the fact that League delegates are likely to be as human as the rest of us; and to be human is often to be funny. So Miss Macaulay in her witty and most amusing story plays fair and distributes her railleys evenly. If she says the Serb-Croat-Slovenes spat most accurately, she hastens to add that the Unprotected Armenians spat most frequently, and the Assyrio-Chaldeans farthest.

It is a colorful and turbulent scene to which Miss Macaulay introduces us in Mystery at Geneva, with the Babel of tongues, and everybody talking (except the Japs), and everybody receiving telegrams and committee-ing and propagand-a-ing. Whenever the lady delegate from Romania gets a chance, she makes her speech about "trafficking in women." The Birth Control League from America sends word to Geneva to "make the world safe from babies"—at least that is how the message came thru; and the Blackpool Methodist union wired, "The Lord be with your efforts after a world peace, watched by all Methodists with hope, faith and prayer."

Here we recall that in The Enchanted April, by "Elizabeth" (who also laughs), on the wild drive of the two women to their medi-

val castle, the one was afraid only when she heard her friend whisper that they were "in God's hands."

The delegates at Geneva had reason to be afraid, since they are kidnapped one by one—all but the Irish, who it is believed will aid more by their presence than by their absence in destroying the League—which is the plot. Henry Beechtree, correspondent of the British Bolshevik tells the story—a somewhat timorous and ineffectual young man of whom it is said that "he looked like a gentleman, which, in the usual sense, he was not." But more than the story, everyone will enjoy Miss Macaulay's running fire of lively and humorous comment upon the human comedy and the fools we mortals are.

Mrs. Wharton, in her preface to Futility, the Russian

story by William Gerhardt, makes the frank (we had almost said "frank and friendly") when we recalled that Rose Macaulay wonders why two such incompatible
words are always used together) confession that, while recognizing the greatness of the Russians, there must always be something alien for an English reader in a Russian novel. The people are interesting, as Mrs. Wharton says, but so different from us.

The Russian family in Futility is unlike anything in the Western world, heavens know why. But the people are understandable and highly amusing. In its brightness and vividness Futility may be likened to the Chauve-Souris of Russia rather than to the Moscow Art Theatre with its presentations of The Lower Depths of Gorky and The Three Sisters by Chekhov. There are three sisters in Futility, too—called "the bouquet"; and the play of The Three Sisters comes into the story, and even furnishes its theme.

To attempt to describe Nikolai Vasilovich’s family in Futility would give the impression that the story is a farce when, in fact, it is brilliant comedy. When the story opens, Nikolai is living with Fanny Ivanovna, whom he had promised to marry when he could get a divorce from his wife, who has gone off with a Jew dentist. In the meantime, Nikolai had fallen in love with the young girl, Zina, who lives in a very small flat with her very large family, including two ancient grandfathers, who are as long a time in dying as the English king, and not so apolgetic. But Fanny refuses to be deserted until Nikolai can provide for her and her brothers in the German Guards. In the meantime also, Nikolai’s wife wants to leave the Jew dentist and marry the rich Austrian.

But the revolution comes, and the Austrian is no longer rich (even if he has suddenly become a Czecho-Slovak) and Nikolai’s Petrograd home is taken away from him, and the workers in Siberia seize his mines. There is nothing to do but for all to go to Vladivostok to demand Intervention! No one is left behind, not even the two grandfathers, who, if it is said, stood the journey very well, although the dying husband Fanny had hurriedly acquired (to be able to stay in the country and take the journey at all) suffered a good deal. They all had to go, even the now discarded Jew dentist, and "the bouquet" and everybody else, because they are all dependent upon Nikolai, and Nikolai is dependent upon the mines.

It is as complicated as the Pirandello play, Six Characters in Search of an Author. One night the young Anglo-Russian, who tells the story, writes all the names down in two columns, in an effort to straighten everyone out. But he is only laughed at for his pains, and he says he felt like President Wilson with his League of Nations.

Mr. Gerhardt is blessed with humor, and gloom is not in his vocabulary. The opening words of the novel are:

"And then it struck me that the only thing to do was to fit all this into a book. It is the classic way of treating life."

Much will be expected of William Gerhardt after this brilliant initial work. He was brought up and educated in Russia, being born there, "incidentally," as he says, of British parents.

It is not the material of a story that produces its effect so much as the method with which it is told. There is little of the old Russian gloom either in Futility or The Gentleman from San Francisco, by I. A. Bunin, a Russian. The latter is the story of the gentleman who went to Europe in a cabine de luxe, and of "it" that came back in the hold. This is not exactly cheerful, it will be said, but the story is told with a brilliancy that is almost gaiety. It shines like fresh paint. It is all as vivid as an actual experience, and the reader takes the voyage with the Gentleman—the voyage over and back again.

It is said nobody in San Francisco even remembered the Gentleman’s name. He had been a successful business man, and at fifty-eight, decided to take a vacation. The Gentleman and his wife and daughter sail on the big luxurious ship for Europe; and the Gentleman puts on his dinner jacket every night—he looks younger in his dinner jacket; and his wife and daughter are properly arrayed to match his own glory, and they are two hours at their dinner; there are wine, and flowers, and music and dancing, with much ringing of bells and scurrying of servants. While far down below, beneath the tiers of decks—and here we think of Eugene O’Neill’s play The Hairy Ape—was the submerged womb of the steamer, where gigantic furnaces roared and dulley giggled, devouring with their red-hot maws mountains of coal cast hoarsely in by men naked to the waist, bathed in their own corrosive dirty sweat, and lurid with the purple-red reflection of flame.

The "Gentleman from San Francisco" did not find an "Enchanted April" in Italy. It rained in Naples, so he went on to Capri, and there in a hotel as luxurious as the ship, a regal suite is assigned to him. Once more bells are ringing and servants are hurrying, and the gentleman is putting on his dinner jacket—in which he looks younger; and once more his face is "dove-blue" from his over-tight collar—and perhaps too much dining?

The Gentleman is never permitted to sleep in the bed so recently occupied by a Pregnant. He takes a fit in the dining-room and dies. It is all very disagreeable—for the hotel proprietor and his guests. The evening tarantella had to be abandoned. The thing that had been "The Gentleman from San Francisco" is hurried into the smallest room in the hotel, and laid upon a cheap iron bed. "It" must be removed from the hotel during the night.

So "The Gentleman from San Francisco" is started (Continued on page 75).
COLUMBINE

A charming study of Margaret Severn, who returns to Broadway in a new revue next season
Above is a “Portrait” by J. Clemente Orozco; at the right is his caricature of La Picara.

Here are two excellent examples of the work of Garcia Cabral. At the left is Benito Mussolini as the caricaturist sees him; below is a study of Silvetti.

Courtesy of Revista de Revistas
Caricature That Stings

"Old Mexico is a land of flowers, and for that reason she has a right to her wasps"

By José Juan Tablada

CARICATURE is an ancient art in Mexico. It is not difficult to trace its beginning as early as in the pre-Conquest period. Many of the Indian terra-cotta statuettes so often found around the emplacement of old native towns are modeled with an evident caricatural purpose. Certain "codex" or pictorial manuscripts preserved in the Dresden Library show whimsical and forceful drawings which recall somewhat the "grotesques" of Leonardo de Vinci.

The grotesque was, in fact, very strongly suggested in the Indian representations of gods who were given the most bestial and repellent features. The fierce and thrilling power manifested in the great stone sculptures was not usually attained by the craftsmen who practised the minor arts and whose creative work remained either grotesque or frankly comic.

The sense of whimsy and wit was developed early among the Indians and that trend assumed at times a feeling of cruelty, as is shown in an old calendric manuscript in the Library of the Palais Bourbon—a crude satire against the Indian priests.

Under Spanish domination the restrictive political conditions were not favorable to a free display of caricature, so often used as a weapon against government acts. But the peculiar tendency to make fun of the most serious events (a marked characteristic of the Mexican mind) was often directed against the vice-roys, as in Rome it was aimed at the Cardinals thru the famous statues of Pasquino and Marforio. But of those libels or "pasquimadas" the literary part only has been preserved—the drawings were invariably destroyed by the indignant officials.

After her emancipation from Spain, Mexico achieved freedom for public expression and exercised it in caricature as soon as the lithographic process was introduced into the country. But do not imagine that the overthrow of the various governments of Mexico was brought about solely by the "manu militari" or by force of arms. The cartoonists and humorous political writers with their jokes and caricatures were as much responsible for these changes as the guns and the generals.

As far back as 1861 La Orquesta a caricature weekly, covered with ridicule the so-called Emperor Maximilian, his partisans, supporters and the chiefs of the French army. Later on El Ahuizote was instrumental in the downfall of President Lerdo de Tejada, who died thirteen years later, a voluntary exile in New York City. Multicolor, in which the gifted Cabral made his debut as cartoonist, is now considered by many as having been a powerful factor in the feeling aroused against President Madero.

These are rather tragic manifestations of a medium of expression which, the more it becomes tainted with politics, the less it seems to deserve the dignity of an art. Nevertheless genuine artistic talent has manifested itself along this line, by the same phenomenon—common throughout Latin America—that often compels a poet to earn his living as journalist and lack of opportunity for specialization often endangers, if it does not utterly ruin, a genuine talent.

Among modern Mexican cartoonists Cabral is perhaps the most popular. But is he the more significant? We are inclined to doubt it when we consider the strikingly individual creations of José Clemente Orozco whose works betray such a deep feeling for the sorrow concealed in human beings, and who has a high disdain for the mere skill of the draughtsman.

Cabral is, above all, a designer. The apparent structure of a body, no matter in what unusual shortening it appears, is familiar and easy for him to portray. He does not insist on shading or chiaroscuro, line is sufficient for him, and with line only he constructs in a succession of planes like a sculptor, and succeeds in suggesting volume by all the conventionalisms which in drawing stand for it. Looking at Cabral cartoons, one exclaims involuntarily: "How easily and spontaneously he draws!"

This is indeed true. It is true also that Cabral can quickly distinguish and cleverly disassociate any feature in a human body and by exaggeration and emphasis obtain a grotesque and caricatural effect, carried always to cruelty and frequently making repulsive the victim of his wit. But all these characteristics of Cabral's art do not go beyond the physical aspect of his models. His pencil and pen have never touched, nay, even scratched the soul within.

The contrary is true of José Clemente Orozco's intense and inimitable caricatures. Of technical ability he possesses enough to give strength to his creations, but it is so skilfully subdued to his subject that in looking at his work the technique of the painter does not strike you at first. You will notice these qualities, but not until after you are impressed by the sad, poetic feeling so mightily

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Wanderings
By
The Man About Town

WANDERING down Forty-second Street the other day, I met an elderly dignified man with a leonine head and strongly marked features which were strangely familiar. I raised my hat, and my salute was courteously returned. I wanted to stop and speak, but the knowledge that I could not for the moment address the distinguished-looking personage by name deterred me. It was too late.

My own part in the proceedings was not without interest. I had but recently returned to London after a long sojourn in Australia, and had been invited by the then Secretary of State for the Colonies—none less than Joseph Chamberlain himself—to assist him in showing proper attention to colonial and Indian visitors. Part of my duties was to arrange the visitors in lists according to their social and official prominence for participation in the various Jubilee festivities arranged by the Government. When Harmsworth decided to give his entertainment, he wrote to the Colonial Office for its official list of guests, and was referred to me. Together we made up a special list, and I got an interesting insight into the man's methods and psychology.

We became good friends and I saw a great deal of him both before and after his entertainment. It must have cost him a fortune, for besides the artists engaged lavish refreshments were provided by Gunter, most expensive of Piccadilly caterers, and the flowers, which were superb and profuse, were from Gerard, the Rochester Street florist.

Seated next to me at the musical part of the entertainment was Sir William Ingram, M. P., proprietor of the Illustrated London News, the Sketch, and other publications, himself a very rich man. I recall his remarking to me, "You know, Alfred was with me only eight or nine years ago, drawing a few hundreds a year, and now—well, I can't afford to do this. In a few years he will be either one of the richest men in England, or a pauper and a lunatic."

He was the former when he died a few months ago, while his active brain certainly showed signs of weakening, judging only by those strange letters which he wrote to the Times from Germany. His ambitions were boundless from the first. I did not know, until Daniel Mayer told me the other day, that on the night of his Mayfair house-warming he was expecting to receive word of his baronetcy, and sat up all night for the official letter. The honor, however, did not come until months later, for there were elements in the then conservative government which objected to the enshrinement of an "upstart journalist."

(Continued on page 63)
Variety is the spice of life, and especially on Broadway. Here we have five of the most popular performers on and about the Great White Way, who fascinate their audiences in the most varied forms of dramatic art.

Helen MacKellar is thrilling large audiences at the Eltinge in The Masked Woman. Fortunately this beautiful actress has not to remain masked throughout the piece, and so her admirers are able to watch the play of varied emotions which animate her throughout this drama of mystery and passion.

Few of the young actors of the American stage could give such a graceful and romantic performance of Romeo as Rollo Peters, who not only looks the part of the fervent young lover but plays him with rare tenderness.

Ethel Barrymore, after somewhat mistaken essays as Rose Bernd and as Juliet, has once more found her true métier in Alfred Sutro’s drama of English society, The Laughing Lady. She plays in the vein of high comedy and graceful distinction of which she is the mistress.

Ina Claire’s success in The Gold Diggers has been equaled in The Awful Truth. There is no more vivacious comedienne before the public, and no author has been able to fit her more perfectly with a part than Avery Hopwood, who is now at work on the play in which she is to be starred next season.

Harry Beresford is no ordinary red-nosed comedian in The Old Soak, but gives a subtly humorous and human impersonation of a man who has no enemy except himself and whose little weakness is not unattractive.
A WELL-KNOWN dealer in Chinese and Persian antiques happened to visit the Montross galleries last winter when the tiles and plates of Henry Varnum Poor were being shown. He wheeled once, twice, thrice round the gallery and then left in irritation, saying, "It's things like this ruin my business." For he recognized at once not only an important artist who had chosen pottery as his medium but a pathfinder who would lead others after him thru the maze of modern art and its diminishing satisfaction with canvas as medium, to find their fulfilment in working out problems of design and color in the crafts.

The plates and platters of old Persia, the wine bowls of Korea, things of beauty and forever joyful to contemplate, are still the works of artists long dead made for the use of their fellows long dead, and the craving of a living society for beauty should find its satisfaction in the work of artists now living and creating for their fellows. Canvases—well, in spite of the returning vigor which a growing market is helping to bring to mural art,
for canvases there is fast approaching a saturation point.

But let Mr. Poor speak for himself and tell the story of how he came to turn his artistry to a new medium.

"The forms and simplifications of modern painting," he says, "are largely drawn from the forms and simplifications arrived at in other less suave materials than paint and canvas. The sharp color divisions of mosaics, the severe simplifications of early wood and stone carvings, have greatly influenced modern painters. Distortions so disconcerting in an easel picture have a sense of rightness when arrived at thru the demands of proper space-filling in decorative art. I believe that the natural development of modern art lies in a closer application to things more related to everyday usage. In this direction the artist escapes the devitalizing isolation of the studio and finds in the appropriate materials those inherent limitations and demands which give a sense of necessity and fitness to the completed form."

The method of pottery chosen by Mr. Poor is the very simple one used often by the Persians, and so beautifully by the Catalonian tile-makers, and is known as Under-glaze Decoration. "It allows," he says, "the same subordination of technique that is shown in modern painting, and for the same reason; to keep clear the essential point of view which is judgment of form and color." Under-glaze decoration on a white-clay slip, over a coarse pottery body, the simple technically, is a bothersome process, and requires a skill in manipulation that has caused its discard by the modern factory. The white slip is applied over the ware and fired. The decoration is then carried out on this ground in various metallic oxides which develop their color only when fused with clear over-glaze. A second firing, at intense white heat, brings out the depth and rich brilliance which characterizes this ceramic method.

Mr. Poor has used, too, a method familiar to lovers of Italian and Hungarian pottery, "scraffito," scratching his pattern with a sharp tool into the surface of his plate or bowl before the first firing. The results of this method remind one of the rare early American pie-plates and other dishes made by Pennsylvanians who settled in Lee and Montgomery counties and who brought with them the tradition of this method from southeastern Europe and southern Germany.

The colors in Mr. Poor's bowls and teapots have been surpassed by the Durant Kilns for richness in blues and greens, and for technical perfection of surface and symmetry, but his pottery, because of endless variety of design in his painting on the clay slip—his designs play from zinnia, tulips, hyacinths, to water buffaloes, bees, kittens, landscape, nudes—has an exciting, stimulating quality. The beholder sees the whole field of pottery and porcelain as something hardly explored by our artists as yet.

Mr. George Biddle's exhibit this winter at the Wildenstein Galleries had a hint of the search for a medium other than canvas in the two water-jugs he brought home from Papeete. To be sure they were not even native water-jugs that he decorated; they were French importations made, however, in the old tribal fashion for the South Sea Island trade. On the surface of these Mr. Biddle had placed his design, a reclining nude. What he achieved does not much matter, and one can hardly call painting on so casual a pottery form an achievement, but the fact that he chose to exhibit the jugs, along with his show of canvases, is a straw happily in the wind. One more modern artist has felt about him, and in the search for a new medium has come upon clay. Mr. Biddle will repeat the experiment. The contact between the modern artist in design, drawing and color, and the potter's craft, is bound to be fertile.

There was a time when antique dealers could make long speeches about the lost perfection of the craftsmen of Asia—the priceless craftsmanship. As a matter of fact, few specimens of oriental ceramics show more painstaking mastery than those of Adelaide Alsop-Robineau of Syracuse. Her favorite process of decoration, carving in dry paste, is almost the most patient of processes, for two or three months' work may be lost in a firing. A single vase, delicately carved

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INSPIRATION
A Symbolic Study by Hori

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In Studio and Gallery

GEORGE LUKS'S paintings have been shown at the Kraushaar Galleries. His portrait of Otis Skinner as Colonel Bridau in the Honor of the Family dominates the exhibition. The artist has completely by his spirit of the character, while the figure has all the dash and go of the French dandy. The Old Dominican is a portrait of great dignity, the whites of the vestments lending much charm. Holiday on the Hudson does away with an oily river and shows it holding and reflecting an array of small craft. The picture is handsome in color, big in brushwork and pleasant to see from Luk's viewpoint of the Hudson. Earlier portraits and colorful landscapes holding true to the artist's handling complete a worthy showing.

We feel a bond between George Luks and Robert Henri, whose paintings were at the Ainslie Galleries. While the two men enjoy entirely different subjects, the manner in which the treatment is worked out shows many similarities, not only in portraiture, but in landscape as well.

Robert Henri's painting of Pay Bainter in The Willow Tree portrays the subject in color and bold in stroke. We feel a keener interest in the Indian pictures, however. The construction, facial expression and coloring in these subjects conveys a thorough knowledge of Henri's feeling for these people. The portraits of children are entirely pleasant and enough color is used to please the eye and not detract from the subject. The Rain, a simply treated landscape, shows realistically the distant shower. Henri, like George Luks, can turn his hand from the portrait to the soil, and still achieve success.

JOSEPH BRUMMER is showing paintings, water colors and drawings by Jules Pascin. They startled us for a moment—grasped the frankness. The subjects are mainly unfortunes of the streets. It would seem that Pascin can describe these with an uncanny truthfulness. The work is extremely clever in handling, and the subject is, if possible, too well understood by the artist. Pascin evidently knows the cities of Europe. Life has been good to him, for at eighteen his art was appreciated, and from then on he has delved only in that which fancy prompted. For years Simplicissimus, in Munich, published his drawings, and he is well known throughout Europe. The newspapers of Sweden, Norway, France, Holland, in fact all the European papers, have shown his work.

Jules Pascin was in America from 1914 to 1920 and is known and admired by all of our artists, many of whom possess one or more of his original sketches.

CLARE SHERIDAN'S recent sculpture is being shown at the Scott and Fowles Gallery. Many will be carried away by the classic beauty and exquisite handling of the head in marble, Madeleine D, or the bronze of the little girl—the sculptor's daughter. But the center of attraction for us is the wonderful head of a baby carved so beautifully in marble. The work is sublimely tender; it appeals at once to the emotions. The brow of the infant shows the bit of misunderstanding at being with us. The Melisande marble piece has beauty, but lacks the Clare Sheridan originality. JAZZ GIVES THE modern touch and probably will be much heralded. Head and figures of well-known people complete the exhibit.

BASQUE SAILORS
By Claggett Wilson

In the Knoedler Galleries paintings by Claggett Wilson have deservedly attracted attention. These studies are the result of time passed in Portugal and the Basque country of Northern Spain. The gallery was bright with the blue of the Basque sailor's suit, and the dominating paintings in the exhibition are of men of the sea. Basque Sailors shows three stalwart young Spaniards, reflecting life on the deep in their sunburned skin and rugged health. The painting appeals strongly by its harmony of color. Basque Sea Captain is a study of the same type, but is of one on whom the sea has left its sterner mark. Deep-set eyes of feeling in a well-set-up head have for a background gay sails, making a merry contrast and a fine array of color. In the two music-hall studies we grasp instantly that the singer has life and joy in her song.

The paintings of Claggett Wilson, as we have said before, are strongest in their color value. The handling is broad and no minor details spoil the composition. A

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The Camera Contest

A few paragraphs about the prize-winning photographs, and a discussion of the bromoil method

The selections this month are varied as to subject and treatment and many points may be gathered by the careful observer. The original print of the first prize, The Dancer, was decidedly improved by treatment in bromoil. And the judges placed great weight upon this treatment in making their selection. In Miss Watkins’ still life, A Study in Circles, which won the second prize, the exceptional quality of the photograph, besides the handling of the subject, gave her an easy place in the judging.

Mr. Nilsen was not so fortunate. He was credited for his original idea, but it was felt the contrasting effect of the print made it impossible to give him more than honorable mention. Mr. Hagemeyer has, of late, been a consistent winner—and the honorable awarded him is just another of his “seeing things.” The light spot of the ball nearest the corner insisted upon protruding itself to the dominating point and detracted from the general effect. Cover this light spot with your finger, and see how the photograph is affected. The scene in the room, entitled Tavern, while not original in theme, impressed as to its quality, as did

A STUDY
IN
CIRCLES

By Margaret Watkins
(Second Prize)
Miss Watkins' still life. Quality always impresses in everything, and in photography it often raises an uninteresting subject into the winning class. Dr. Jaeger's charming bit was given third prize—the reason being very apparent.

As the winning print this month was executed in bromoil, a discussion of the method may be found interesting and informative. To many a photographer this method presents the widest latitude of expression, inasmuch as the print is always subject to the whim or caprice— or the artistry—of the worker. By this method, should a portion of the print be too black, it can easily be held back to the desired color by merely using a smaller amount of ink. Should a high light be needed in a certain spot, this can be accomplished, and then if the effect desired is not obtained it can be covered with the ink and put at another spot.

This method is too expensive for use in the commercial world, but as a means of expression it is as desirable as a hand-developed platinum.

Those who wish to make bromoil or oils and are not familiar with the process will find instructions in nearly any reliable book on photography. Do not be discouraged if your first attempts are failures. Each step must be executed with great care, and it is not until you have arrived at the final step that you are made aware of failure or success. Persevere, and in the end you will be rewarded by having a print that will be a joy for many years to come.

Another advantage of the bromoil method is that the final, or inking step, can be taken away from the confines of the dark-room, even into the full light. This method and that of the hand-developed platinum, come the closest to that of the painter than any other used by the photographer. But please understand that I am not advising imitation of the painter's art. This cannot and should not be the goal. Photography is an art of itself and is unlike painting. In many ways it is far more difficult, as the lens and plate register just what is before them, while the artist may refuse to set down a trim likeness. This, then, is why we recommend, to those desirous of injecting more of the individual taste, the treatment in bromoil.

The judges for this month's contest were:

The Dancer

By

Eugene P. Henry

(First Prize)
No printing medium is debarred, but capability of good reproduction will be a factor in the selection of prints.

Contestants may submit prints up to any number and to as many of the monthly contests as they desire. They must be packed flat.

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Rejected prints will be returned immediately, provided proper postage for the purpose be included. It is, however, understood that Shadowland reserves the right to reproduce any print submitted and to hold

POOL

By Johan Hagemeyer
(Honorable Mention)

THE TAVERN

By Carl Klein
(Honorable Mention)

G. W. Harting, Myers R. Jones and Eugene V. Brewster.
First Prize—The Dancer. Eugene P. Henry, 137 Joralemon Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Second Prize—A Study in Circles. Margaret Watkins, 46 Jane Street, New York City.
Third Prize—In Kew Gardens. Dr. Charles H. Jaeger, 471 Park Ave., New York City.
Honorable Mention—Araby. Dr. Arthur Nilsen, 55 W. 10th Street, New York City.
Honorable Mention—The Tavern. Carl Klein, 5 W. 16th Street, New York City.

Monthly prizes of at least $25, $15, and $10 are awarded in order of merit, together with three prizes of yearly subscriptions to Shadowland to go to three honorary mentions.

Shadowland desires that every camera enthusiast reap benefit from this contest and to this end makes the inclusion of the following data re contesting prints imperative:

(a) Date and hour of exposure.
(b) Stop number used.
(c) Printing medium used.
(d) Character of print—whether straight or manipulated.
(e) Make of camera and lens.

Any print previously published is not eligible.
Wanderings

(Continued from page 56)

I saw a good deal of Harmsworth after this, and two years later, when the motor-car was coming into more general use, we made the trip together from Nice to Paris in one of the new Mercedes cars, then the best and most expensive in the market. I found him an interesting companion—eager, restless, almost feverishly gay, and occasionally sombre and abstracted, and possessed by an insatiable curiosity. This last was part of his equipment which made him the uniquely successful newspaper man into which he developed.

The last time I met him was a few years ago in New York, when he was occupying an enormous suite at the Hotel Gotham as special ambassador to this country. He was surrounded by a large staff of secretaries and aides of various kinds, military, naval and civil, and he had some five or six men to breakfast with him besides myself. He was as insatiably curious as ever, and pied us incessantly with questions.

I noted a great change in him. In the score of years that had elapsed since first we met, he had grown stouter, his face was plumper and almost flabby, and his complexion patchy. While the old eagerness remained, there was a lack of concentration and an occasional absence of mind and irrelevance in his observations which seemed premonitory of a breaking down in a remarkable mentality. And so it proved. My own feeling with regard to Northcliffe was that he was a likable but not a lovable man, and that on occasions he could be insconsiderate and even ruthless. But he had many of the elements of greatness, like Napoleon, whom he resembled physically and otherwise, and none more than the determination to succeed and to override all obstacles.

The visit of the Moscow Art Theatre has proved a remarkable stimulus to interest in the higher drama. It may have far-reaching effects, for it has induced Morris Gest—to whose enterprise we owe the visit of the distinguished Stanislavsky and his talented coadjutors—to embark on the project of establishing a permanent art theater in New York. Morris, whose life story is a remarkable romance, is just the man to carry out the project and make a brilliant success of it, for there is no limit to his energies and ambition, and he wishes to carry on the tradition of his father-in-law, Belasco.

Incidentally, the visit of the Moscow Art Theatre has knocked the expressionists kite high, and one derives a certain amount of amused, if not malicious, satisfaction from reading between the lines of their press comments and criticisms. The art of the Muscovites is realism and naturalism of the first order, and their versatility is extraordinary. The "type actor," to which Mr. Kenneth Macgowan makes interesting reference in his last book, does not exist in the Moscow Art Theatre. Every man and woman merges himself for the nonce and is lost in his or her part.

It is encouraging to know that Mr. Otto H. Kahn, who largely controls the destinies of the Metropolitan Opera, and who is associated with many projects for the artistic enlightenment and enjoyment of New Yorkers, is behind Morris Gest's Art Theatre project. Moreover, I have it from Mr. Kahn himself that among other interesting and desirable things the new theater will be a means for providing a season of opera at popular prices. Here is something many of us have been talking and writing about for years. So mote it be.

I have received from my friend Mr. Kenneth Macgowan a copy of his last book, Continental Stagecraft, in which he has had some artistic assistance from that arch stage expressionist Mr. Robert Edmond Jones. It is a handsome volume, replete with interesting information and several striking illustrations of the latest developments in stagecraft, especially in Germany. It is but just to Mr. Macgowan to say that he gives a whole chapter to the play as distinct from production, and deals therein with the efforts of Ibsen, Tchekov, Wedekind and Strindberg to reflect life. Nor does he omit to refer to the "violence, morbidity and failure" of expressionism in the German theater. There is also an interesting and penetrating chapter on acting. It is a volume which those concerned with the modern stage should make a point of reading. I look forward to the time when this brilliant young critic will become as great an authority on plays and acting as he now is upon production and lighting.

(Continued on page 78)
Drama—Major and Melo-

The God of Vengeance. Apollo. —Fine performance of an unpleasant play by Sholom Asch, with the elder Schildkraut in the leading role.

Hail and Farewell. Morasco. —Love story of the Second Empire, with Florence Reed.

Humoreske. Vanderbilt. —Laurette Taylor in a Jewish domestic drama, written originally by Fannie Hurst as a short story.


It is the Law. Boyer. —Excellent performance of melodrama, with well-sustained mystery.

The Last Warning. Klaw. —Exciting melodrama, full of thrills and fraught with mystery.


Anything Might Happen. Comedy. —Light comedy, with Estelle Winwood and Roland Young.

Give and Take. Forty-ninth Street. —Laughable play by Aaron Hoffman, with Louis Mann and George Sidney in typical roles.

Kiki. Belasco. —Lenore Ulric in her second year as a bewitching gamine.

Mary the Third. Thirty-ninth Street. —Typical Rachel Crothers’ play of love and romance plus gentle satire.

Merton of the Movies. Corp. —Mirthful and occasionally moving tragedy of the movie hero.

The Old Soak. Plymouth. —Don Marquand’s immortal creation admirably transposed to the stage.

Polly Preferred. Little. —Another amusing skit on the movies, with Genevieve Tobin.

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Rose Briar. Empire. —Engaging light comedy, with charming Billie Burke.

Secrets. Fulton. —A real, old-fashioned love story, with charming Margaret Lawrence.

So This Is London. Hudson. —Most amusing Anglo-American farcical comedy.

The Sporting Thing To Do. Ritz. —Social comedy with brilliant cast, including Emily Stevens.

A Square Peg. Punch and Judy. —A cleverly written and well-acted satirical play.

Why Not? National. —The Equity Players’ successful production transferred for a run.


Humor and Human Interest

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The Blushing Bride. Central. —A musical comedy success, with Cecil Dean and Cleo Mayfield.

Caroline. Ambassador. —An admirably staged and played operetta, with Tessa Kosta.

The Chauve-Souris. Century Roof. —This particular and delightful brand of Russian humor and art flourishes on a roof as it once did in a cellar.


The Dancing Girl. New Winter Garden. —What’s its name implies, plus comedy and music galore.

The Gingham Girl. Earl Carroll. —One of the best musical comedies in town.

Greenwich Village Polka. Shubert. —A perennial revue, full of delights.

Lady Butterfly. The Globe. —First-rate Dillingham show, with excellent dancing.

The Lady in Ermine. Century. —Very bright and amusing musical play with good cast.


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Wildflower. Casino. —Winsome Edith Day in a part which suits her to perfection.

Ziegfeld Polka. New Amsterdam. A national institution, glorifying the American girl.

—F. R. C.
Our Contributors

**JOSE JUAN TABLADA** was born in Mexico City in 1871. He has been Secretary and Miniser of Fine Arts and of Mexican Archaeology in his National University, and is today a recognized authority in Spanish and English letters. His early inclinations were toward a career as a painter, and thrust all his writings, especially in his poetic work, there is a persistent leaning toward the visual beauty of life.

**N. P. DAWSON** is the distinguished book reviewer on the New York Globe. She was born in Chicago and was a Phi Beta Kappa student at Wisconsin University. Her first venture into literary work was as an assistant to her husband, when he was editor of the Des Moines Leader. When Mr. Dawson became editor of the New York Globe, she joined him, and has for several years been literary critic for that paper, and has also contributed to leading magazines and monthly reviews.

**Adolph Bolm** is maître de ballet of the Chicago Civic Opera Association, and is an artist who contributes essays and criticisms on the modernists in the Arts—both fine and industrial—to various magazines here and abroad. Earlier, in Paris, he adapted an American play for the French stage and a French play for the American stage. An original comedy followed, and at present he is preparing a Javanese ballet entitled The Marriage of Prigava.

**Leo Randolfe** is a French woman who contributes essays and criticisms on the modernists in the Arts—both fine and industrial—to various magazines here and abroad. Earlier, in Paris, she adapted an American play for the French stage and a French play for the American stage. An original comedy followed, and at present she is writing a fantastic play.

**Since 1913 Henry Osborne Osgood** has been associate editor of the Musical Courier; prior to that he studied music in Munich, and was for three years répétiteur at the Royal Opera there.

**Ernestine Griswold** is artist and newspaper woman who has traveled much. She has studied peasant art in Scandinavia, Greece, Russia, Czecho-Slovakia, and other lands. She declares that she would "really rather discover one live American artist than any painting Egyptian tomb." **No French writer has demonstrated a finer technical mastery of the short story—the short story in the French sense—than has Frederic Boullet. He has produced hundreds of them—they would fill a dozen volumes—and all are remarkable for their high level of literary skill.**

**William MacPherson** has been translating French literature since 1915, as a side-line to his editorial work on the New York Times. He is an historian.
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Page Sixty-Eight

from a Collector’s Note-Book
By W. G. Bowdoin

One of the Hamburg-American liners, Bayern, recently brought to this country the very piano upon which Richard Wagner composed certain of his masterpiece.

This box is of Hispano-Arabic origin and was carved in 999 A.D. Its importance is due largely to its great rarity, as only about a dozen pieces of similar workmanship of such an early period survive to the present day. It was made by some unknown craftsman of Moslem Spain, for the Vizir Abu-al-Mutarrif, and was used for jewels or perfumes.

The silk badges that were formerly issued in connection with the presidential elections, now make tremendously interesting collecting objects.

Origially these badges were made of silk or satin ribbons, upon which the presidential portraits were printed or woven, together with phrases and mottoes that we would today term slogans. The badge that figured in the Zachary Taylor campaign referred to the candidate as the hero of Port Hudson, Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, Monterey and Buena Vista; the slogan used was “A little more grape, Capt. Bragg.”
The Unearthly Imagination

(Continued from page 20)

Unearthly Imagination. Here is the magic that was never in hell or cubism. His own soul is that terrible Eye that sees the grotesque, the sinister, the tornial, and the fantastic visions of dismembered psychical antiquities.

What is the skull but a cemetery wall, and the soul but a kingdom of wraiths? Foul things and ethereal splendors walk out of the under mound into the badly lighted avenues of consciousness. As our unconscious nature is a Fountain of Eternal Youth, and if we may all be our own Ponce de Leon, it is also true that our unconscious nature is the cuspidor of Time.

In the sea of the Unearthly Imagination all that swims to the surface is beautiful and is touched with the chism of the mysterious.

In the subtle sleep of God, what dreams may come! And the Unearthly Imagination may be the escapades of His somnambulisms.

Phonomania

(Continued from page 26)

my left hand had given out from lifting and replacing the receiver. My temper had given out long before. My voice had gone hoarse. And when the telephone rang once more, with the little strength that was in me, I rushed at the instrument of torture, plugged the bell with my handkerchief, and collapsed into my armchair. I had peace at last, but I was in no condition to enjoy it.

Twenty-second service. I understood now the feeling of Moses descending from Mount Sinai and finding his people bowed down before a golden calf. Descending from the leisurely altitudes of Montparnasse, I found all America bowed down before a gun-metal instrument. Phonomania. A new malady: phonomania.

No one wrote letters. No, one telephoned. Twenty-second service? Twenty-second servitude.

At six o'clock my friend came in. "Any messages while I was out?" "I don't know. I'm sorry. I plugged the telephone." "But I may have missed—" I caught the mad gleam in his eyes. Phonomania! It is not the fault of the public. It is the State Department, with its absurd policy of isolation, which is to blame. If we could only contract an entangling alliance with some European Power and be dragged into the next war, it might prove our salvation. The gun-metal now going into telephone instruments would be diverted to cannon and other weapons harmless by comparison.
Two Ladies Take Tea

(Continued from page 17)

She Found A Pleasant Way To Reduce Her Fat

She did not have to go to the trouble of diet or exercise. She found a better way, which aids the digestive organs to turn food into muscle, bone and sinew instead of fat.

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WHY DONT YOU BUY

Caricature That Stings

(Continued from page 55)

expressed that you cannot evade it. Presently you will agree that the painter knows how to work with pencil, pen and ink, water color or oils.

Knowing this, it is easy to understand why Cabral is so popular with the crowd and Orozco so admired by the intelligentia. The former makes one laugh, and that the public loves. The latter forces one to think, and that is not a popular sport. Cabral, victimizing somebody with the inherited and "sublimated" cruelty of an Aztec sacrificator priest, gives a slight titillation to one's sated "urge." Orozco almost converts one into a judge confronting the problem of human sorrow and anguish he has discovered, felt and expressed. Cabral caricatures are individual and rather frivolous, those of Orozco, social and transcendental. Cabral is comedia —sometimes Aristophanesque—but Orozco is pure tragic, somber, deep, pitiless.

... Doubtless with Orozco something will happen similar to the case of Honoré Daumier, who at first was regarded as a mere cartoonist, but who of late has been promoted by a more enlightened criticism to the rank of a great painter. Orozco's works, by their acute feeling of femininity, recall Constantin Guys, and their morbidity recalls Toulouse-Lautrec, but above all he is himself, Mexican and individual to the finger-tips.

AROUND Cabral, and allured by his popularity, fly a swarm of young talents, the more noted among them being Olagüebel, Covarrubias, Hidalgo and Salazar. The first is a cartoonist in clay. Four years ago in Mexico City and New York he held exhibitions of some very remarkable little sculptures, portraying in comic aspect Caruso, Galli-Curci, Turpin-of-the-Movies and scores of others. Since then he has added nothing to his output. Covarrubias seems to be the more alive and gifted of them all. In the variety and picturesqueness of his portraits, he even surpasses Cabral, who, compelled to work on a daily paper, is inclined to be monotonous. Covarrubias characterizes his subjects with peculiar ingenuity, surrounding them often with symbolic accessories and atmosphere. The poet loved the Orient is represented by him as a Buddha seated on the lotus flower; the Mexican painter is portrayed in the style of the old hieroglyphic manuscript, and as all his cartoons are worked out with a peculiar ingenuity. His cartoon of the famous painter, Diego Rivera, is one of charm and of cleverness; his pen seems to run without leaving the paper, in a sort of continuous calligraphic arabesque.

Hidalgo is also a cartoonist-sculptor. He has revived the popular craft of wax and cloth statuettes, imbuing them with vivid personal talent.

Salazar is most uneven in his production. Some of his works are clever, others commonplace. Among the first must be classed his cartoon of the famous Spanish writer, Valle Inclán, which approaches the dignity of a masterpiece.

The name of the Mexican cartoonist is legion. The joke, the epigram in art as well as in literature, buzzes and stings there almost continuously. Old Mexico is a land of flowers, and for that reason she has a right to her wasps.
The Future of the Dance in America

(Continued from page 15)

I have seen men and women in the audience, and even on the same steps and rhythms from nine in the evening until early morning, and often with but one partner. This is a rather novel idea for the dance should be first of all "social." The only time I really enjoyed a dance in this country was when I joined a old-fashioned Virginia reel at a recent evening party in the home of Mrs. John Alden Carpenter. It was altogether charming.

This suggests how interesting neighborhood dance clubs to re-learn these old and delightful forms, as well as other graceful steps, all under a fine and duly authorized instructor. Many families cannot afford to pay the fee for a good teacher. The club could pool the expense and thus bring the best instruction within the reach of everyone.

I am willing to prophesy that a renaissance of the old-time dance will introduce an exhilarating atmosphere into the social life, change boredom into joyous amusement, clear away the mistrama of ugliness and vulgarity which now taints our directions, and radiate a benign influence upon other forms of modern art.

That the public appreciates the finer forms of entertainment, let us see from what is going on in the motion picture theaters. Not so very long ago the cinema meant a poorly lighted club where the jingling piano banged upon a pianist whose sole ambition seemed to be to make as much noise as possible. In an almost incredibly short time there has been evolved a new ideal. Today we have cinema palaces furnished with royal syphon, excellent pianists, and scientific lighting. The quality of the music has also greatly improved with orchestras under able conductors.

Here has been found a very effective medium for the popularization of the ballet at its best. And if motion picture palaces would feature the ballet, as it is done at the Capital Theatre in New York, I believe that public taste for it would be remarkably stimulated and the demand would become universal.

Another great coadjuator for the dissemination of art-appreciation is the school. If the youth of America is to receive its art education in schools controlled by the municipality, or in those attainable by the parental budget, let the teachers be chosen for nothing else but their unquestioned merit and knowledge. They should be able to lead the young mind toward proper channels of suggestion, so that later they will find it perfectly possible to discriminate between the lovely and the false in art.

But to come back to the dance as an art. We find that the ballet, that most complex form of the dance, has not at present sufficient practical support. It is regarded as an institution, an educational factor, a necessity in the development of the art life in a community.

Undoubtedly what it needs is practical encouragement. Also all the country orchestras have or are being formed. In some cities even three or four orchestras exist, and large deficits are cheerfully made up because orchestras are considered "educational." Other institutions are also sponsored with enormous play-offs of money. The late Mr. Juillett left a fund of several million dollars for the encouragement of musical talent. But the ballet: Who thinks of that? No it is the bringer of joy, it gets not a cent.

In olden days the actor was a social outcast. He was a socially unfitted, or, at least, treated as an interesting figure to be "exhibited" for the entertainment of guests. Today the dancer is looked upon with much more amusement and aloofness. And yet the great dancer is a savant, a scholar. His studio is a temple dedicated to art.

Powerful managers and men of finance, who understand the wonderful uplifting influence of the dance, should establish funds of let us say, from fifty thousand to one hundred thousand dollars in opera-houses or other art centers for the support of ballets and to develop the dance-artist. An orchestra is limited in its scope of benefit. The ballet has as many arms as Buddha! It gives employment to composers who write the music, literary people who prepare the scenario or write the poem, the painter who creates the scenery, the craftsmen who make it, the designer who composes the costumes and the color schemes, the seamstresses who make the garments, lighting experts and their assistants, and, of course, the ballet-master, the musicians and the dancers—to say nothing of the hundred minor industries which are closely connected with the production and maintenance of a ballet. That is why the ballet deserves its own noble environment and the practical support of the community.

This dream of mine is shared by many devotees of the ballet in America. Only they can make the dream a reality.

Kenneth Hayes Miller

(Continued from page 11)

a cool, pale-green poem of autumn stained with memories of summer color that becomes dominant in the lady's hat.

Miller has the power of suggesting reality with the most economical means, and this is evident in his etchings, where with a few slight lines he is able to suggest the texture and solidity of bodies. These etchings illustrate the magic with which a single line is made to body forth the form of curving planes and spaces beyond.

Kenneth Hayes Miller was born in New York City. He has been a member of the Art Students' League and in Europe, and has been a teacher of art in New York since 1903. He has had one-man shows at the Montross Galleries, and has exhibited in the Luxembourg Galleries in Paris, and at the San Francisco Exhibition in 1915. He is a member of the Painter-Printers' Society and a member of the Société Internationale des Beaux Arts.

Miller is like his art. He has its reserve, its almost hieratic calm, and its suggestion of color underneath. If one were to seek for his literary analogue in our time, he would look to the work of Mr. Herter Carra. There is romance, satire, and a remarkable dexterity in imparting reality to his work, as in the work of both men. Miller is a rather unusual appearance in American art. He is one of our big men, and his stature will increase as the years advance.

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Practically every woman has reasonably good hair—satisfactory in quantity, texture and color. So-called dull hair is the result of improper care. Ordinary shampooing is not enough; just washing cannot sufficiently improve dull, drab hair. Only a shampoo that adds "that little something" dull hair lacks can really improve it.

Golden Glint Shampoo was made particularly for medium brown hair—to make it look brighter and more beautiful. When your hair appears lifeless, all you need do is have a Golden Glint Shampoo. It does more and IS more than an ordinary shampoo. With it you can have your hair exactly what you want it in the world—full, firm, and shining. You can have it. A Golden Glint Shampoo today and give your hair the special treatment which is all it needs to make it bright and beautiful. And, in addition to the 25 cents a package at toilet goods counters and postpaid direct, J. W. Kebbi Co., 117 Spring St., Seattle, Wash.
Wagner Economized

(Continued from page 23)

THE Munich innovations have been dealt with at some length because that city was the first to undertake Wagner improvements on a large scale. But certain other German cities, under the urging of economy, have made changes far more drastic than those at Munich. The newly organized People’s Opera (Volksoper) in Berlin put on a Lobengrin during its opening week last September that was quite extraordinary scenically. The principal feature of all the sets except the wedding chamber was the “Jesser stairs,” the latest fad in German stage technique, invented by stage-manager Jessner for a production of Richard III at the State Theatre. These Jessner stairs are designed to cover a multitude of shortcomings and omissions. In the first act of Lobengrin, as given at the Volksoper, one imagines they must have been the dyke of the Scheldt, for the conventionalized swim along way up at the top of them, and Kundry sat up there, too, on his throne, under a cubistic tree, safe from any sudden flood. They were among those present in the second act also, for everybody to run up and down or group upon, with a blank wall for castle on one side and another for monster on the other. Hans Strohmer, who designed the settings, which are regarded seemingly as the best compromise between the old and the extreme new that has yet been offered.

For there is an extreme new. If you do not believe it, you must see the Parsifal designs which Johannes Schröder made for the small city of Bochum: fantastic back-drops and a few fantastic planes. One of them is the Temple of the Grail (recall Josef Urban’s beautifully impressive setting at the Metropolitan!) and the other Klingsor’s tower with the garden behind. These settings may be expressionistic, but they are certainly not beautiful. And another of the smaller cities, Halie, so they say, outfitted Die Meistersanger complete a year or two ago for four thousand marks, which was only one thousand dollars in the best of days and hasn’t been anywhere near as much as that for a long time.

Without doubt the general breaking away from the Bayreuth tradition is a step in the right direction, even if some of the reformers, with characteristic zeal, stride ahead a bit too fast. And the immortal Richard, looking down from whatever heaven his supreme genius admitted him to, surely is content as long as none of our modern-day musicians attempts to improve upon the music of his masterpieces—as Schoenberg has recently “improved” Parsifal. So long as we earthworms continue to discuss and wrangle about him, experimenting in order to improve upon his ideas, interest in him will be kept alive and, even radically vital, and the only thing that would move Richard to withdraw into the ultimate, furthest niche of his heaven, never to be seen or felt again, would be a failure of human interest in him. He never could stand that, even before he had been snatched up in a cloud of glory.

Savely Sorine

(Continued from page 38)

Privileged by his epoch, it is to his contemporaries—the "constructeurs"—the builders of condemned volumes, that this Russian Ingres owes the concise outline in which he encloses his paintings. All the charm and mastery of Sorine’s art affirms itself in this harmonious, enveloping outline. The portrait of the Princess Orloff can serve as a good example. In it is all that he can accomplish in the concentration of outline without detracting from the spiritual motif. The precise outline exists even in the portrait of Pavlova, which is a transparency and, like Pavlova herself, half woman, half vision—a breath of immaterial poetry.

The Ballet Russe served as a Temple to Sorine. For seventeen years he frequented it almost daily. Like Degas, he studied and knows every pas and attitude of the danseuses. Among his paintings of the Ballet is a portrait of Tamara Karsavina, unfortunately left in Russia.

A few years ago Savely Sorine arrived in America. It will be interesting to see how this young master possessing the "grand manner" will attest the nobility of the American thoroughbred.
Euterean Recollections and Reflections

(Continued from pag. 49)

Mr. Harry Higgins—"Arry Higgins," as he was generally called—

The marchhness made grand opera a social institution and the fashion in Lon-

don. Edward VII., Prince of Wales, with his lovely and popular princess, was a

regular attendant, and frequently went behind the scenes or had the artists in his

house. Her lovely ladyship did not scruple to use her social prestige and influence to

secure subscriptions, and who could say no? The greatest singers in the world were

heard at Covent Garden for a period extending over fifteen years, and the operas were generally

produced in the spring. The death of King Edward in 1910 was a heavy blow to the

season, and then came the passing of the great lady who lent such distinction to grand opera at Covent Garden.

Sir Thomas Beecham now came on the scene, with the millions derived from the

promised revivals. This time, he sold at a shilling and advertised as "worth a guinea a box." But not even Beecham's sold could remedy the situation when war overtook Europe, and he found himself practically on the front in his millions, and when, and by and by, almost every great house as well as humble house was closed. Followed the heavy aftermath of the war, with its heaped-up debt and enormous resultant taxation, which has literally cut in half the incomes of all those with any incomes to tax. And so London is now without its regular season of grand opera, and while England is paying its debt to America, Covent Garden is devoted to American "Jazzagazama."

I once asked Caruso which of all the opera houses looked best from the stage, and he hesitatingly replied, "Covent Garden." And then he recalled the splendid appearance presented by the dignified old London house on a gala or "tiara" night, when royalty was officially present, when the four tiers were banked with roses, and the peers were their coronets and most magnificent jewels, while the men were for a large part in court dress or uniform, with their orders and rubans. By the way, practically all the great opera houses of Europe can I endorse the great tenor's opinion. The nearest approach to such an occasion was the Imperial Opera House, Vienna, when old Francis Joseph and his stately empress were present with a glittering entourage, including the most beautiful women conceivable.

And now for a few words about the winning season at New York's own Metropolitans. Mr. Gatti-Casazza has to the time of writing given four of his promising revivals—Thais, Romeo et Juliette, William Tell, and Tamásháu, and produced Vittadini's new work, Anima Allegra. He has also given the wonderful repertory, including over thirty operas, with the accustomed pomp and circumstance, and in some instances with extravagant casts. Massenet's somewhat tawdry work has achieved a success of curiosity because of Jeritza, who, should in justice be said, is coming to sing much better than she did a few years ago. The greatest success has been as Elizabeth in Tamásháu, the music of which she sings remarkably well, especially in the finale to the second act. She also acts much better. This entire production is in accordance with the best traditions, including the scenery. It was Mme. Jeritza and Gatti-Casazza who have done wisely and well in strictly adhering to them. But why did not Rodzansky use the pruning-knife, which he employs so judiciously on Wagner?

William Tell was not worth while, except for the opportunity it gives Dusine to show what an admirable singer and actor he is. It is portentously long and insufferably dull, and the stereotyped arias and choruses and stilted action provoke to ennui and occasional derision. It is mounted according to the venerable traditions which have been carried on by the politeworms of the small Italian cities. But to do it in more modern style would only be to make it additionally ridiculous, so the General Director was well advised in not attempting it. Moreover.

Some of the critics have sniffed and sneered at Vittadini's Anima Allegra, one of them on account of its "Polypianish" tendencies. Personally I enjoyed it immensely. It is a wholesome and lightly humorous story, adapted in good style by Adami from the original "L'Agretta" (Angeline: The Merry Soul) by the Quitero Brothers. The melody by Vittadini, if occasionally reminiscent, is melodious, well made and delightfully scored, and the stage settings are in excellent taste, and glowing with rich color. Bori looks like a tropical bird, sings like a thrush and acts like a Rejane. What a talented and richly endowed creature she is! The others in the cast are as good as possible, especially in the matter of acting; in fact, in regard to team work they are another Moscow Art Theatre. As far the general production, it reflects much credit on the new stage director, Mr. Wymet.

There have been two very splendid experiences within recent weeks—of course the revival of the Philharmonic under Mengelberg, and of the B Camera Number One by the Philadelphia Orchestra under Stokowski, just returned from conducting in Paris and Rome. Of the two, I am disposed to think the latter bore away the palm, for it is music which makes a greater demand on both conductor and orchestra. Preferably just recording my own impression, I will mention the opinion of one eminent visiting critic. Dr. Le Seychal, of the Vienna "Neue Presse," who remarked to me: "What a truly extraordinary man is Stokowski! He is the greatest conductor of them all. I have heard this symphony done so many times before by Weingartner, Walter, Nilsch and others, but I never understood and appreciated it as I have tonight!" It is also interesting to record that it was heard by scores of visiting musicians of eminence, and in one box alone were four conductors: Bruno Walter, Mengelberg, Casella, and Enesco, who listened with eager attention and applauded with enthusiasm. Coates was also in the audience, and was equally enthusiastic.

Speaking of Coates, reminds me that he has been and gone, after conducting in fine style the New York Symphony in a series of concerts in the Metropolis and elsewhere.

The sudden and unexpected resignation of Strakosky from the Philharmonic filled everyone with surprise. Equally sudden, if not unexpected, was the appointment of Alan Hoogstratten to succeed him in conjunction with Mengelberg. The young and masterful Dutch conductor led the Philharmonic forces with marked authority during the summer season at the Stadium. There is an element of suitability in New York's oldest musical society being directed by two Hollanders, for the traditions of Father Knickerbocker are still strong in what was once New Amsterdam.

Shadowland

Classic for May

REVEALED!

Will he be like a comet that flashes across the sky and disappears over the brim of the horizon only to appear once more and start all over again? Will he disappear again or when he reaches the zenith will he become a fixed star? That is what everyone is wondering about Antonio Mercura.

INTERVIEWED!

If you have not been interviewed yet, perhaps you will be someday. Meanwhile, if you want to know how it feels, read what a famous movie star thinks of the many interviewers she has known. She tells how to beguile words of wisdom (for publication) from the movie celebrity. The article might be entitled "How to Behave at an Interview."

FUTURES!

What does Jackie Coogan think of his own work and what is he planning to do? He told Frank Lloyd all about it, and Frank Lloyd has set it down for the readers of Classic.

CHARACTERS!

Some famous characters have been created on the silver sheet. Two pages of photographs of the most famous appear in the May Classic.
"It was this way: I loved her, and it seemed that Louis also loved her, although I wasn't aware of it. We had both known her since childhood. We had the same right to be loved by her. I decided to ask her to marry me, but I was prevented from doing so by Louis' illness, since I couldn't leave him.

"But this did not influence my decision. I swear it. Prunier is a doctor of standing, isn't he? And it was he who required the interment of a patient who was becoming dangerous. The formalities were discreetly and quickly arranged, for Prunier had his engagements in America. The day of the funeral, when he came to the house, told me that everything was settled. He added that two hours later Cave's hospital attendants would be on hand to take my brother away.

"At that moment Louis entered my room. Neither Prunier nor I dared to say a word, for she was there. He was, in fact, perfectly rational just then, for he joked with Prunier about the latter's projected trip to the land of the 'cracked-brain.' This made me laugh and the whole affair was put to my mind. Prunier said good-bye and went off, telling me again, in an undertone, that the attendants would soon arrive.

"Louis went to his room, intending to work, as he informed me; I shut myself up at the other end of the apartment. I was distressed and over-strung, and wondered if I were really fulfilling my duty. I had instructed the servant that if any persons came they were to be taken to my brother. I was anxious not to be present. You will understand that, I think.

"There was a ring at the door. I heard voices, then footsteps in the direction of Louis' room. I listened for cries, protests, a struggle. But the steps now came my way. There was a knock on my door. A man entered. He stepped forward politely and said to me in a low voice:

"'Monsieur, Doctor Prunier is waiting for you downstairs. Will you not go down?'

"'I said to myself that Prunier had forgotten something important and that he did not want to put his guard up in coming upstairs with the attendants. I hurried below just as I was, without hat or overcoat. The man who had addressed me followed. Once I saw a big closed automobile. The door swung open.

"'With the idea that I should see Prunier inside I mounted the rair, but he was not there. A man who was there pulled me in. The man who had followed me pushed me from behind. They got me into the vehicle. The door slammed and the car tore away.'

"'I tried to shout, to argue, to explain. It was useless; the noise was padded. The men held on to me, politely but firmly; they talked to me as if I were a child of four, doubtless with the intention of calming me. I did quiet down, in fact, saying to myself that it was a ridiculous mistake which would be cleared up when we reached the sanitarium. We arrived there in forty-five minutes, remained there fifteen months!

"'I never knew exactly,' Lucien Canalle began again, after a silence, now the attendants made so glaring an error. The servants took them to my brother's room. He was perfectly normal at that moment and was deploring some equations on his blackboard. They never thought that this man of science could be mad. Doubtless they excused themselves for introducing and asked for the M. Canalle whom they were to take away.

"Louis must at first have been instructed, for he at once thought that they were speaking of me. He probably said to himself that Prunier had arranged, without forswearing me, to take care of, and that some mental malady was the cause of my madness and distraction, which came in reality from my worry about him. Besides, it was always a madness in their own neighborhood and they are very ready to attribute it to others, perhaps from an obscure fear that it may be attributed to themselves.

"'In short, Louis, with his diseased imagination, absolutely accepted the idea that I was mad. He was himself going through certain formalities which had been represented to him as necessary. He directed the attendants to my room and from his window he was a witness to my abduction. This pained him, too, for he loves me with all his heart. And he was for my own good. Our servant, who had heard his cries in the course of attacks during which I tried to quiet him, and who after I was naturally attributed those outbreaks to me, confirmed him in this opinion.

"I do not like to speak of my life at Professor Cave's. They were never willing to admit my mental equilibrium. Prunier had made a report on my alienation (Louis' alienation, of course), and my lucidity did not help matters any for me. They awaited the periodic attacks. They gave me the most devoted and the most exhausting care, and they were about to cure me. They also promised my cure to my brother, to whom they sent reports regularly, and who came himself to the sanitarium to get news of me, although he was never allowed to see me. I was kept rigidly isolated. That is part of Cave's system.

"You cannot conceive what I suffered. I may have been mad during hours of despair and rage, and at times I saw my life ruined by a mishap, by a stupid error. It is never safe to speak of impossible coincidences. In this affair everything worked together to obviate disaster to me and incredible triumph to another.

"For do you know what Louis did in those terrible months? He was cured and he married. Exactly that! He married Yvonne, whom I loved and who loved him, it appears, without my even having suspected it. My brother received a violent shock when he saw me taken away. He changed completely. He gave up his studies and his nights of orgy. Sad and lonely he turned back toward the affections of childhood and discovered that he loved Yvonne. He then married her and the strength of their mutual affection banished his attacks of mania, or, at least, if he had any relapses, his wife has never told anybody.

"I got out in the end, all the same. I was delivered by Prunier, who came back from America, and who, I venture to say, was greatly startled when he came to Dr. Cave's and was ushered into the presence of 'Monsieur Canalle,' whom they had been treating for fifteen months.

"But Prunier is a man of resource. Do you know, he maintained his assurance, talked me down and sought to prove to me that I had nothing to complain of and that I couldn't say a word without showing myself to be a miserable creature? My brother was married and cured; he was the child. By what right and for what purpose would I dare ruin the lives of this
family? One of the two of us had been mad. I had merely taken my brother's place. That was all.

"I remained silent, naturally. But I had to go away. I had to flee to the end of the world in order to find distraction and make myself forget—to escape the pity, the terror, the repugnance of all my acquaintances, for whom I was, and still, the man who was mad. And the listen, Louis was too happy with Yvon.

"I have become a nomad. I come to Paris once in a while and then start off again, for I don't know where."

With that he left me.

* * *

Some days later I went to see Doctor Frantz, to get a little further information. "This is an old story," he said, "Don't get mixed up in it. If an alienist of Cav standing keeps a patient for fifteen mon there must be some reason for it. Do you get the point?"

Literature With a Silver Lining

(Continued from page 22)

back on his return voyage—or "it," as must now be called. Once more there lights and dancing and music and flow and dining on the great ship. "Nor is anyone knows of that thing which lay deep below at the very bottom of the dark hold, near the gloomy and sultry bowels of the ship that was so gravel overcoming the darkness, the ocean, the blizzard...."

As Futility is not farcical, The Gentle man from San Francisco is not tragedy exactly either. In both cases, pieces of life have been fitted into a book. "It is the classic way of treating life."

A "Little Theater" from Russia

(Continued from page 44)

Give and Take—a series of verbal encounters between Louis Mann and George Sidney, refereed to Aaron Hoffman under the auspices of the National Committee for the Improvement of the Relations between Capital and Labor; hokum and bunkum by turns.

The God of Vengeance—a ghastly tragedy of prostitution, written by Sholom Ash, and serving to introduce into English the fine art of Rudolph Schildraus, father of the star of Liliom.

The Clinging Vine—a really fresh musical comedy by Zelda Sears, with the detestable Peggy Wood trying to make us think her prettier in ruffles than in a business suit.

Do You Understand It?

Anything is possible if you have beauty. Don't be satisfied to say I am fairly good-looking and let it go at that. Make yourself beautiful, it can be done. You will be surprised at the effect it will have.

Perhaps you are married and lazily settling down. You are letting your personal appearance slide. Don't do it. Your beauty had more to do in attracting your husband than you realize. Make it hold him.

Beauty

Beauty Secrets for Everywoman

Buy the May "Beauty" on the news-stands April eighth.
 brief Review

related thru their influence on the letters. Rex Pender, tho engaged to a real flesh-and-blood cousin, becomes in a love triangle of his ghostly others, who step out of their portraits come more absorbing to him than all people about him. The many characters are depicted with that realism as become famous in small-town life—the humor, but to this the author add the charm of a delicate touch of spirituality.

majority of our young realists in—April on the shores of the Medi-

The dull plots lack charm, but the story, charming writing. You as enchanted as the intimate of the Enchanted April (Double
glasses and Company) tells with gentle and in a simple style. There is a plots and subplots, but there is, to the scale, charming writing. You as enchanted as the intimate of the Enchanted April (Double
glasses and Company) tells with gentle and in a simple style. There is a plot and subplots, but there is, to the scale, charming writing. You

Grandmother, Stenographer, Clerk or Schoolgirl, if you want more money and can give us just a little time, we will show you how to turn your spare hours into dollars.

The work we will give you to do is not hard. Because other members like it, we feel you will like it too. If you enjoy calling on your friends and acquaintances and talking to them about clothes and beauty secrets, then you'll surely like our work, for that's precisely what the work is, telling your friends about Beauty, the Magazine for Everywoman, and getting subscriptions for it. Shall we tell you more about it and the money you can make? Then address a letter today to

Katherine Lambert
Secretary, The Treasure Chest

Beauty
Brooklyn, New York

Page Seventy-Six
In Studio and Gallery

(Continued from page 61)

big point is reached when pictures are entirely pleasant to the eye, and it is true of this exhibit. The spacious Knoedler Galleries also house the paintings of Tade Styla. These attractive works have a decided foreign appearance. Many people in the public eye are shown in portraiture. The Tito Ruffo-Caruso-Chaliapin group, My Father, Canon Caron, and Self Portrait are strong examples of the artist's work.

MAURICE STERNE

is expected back from Italy before long. At present he is entirely preoccupied by a life-sized statue. As to the subject we admit we are in the fog, but an interesting personality such as this, always pro- vokes eager interest. He has also found time to be intensely interested in an artist, Mario Toppi by name. Mr. Sterne vouches for a splendid exhibit, and Mr. Bourgeois will show the work in his gallery. Toppi is entirely self-taught; his parents were models for Sterne. Since 1919 Mr. Bourgeois has also been interested in Emile Branchard, whose work he will exhibit later in the season. His paintings were first seen in the Independents' Show of that year, and were the subject of much comment.

LOUIS BOCCHI's Annual American Exhibition in the Bel Maison showed many paintings of interest. George Bellows' Nude rightly holds the commanding position. It is essentially the Bellows' workmanship, H. E. Schneckenberg's Still Life interests at once. Neutral in tones of yellow, greens and browns, the open window shows the backs of city houses, usually ugly, but treated by the artist un- understandably. Jules Pascin's wiryland Ruth-wood expresses this Frenchman's cleverness. Joseph Stella's Nocturne and the Rain, Belport, is a typical Great South Bay subject. Works of many other well-known artists are included in the exhibition. The showing benefited us. We did not grasp it in its entirety, but unsolved problem is not displeasing.

SPAIN IS AGAIN

brought to the public eye by William J. Potter's paintings at the Milch Galleries. The stone churches and adobe dwellings give out the warmth of a Spanish sun, and the fine use of deep shadows makes one feel like stepping into the picture for a quiet re- trant. Spanish atmosphere is admirably grasped and carried out in brilliance of color. Strength and grandeur in the fine old monasteries also lend unusual charm to this interesting showing. Splendid ex- amples of Mr. Potter's art may be seen in the American Hispanic Museum, the Indianapolis Art Institute, in Rochester, Los Angeles and Sydney, Australia.

—K. C. S.
The Trend of Modern American Ceramics

(Continued from page 59)

in scarabs, took a thousand hours. Her example in method will not be largely followed. The patience, the time, and the expense of the time required, toll too high. But the very existence of so exquisite an artist shows that superb achievement is possible in all directions.

Mrs. Robinneau in her seventeen years of work has penetrated many secrets of the great potters of the ages, among them the famous oxhlood glasses of the Chinese, made from reds of copper under very high flame. Much of her value to the potter lies in the fact that the standard of perfection in craftsmanship, which she has set for herself, assures her fellows that there are no "lost" processes that experiment may not find again, no pains-taking exactness of detail that even American patience may not accomplish.

The real inspiration in the potter's craft during the next few years must certainly come from those who seek pottery as a medium for the making of useful as well as decorative objects. Mr. Poor's show was especially rich in suggestions of not only his own future but the future of all American ceramics. He had made very few vases. Vases are useful, of course, but surely the proportion of used to unused vases among American陶 must be ten to one, a proportion that makes "vase" to the average man a mantel adornment, not a flower container, or even an intrinsic work of art. Mr. Poor has made plates—plates with pictures and designs, plates that doubtless will be bracketed and hung—to use in daily living, in eating. He has made little bowls for tea, cups occasionally, big bowls, and platters. He has made tile designs that make the architect take new things he can be done to bring rich color and design to the hallway, the overmantel, the hearth. He has made door-knobs, and doorplates, and cupboard panels. He has a few examples of modeled and perforated pottery that will undoubtedly lead to garden fountains. Most of the potters in the United States are of no particular consequence in the world of art. But the existence of thousands of pots is a healthy sign. The Paul Revere Pottery just outside Boston, which makes unpretentious pottery, mostly handwrought, grew from a settlement experiment in arts and crafts as recreation and "uplift." What they make now in their sunny hilltop pottery is simple and delightful, far above the balal ceramic work which was the American average not so very long ago. To such simple potteries, and hundreds like them, the work of the greater artists at the Durant Kihns, of Adelaide Alsop-Robineau, of Henry Varnum Poor brings a lift and stirring of the imagination to greater experiment in technique and in design.

To the modern artist, canvas-ware, canvas-puzzled, Henry Poor particularly opens up. He is a man who understands American ceramics is most surely doomed. Prophecy is an easy occupation, but the doom of the dullness of American pottery must be prophesied by someone, and if one sees just around the corner a number of American painters turning to tiles instead of to walls and canvas, why not point them out in a positive long-bearded manner?

Wanderings

(Continued from page 65)

I find that these wanderings have been chiefly along musical and sometimes unmusical paths. When I do not hesitate to describe as America's foremost woman composer. Her three preludes, charmingly played by Mr. Robert E. Schmitz, are unlike the work of more moderns, all too brief. They are original and graceful as to thematic material and sane modern in harmonic treatment. Sincerely hope that Miss Bauer will not be led from the paths of musical rectitude by the company in which she occasionally finds herself.

At this same Guild concert, A Portrait, for clarinet and piano (originally for orchestra), by Samuel Harriott, had interesting and even beautiful, which support and gods, how long-winded and diffuse! It was, as my neighbor Frank Warren said, a full-length portrait. These modermists rarely know when to leave off, and some of them should never begin, for they have nothing which is worth listening to say.

Some real interest was afforded by excerpts from Emerson Whithorne's New York Days and Nights. These were amusingly imitative of musical and unmusical—a great city. But that sort of thing has been ever so much better done by Vaughan Williams in his London Symphonies, which is finely-wrought as well as pictorial and poetical music. Fortunately for Mr. Whithorne, he is primarily a business man, and so has not to depend on the art which follows much less on success. It is better in some cases to sell other people's music than to make your own.

Motion Picture Magazine

for May

Page Seventy-Eight
This new charm of the Parisiennes may be your charm

The dinner hour at Claridge's in Paris. At each table some striking example of beauty and charm! Surely it is some unusual secret of fascination française which so marks these Parisiennes.

It is a secret, Madame, Mademoiselle, known to elite French bouffiers and sent to you now in America. It is this secret of the true harmony of the toilette.

"Each article of the toilet table, Face Powders, Talc, Sachet, Soaps, Rouges, Compacts and Creams—must breathe gently the same Parfum—the same French fragrance."

And so do Madame and Mademoiselle, turn quite naturally to Djer-Kiss, odor innitable created by M. Kerkoff in Paris. He sends you in his spécialités Djer-Kiss each necessity of the Toilette—Face Powders, Talc, Sachet, the Rouges, the Creams, the Toilet Water, all fragranced delightfully with Parfum Djer-Kiss. To employ them all is to capture something of the very charm of France herself.

If you, Madame, know not the charm of Djer-Kiss, do purchase the Djer-Kiss spécialités and achieve, so simply, a harmony of the toilette quite French and quite fashionable.

New! The Djer-Kiss Vanette

How French! How fashionable! How convenient! This charming little Vanette of Djer-Kiss—fashion's new vogue. Now may Madame carry always in her vanity bag this Vanette of her favorite Parfum Djer-Kiss. The price! Ah! Madame, so very moderate! Do ask, then for this Vanette of Djer-Kiss—the personal paquet of parfum.

Djer-Kiss
Made in France
KERKOFF, PARIS

These spécialités—Rouge, Lip Rouge, Compacts and Creams—blended here with pure Djer-Kiss Parfum imported from France.
Venida rules the waves

VENIDA
"The Guaranteed"
HAIR NET
2 for 25¢

"For women who care"

Edwin R. Swaback.
"Onyx" Hosiery "Pointex"

Marvelous New
Spanish Liquid
Makes any hair naturally curly
in 20 minutes

The Spanish Beggar's
Priceless Gift

FROM the day we started to school, Charity Winthrop and I were called the tousled-hair twins. Were we? We no longer were. Our hair simply wouldn't behave.

As we grew older the hated name still clung to us. It followed us through the grades and into boarding school. Then Charity's family moved to Spain and I didn't see her again until last New Year's eve.

A party of us had gone to the Drake Hotel for dinner that night. As usual I was terribly embarrassed and ashamed of my hair. Horribly self-conscious I was sitting at the table, scarcely touching my food, wishing I were home. It seemed that everyone had wonderful, lustrous, curly hair but me and I felt they were all laughing at me, pitying me behind my back.

My eyes strayed to the dance floor and there I saw a beautiful girl dancing with Tom Harvey. Her eye caught mine and to my surprise she smiled and started toward me.

About this girl's face was a halo of golden curls. I think she had the most beautiful hair I ever saw. My face must have turned scarlet as I compared it mentally with my own strangely ugly mop.

Of course you have guessed her identity—Charity Winthrop who once had dull straight hair like mine. It had been five long years since I had seen her. But I simply couldn't wait. I hurried out—"Charity Winthrop—tell me what miracle has happened to your hair!"

She smiled and said mysteriously, "Come to my room and I will tell you the whole story."

Charity tells of her gift

"Our house in Madrid faced a little, old place where I often exercised after my lessons.

"Miguel, the beggar, always occupied the end bench of the south end of the plaza. I always dropped a few centavos in his hat when I passed and he soon grew to know me.

"The day before I left Madrid I stopped to bid him goodbye and pressed a gold coin in his palm."

"'Ifa modo,' he said, 'You have been very kind to an old man. Digsnels (tell me) senorita, what is your heart most desires.'"

I laughed at the idea, then said jokingly, 'Miguel, my hair is straight and dull. I would have it lustrous and curly.'"

"Digsnels, senorita,' he said—'Many years ago a Castilian prince was wedded to a Moorish beauty. Her hair was black as a raven's wing and straight as an arrow. Like you, this lady wanted her pelo rizado (curly hair). Her husband offered thousands of pesetas to the man who would fulfill her wish. The prince gave to Pedro, the druggist. Out of roots and herbs he brewed a potion that converted the princess' straight, shiny hair into a glorious mass of ringlet curls.

"Pedro, son of the son of Pedro, has that secret today. Year ago I did him a great service. Here you will find him, go to him and tell you wish.'"

"I called a coche and gave the driver the address Miguel had given me.

"As the door of the apothecary shop, a funny old hawk


...unleashed a strange liquid that is a marvelous miracle to achieve soft, curly hair without the use of curling tongs or curling lotion..."
"Look at that!" he said. Susie saw two pictures of herself on the first page. And underneath was the story of her disappearance.

Hired To Live The Life Of Another

Never before more than a few miles from home . . . turned out of her room after a few days in New York . . . almost penniless . . . followed to a park bench by a mysterious man in a Rolls-Royce limousine . . .

She casts her own identity aside like an old dress . . . Cuts herself off from all who know her . . . Masquerades as another in the other’s own home . . . and what happens?

HERE you have a fragmentary synopsis of the opening instalment of one of the greatest stories written in years. Be sure to read it . . . in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE for June. “Susie Takes a Chance” is the title. Lucian Cary is the author.

Mystery . . . suspense . . . surprise . . . strange situations . . . developments still more strange . . . characters so real and human that they will remind you of people you know . . . all woven with supreme skill into an absorbing story entirely unlike anything else you have ever read.

The opening chapters of this gripping story are alone well worth the price of the complete magazine . . . but it is only one of a long list of good things set before you in the big June number.

“Susie Takes A Chance”
A New Kind of Story
By LUCIAN CARY
Beginning In The June Number of Motion Picture Magazine
MAY, 1923

SHADOWLAND
Expressing the Arts

VOLUME VIII  NUMBER 3

Important Features in This Issue:

PAINTING AND SCULPTURE:
The Wizard Wood-Carver ........................................ Walter Pach
Kultur Dolls ......................................................... Lottie Pritzel

ARCHITECTURE:
An Artist Sketches Unfamiliar Spots in Southern France ............ Auguste Vimnera

LITERATURE:
Was She "Sterne's Eliza"? ......................................... N. P. Dunson
The Brilliant Marriage (translated from the French) ................ J. Joseph-Renaud

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DORIS KENYON

From a painting by Albert Vargas
CATHERINE

John Carroll is a young painter whose work has won recognition thru the excellence of his drawing and the vitality with which he has endued his portraits. Those of children show a remarkable sweetness and an excellent technique.
RUNNING THE SEINE

George Pearse Ennis was a pupil of Chase. The three Victory windows in the New York Military Academy, and the memorial windows in the New York Athletic Club are his work. Last year he received the thousand dollar prize offered by Isadore Purchase to exhibiting members at the Salmagundi Club.
PANEL DECORATION

The foundation for Charles Prendergast's imaginative panels is a coating of plaster on wood, easy to cut into with a pointed tool, ideal for gilding, and offering to color a dry mat surface peculiar to itself.
The Wizard Wood-Carver

Charles E. Prendergast has combined the fine workmanship of the New England artisan with the imaginative strain of the poet and painter

By Walter Pach

At some far distant time in the future, there will almost be a book called Tales of Old America, written to tell of the strange and beautiful things that were done in that romantic period which was the early twentieth century—just as in his Tales of Old Japan Lord Redesdale has enchanted us with the glamour of the Dai Nippon of long ago. And as Japan has woven around one of her great workman-artists the legend which is told in the play of Zingoro, the Faithful Statue-Maker, so in this future book about our country there will be a half-true, half-mythical account of Charles Prendergast, the Wizard Wood-Carver. And perhaps even the mythical parts of the story will be true, for myths can be, indeed should be, the truest of all stories, their material not being the small detail of history but the large and characteristic traits of a people and a period.

Myths have to grow up slowly in the talk of the fireside and the fields, or nowadays (why not?) over the tables of our down-town lunch-rooms and on the trains by which neighbors go to and from their work. It takes a deal of such discussion to solve so complicated a problem as the character of a people, but it is only so that it can be done—not by the hardest thinking of any one individual. And so, by the time those Tales of Old America will be written, this country will have shown its character more clearly, and it will be easier to say what place in the scheme of things is to be given an artist of so unusual a type as Charles Prendergast.

In an art that stands in a class of its own today he has combined the fine workmanship of the New England artisan with the imaginative, fanciful strain not infrequent, to be sure, in poets and painters in the land of Edgar Allan Poe and Albert P. Ryder, but which we did not expect to see pairing off with the diligence and inventiveness of the Yankee cabinet-maker, gunsmith or silversmith. For many years Mr. Prendergast was heard of merely as the best frame-carver in the country, one who could be trusted to make for a great picture, of whatever school, a frame suited to it in design and in the special warmth or burnish of the gold, for which his practice with that fascinating material had given him the mastery. But in his work-shop there was always some object—a box, a mirror-frame or a figure—that he had carved and painted or gilded for his own pleasure and that of his friends. The latter had so keen a pleasure from them that they begged the half-reluctant, half-eager craftsman to do more of such things. He had always worked at drawing, and so there were evolved those remarkable panels—culminating today, in a splendid full-length and almost life-size figure of a girl—in which the resources of the artist and artisan merge inextricably, as they did in so many works of the Renaissance.

It is the old Italian art of the gesso—a coating of plaster on wood, easy to cut into with a pointed tool, ideal for gilding, and offering to color a dry matt surface peculiar to itself. To realize how admirable is Mr. Prendergast's use of his material, compare his work with a Florentine cassone—the way in which our

(Continued on page 72)
An Episode from the Decameron

Giovanni Boccaccio is the originator of the modern novel. His Decameron, published in 1353, has been a great force in literature. Chaucer felt its influence in England; Shakespeare drew inspiration from it. Its genesis is due to a plague that ravished Florence, Italy, in 1348. Boccaccio created ten characters, then transported them to a luxurious villa two miles from the stricken city where they spent their days in gay dalliance—eating, drinking, and telling frivolous and daring stories. The Episode of the Deceived Husband is the only one of these stories from the Decameron that has been filmed.
The ten Florentines, who Boccaccio made responsible for the incidents he chronicled in his Decameron, are shown below as they appear in the film. The Episode of the Deceived Husband, produced in Russia by Mr. V. Viskovsky, before the Revolution, and soon to be shown in this country. Mr. Viskovsky has also made this Episode the basis for a musical comedy.

M. de Jassi gives an admirable representation of the unattractive but very wealthy merchant who is the deceived husband.

Here is the screen impersonator of Giovanni Boccaccio who, as the author of the Episode, introduces the ten story-tellers.
The Double-Barreled Eraser

By Franz Molnar

Translated from the Hungarian by Joseph Szébényi

The Cast is a father and his son, seven years old. The Scene is the father's study. On the writing-desk there is an eraser, of the sort that has been glued together from two parts. The lighter half is used to erase pencil script, and the other is supposed to erase ink. The father is talking to the boy in a serious tone of voice.

Father: In short, you came home at six o'clock.
The Boy: Yes.

Father: And you said your piano teacher was to come at six.
The Boy: Yes.

Father: Well, my boy, the teacher was to come at five, and he did come as a matter of fact. In short, you told a lie.
The Boy (noticing the eraser): What—
Father: You lied.
The Boy (looking at the eraser): Yes.

Father: You told a lie, my child, and that in itself is a serious offense. Apart from that, you were even clumsy in your lying, for you should have known that the teacher would be here at five and your deception would be discovered. Why did you do that?

(This is what passes thru the Boy's mind): (I know this much: that the lighter half is for erasing. What the darker half is good for, I don't know. I never saw anything like that in my life.)

Father: Answer me!
The Boy: I beg pardon?

Father: Answer me, why did you do it?
The Boy: Yes. (To himself): (Is it glued together? That's impossible. Is it painted darker? That's impossible, too. How is it that half of it is light and the other half dark?)

Father: Don't be so embarrassed, my dear. I am not going to eat you. Answer courageously like a man. Look into my eyes. You need not be afraid, I am not going to beat you. I just want to lecture to you. In life it is the best way to tell the straight truth. Look into my eyes. Tell me, why did you tell a lie?
The Boy: Because... because... (To himself): (The darker side cannot be the handle, because the end of it is worn out as if they had been erasing with it. So that is an eraser as well. But it must be a queer sort, for otherwise it would not have a different color.)

Father (to himself): (The boy has self-respect and sense of respectability. I am talking to him as mildly as possible and still he looks about with a blank gaze, answers all in an embarrassment, and it seems he is deeply affected. They say there is a good deal of severity in my gaze, and it has been remarked that few of the judges have such penetrating eyes as I have. The culprits are in a tremble when they come into my court. However, now I am not a judge but a father, and this chap is not a defendant, but my son. I ought to treat him with more kindness.) (In a very mild tone): Are you sorry for telling a lie, my dear child?
The Boy: Yes. (To himself): (I'll be sorry for everything, confess everything, beg pardon, or whatever he likes, so as to get done with it. And as soon as he is out of the room, I am going to examine the eraser.

Father: Are you ever going to tell a lie again?
The Boy: Never.

Father: Will you be a good boy?
The Boy: Yes.

Father: Then I am not going to punish you, my child. But so that you should keep it in mind, you will write, one hundred times: "One should never tell a lie."
The Boy: With pencil or ink?
Father: With ink. But as I see, my dear, that you are a decent lad, if you request me to be excused, I will let you off this time without the copying. (To the boy): (One must be kind to a child. He is made of good material. I was just like that.)
The Boy (to himself): (In that case, the eraser will be off too.)

Father: Well?
The Boy: I would rather write it a hundred times.

Father: How? You wouldn't apologize?
The Boy: No.

Father (to himself): (Just like I was. Just like his father. He would not accept a present that would hurt his self-respect, just like I have been. But as a father I cannot allow it.) (To the boy): You wouldn't apologize? Don't you see you are at fault?
The Boy (to himself): (I am sure it would erase ink in a jiffy. But I shall try the dark one on pencil script as well.)

Father: Now answer me, my boy. Your silence is manly enough, but it is impolite toward your father. Your father is not only a judge, but a friend as well.
The Boy (to himself): (If I should say a word now, he will let me off and I can sit at the desk unless I am punished. I am going to cut off a bit of the eraser with the knife, just a tiny bit, and then I'll smear the cut end with my dirty finger, so as not to show that it has been cut.)

Father: Have you no confidence in your father?
The Boy: Daddy, I...

Father: He is stubborn. (To himself): (I was just like that.) Well?
The Boy: I would rather write it a hundred times.

Father (to himself): (I must not give in. I am glad he did not apologize, but now let him write it a hundred times. I, too, took the punishment rather than humble myself.) (Severely, to the boy): Now you set to it and write for a hundred times: "One should never tell a lie."

No supper till you are finished.
The Boy: Fifty times with ink and fifty times with pencil?

Father: I don't care. Now you sit at my desk and do not move away until you have written every word of it.

(The Boy sits at the desk, the Father exits.)

Father (to himself): (Not a muscle of his face moved. He was even glad to sit down. He was happy not to humiliate himself. And I am happy too. This boy has character. An individuality.) (Exits.)

(The Boy sits at the desk for a long time. He is going through the motions of writing, but never really does write anything.

(The Boy stands up.)

Father: What are you doing?

(The Boy sits down, and places his hands on the desk. He then writes slowly.)

Father: Do you realize that you are writing for the hundredth time?

(The Boy looks up and smiles.)

The Boy: Yes. (To himself): (The father is so pleased that I am going to write the hundredth time that he will give me a kiss.)

(The Boy takes a sheet of paper and writes:"

Daddy, I love you."

(The Boy shows his father the paper."

Father: I'm glad you did it."

(The Boy runs over to his father and gives him a kiss.)

Father: Now you can have your supper."

(Continued on page 69)
JEANNE EAGELS
Who has achieved her greatest success in the rôle of Sadie Thompson, the heroine of Somerset Maugham's drama, Rain
Madame Komako Kimura, who looks as if she had just stepped out of a print by Hiroshige, is the only woman in America who performs the authentic traditional Japanese dances. She is a many-sided and talented representative of her countrywomen, for she was a prominent speaker and writer on suffrage in Japan, and also the editor of a suffrage paper. Her husband is an eminent doctor of philosophy.

Photographs by Amemiya
DANSE ORIENTALE
An interpretation by Jack Marchon
Along the Corniche Road
Glimpses of the Riviera from the highway which overlooks this enchanted playground of Europe

By Pierre Duhamel

To the French Riviera last summer came a group of American moving picture actors headed by Lionel Barrymore and Alma Rubens. For many weeks they worked on a picture, several scenes of which were laid in and around Monaco. It was my great pleasure to meet one of the members of the company and show him many of the beauties of that radiant beautiful countryside. For him the happiest hours were spent the day we meandered along the Great Corniche Road. From that exalted highway we looked down on the enchanted playground of Europe and saw from the terraces of La Turbie...by the mountain road; How like a gem, beneath, the city of little Monaco, basking, glowed.

"If only," said my companion, "someone would picture the Riviera from this road instead of giving the same everlasting touched-up picture of the gambling life of Monte Carlo and the social whirl of Nice. More beauty and less excitement is what we need."

"I will do the picture in words, and you shall have it as a memory of this day. Doesn't your English poet Masefield say:

"The days that make us happy make us wise?"

We shall grow wise from happily remembered beauty."

Now that I come seriously to write about the Riviera from the Corniche Road, I am appalled by the wealth of emotions and memories; by the staggering piles of historical data and modern incident. Some readers, I know, would like to read all about the city of Grasse, whose perfume factories each year consume four million pounds of orange-blossoms, three million pounds of rose-leaves and uncounted millions of pounds of other fragrant blossoms. Others might like to hear of the inextricable battles between the Guelphs and the Ghibellines which raged in this region during the bloody but colorful Middle Ages. But all that may be done in the confines of an article is to point out certain beauties and recount briefly whatever incidents may be of general interest.

The Corniche Road on the French Riviera runs along a cornice or ledge of the Maritime Alps which rise from the Mediterranean Sea. To be precise, there are three Corniche Roads along the Riviera—the Little, the Middle and the Great. It is of the Great we will write.

Now there is nothing very exciting about this road according to most people. It is not an ancient highway; it was built as a military road by the French in 1806 to carry the hosts of Napoleon the First into Italy. It is not a road of any commercial importance, for no other highway enters into it or crosses it at any point, and it touches no town save La Turbie. What then about it? Only this:

Geographically it is one of the most beautiful roads of the civilized world; it passes thru fertile and lovely countryside, places of sunshine and riotous colored masses of flowers. The slopes are covered with terraced vineyards and with ancient grey and gnarled olive trees. There are pine, cypress and oak trees. One may see there lemon trees which flower all the year round. Often on the same tree may be found buds, flowers, and fruit in various stages of ripeness. Looking down from the highest point of the road—over seventeen hundred feet above the sea—there lies unfolded, like a brilliantly colored relief map, one of the world's most sublime panoramas.
Starting from Nice, the road slowly ascends from the Valley of the Paillon and encircles Mont Gros and Mont Vinaigrier. Soon one may look down to see Nice smiling in the sunshine by the sparkling Bay of the Angels. A few kilometers farther along the road one may look down to the little town of Villefranche with the great natural harbor lying before it. From the height the "Rade" looks very tiny. It is hard to believe that the French Mediterranean Fleet and the visiting foreign war-craft all ride at anchor there during the Nice Carnival Week. A glorious sight. At other times, and save for the advent of a large pleasure liner, the place is a peaceful fishing village. Everywhere, in the streets and by the shore, are varicolored fishing-boats. And down among the boats sit the net-menders singing at their tasks. No other noise is there and no bustle of traffic, for the streets of the town are but a series of steps mounting steeply upward.

At Villefranche the line of the coast goes out with a sweep to the point of Cap Ferrat where stands the lighthouse. There, forming a little bay, it touches Cap Saint Hospice, passes the village of Saint Jean and rejoins the mainland at Beaulieu. For many years this peninsula of Saint Jean-Cap Ferrat was the resort of the week-end merrymakers from Nice. Nowadays it is the winter residence of the Duke of Connaught, the Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyle and other English aristocrats who praise the beauty of the place and its delightful seclusion.

Near the great round tower on the Point Saint Hospice there is a stone to mark the spot where once the famous violinist Paganini lay buried. Not many people are alive today who heard the great Italian Maestro when he held an audience spell-bound with his "Devil's Trill." They say he was possessed by the Devil himself. Even the church seemed to think so, for when he died in Nice on May twenty-seventh, 1840, they denied him the last rites and refused to let the body be buried in consecrated ground. His son immediately took action against the clergy, but failed. In the meantime, the body of the violinist was placed in the cellar of a house near where he had died, and the son appealed to the Papal Court. A few days later the body was removed from Nice and placed in a lazaretto at Villefranche. Then, because of complaints of the stench, it was removed from there and set down on the beach near the sea. To some of the friends of the dead genius this seemed intolerable. Therefore one night five of them in a boat carried the coffin around the point of Cap Ferrat to Saint Hospice and there by torchlight they decently buried their maestro and erected a stone to mark the spot.

Not for long did he lie at peace. In 1841 the son decided to take his father's body to his native land. With a ship chartered from Marseilles he set sail for Genoa. Arriving there he was not allowed to land, for the boat had come from a port where cholera was raging. Back they sailed from Genoa and attempted to enter Cannes. There also they were refused. Outside Cannes lie the Lerrin Islands and there on the most barren and forsaken, Sainte Ferreol, they reinterred the body and erected a stone over the grave.

Four years passed and Achillino Paganini decided that, as his father had owned some land at Parma in Italy, he really ought to be buried there and not on a lonely island unvisited save for the crying seabirds. So was Paganini disturbed again in 1845 and carried back to his native shore to be laid in the earth of Parma. But no peace yet! In 1853 they decided to re-embalm the musician's body. Then in 1876 the Papal Court decided that, after all, Paganini had been a distinguished man and might be allowed, for a

(Continued on page 71)
ROSE
ROLANDA

For her colorful Spanish dance Miss Rolanda wears the costume of a Brazilian Señorita.

The Señorita is a type that is ever intriguing to the stars of the stage and the screen. And what opera singer has not aspired to impersonate Carmen? The beauty and grace of the Spanish woman, her vigor and independence of character have long been rhapsodised by artists and writers. But these picturesque elements are a heritage. The maternal ancestors of the Señorita were the first to contend for the independence of woman. As far back as the fourth century, the Señora of Spain insisted on retaining her own name after marriage, and a law was passed giving a man the right to assume the maternal surname if he chose. The greatest of Spanish painters is known to the world by the name of his mother, Velasquez, and to this day many a Spaniard uses the united names of his parents.
Three Impersonations of a Daughter of Spain

In the final scene of her latest motion picture, Suzanna, Mabel Normand chose to wear a mantilla of sheer white lace for her impersonation of a Señorita in festal array.
From the pedestal upon which the conservative intellectuals have placed him, John Galsworthy (below) scowls at a Fate that has granted him but one Broadway success this season. He could say a few more things about Loyalty now...

Rumor has it that one day while Booth Tarkington was strolling in his garden a slight mishap proved to be the inspiration for Rose Briar, which — alas! — wasted its fragrance on Broadway. Mr. Tarkington communes no more with Nature; instead, he listens in on the neighbors' domestic wrangles, hoping to catch inspiration for another Clarence...

Our Disgruntled Playwrights

These popular dramatists have been represented on Broadway this year by only one (or one-half) a play, while at least five theaters have been given over to productions by the hoary Shakespeare — who bends his gentle gaze upon his disappointed confrères from the opposite page.

Above, our own Don Marquis has sought prohibited solace for his bitter disappointment. Oh, yes, the Old Soak is popular enough, and he's an amusing old party, but what real chance has he against a combination like Romeo and Hamlet?

At the right is George Bernard Shaw in his most regretful pose — translating Jitka's Atonement from the Hungarian. He should have known that Broadway likes its Shaw straight, not one-half of one percent.

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At the right is George Bernard Shaw in his most regretful pose — translating Jitka's Atonement from the Hungarian. He should have known that Broadway likes its Shaw straight, not one-half of one percent.
Ringing Out Realism

"Realism may not have beauty and wonder, but it has a commonsense actuality and a capacity for intellectual comment that not only will not be given up, but should not be given up."

By Walter Prichard Eaton

It cannot be said that the American theater has ever been greatly troubled by theory, or even that American dramatic criticism has been of the theoretical sort. Even so sharp a divergence in methods of production as that between Mr. Belasco and Mr. Arthur Hopkins has not brought forth any statement of aesthetic creed. Producers of sufficient individuality to put a stamp on their productions have, apparently, worked from spontaneous instinct, or from acquired habit. Of course, this is not altogether true, but it appears so. Most other producers have, assuredly, not followed a theory, but always a fashion, whether they understood and approved it or not.

In American criticism, William Winter, for example, expressed rather an instinct than a theory, even as the managers. One could not help feeling his resistance to Ibsen and Shaw more as the result of hostility to the new and strange—especially of hostility to what disturbed well fixed, comfortable adjustments to a "moral" art—than as the result of a reasoned theory of the theater which Ibsen or Shaw, sought deliberately to overthrow. Nor can it be said that the Yankee defenders of Ibsen (who, when he needed them, were not many) were always more rational. He was new—hence true.

Before Ibsen had really been accepted in America, his own practice had led him far on the way out of the very position into which he had maneuvered modern drama, but I dont recall any American dramatic critic detecting that fact at the time. James Huneker was a fountain of enthusiasm for Ibsen, but he never actually said much about him. Jimmie, of course, knew a theory when he met one—and used that knowledge to avoid the meeting! For the most part, American dramatic criticism has been pragmatic to a degree. All it asks of a play is: "Does it work?"

Certain men like Brander Matthews, of course, writing not for the daily press, but rather for academic students, have theorized about the theater; but their theories have been too remote from its practice to have much effect. Besides, for the most part, they have theorized after the event. Historical analysis never produced a Moscow Art Theatre.

For these reasons, the appearance of such a book as Kenneth Macgowan's Continental Stagecraft (actually an explanation and clarification of his Theatre of Tomorrow) is of very considerable interest, apart from its immediate contents. My shelves show a great number of recent American publications concerned with the theater—more, certainly, than ever before in a single year. But most of them are plays, published to meet the growing demand from the serious amateurs.

Mr. Macgowan's book, enormously aided by the illustrations by Robert Edmond Jones, is pure explanation of theory. He is a critic of the practical theater, fighting quite definitely for certain aesthetic methods, or rather, should we say, for escape from the present dominant method of realism; and he is, moreover, working with one of our foremost stage designers, who can, and does give concrete expression to such theories as they share. It makes no difference whether, you agree with Mr. Macgowan or not, or whether you liked Jones's setting for Hamlet or not, or whether you liked O'Neill's Hairy Ape or not—this book, that setting, and that play (to include O'Neill thus suddenly because he chances to be the outstanding native dramatist consciously working in the same theory) are not haphazard things, but are feeling toward a newer kind of dramatic expression because they are dissatisfied with the old, and know why they are dissatisfied. They are examples of a new aesthetic self-consciousness and self-scrutiny in our playhouse; not the only ones, of course, but the ones who have chanced just now to find expression thru books.

Macgowan's theories, Jones's sketches, certain of O'Neill's published plays, are the beginnings of our library of the "new theater."

That theater, as the title of Macgowan's book would suggest, is of Continental inspiration. Among professional producers hereabouts, only Arthur Hopkins and the Theatre Guild have been much affected by it. Of our playwrights, only O'Neill has advanced into it with either vision or confidence. Among our critics, it is variously regarded, according to their age and temperament; but few indeed have championed it with any conviction or eloquence. Among our stage decorators, we have made more progress—possibly because it is at least open to question whether the decorators are not the backbone of this new theater, tho it may be destined to leave them behind. Among our actors, we have made no progress at all.

In a word, the new theater might be called the revolt from realism, and this revolt is caused by the theory that the realistic stage, the "peephole" stage of sharp proscenium and removed fourth wall, lacks the power to bring about that spiritual purge which is the peculiar function of acted drama. Right here it may be said, of course, that if the realistic theater satisfies a demand of today, then that must be another function of acted drama. But to our definitions first.

The acted drama, say the new theorists, has been becoming more and more realistic, or representational, until poetry, beauty, great acting, the thrill and wonder of life, have vanished from it. Since little progress is accomplished by going backward, crab fashion, let us feel our way forward, to find new ways of expressing the wonder and (Continued on page 65)
This young descendant of General Lafayette is the cinema idol of the French. She came to America recently to play the title rôle in Du Maurier’s famous novel, Trilby, which is being filmed by Richard Watson Tully.
The Idol (right) and its companion Kultur Dolls are an entirely new art manifestation. Lottie Pritzel of Munich believes that the innocent nursery toy can no longer exist in the present world of discord.

These so-called grown-up dolls, with their wonderfully expressive faces, are modeled in colored wax and are about two feet high. The Sad Pierrot (below) is dressed in gold lace and wears a real jewel on his finger.

Kultur Dolls

By

Lottie Pritzel

The artist's taste runs to the exotic. She models strange characters in legend and history—Lilith, Helen of Troy, Faustine. Above is one of her favorite dolls, Bajadere.

These dolls have never been shown in the United States, but they are eagerly sought by art connoisseurs in France and Germany. At the left is Melisande.
Naming the Rose

How to make so-called "unsafe" things, safe for the home

By Lydia Steptoe

I

HAVE thought of something delightful: Making things safe for the home!

It all happened because I stopped to think of the great number of things you simply can’t bring into the house, because they are not yet safe.

Now for instance: yesterday I saw an endless number of objects I could not bring home no matter how I tried.

One was that gorgeous “rangi” Australian singer who menaces you with love songs, who smells so wonderfully of chypre, and who wears all that drippy fringe.

One was a French doll. I loved her not because she was intrinsically French, but because she wore an aigrette in her hair in a way that only a Frenchwoman can, and because she had the most sophisticated cast in one eye. Mother said the cast was precisely what made her inappropriate. I am not convinced.

One was that delightful poisonous-looking woman on the corner who sells Venetian glass-ware. She is a woman I simply adore, but I ask you, you just know she wouldn’t do, by the way she slides her rings up and down her fingers.

Then those two hantam light-weight aerial Italians who do that space defying act in vaudeville. They live just around the corner, but will Mother have them in to tea? She will not.

She says they are, au fond muscular, and that muscles are, au fond not to be thought of.

It’s really incredible the number of things, animate and inanimate, that come under the head of unsafe. It appears that the most inactive objects are simply writhing with danger.

Incense for instance. There are certain standard brands that any young lady may safely burn under her mother’s nose. But just let a new odor, or strain, or taint, or whatever you like to call it, creep into it, and the maid is instantly directed to put “that corruption” out on the piazza with the cat’s biscuits.

Cigarettes are not entirely taboo, that is, certain kinds of cigarettes, preferably ones from London, certainly nothing farther East, or West. If you don’t believe me, just try smoking one of those nice, long, evil-looking things from Mexico.

Families like such innocuous things, don’t they?

Tiger rugs without the tiger, cats bred down to such a fine point that they mistrust themselves, butterflies on pins, lions in bronze, as a background for Dad when he is photographed running for some political vacancy. People all dried and safe for the family by college and seminary educations; characters all desiccated for the purpose of getting together in the parlor without sticking to anything.

And what has all this sort of thing done to me? It has made me sulky at the age of fifteen.

Therefore I decided to do something. I went away behind the lilacs and sat down on that part of the lawn where it is dampest, because I might catch cold—and I had it out with myself.

I said to myself: the only thing that is wrong with anything is its name. Give it the right title and you may have it at any hour.

For all that is back of this safe versus unsafe question is this: that which is safe was once a rose which has been called by another name; that which is unsafe is simply a thing that has been left standing around with its original name attached to it—a thing that has received no safe caption.

Take, for instance, the case of Walt Whitman. He was at one time an entity that you had to leave in the tool-house with the lawn-mower. He was not even spoken of in whispers—that would have made it worse. If you don’t believe me, try it.

Then someone thought of a neat, ineluctable excuse for him, saying that he was, in his simple rustic way, trying to make the home safe for the people in it. And with that everyone accepted him at once. His efforts might be clumsy, but that only made him the dearer. He was at once safe and healthy. He became indispensable to the children. He was almost as good for them as a drive thru the country.

At one time it was thought extremely unsafe to eat with the knife. Then some quick-witted guest called it sword swallowing. Presto! People pay to see it!

And do you remember the time when it was utterly bad form to bring Czechs, Poles or Slavs of any kind into the house? Then, one day, sister made a mistake in embroidering baby’s dress; it was called a beautifully inevitable Slavic stitch, and now the best homes are inarticulate with these foreigners.

In my own short life I recall what was thought of women wearing red. Such women were not to be tampered with. If you did tamper, your hair would come out of curl, your buttons drop off, or the house would be struck by lightning.

Such women had, they said, no respect for politics, or the trend of the mind, or men, or evolution. They were not to be trusted, their habits were too peculiar, and they always treated the amenities as tho they were points of departure.

At least such was the opinion until someone pointed out that red in itself was neither here nor there; that too much red certainly suggested license, but that on the other hand a sparing amount gave one a feeling of hospitality.

Then there are things that have quite lost their safety. For instance, it was once thought charming to dream. Brother was greeted with a tender smile when he came to breakfast (Continued on page 70)
Whose distinctive work in The Bunch and Judy has won for her a leading part in a comedy to be produced next season.
Jean Louis Forain, a native of Rheims, has been called many times "a master of comedy and irony." Even if the technique of his paintings were negligible, which it is not, the knowledge of human nature displayed in his pictures would alone make them memorable. His art, while influenced by Manet and Degas, remains distinctly original. His "wise economy of line" has been unequaled, and there is no question that he possesses an uncanny instinct for the use of paint and color. Forain's religious etchings, shameless almost in the revelation of human feeling, represent the height of his recent work. They show the spiritual plane the artist might have trod but for the constant demands made upon him by the Parisian journals for "actualities." Always a propagandist, Forain's work for the French Government during the World War was powerful in its influence, for he turned his talent into a merciless weapon for his country. Leaving the Court, the etching reproduced above, is filled with pathos without bathos. Note the pity and compassion delineated on the faces of the judge and court members.
When Edgar Degas died in 1917 he was recognized as one of the greatest draughtsmen and impressionists of his time, and above all a master in drawing the human figure. He was a pupil of Ingres and a student of the French School of Fine Arts. He is best known for his paintings and sketches of ballet girls and the dance. He delighted in the coulisses and dressing-room scenes, for he possessed a passion for vivid first-hand impressions, and he recorded, purely for what they were worth, sights and incidents that would escape the ordinary observer.

The spirit of the dance, interpreted by the ballet girls on the stage and seen over the shoulder of a woman spectator in her box, does not become less pronounced because of the detail work in the pattern on her fan.

A STUDY
The commonplace task of the day, free from all taint of self-consciousness, was taken by Degas to portray his ideal of modern energy. He painted without sentiment or cynicism, and the powerful lines, depth and originality of color which are typical of his work are found in A Study. Degas left stamped upon his pictures his trade-mark—perfect contour of body and marvelous flesh texture.
Doing Rome and the Romans

By Wynn

At the left, Mr. Simmons from Cincinnati, the-man-who-married-a-rich-wife, glowers at the Coliseum of Rome and longs for the Casino of Monte Carlo. Below, one of those omnipresent college boys is hoping to add two Forum pillars to the souvenirs he is collecting to impress his fellow students back home.

Miss Perkins, in her privately printed book A Rambler in Rome, declared that she captured the spirit of Ancient Rome only when she wrapped herself in a toga and employed a guide garbed like a Greek slave.
The Facisti are practical folk, who are determined to make Italy once more the happy hunting-ground for the American tourist. The eminent Signor Bussolini has himself issued an edict permitting American families in a hurry to see all the sights in the shortest possible time to rush thru the churches and galleries on roller-skates, electric scooters being permitted in the cases of the elderly and adipose. Hyram B. Slapdash (above) is urging his maternal relative: "Hurry up, monner, we have just five minutes left in which to see the Ufizzi Gallery, and the Pitti Palace will take us another ten. Give your scooter a little more juice. Come along, Selma and Percy, and stop looking at those stoopid statues without legs. Think what your own were made for!"
Near Avignon the River Rhone winds between wooded banks and swirls about the pointed bases of St. Benezet's bridge. This bridge is named for its builder, a saintly enthusiast who in the twelfth century chained the Rhone for the benefit of his countrymen, thus accomplishing what Caesar and Charlemagne had failed to do. For centuries, the little chapel perched amid-stream was the last resting-place of the saint. During his lifetime he was one of the Fraternity of Bridge Builders—The Freres Pontifes—a guild of architects descended probably from the Collegium Pontificum of Ancient Rome. The mission of the fraternity was "to build bridges and maintain them, to establish ferries, and to render assistance to travelers on the banks of the rivers." St. Benezet's bridge is more than nine hundred feet long. Its arches are built upon immense buttresses, sharply pointed, in order to cope with the flood-water of the river and the masses of ice which it brings down in the winter.
Auguste Vimnera was born in Paris in 1891 and when only seventeen was awarded a prize by the French Government for his extraordinary work. He studied under Jean-Paul Laurens, and is a graduate of the Ecole des Beaux Arts.

**THE BRIDGE OF SOSPEL**

The quaint village of Sospel nests in the mountains sixteen miles northeast of Nice. The Bévere River flows thru the town and is spanned by the ancient Pont de Sospel. In design it is very like that of the Pont St. Benezet, shown on the opposite page, and both bridges must have been copied from that wonderful work of Agrippa—the Pont du Gard.

**THE HOUSE OF JEANNE HACHETTE**

On June 27, 1472, the town of Beauvais was assaulted by the troops of Charles the Bold, duke of Burgundy. One of their number had planted a flag on the battlements when Jeanne Hachette, axe in hand, flung herself upon him, hurled him into the moat, tore down the flag and revived the drooping courage of the garrison. In gratitude for the deed, Louis XI instituted an annual procession in Beauvais called the Procession of the Assault, which is observed to this day. The king also rewarded Jeanne and married her to her chosen lover, Colin Pilon.
RONNY JOHANSSON
A vivacious dancer who is lauded throughout Europe
The Brilliant Marriage
By J. Joseph-Renaud
Translated from the French by William L. McPherson

"Take Marcelle, Monsieur Ruault. She will be so glad to go to the picture-show with you. But I can't go. Remember that even up to half past nine subscribers come in here to exchange books."

M. Ruault, a man of forty, standing erect in his frock coat, with a pleasant face and a thick mustache, had not time to express in words the insistence which could be read in the gesture which he made with his gloved hands. Marcelle, as slender as a child despite her eighteen years, anticipated him:

"Come, mother, all the libraries close at seven o'clock. You are the only one who keeps open after that."

"With only fifty volumes, and most of them not new, and this poor little shop, I must offer my subscribers some special advantages. And then, after seven, I often sell some other things because the big stores are closed."

Plump, fresh-looking, with brilliant white teeth and hair still genuinely golden, she kept on setting forth her objections. But Marcelle was equally obstinate.

"Nonsense, mamma! This evening you will put up the shutters at half past seven. . . ."

"And at eight I will come and take you both to the movies."

"What, you insist that an old woman like me . . ."

"What do you mean, mother? People often take us for sisters. Isn't that so?"

"I'll see you both later," said M. Ruault, as he opened the door of the modest library. He got into his limousine, which started away noisily, while he waved good-bye.

"Think, mamma! Douglas Fairbanks is on the program! And Jean Toulout."

The mother gave the daughter a tender hug.

"It was great luck, Marcelle, that your first engagement as a typist was in Monsieur Ruault's factory. You don't understand what I mean, do you, my little baby? You are so naive. There are six typists in his office. Does he ever invite the others to go to the movies? Does he give them nothing but the easiest work to do? Does he make them presents? Does he come and sit in their mothers' shops—a proof that his intentions are of the very best. He is an old bachelor. He educated himself and made his own fortune. He has no relatives. And he is dying to ask my little Marcelle's hand in marriage."

"My hand? Me? To ask me to marry him?"

"Why, yes, my baby Marcelle. It isn't only in novels that rich manufacturers marry poor young girls. And then, we are of good family. Your poor papa was a pharmacist at Haubourdin, which is the chief town in one of the most important cantons in the North of France. If the war hadn't come, we would have been well off by this time. On the other hand, Monsieur Ruault's father was only a farmer. . . ."

"What? I marry M. Ruault? But he has grey hair! And he is getting bald!"

"He is a good-looking man and is still a lively bachelor. He will go well with you—with his pepper and salt mustache and his big black eyes. You will have a handsome husband."

"His military service card is always on his desk. He is past thirty-nine."

"What of that? I am forty, and you said just now that people often take us for sisters. Up to sixty a man is a man. And at that age they have even more sentiment. If you make this fine marriage, I could work only for myself and take things more easily. Who gets up at six o'clock, even in December, that my little girl may have her hot chocolate, her shoes polished and her clothes brushed? Who busies about here all day long with her books, stationery and notions? Who makes out accounts until midnight? Who has neither holidays nor Sundays, because a little sale here and a little sale there make both ends meet? And, besides, Monsieur Ruault will now and then give his mother-in-law invitations, as he does now, altho I am not yet his mother-in-law. That will insure me some good times. It will remind me of before the war, at Haubourdin, when your father was still alive, Marcelle, and we had some money. Why, what is the matter with you? Are you crying? Why are you crying?"

"I can't—I can't marry Monsieur Ruault."

"Listen to that! You are certainly a hard person to please. You have a chance to marry your employer—a man immensely rich—and to help your mother a little, and you go into the sulks. In 1914, when the Boches arrived and you had pneumonia, did I suffer because I had to push you in a carriage nearly seventy miles? And, afterwards, because I had to deliver bread and work as a housekeeper, after your poor papa was killed at Pierrepont? And other things, until I could buy this stock of books and rent this little shop! Anybody would be proud to have Monsieur Ruault for a husband. Oh! don't cry like that! It distresses me. Come, my child, be frank with mamma! Is there any other man you have in mind?"

"Yes."

"Who is it?"

"Roger—Roger Desfeux."

"What? That employee of Ruault's—a young man with only a beginner's position? He has just finished his military service. He can hardly support himself. He has no future."

"But, mamma, I earn something, too. And then he and I—we have decided to wait a little longer."

(Continued on page 68)
Yosei Amemiya, the Japanese artist who first took up photography as a hobby and then adopted it as a profession after much experimentalizing, has achieved equal success in both landscape and figure work. His portraits have been highly praised by noted artists. Although there is often a strongly Japanese influence in his work, there is great variety in it. He himself says: "In my art I am not Japanese. I am a cosmopolitan. Japanese art is all right as far as it goes, but it does not go far enough. It is charming, delicate and pretty, but it fusses too much with small things. It lacks the strength, the sweep, the vitality of Western art. So I seek to combine them in order that I may express the more. Stieglitz, whom I greatly admire, has encouraged me very much, and I hope some day to be able to give all my time to working for perfection as he does."
AT THE EDGE OF THE LAKE
The Greatest Show of Them All
The Ballyhoo Speaks:

The one and only, ladies and gentlemen, the most unique and colossal circus of parochanical paradoxists now under the auspices of B—m, D—r and B—y. Mr. George Jean Nathan doing the honors. Pray observe Mr. Nathan’s magnificent new fur overcoat: it makes him look like a furrier and was awarded to him for his unflagging flagellation of the boa-boise. Literary lambasting of the genus Americanus has now become the second largest industry in the United States.

The neo-Napoleonic figure at his right is Mr. Alexander Woollcott, wearing extra-size glasses the better to discern the faults in the American drama, and ready at a moment’s notice to take Mr. Nathan’s place as the Bad Boy of dramatic criticism. His several medals were presented to him by the Shuberts, Belasco and others in gratitude for having so forcibly pointed out the defects in their productions.

Surveying the scene with the bored disdain of a Max Beerbohm is Mr. John Drew, who, having taken on renewed energy after a holiday sojourn on a ranch, has abandoned polite comedy to compete with William S. Hart by playing the title role in The Tenderfoot. You will observe that he is preparing to shoot up the whole darn show and anyone deny that Pola Negri is the greatest actress of them all since Ada Rehan. The fair Pola herself (not a motion picture) on Mr. Nathan’s left, having first charmed a snake, is now preparing to exercise her charms on the American public as Bella Donna. She has among her stage-johnnies Mutt and Jeff, disguised as Raymond Hitchcock and Alan Dale, who are seen stealthily approaching from the left.

The Beau Brummel in silk hat and fine raiment, between Mr. Woollcott and Mr. Drew, is, of course, Sir George Arliss, recently knighted for being so very English in appearance, and given a life-membership in the Primrose Club, founded to perpetuate the dizzy dreams of Queen Victoria’s favorite prime minister.

The small person with the bulging brow, at the extreme right, must be introduced with great caution, for he has disguised himself as Charlie Chaplin the better to carry out one of his periodic crusades in the cause of morality and the higher life. He too is a British knight. He has not, however, entirely divested himself of his identity, for he is carrying a little Cain. He has adopted his present disguise in order to investigate Hollywood, about which he has heard some awful things. His appearance is so deceptive that he is soon to get slapped by that sad clown, Richard Bennett, who really believes him to be a brother fun-maker. The artist has our knight-errant of virtue in dangerous proximity to naughty Kiki, but he is even reforming her. After she had read one of his most famous works she was heard to remark, “Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian.”

Among all these celebrities, and yet trying his best to look as if he were uninterested in them, you will find S. Jay Kaufman, with his hat cocked at the perfect angle prescribed by the New York Times Book of Etiquette. Behind S. Jay is a poster displaying Nazimova in the Wilde Yiddish drama Salami. She is carrying the head of that devout Baptist, Harold Lloyd, on a platter. Harold’s predicament does not worry him in the least, having joined the medical profession as Dr. Jack. and so (Continued on page 75)
An Ending To Suit Everyone
How to please the Public, from Puritan to Pugilist

By G. William Breck

The author has dragged Petunia Palate and Percival Pigment thru miles of assorted scenery. He has led them thru perils and pitfalls. Torn them apart in Peru only to join them together again in Phoenix, N. Y. By Pullman and steamboat, by motor and airplane they have covered innumerable miles. They have been fed the richest and most indigestible of foods procurable in hotels and homes. They have talked enough type to supply the Sunday edition of a Metropolitan newspaper. He has allowed them to indulge in all the poltest passions. They have raved and rampaged for the edification of a diverse public thru some three hundred and ninety-odd pages.

But now—a calculating publisher and an emmued author have decreed a general wind-up of their affairs.

Briefly they are two pages away from The End!

It is a crucial moment.

If they do not clutch and kiss (with object matrimony), the sentimental reader will be outraged. If they do, the materialist will snort! A gory ending will send the modernist into fits. A Russian brevity will alienate all but a few.

The exasperated author takes two bromides and tries to think!

The remedy is simple—oh, so beautifully simple!

Why not assorted endings to suit everyone?

Let us illustrate the idea by a short example.

Petunia and Percival—a trifle weather-beaten and nicked a bit, to be sure, but still in the ring—have been reunited for the very last time. The birds are twittering in the trees, the sun is about to set. Petunia in a white dress (tucked up the left seam, five gored and pleated about the hem, shivered neck and sleeves) has stopped off to visit the old family orchard. She is on her way from Paris, France, to visit her sister in Tulsa, Okla. Percival also has been bitten by the Home Week bug. He has run over from Slam just for a glimpse of the old apple-trees.

Both enter the orchard at about the same moment—but from opposite sides. They do not see each other until both have ruminated three pages apiece over old times.

Let us quote:

"Suddenly Percival saw that he was not alone. At the same moment Petunia received the same impression about herself.

"'Petunia,' cried Percival,

"'Percival,' cried Petunia.

"The reader of the absorbing tale is an elderly lady, slightly mid-Tennesonian, highly romantic. Following the line "Percival, cried Petunia" there are three endings for her to choose from. She will undoubtedly choose number two, labeled "Very Romantic."

"Petunia could see the loveight leap like lightning into her lover’s eyes. Percival could perceive the precious passion penetrating Petunia’s pupils.

"'Dearest!'

"'Darling!'

"While the sun slowly sunk behind the summachs their lips met—and met—and met..."

The slightly mid-Tennesonian lady is highly delighted. She will buy every book that author writes.

Another reader is a girl of twenty. She just "adores" Russian literature. She picks Ending number one—"Very Modern."

"'Ah, so it’s you,' said the man quietly.

"'It’s I,' answered Petunia.

"'It’s me, too,' said Percival in a dull dead voice.

"For an hour or so neither spoke.

"In the orchard only the hum of the hornets and the fireflies broke the silence.

"Finally they, too, were still.

"Another hour passed. True, Petunia had sneezed once and Percival twice during this time.

"Then in an even more deadly voice than before Percival broke the remaining silence:

"What is more disheartening than a Spanish omelette for breakfast?"

"Two Spanish omelettes,' said Petunia.

"There was despair in her tone.

"'You are right,' answered Percival as he left the orchard with bent head."

The young lady with the Russian complex is charmed. She is forever a steady customer of that particular author.

Another reader is a hard-boiled guy. He naturally chooses Ending number three, entitled "Exciting."

"A fierce hate stamped the noble girl’s features.

"Drawing a bomb from her pocket she lit the fuse and threw it with deadly accuracy at the man.

"'Take that, you reptile!' she cried.

"But he, too, had not been unbusy. Hastily unslinging his trusty bird-gun, he aimed it at her and pulled the trigger.

"The sinking sun heard both their last gasps at the same moment.

"Also saw two red pools in the orchard,

"Petunia and Percival were no more."

And the hard-boiled guy simply eats it up, and runs for more.

(Continued on page 71)
The Celebrity Seen Thru the Lens

Anecdotes about operatic favorites who have left their shadows behind them in my studio

By Herman Mishkin

"The camera cannot lie," said a character in a once famous melodrama, when he confronted the villain with a photograph which convicted him of the crime he had denied.

But it can and it very often does, and today all sorts of deceiving tricks are played with it. Need I mention the so-called spirit photographs which have beguiled even the creator of the astute Sherlock Holmes? And we know from the movies what extraordinary illusions can be obtained by means of double exposure, while, by manipulation of the plate, effects can be produced other than those originally recorded by light on a sensitized surface.

Photography, in fact, like many other arts and sciences, has undergone great developments, and the artist as well as the faker can accomplish things which would once have been regarded as beyond the bounds of possibility.

For this is the day of the art photograph, and many modern workers with the camera are as much entitled to be called artists as those who paint in oils or water-colors, or use the graver's tool or the etcher's needle.

I was only a lad of thirteen when I got my first job in a Brooklyn studio. That was in 1884, soon after my arrival from Russia with my parents. Full of ambition and fired with determination to succeed, I occupied my spare hours in retouching photographs taken by my principal, whose work was of the usual small studio character. At that time the most eminent photographer in New York was Rosetti. I felt that the best way to get on was to obtain employment in his studio, which I succeeded in doing, and worked with him for several years. In 1902 I achieved part of my ambition, and established my own studio on Fifth Avenue.

My connection with opera and the theater came about thru my introduction by the late Louis de Foe, dramatic critic of the World, to Oscar Hammerstein, who was then directing the Metropolitan Opera House. Hammerstein offered me the post of official photographer to the Metropolitan—position I have retained uninterruptedly for sixteen years, during which practically every artist of note in the operatic world has posed before my camera.

It is interesting to recall some of my associations and experiences with renowned artists at the Metropolitan. The first portrait I ever made for Hammerstein was that of Regina Pinkert, a Polish coloratura of fine accomplishment. Soon after came the great Dalmares, followed by Mary Garden, then in the first flower of her beauty, and I have never had as a sitter a more interesting or vivid personality.

I first met Miss Garden at the end of 1907, when she made her sensational New York debut as Thaïs. William Guard, then publicity manager for Hammerstein, introduced her to me. She was wearing street clothes when I took my first picture of her, and impressed me then as always as a woman of marked personality and even genius. On the following day she posed for me as Thaïs, and later I went to the opera house to photograph her during a dress rehearsal of Salomé. But she was so excited and engrossed that I had to give up the task, and wait for her to come to my studio with the wonderful costume of the daughter of Herodias.

Foremost among all the famous artists I have photographed is Caruso. He was a dear friend of mine, as he was of practically everyone associated with the opera house, from the highest to the humblest. I first photographed him in ordinary costume, but afterward I took him in every character he portrayed during his long connection with the Metropolitan, including his last and, as many think, his best impersonation, Eleazar in La Juive.

(Continued on page 72)
This photograph was taken in Caruso’s dressing-room on the memorable occasion of his last appearance at the Metropolitan in perhaps his most effective role, that of the Juez in La Juive. He was mortally sick at the time, and the signs of suffering are easily discernible under his marvelous make-up. Those who saw him on that occasion say he never acted with more force and feeling, or sang with greater beauty of tone.

This is the first picture taken of the incomparable Pavlowa in America, and is Mishkin’s favorite study of the dancer. At that time she was appearing with the original Russian Ballet and Mordkin was her dancing partner. Her consummate art and exquisite appearance took New York by storm. In the photograph Pavlowa is wearing the costume for her famous Bacchanale. At present the dancer is touring the Orient with her company.

This portrait of Chaliapin, taken in his dressing-room at the Metropolitan, is a salient example of Mishkin’s latest work. After singing with the Russian Opera Company in Chicago, Chaliapin returned to New York for a second season.
COQUETRY
Sonnets and Songs

IN PASSING
By Gertrude Robinson Ross

I SMILED at Love in passing,
One winter summer day;
Oh, the silver clouds a-falling!
I smiled at Love in passing,
But the dark the light out-chasing,
Turned the silver clouds to grey.
I smiled at Love in passing
And he turned his head away!

ELEGY
By Leslie Nelson Jennings

MY Love was like a comb of honey sealed
In fullness of that time of plenty when
Orchards have called the bees to feast,
When field
And lane are sown with colored stars again.
Her body was like snow brought down from high
Hushed places; she was like a little fire
Kindled in my heart's house when bleak winds cry
At window chinks, and roads are deep with mire.
The honey-corn is broken; snow retreats
Into the ever-chirty earth; and where
Sunset has gilded evening and the streets
Of towns are quiet, in the crystal air—
Wraith-like, ephemeral as departing day—
A thin blue smoke ascends and blows away.

SAN FRANCISCO
By Walter Adalphe Roberts

MY sallies of adventure
Beat thru the Golden Gate;
The sailors said it was a ship
With passengers and freight.

But I was young and dreamful,
Dreams were the best of me; And I, to San Francisco,
Came dreaming from the sea.

I found a woman city,
Sweet as a cooing dove,
I sought her as a lover,
But was too young for love.

Draped on her like a mantle,
Her fog was cool and grey;
But since her girdle baffled me.
She sent me on my way.

Now I have learned that poets
When youth is gone kiss best;
I think, if I went back, that she
Would take me to her breast.

THE ULTIMATE PLATONISM
By Norman R. Jaffray

SO much I love you that I fear to kiss you,
For just to touch your fingers is sublime.
And I'd much rather weave a fragile tissue
Of dreams of what it might be like some time.

Then it will seem far sweeter than if wasted
Upon a night so rapturous as this,
For sweetmeats cloy the lips, the more they're tasted—
God grant that I may never spurn your kiss!

So I'll just keep your little hands imprisoned
Within my own, like poems in a book.
And some day when our love is cold and winzened
I'll dream about that kiss I never took.

SECOND LOVE
By Wright Field

MY heart
Is a violin;
You played upon it
And your light feet danced
To the music . . . for a while.
Then you grew weary of your playing.
And, after a few harsh discords,
You threw it aside.
The strings snapped,
And there has been no music
Since you went away. But today . . .
A soft hand
Drew the strings into place again,
And I thought,
As I sat alone in the moonlight tonight,
That I heard a faint, sweet, far-off chord,
Whose thrilling tenderness
Surpassed your most impassioned cadenza!

EVOLUTION
By Charlotte Becker

THE forest seems no different from last
year,
The stillness waits as green and deep and cool,
No rank weed mars the little lily pool; Just as before the fragrant trails appear—
Why is it that a sudden breath of fear
Stirs me with prescience that I cannot name,
As some trapped thing may feed a hunter's aim,
And still behold no alien presence near.

Is it, perchance, that, tho the trees are old,
Their hovings a covering of new leaves wear
That all the lily plants new blossoms bear,
And down the trails new grasses' blades unfold—
That, tho one marks no leaf or blossom strange,
Yet, everything has undergone a change?
Among Those Present

You see them at every first-night, whether the play be by Shakespeare or Eugene O'Neill or George M. Cohan. You meet them at "invitation openings" of the Horse Show, the Silk Show or the Independent Artists' Exhibit. They are the Seekers after Publicity. To be recognized is food to them; to be courted is their wine.

THE MOVIE STAR
The Crown Princess of Screenland looks over her subjects with well-practised regal hauteur and forces a glance of interest from every eye. Only the hard-boiled cartoonist dares to turn his back.

THE CARTOONIST
Armed with those devastating weapons a sketchpad and a carbon pencil, he pitilessly destroys the poise of those present, and shatters their sense of superiority.

THE SELF-MADE MILLIONAIRE
The molasses magnate from Wall Street who finds cornering Society far more difficult than cornering sorghum.

THE SHORT STORY WRITER
Whether it were better to be tousled or to be sleek—that is the question. The answer is: It were better to be either than to be bald.
THE REPRESENTATIVE FROM A SOUTH AMERICAN REPUBLIC

A prophet without harm in his own country, but who assumes the rôle of the man on a secret mission whenever he crosses the border.

POLITICIANS
Find the one who knows how to abolish the income tax and still pay the national debt, the one who can settle the European question, and the one who subscribes to a suffrage magazine.

THE BIG PRODUCER
Who thinks it is his charming personality that turns the heads of the sweet young things from their sulky cavaliers to himself.

THE DANCER FROM THE OTHER SIDE
Whose hobby is prohibition—one small drink drives her to forgetfulness of the foreign accent she acquired when she left Second Avenue for the Rue de la Paix.
The fine portrayal of the Jewish father, Yekel, in The God of Vengeance, marks Rudolph Schildkraut's first appearance on the English-speaking stage. As an actor he has had a varied career. In his youth he joined a company of strolling players that traveled thru Austria and Hungary. Later he became a member of an operetta company in Vienna. From 1905 to 1911 he played leading parts at the Reinhardt Theater in Berlin.

It was rumored that Margaret Anglin was to give New York her repertoire of Greek plays this past spring, but the phenomenal success of The Woman of Bronze has kept her on tour.

Alma Tell has just completed a successful season as the leading lady of It is the Law. Her first appearance on Broadway was with Marjorie Rambeau in The Eyes of Youth.

Estelle Winwood has experimented with many plays of late, but at last she has found a part admirably suited to her—the independent heroine in Anything Might Happen. Miss Winwood's first appearance on the stage was in London at the age of seven, with Sir John Hare. The rôle she dreams of playing is Portia in The Merchant of Venice.
ULA SHARON
Prima Ballerina of the Greenwich Village Follies

Page Forty-Seven
Back of the Fourth Wall

Peer Gynt, product of the days before realism, returns to Broadway

By
Kenneth Macgowan

A scene from the last act of Peer Gynt, showing Joseph Schildkraut as the aged Peer

Francis Bruguier

The difference between Peer Gynt and Hedda Gabler is the difference between a velvet jacket and a frock coat. Peer Gynt was practically the last play of Ibsen's youth and he wrote it somewhere in Italy sitting comfortably at his ease in the famous lounging coat. Hedda Gabler and all the other realistic plays that upset and remade the whole European theater were written in Germany after Ibsen had adopted the still more famous silk hat and Prince Albert that went with the white whiskers. Peer Gynt, even more than Brand, or his earlier dramas of Norse history, is a work of free imagination. Hedda Gabler along with the rest of his work, up to When We Dead Awaken, is bound in by the conventions of modern life.

The frock coat of Ibsen became a strait-jacket on the divine madness of creative drama. To see Peer Gynt again after all these years of realism and realistic plays is to remember suddenly that the theater wasn't always a place of tea-cups and dirty linen, and to discover that in the plays of the imagination which are coming forth from Eugene O'Neill, George Kaiser, Ernst Toller, John Howard Lawson, even Lord Dunsany, and to do battle with realism, the theater is simply swinging its circle again.

When Ibsen perfected the dramatic form which he used for Hedda Gabler and which everyone quickly adopted, he bound down the drama to what could be plausibly squeezed into three of four rooms. He made it enormously difficult to retain the qualities of imagination and true theatricalism which had distinguished the greatest drama of the past. In Peer Gynt he allowed no technical difficulties, except the difficulty—and the inspiration of verse, to interfere with pure flights of imagination. The drama passes in thirty-eight scenes, occupies about twice the time of an ordinary play, and jumps about over the continent of Europe and Africa. It is symbolic, philosophic, satiric, and adventurous by turns. Fairies, peasants, madmen, and merchants populate its scenes. The Norwegian mountains, the African desert, a madhouse in Cairo, and a shipwreck at sea provide settings. And it is the story of one of those gorgeously irresponsible, immoral, and dissipated figures whom we all love whether we meet them in Lightnin', Gil Blas, Rip Van Winkle, or The Old Soak.

The Theatre Guild has cut out half of Ibsen's play—the worse half in the main. Lee Simonson has given it a simplified kind of scenery which is expressionistic or symbolic in the foreground, and mildly real at the back. Formalized rocks bound most of the Norwegian scenes; hot orange curtains, the episodes in Africa. Between this simple scheme, by means of some ingenious arrangements...
of elevators and little turn-tables, and a lantern to throw the landscapes of Africa on the back-drop, the Guild manages the scene changes very swiftly. So swiftly, in fact, that the Grieg score, which was originally written to provide time for the stage-hands, now has to be cut, and still is too long.

It is impossible to say as much good of the performance as of the play or the setting. Komisarjevsky, the Guild's Russian director, labors under the double disadvantage of unfamiliarity with our language and our actors, and also of being without a permanent company and plenty of time for preparation. The performance that he provides is capable and well-paced, but it is not distinguished. Helen Westley is almost grossly realistic as the Troll King's Daughter. Louise Closser Hale substitutes her excellent American old lady for Peer's mother. The actor who plays the invisible Boyg was inarticulate when I saw the play.

Joseph Schildkraut plays Peer in staggering fashion for a man of twenty-six. He must also be credited with the faith and persistence that made the Guild revive the play and win success with it. But it is again obvious in Peer Gynt, as it was in the death scene in Liliom, that this remarkably trained, attractive, high-spirited, ambitious, and intelligent actor has not yet acquired a spiritual depth to match his physical virtuosity. His figure as the three Peers—boyish, middle-aged, and old—is excellent. He plays the young man with more illusion than Mansfield's admirers declare he attained. But it is only when Schildkraut has to color his voice for old age that he gets a moving dramatic quality, and even then historical experts put him far below Mansfield.

Until Lawson's expressionist drama, Roger Bloomer, comes along from the Equity Players there will be no example of the modern revolt against the realism of Ibsen with which to compare Peer Gynt. But even so humdrum and orthodox a play as Owen Davis' Icebound gives some evidence that America does not quite accept the later Ibscenic revelation. America demands more vitality, and I think it will demand more significance than you can insinuate into any narrow slice of life. America's instinct is for the poster in art, the skyscraper in architecture, jazz in music. Icebound is basically real enough. It is the second attempt by the author of Bertha, the beautiful Clock Model, to write serious drama of the continental type. This study of a hard-shelled New England family isn't so unsparingly drab and terrible as the dun tragedy of The Detour, and for that reason I like it a little better. It isn't so closely unified a piece of art, and the jolly hokum in it. But there is also human vitality that won't die and won't be defeated by things New England. And that is good indeed.

The younger generation, which will see whether America has a new drama of the sort I look for, comes in for some active exploitation among the month's plays. In You and I, the eleventh Harvard Prize Play, written by Philip Barry, and Mary the Third, by Rachel Crothers, both gain interest and vitality from the youth of play. Mary the Third is a story of the revolt of the flapper—something more than the flapper—against the outworn and collapsing marriage code. Miss Crothers does not take the fine advantage that John Galsworthy might of a situation in which the children of a family, badgered and lectured for their free ideas on marriage, discovered their righteous parents living a life of mutual hate. But Miss Crothers does a good deal with the scene and she gives her heroine a sweet and persuasive voice ringing with all the idealism and the bravery of youth today.

You and I deals with the choice that youth sometimes has to make between art and earning the money to keep a wife. In this case the author's faults are the opposite of Miss Crothers'. He has no heroine (Continued on page 70)
Sunset already! have we sat so long?
The parting hour, and so much left unsaid!
The garden has grown silent—void of song.
Our sorrow shakes us with a sudden dread!
Ah! bitter word "Farewell."
—Olive Custance.
Was She "Sterne’s Eliza"?

A discussion of the letters of Eliza Draper, published after a hundred and fifty years

By N. P. Dawson

Sterne’s Eliza? The interrogation is our own. Was she Sterne’s Eliza? Was she the Abbé Raynal’s Eliza? Was she even the Eliza of Daniel Draper—who was in the way of being her husband? Was she, in short, anybody’s Eliza but her own? This is the question that will be asked after reading these letters of Eliza Draper, now first published after a hundred and fifty years.

It is curious how with some closely associated names the coordinate is always used, and with others the possessive. No one would ever think of saying Napoleon’s Josephine, or Thomas Carlyle’s Jane—hardly; or even of Abelard’s Heloise. On the other hand, it is always Sterne’s Eliza, just as it is Swift’s Stella, and Keats’s Fanny—alotho in regard to the last a recent critic, seeking to prove that Keats wrote his best poetry after he knew Fanny Brawne, turned the phrase about and wrote “Fanny’s Keats!”

After reading these letters written by Sterne’s Eliza so many years ago, we may perhaps be forgiven if henceforth we think of the author of Tristram Shandy and The Sentimental Journey as Eliza’s Sterne.

The conviction is borne home after reading these letters that Eliza was nobody’s Eliza but her own. She may even have been the first feminist, since Shelley’s Mary Wollstonecraft came along later. If Eliza lived today she would doubtless have bobbed her hair—or would have bobbed it last year when the bobbing was good. She would surely have belonged to the Lucy Stone League and have kept her own name, which was Sclater. For the Eliza in the letters written a century and a half ago is startlingly alive and modern.

“Never diplicate Females when many of them can think so well as your Cousin,” wrote Eliza to her cousin, Thomas Limbrey Sclater, whose Eliza she was if anyone’s—“all my kinfolk are in comparison of Thee, as trifling in my Estimation as my little finger is in Comparison to my two bright Eyes.” Eliza at this time is

returning to Daniel Draper and India after her visit to England where she met Sterne. Eliza was married in India at fourteen, as was also her sister; no wonder they called it in those days “committing matrimony.” Eliza was now possibly all of twenty-two or twenty-three when she wrote to her cousin: “I have vanity enough to think I have understanding sufficient to give laws to my Family, but as that cannot be, if providence for wise purposes constituted the Male the Head, I will endeavor to act an under part with grace.”

In another letter to her cousin Eliza writes: “You must not blame a woman of my Understanding and Erudition for anything she pleases to do. For in my conscience, I believe, I shall be too hard for you, if you undertake it, as indeed all the sex would for Lords of Creation.”

Yet despite this warning, Eliza’s present editors and biographers, Arnold Wright and William Lutley Sclater (the latter a kinsman) do this very thing and spend most of their time trying to make up their minds whether Eliza’s relations with Sterne, during the three months when she knew him, were entirely platonic. These biographers of Eliza furnish the comic motive to the book. After each letter, they put their heads together, repeat the more significant things in the letter, and then solemnly debate the question of Eliza’s innocence. Was she “really bad”?

Eliza’s biographers do not give her up as definitely “lost,” however, until she left her husband and eloped with the Commodore. They seem to think no excuse can be made for her then, even if their final summing up of all the evidence, and their own verdict, in the last words of the book, is that Eliza was “more sinned against than sinning.” Eliza made it plain in her letter to Daniel Draper that she regarded herself more sinned against than sinning, and that she is going to suffer “to the hour of my death” from the step he has forced her to take because of his intimacy with her maid, Leeds.
Shadowland

We ourselves actually trembled at the thunderous tones of that letter, and sympathized with Daniel, since he was not only a great deal older than Eliza but had "nerves." "Daniile Draper," the letter begins; and "O, Draper," she continues, "a word, a look sympathetick of regret on Tuesday or Wednesday" would have saved her the "conduct that will so utterly disgrace me with all I love." But Eliza took the step, or jump rather; since the interesting story is that the waters washed the walls of the Draper mansion, so that by means of a rope ladder, Eliza was able to land right on the accommodating Commodore's deck.

But was Eliza "lost" even then? Within a year she was apparently a happy and cherished guest in her rich uncle's house at Masulipatam. Within another year she was living in London in Queen Anne Street. Cavendish Square, along with other "literary" people, including Boswell who was correcting his biography; and where she met the Abbé Raynal, and gave him an entirely new sensation—"a sensation unknown to me!" so that in his ten volume history of European trade in the Indies he incorporated his famous rhapsody to Eliza, almost outweeping Sterne; "Territory of Anjengo, thou art nothing; but thou hast given birth to Eliza." Nothing, that Anjengo was the center of the pepper industry on the Malabar Coast; Anjengo is celebrated alone because it was there Eliza was born in 1744.

And a little later Eliza is in Bristol visiting, of all people, some Drapers, and it was at Bristol she died at the advanced age of thirty-three. At Bristol is the monument to Eliza erected by some unknown admirer, with two female figures personifying Genius and Benevolence, "and a bird in the act of feeding its young, said to be an attribute of the latter virtue." Nor is the inscription on the monument "more sinned against than sinning," but "Sacred to the memory of Mrs. Eliza Draper, in whom Genius and Benevolence were united."

At least Eliza's biographers have no difficulty in proving that however much the susceptible Sterne may have lost his old head over her, Eliza, after her three months in London, did not shed many tears over him. The return voyage to India consumed nine months. Eliza was the most popular person on the boat. She writes to "my Sclater," her cousin, "if it had been the present ton to dignify a Conqueress with Laurel I should have gained as many wreaths as would have formed a pretty rural Arcour." Belle Indian, she is called, "positively 'tis too much. I shall grow vain—then I lose half my excellence which consists in the prettiest decent sort of humility you ever was a witness of." "I am all life, and spirit," writes Eliza to her cousin after reaching Bombay. Truly, she is not as much-Sterne's Eliza as she decently should have been. When she heard of his death she exclaimed something about "the mild generous good Yorick." It is not even recorded that she said "Alas!" She wrote that she had been "almost an idolator of his worth." She hung his picture above her dressing table.

"I have brought your name, Eliza, and picture into my work—where they will remain when you and I are at rest forever," wrote Sterne, in regard to his "Sentimental Journey," by "Mr. Yorick." It has been even so. And it is curious to think that because of this Eliza's letters are housed in the British Museum under such important and high-sounding cataloguing as "(Addt. MSS. 34525, pp. 1-40)."

"You are not handsome, Eliza," wrote Sterne, "but are something more: for I scuple not to tell you, I never saw so intelligent, so animated, so good a countenance." So "talking of widows"—as well they might, be talking of Uncle Toby and the Widow Wardman—"pray, Eliza, if you are ever such, do not think of giving yourself to some wealthy nabob, because I design you myself. Not Swift so loved Stella, Scarron his Maintenon, or Waller his Sacharissa, as I will love, and sing thee, my wife erect!"

"The foul satyr," wrote Thackeray. But we think he was too hard. We prefer to say, "Alas, poor Yorick, I knew him well:" and better than ever after reading these letters. Not all the excitement, these times, is in discovering the tomb of a Pharaoh. For with all the treasure and the trappings, the Pharaoh remains a mummy still. While "Sterne's Eliza" in these newly discovered letters becomes alive.

Katherine Mansfield, author of Bliss and The Garden Party

Page Fifty-Two

(Continued on page 69)
THE CONSPIRATORS

A camera study of Corliss Palmer who is soon to appear on the screen in a Romance of the Old South
ANY have sought to discover the secret of the enigmatic smile on the face of Leonardo da Vinci's most famous portrait, that of the wife of a rich Florentine, Messire Francesco del Giocondo, the lady known to posterity as La Gioconda. It was obviously a labor of love, for Leonardo worked on the painting for four years, and then had not completed it to his satisfaction. It is also recorded that the artist sought to stimulate and retain the famous smile by keeping his sitter in good humor, and hired musicians to play to her during the sittings. The music may have also helped the artist, and indeed one has a shrewd suspicion that he prolonged the sittings for the mere joy of being with the fascinating Mona Fiordilisa.

Be this as it may, the mystery of the smile remains unsolved. Various legends have been woven round it, and now comes Beatrice Dovski, a German dramatist, who has made La Gioconda the central figure of a tragedy of jealousy and revenge as lurid and thrilling as ever inspired a novelist or poet of the Cinquecento. Noting the climactic progress of this really remarkable drama, you forgot the music for the most part. When conscious of it, you had the thought that it neither helped nor impeded the action, but there came also the reflection: what would not Montemezzi, composer of L'Amore dei Tre Re, have done with this and that situation of tense emotion and terrible tragedy? Or if only Verdi in his later and best days had had the book, what a masterwork he might have produced from it. Even Puccini could have done better—witness his Tosca. Such reflections were probably in the minds of many experienced opera-goers who attended the dress rehearsal or subsequent performances. Nevertheless it is almost possible to forget the music in watching the progress of the drama and the extraordinarily fine acting of Michael Bohmen and of Madame Barbara Kemp, whose likeness to the picture of La Gioconda is most striking, and accounts in considerable measure for her success in the rôle.
I must confess I had never heard of Michael Bohnen until I saw him in Mona Lisa at the Metropolitan. I find that he is not only an important figure in German opera, but is also a leading motion picture actor in Germany. He has a compelling personality, marked by intense virility; his poses and gestures are striking without being stagey, while his voice takes on many varieties of shading to suit his mood and lend emphasis to his utterances. He centers attention upon himself almost as much as does Chaliapin, and this without apparent effort. His subsequent performance of King Henry in Lohengrin confirmed the impression that the Metropolitan has gained in Michael Bohnen, a singing actor of the first rank.

Madame Barbara Kemp is also an effective dramatic singer; she acts with real power, and, as already said, looks the part of Mona Lisa to perfection. It is, however, somewhat early to judge her general qualifications, although she has given a very acceptable performance of Elsa in Lohengrin.

The production of Mona Lisa is another feather in the managerial cap of Gatti-Casazza, for the musical production is admirable, and the mounting and dressing of the new work are thoroughly of their period and in fine taste, excepting some of the processions and figures which pass without the hall of Francesco del Giocondo’s dwelling. These are, on occasions, clumsy and badly composed and lighted. It should be especially noted that in the first half an hour or so devoted to the festal episodes the composer entirely misses his opportunities, and has written music which is only remarkable for its lack of color and charm. All the same, our advice is not to miss seeing Mona Lisa, if only because of the remarkable acting of Michael Bohnen, and the striking embodiment of La Gioconda by Barbara Kemp. They have already drawn thousands, and a worthless opera musically becomes part of the Metropolitan repertory.

The Ultras have been going it since last I wrote. They beguiled me one sunny Sunday afternoon to the Wurlitzer Auditorium to hear a dull and prolix lecture on Schoenberg’s Pierre Lunaire, “Loony Pete” as Pitts Sanborn calls him. They also ensured me into the Klaw Theater to hear that same pestiferous example of modern musical corruption. Let me at once say that I shared the disgust of two-thirds of the audience. Pierre Lunaire is perverse almost to the point of Sadism.

It is one thing to try out and explore new tonalities, modes, scales and harmonic and enharmonic combinations. It is another to throw all the accepted ideas, theories and rules of the past into the discard; to write barless, beatless tuneless music; to produce ugly and meaningless noises by means of tom-toms, tambourines, police rattles, and other percussive inventions, and to make the beautiful human voice utter inhuman shrieks and wails and moans, as it is called upon by Schoenberg to do in his Pierre Lunaire. What sane and serious-minded musician would, in the first place, trouble to set to music the mad-brained maunderies of Otto Erich Hartleben—which Giraud has translated into French and Charles Henry

(Continued on page 77)
Below is the pumpkin-headed Scarecrow constructed by the Witch with the aid of the Devil, who voices his admiration: "Oh, Johannes Baptist! What wouldst thou have given for such a head! I helped Salomé to cut his off, Witch, and it looked not half so appetizing on her charger."

The Witch (left) is so delighted with the beauty of the pumpkin-headed image that the Devil introduces it to her as her son. Thereupon she begs that he endow the Scarecrow with life. He makes various mystic passes, repeats an incantation, and the pumpkin head gradually assumes human features.

The Transformation of a Scarecrow

The screen version of Percy Mackaye's satirical drama, The Scarecrow, has just been completed by the Film Guild, with Glenn Hunter as the Scarecrow, Madee Hill as the Witch, and Osgood Perkins as the Devil.

At the right is the Manikin—now Lord Ravens-bane—after his transformation is complete. He has been decked in fine roimient and is leaving the home of the Witch. She calls after him: "Whoa, Pumpkin Jack! Whither away?" He replies, coached by the Devil: "I go—with my tutor—to pay my respects—to his worship—Justice Merton—to solicit—the hand—of his daughter—the fair Mistress Rachel."

After the Scarecrow has proved that he can move and speak, the Witch conceives a rare revenge upon her old enemy, Justice Merton, who had jilted her many years before. She vows that this Scarecrow, in the guise of a handsome young lord, shall wed Mistress Rachel, the daughter of the Justice. The Devil accedes to the plan and, disguised as the tutor of the Scarecrow, promises to coach him in the part he is to play.

Page Fifty-Six
JENNY HASSELQUIST
A Swedish dancer, and a member of the Royal Opera
In Studio and Gallery
By Helen Appleton Read

The past month in the art world, has not brought
to light any new or startling display of genius, but
it has brought before the public certain new points
of view in approaching art, plus the revival of an almost
forgotten art.

Freud and Freudian complexes have been a byword
with us for some time. Psycho-analysis has long since
found its way into books and plays, but it has only recently
been expressed in painting.

The exhibitions of abstract paintings by
Henrietta Shore and Georgia O'Keeffe were
frankly Freudian in their inspiration.
O'Keeffe is a protegée
of Stieglitz, the famous founder of "291" Fifth Avenue,
where Cézanne and Matisse were first in-
troduced to this country. He has sponsored
many an unknown genius and his prophetic
views have a startling way of being backed
up by the test of time.

He believes unquestionably in O'Keeffe.

O'Keeffe and her work are a complica-
tion of good straight painting, a fine clean
color sense, and then a mass of "suppressed
desires" that she puts
into strange abstrac-
tions. She admits that she has never done
anything that she wanted to do, gone
anywhere that she wanted to go, and fi-
nally that she didn't paint the way she would like to.

Here at least she has decided to free herself. She has
succeeded. No artist could be more entirely personal.

Marsden Hartley says of the New Art that it is the most
naked and unashamed human document that he has ever
seen. Fortunately for most of us who do not enjoy
prying into our neighbors holy of holies—or horror of
horrors—these naked statements are sufficiently veiled
to allow us only a hint of their real significance. To those
who do not care to see a "complex" in work, they remain
the expression of a powerful personality. She leans on
no master or school. You cannot connect her with any
of the so-called "isms." When she is not painting her
complicated abstractions she paints gorgeous still-lifes
of red apples, and flaming beds of canna lilies. There is
an extraordinary quality of purity to her red. It is the
dominant note of her work.

The Shore pictures are complexes of a different sort.
That is their only relationship to the others. The color
and the style are entirely different. Miss Shore, in strange
exotic intertwining shapes, gives us the life-force. It is
again an emotional escape, but not such a violent one.

The story of how Henry Wight became a painter at the
mature age of thirty-five, without any previous train-
ing, or even any interest in art, is a proof that you cannot
bottle up real talent indefinitely.

It would seem to be
another case of The
Moon and Sixpence,
but, most fortunately
for society, Mr. Wight's only resem-
bance to the hero of
Mr. Maugham's novel
is that at the height
of a successful busi-
ness career he dis-
covered that he had
an ungovernable urge
to paint.

Henry Wight paints
poetical or mys-
trical ideas. His work at
once suggests the
great painters of mys-
tics of England, Blake
and Watts, or Ryder
and Blakeelock in this
country. He groups
his symbolic little fig-
ures into circles of
lunettes. His titles—as
is always the case
with art when it
poaches on the pre-
serves of poetry—are
necessary keys to an
understanding of the
pictures. Freed
Thoughts, and The
Sea of Souls are typ-
ical titles.

The art of cutting
portraits in silhou-
ette has been revived
by the Baroness Maydell, a young Russian refugee of
noble family, who has come to this country. So another
Russian exhibition has been added to the already long
list of Slavic shows that we have enjoyed this winter.
The art of the Baroness Maydell, however, cannot be
considered directly in line with the modern Russian
tradition.

Cutting portraits in silhouette is an ancient art, too
little revived these times. It was popular in colonial
days, as many American families can testify who have
portraits of their great-great-grandmothers in silhouette.

Now this is not a slight or unimportant art. In the
hands of an artist a silhouette can be an excellent likenes-
se, provided, of course, the artist has that rare gift of getting
the characteristic pose and spirit of the subject. She has
only outline to deal with, therefore it is more necessary
than in a drawing to size up the most characteristic aspects
of her subject.

This is a quality the Baroness Maydell possesses to a

(Continued on page 74)
Sculptured Glass from Sweden

On the crest of the wave of modern arts and crafts, which has been sweeping over Sweden, is the Orrefors sculptured or cameo glass. It is a development of the last five years and is the result of co-operation between a glass factory and two artist-designers, Simon Gate and Edward Held. This sculptured glass has been enthusiastically received wherever it has been shown in Europe. The Museum of Newark, New Jersey, plans to bring an exhibit of it to America from the Gothenburg Exposition. The perfection attained in this Swedish art should be an inspiration to the American craftsman.

This dish is one of the finest examples of the perfection achieved by the artist-designers.

A crystal bowl designed and executed by Simon Gate.

Above, a plate by Edward Held; at the left, a comfit dish.
Playing Dual Rôles

William Butler Yates (below) is known to Americans as an essayist, poet and dramatist of eminent ability. Many of his Plays for an Irish Theater have been produced by Little Theater groups throughout this country. His last book, Seven Poems and a Fragment, was published in 1922. But in England and Ireland there are many who give his literary work a second place, and honor him as a statesman and politician. He was elected to the New Irish Senate which went into session recently at Leinster House, Dublin.

Max Rée (above) is an architect by profession, well known throughout Scandinavia. He has planned some of the finest homes in Copenhagen. In Central and Southern Europe, however, he is acclaimed as an artist of another sort. Ever since he designed the stage settings and costumes for Max Reinhardt’s production of Orpheus, and A Midsummer Night’s Dream, the theatrical producers have refused to let him return to the business of building.

At the left is a successful lawyer who at one time bore the title: Special Deputy Attorney General of the State of New York. The lawyer has his lighter moments, however, and it is as Arthur Train the novelist that he is famous throughout the U. S. A. He is the author of more than a dozen novels, and is the beneficent creator of Tutt and Mr. Tutt. Since the publication of his last book, His Children’s Children, some critics have acclaimed him a second Thackeray.

Page Sixty
Wanderings
By
The Man About Town

I t was worth enduring the longeurs of such a play as The Chastening, produced for a series of Lenten matinées at the Equity Theater, to see and hear again Miss Ethel Wynne Mattlinson. More than a dozen years have elapsed since I first saw her as Everyman in the noble old miracle play of that name. It was a performance which drew crowds of thoughtful playgoers to the suburban Coronet Theater at Notting Hill, and she subsequently played it all over England and then in this country, and was acclaimed one of the truly great actresses of her day. That day has far from departed, for as the Wife in Charles Reiss, K Kennedy’s modern miracle play she showed that the lovely voice, the perfect diction and beautiful presence which lent so much effect to her impersonations in Everyman and in ancient Greek tragedy are unimpaired.

In The Chastening Mr. Kennedy has sought to repeat the indubitable impression he made with his first and best mystery play, The Servant in the House, but he has by no means succeeded. That sort of thing to be successful and impressive must be done in the artless and almost naïve way of the old miracle playwrights, who were monks. The familiar treatment of sacred subjects and characters by a modern playwright on the stage of a modern theater is apt to jar and offend. Miss Mattlinson as the Wife, that is Mary, was always beautiful and impressive in bearing and voice; and her husband, Mr. Kennedy, who himself played the Carpenter, otherwise Joseph, was not ineffectve, although there was a proary matter-of-factness about his diction which became tiresome after the first two acts of the five. As for the young actress who represented the Son—the supremely sacred figure of the three who make up the whole cast—well, instead of looking like a beautiful youth, she was a rather gawky young woman, who spoke and acted like a girl taking part in some college exercises. The whole thing was too talky-taky, preachy-preachy, and had not a single thrill or even impressive moment. But for the fact that it gave the opportunity to see and hear once again a truly great actress, I should have regarded the afternoon I gave to The Chastening as wasted.

New York has no reason to develop an inferiority complex—to use the jargon of the pseudo-psychologists—with regard to musical revue. They do not do these things so much better in France, or, for that matter, in Russia, whence came the Chauve-Souris and so much which is now regarded as the last word in art, pictorial, plastic, dramatic and musical. What, for instance, could have been more perfect in its way than the last annual revue of the Greenwich Village Follies, which I only chanced to see a couple of weeks before its withdrawal at what seemed to be the height of its popularity? John Murray Anderson, the producer, once again demonstrated himself a genius, and the word is one I try not to use with the customary carelessness. After the clumsy imitations which were thrown upon the London stage, I used to think that the French alone understood their own art of revue. But the productions of the Greenwich Village and Ziegfeld Follies long ago led me to revise this opinion. New York now can, and does, give points to Paris, and for sheer originality, wit, variety and beauty, in fact all the factors which go to make up this exhilarating brand of entertainment, the Greenwich Villagers bear away the palm.

Their last show was the apotheosis of youth, the apogee of beauty, the synthesis of many elements calculated to charm and beguile. The most experienced and blasé of theatergoers can surely find something to delight him in an entertainment devised by John Murray Anderson. One thing struck me particularly when I chanced to drop in at the Shubert Theater and occupied my seat for the rest of a delightful evening, and that was the youth of the principal artists, especially the dancers. And they were so diminutive and so dainty. They were the veritable “little people” of the Irish. Ua Sharon, a winsome fluttering butterfly, a lark trilling with her toes in Oscar Wilde’s exquisite fantasy set to music and dance, The Nightingale and the Rose; Marjorie Peterson, a tiny Puck-like elf, looking out on the world with wide-eyed surprise; Carl Randall, a short, slim and debonair youth, juggling with hands and feet; Yakovlev, (Continued on page 74)

Page Sixty-One
IN THE BARN
By James C. Coppola
(First Prize)
In awarding this photograph the first prize, the Judges took into consideration the very simple subject rendered in a pictorial manner, and the unusual effect of light and shade.
The Camera Contest
A reprimand for the imitator

There is nothing quite so stimulating as an occasional difference of opinion. It has a tendency to rub away the corners of conventionality and, in arousing us, it may jar us from a rut, especially if the views advanced are radically different from those we hold. “Difference of opinion makes horse-races,” said Mark Twain. Let us see if, in this case, it will not help us to get better pictures.

It was our pleasure to listen to a lecture on Photography delivered by former Colonel Edward J. Steichen, Photographic Section, A. E. F., at the Pictorialists' rooms in the Art Center. Mr. Steichen has long since identified himself as one of the foremost and most artistic of our camera artists and it would be well for us to listen and give heed to some of his remarks.

Mr. Steichen briefly sketched photography from the beginning and then hurled forth the remark that “no progress has been made in photography since the daguerreotype.” He called the soft-focus lens “the most pernicious influence in the pictorial world,” and bitterly criticized the “fuzziness” now in vogue among photographers. “I don’t care about making photography an art,” he continued, “but I do want to make good photographs. Take things as they are; take good photographs and art will take care of itself. I’d like to know who first got it in his head that dreaminess and mist are art.”

But bitterest of all were his remarks (and here we are heartily in accord) about imitativeness. A new idea in painting, or a differently seen thing, sweeps about like a contagious disease each step losing in creation and rendition. Then comes the soft-focus lens to cover up this lack of endeavor. Have we not all seen this thing? We feel that could those who have submitted prints to this contest stood at our side as we opened parcel after parcel they would have been struck with the similarity and frequency of many things. About the only things different were the addresses and signatures on the prints.

Mr. Steichen referred to Charlie Chaplin. And, by the way, he called him a photographer because “he made things we all know, live.” Chaplin had imitators—lots of them. Where are they? You can still remember the remarks of derision as those imitators were flashed on the screen. Would not this be true in the judging of pictures of, say, the International Show, that will be held in the galleries of the Art Center by the Pictorial Photographers during the month of May? Or the Annual? Or the prints in this contest? Can you hear the juries of any of these saying: “Old stuff”?

Let us create—not imitate. Let us stop this imitation of painting and of each other. According to Mr. Steichen: “Since photography is an objective art, a photographer is supposed to take things as they are without injecting his personality.”

Page Sixty-Three
Do you feel that the photographer of today excels his brother artist of yesterday? Let me call your attention to a series of portraits or camera studies by David Octavius Hill in the December issue of Shadowland. These were done about 1843 and the subject had to pose in the strong sunlight for about five minutes. Compare these studies by Hill with those made today and we may be forced to agree, however much we would wish otherwise. Notice the utter lack of striving for grotesque poses. Simplicity was the keynote.

There are many other things done by Mr. Hill which would well repay the effort made to find them. One is of a street where everyone stood still for several minutes, a length of time that would be deemed impossible today. Things can become so easy for us that we cease to strive, and that ceasing sounds the knell of advancement. As we remarked before, you may not agree with all these things, but at least they merit a little consideration.

The Judges for this month's contest were: Adele C. Shreve, William Zerbe and Eugene V. Brewster.

First Prize—In the Barn. James C. Coppola, 389 Flushing Ave., Astoria, L. I.
Second Prize—Sun Pattern. Margaret Watkins, 46 Jane St., New York City.
Third Prize—In the Studio. Olive Garrison, 84 Highland Ave., Yonkers, N. Y.

(Continued on page 77)
Ringing Out Realism
(Continued from page 23)

thrust, the beauty and poetry, the soul and not the shell, of life. Let us try expressionism. Let us experiment with light and color, let us restore the actor to the frank intimacy of make-believe with his audience; and so on. Of these experiments as they are being conducted on the Continent Mr. Macgowan writes, with the enthusiasm of utter belief. And Mr. Jones pictures them at what we feel sure are their best moments.

However, we prefer the artist’s living illustrations. Not often is a book of theory published so pat to the occasion as was this book to Mr. Jones’s setting of the Barrymore Hamlet. If you attended that production, you saw the use of steps and other purely artificial levels on the stage (as Lee Simonson, less formally, used them in He Who Gets Slapped) designed better to exhibit crowds and colors and massed composition, to accentuate exits and entrances, and in many ways to appeal other than to the mere sense of actuality. You saw, too, a forestage apron built out over the orchestra pit (there were no footlights), and at a lower level than the stage. On this Claudius knelt to pray, so close to the audience that those in the front row could have touched him. Hamlet parted the purely decorative drop curtain, saw him there, and began:

"Now might I do it pat——"

There, then, was a scene without scenery, and a scene played with as much intimacy between actors and audience as is possible in our present playhouses. With all the light on Hamlet, behind him, the King looked, indeed, like one of the audience. Personally, we found this scene much more than satisfactory. We got from it something of the thrill Mr. Macgowan would restore by the circus theater. Others may not have been so affected. Many details of Hamlet were illustrations in practice of the theories Mr. Macgowan writes of in his book. The Theatre Guild’s production of The Tidings Brought to Mary furnished other illustrations, for the production was made by Komisarjevsky, a Russian theorist of the theater who also is reasoning away from realism.

Where it seems to me, the theorists like Mr. Macgowan err (the practical theater artists, however, theoretical, are in less danger for they cannot risk too far outstripping their public). is not in asserting that the peep hole drama has taken the beauty and wonder of life out of the theater—as a corresponding realism has taken it, perhaps, out of the novel, and even to some extent out of poetry—nor in asserting that it should be restored, and fighting the battles of those who strive to find a way; but rather in asserting that realism is dead, that the theater of the future will have no place for it, that the only function of the theater is to rouse the thrill of beauty and wonder.

Realism is not dead—far from it. Mr. Macgowan says it is the creation of the last fifty years, the product of a scientific century. This, at most, is only a half truth. So far as the technique of their age permitted, Dumas and Molière were realists. The modern English novel began not fifty but more than a hundred and fifty years ago, and so far as the technique of the time permitted, it was realistic. It would even seem to be the testimony of the first modern English novel that a certain amount of realism was to be detected in the theatrical performances of one David Garrick. Goldsmith’s She Stoops to Conquer was a pressing toward the representational aim of peep hole drama.

Every step in all literature, that man has taken away from generalities toward the particulars of his own time and place and people, has been a step toward realism, and increasingly difficult as he got nearer and nearer home, so that he has had constantly to forge a subtler technique. Having now reached the point where he can, in his drama, make such social comment as Galsworthy’s Loyalties, or such homespun pictures as Craven’s The First Year, he is not in the least likely to forego the legitimate satisfactions of this art form. It may not have beauty and wonder, but it has a commonsense actuality and a capacity for intellectual comment that not only will not be given up, but should not be given up. The theorists of the new theater, searching for something lost, forget what has been found.

That is why, it seems to me, any theater constructed as a circus arena, or otherwise devised to eliminate realism and compel platform acting, or expressionism, or what not, will be too restricted long to satisfy anybody, even its directors. The ideal playhouse of the immediate tomorrow would be capable of easy internal transformation from the conventional picture-frame stage to terraced forestage or domed arena. It should be adapted to house the plays of Galsworthy, no less than to present Shakespeare in the most effective stage idiom of the hour, to train the platform actor so needed by Shakespeare, to sweep all the audience into a great new play, perhaps, and shake them with beauty and wonder.

Realism, except in the narrowest definition, is (Continued on page 75)

A setting by Emil Pirchan for Shakespeare’s Othello, produced at the State Theater in Berlin under the direction of Leopold Jessner

Page Sixty-Five
The Adding Machine—Garri克.—Dudley Digges and Margaret Wycherly in a play where most of the characters are automatons talking in numbers.

The God of Vengeance—Apollo.—Fine performance of an unpleasant play, with the elder Schildkraut, as the Jewish father, Yekel.

The Guilty One—Selwyn.—A tragic play featuring Pauline Frederick.

Icebound—Sam H. Harris.—Unusually well-written and well-acted play of New England life.

The Laughing Lady—Lansdell.—Ethel Barrymore at her best.

The Love Child—George M. Cohan.—Emotional French melodrama, finely acted.

Drama—Major and Melodrama

The Masked Woman—Elinge.—The villain still pursues her but virtue triumphs. Exciting acting by Helen Mackellar and Lowell Sherman.

Pastor—Empire.—Henry Miller in an unusual play by Guitry.—no women in the cast.

Peer Gynt—Shaw.—Theatre Guild’s production of Ibsen’s masterwork, with young Joseph Schildkraut as Peer.

Rain—Marine Elliott’s.—One of the season’s great successes, with Jeanne Eagels doing some remarkable acting.

Romeo and Juliet—Henry Miller’s.—A beautiful production, with Jane Cowl a lovely Juliet.

The Seventh Heaven—Booth.—Persistent John Golden Success. Excellent melodrama.

Humor and Human Interest

Abie’s Irish Rose—Republic.—Jewish-Irish comic written and played in farcical spirit.

Anything Might Happen—Comedy.—Light bright comedy, with Estelle Winwood and Roland Young.

Barnum Was Right—Frazee.—A Theatre Guild production with Donald Brian and Marion Oakley.

The Comedian—Lyceum.—Belasco at his best in the production of Guiutry’s play, featuring Lionel Atwell.

Give and Take—Forty-ninth Street.—A laughable play by Aarón Hoffmann, with Louis Mann and George Sidney in typical roles.

Kiki—Belasco.—Lenore Ulric in her second year as a bewitching gamine.

The Love Habit—Bijou.—Another French farce with a splendid cast.

Mary the Third—Thirty-ninth Street.—Typical Rachel Crothers play of love and romance plus gentle satire.

Merton of the Movies—Curte.—Mirthful and occasionally moving travesty of the movie hero.

The Old Soak—Plymouth.—Don Marquis’ immortal creation admirably transferred to the stage.

Papa Joe—Princess.—The new name for Mister Malatesta. A play of Italian life.

Polly Preferred—Little.—Another amusing skit on the movies, with Genevieve Tobin.

Secrets—Fulton.—A real, old-fashioned love story, with charming Margaret Lawrence.

So This Is London!—Hudson.—Most amusing Anglo-American farcical comedy.

Why Not?—Equity.—The Equity Players’ successful production transferred for a run.

You and I—Belmont.—Harvard Prize Play, with H. B. Warner and Lucille Watson as the stars of the cast.

Melody and Maidens

Caroline—Ambassador.—An admirably staged and played operetta, with Tessa Kosta.

The Chauve-Souris—Century Roof.—This particular and delightful brand of Russian humor and art flourishes on a roof as it once did in a cellar.

The Clinging Vine—Knickerbocker.—Charming Peggy Wood at her brightest in a delightful musical play.

The Dancing Girl—New Winter Garden.—What its name implies, plus comedy and music galore.

The Gingham Girl—Earl Carroll.—One of the most tuneful comedies in town.

Go-Go—Daly’s Sixty-third Street Theatre.—Catching music and funny lines.


Lady Butterfly—The Astor.—First-rate Dillingham Show, with extraordinary dancing.

The Lady in Ermine—Century.—Very bright and beautiful musical play, with a good cast.

Little Nelly Kelly—Liberty.—George M. Cohan’s comedians in a typical Cohan production.

Lisa—Boys.—Capital dancing and musical show by colored folk.

Sally, Irene and Mary—Forty-fourth Street.—Lives up to the reputations of three charming musical comedies.

Up She Goes—Playhouse.—Continues a career of unusual success.

Wildflower—Casino.—Winsome Edith Day in a part which suits her to perfection.

Ziegfeld Follies—New Amsterdam.—A national institution, glorifying the American girl.

—F. R. C.
Our Contributors

WALTER PRICHARD EATON became William Winter’s assistant on the New York Tribune when he was twenty-two. Later, he was appointed dramatic critic of The Sun. After two years of the grind he moved to the country and became a free-lance. He has written books of Nature Study, short stories, and countless articles on the drama. His hobby is gardening. ** N. P. DAWSON is the literary editor of the New York Globe and one of the most popular book reviewers. Like the character in Rose Macaulay’s novel, Mystery at Geneva, she has often been taken for a gentleman, but, in the usual sense, is not one. She was brought up in Iowa, and knows the cornstalks well, but says she never saw such sex-driven women writhing among them as Sherwood Anderson describes in his stories. After graduating from the University of Wisconsin, she spent a year in Berlin and one in Paris. ** FRAZAN MOLNAR is a Hungarian dramatist and writer of short stories, whose plays Liliom and Fashion for Men have been produced on Broadway within the past two years. Molnár has always been interested in child psychology and the short play, The Double-Barreled Eraser, is one of a group of dramas about children, the result of close study and observation. ** JOSEPH SEBENYEL, who translated Molnár’s play, is an editor, writer and translator well known in his country and in Europe. He carries on his literary labors in five different languages. ** LYDIA SZEPETOC is an essayist and writer of brief satirical plays. She has spent a great deal of her time on the Continent. ** WALTER PAC is an art critic and lecturer, as well as a painter and etcher whose work is included in various public and private collections. He has given courses in Art at the University of California and the National University of Mexico. ** HERMAN MISHKIN is the official photographer of the Metropolitan Opera Company and can claim to have photographed more celebrities in his experience of well-nigh thirty years than perhaps any other member of his profession in New York. A large proportion of his sitters have been connected with the opera and theater, but presidents, princes and prime ministers have faced his camera, and many prominent figures in politics, the arts, and society have also left their shadows behind them in his studio. ** PIERRE DUHAMEL has spent most of his life in Southern France. He is a writer of verse and essays. ** GEORGE WILLIAM BRECK, whose An Ending to Suit Everyone is a shy bit of satire and humor, is an artist who can write. He even occupied the editorial chair when serving in the army at home and abroad. He ran his regimental magazine with success, and contributed not only sketches but literary matter to the story volume which contains the splendid record of the Seventh Regiment. ** HELEN APPLETON READ was appointed Art Critic of The Brooklyn Eagle in 1917, but resigned.

Who was to blame?

She fascinated each one only for a little while. Nothing ever came of it.

Yet she was attractive — unusually so. She had beguiling ways. Beautiful hair, radiant skin, exquisite teeth and an intriguing smile. Still there was something about her that made men show only a transient interest.

She was often a bridesmaid but never a bride.

And the pathetic tragedy of it all was that she herself was utterly ignorant as to why. Those of her friends who did know the reason didn’t have the heart to tell her.

Who was really to blame? **

People don’t like to talk about halitosis (unpleasant breath). It isn’t a pretty subject. Yet why in the world should this topic be taboo even among intimate friends when it may mean so much to the individual to know the facts and then correct the trouble?

Most forms of halitosis are only temporary. Unless halitosis is due to some deep-seated cause (which a physician should treat), the liquid antiseptic, Listerine, used regularly as a mouth-wash and gargle, will quickly correct it. The well-known antiseptic properties of this effective deodorant arrest fermentation in the mouth and leave the breath clean, fresh and sweet. It is an ideal combatant of halitosis.

So why have the uncomfortable feeling of being uncertain about whether your breath is just right when the precaution is so simple and near at hand.—Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, U. S. A.

(Continued on page 68)
Shampooing
A task half done

Noted actresses all recognize the fact that hair to be beautiful needs more than just shampooing. They have no more choice in the color of their hair than you have. Their hair is more beautiful, because their profession—their very environment—soon teaches them how to make the best of what nature has given them.

Practically every woman has reasonably good hair—satisfactory in quantity, texture and color. So-called dull hair is the result of improper care. Ordinary shampooing is not enough; just washing cannot sufficiently improve dull, drab hair. Only a shampoo that adds "that little something" dull hair lacks can really improve it.

Golden Glimt Shampoo was made particularly for medium brown hair—to make it look brighter and more beautiful. When your hair appears lifeless, all you need is a Golden Glimt Shampoo. It does more and is more than an ordinary shampoo. With it you can correct—correct, mind you—any little shortcomings your hair may have. It places your hair in your own hands, so to speak.

Have a Golden Glimt Shampoo today and give your hair the special treatment which it all needs to make as beautiful as you desire it. 25c a package at toilet goods counters or postpaid direct.

J. W. Kohl Co., 117 Spring St., Seattle, Wash.

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Our Contributors
(Continued from page 51)

MacPherson is a New York newspaper man who has three books on political history to his credit, and many translations of French novels and short stories. ** * * * The caricatures and sketches of Robert James Malone have a distinction all their own. His work appears in various magazines. ** * * * Jerome Hart has heard grand opera in almost every country where it is given, including Europe, America and the Antipodes. His own ballad opera, The Nut Brown Maid, written in conjunction with the late Sir William Robinson, Governor of Western Australia, was first performed at the Princess Theater, Melbourne. * * * * Wynn Holcomb who has given you his impressions of the American tourist in Rome, says that the ideal European city is Paris or Vienna, but Rome. He plans to spend the coming winter there studying and painting and once in a while making his inimitable cartoon. * * * * The cover of this number of Shadowland is a canvas by A. M. Hopfmueller that has been highly praised at local exhibitions.

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The Brilliant Marriage
(Continued from page 35)

"He and I? Decided? That's it, is it?"
"Pardon me, mamma! But I can't do anything else. It is stronger than I am Mamma, mamma, don't be cross!"
"You are ungrateful."
"No, mamma! No! I don't want to go against your wishes. You've been too good. So I will do as you say. I will marry M. Ruault."

Marcelle climbed the wooden stairs leading to the attic room where she slept. She took off her skirt waist. She undid her scant locks, which straggled down over her angular shoulders. She sobbed as if she would choke—with all her might, with all her desperation. She did not hear the noises outside. She did not see the shadows of the lamps which lighted the streets.

But finally she felt two arms encircle her gently.

"Don't be afraid, my baby. It is I, baby's mamma. Don't cry any more. Yes, you shall marry Roger. You shall marry him and not Monsieur Ruault."

"Dear mamma! Oh! Is it really so? Tell me it is?"
"Yes, it is all decided. In a few minutes you will see straight to the picture show. You will wait for us at the door. When Monsieur Ruault comes for us, I shall be alone with him. And I will talk to him. It is too bad, all the same, because he is a fine man, on whose arm anyone ought to feel proud. But since you love the other . . ."

"Dearest mamma! My little mother!" M. Ruault, entering the library, his auto standing at the door, had an unpleasant surprise and showed it in his looks.

"What, not dressed yet? Aren't you coming?"

"Marcelle is going. She is waiting for you in front of the theater. But I have something to tell you. . . ."

"Yes, tell me, now. We are alone, why you are so indifferent to me, altho I am so interested in you. Do you believe that if I come here it is for the pleasure of sitting among these diny books, with people always passing in and out? Listen! I am no longer very young. But I am rich. Every time I leave your shop my loneliness weighs on me. I have never had time to create a home. But perhaps it is not too late. Now, Marcelle . . ."

"Marcelle Bingen, the artist is not one of your employees, Monsieur Ruault?"

"Yes, I noticed that—Roger Desfeux, a promising young man, to whom I am going to give every advantage and all possible opportunities to distinguish himself. If Marcelle marries him, you will be left alone. I, too, am alone. Would you be willing to sell your beautiful shop, so that we could get married—you and I? I have loved you for a long time."

"Me, Monsieur Ruault? Me?"

"Why not? Then, is it yes?"

"Is it yes? Certainly it is. Oh, yes! Yes!"

"My darling!"

An old woman subscriber came in to exchange Le Crime d'Orcival for another book of Gaborian's. But she left away scandalized.
Was She “Sterne’s Eliza”? (Continued from page 52)

anywhere in particular. In fact, they seem like chapters out of a novel almost, and always leave the reader with the feeling that there is more to be told.

It is difficult to tell just wherein lay Katherine Mansfield’s extraordinary power. If ever the tuning fork of art was in an author’s writing, it is in hers. Her stories vibrate with life and with feeling. They fairly shimmer with reality. They are the furthest removed from the conventional patterned short story. If she had lived (her death was announced in January of this year) it is certain that she would have written novels that would have been as distinguished as her short stories. She could picture a scene with absolute fidelity and yet she seemed to secure her effect not so much from accuracy of detail as from accuracy of impressions, and intensity of feeling. She had humor, without which something is always left out.

Miss Mansfield (who was Mrs. John Middleton Murry) could describe all ages apparently equally well—babies at feeding time, sleeping little girls, young girls “waiting,” servant girls walking out with their “perishall.” “The Late Colonel’s Daughters,” not able to forget his impressive presence even after his death; especially his last terrible look at them—out of one eye. One of the author’s best stories, Prendic, is the story of a family’s “moving.” The two little girls had to be picked up later by the store man in his wagon. It was so late that the little girls could wonder if “stars ever went out.” They were not sleepy. Yet when they were handed down from the wagon, they staggered like young birds that had fallen out of their nest.

One test, at least, of a story, is how well it is remembered. Anyone who read the stories in Bliss and The Garden Party is not likely to have forgotten a single one of them. John Middleton Murry, the London editor and critic, says he thinks there are enough of his wife’s stories to fill two more volumes.

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They Would Rath

AN article by Harry Car., “Hungry Hearts in Hollywodd,” will tell you about the various unfulfilled ambitions of various screen stars. Mary Pickford wants to be a painter, Douglas Fairbanks a playwright, Charlie Chaplin wants to lead an orchestra, Griffith an orator, James Rennie a newspaper man, Dorothy Gish (his wife) anything but an actress—and so on—illustrated with photographs and sketches.

* * * *

Some of the additional features in June Classic will be:

An interview with Gloria Swanson with a full-page drawing to accompany it.

The third article on “Censorship” by Stanton Leeds.

A novelization of “Little Old New York” with charming illustrations.

The “success” story of S. L. Rothaphel.

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The Double-Barreled Eraser

(Continued from page 14)

FATHER: Are you ready?

THE BOY: Yes, father. Only, by mistake I wrote it a hundred and ten times. Five more of each, with the pencil and with ink. I am just erasing the five over.

(With cheeks flushed, and eyes bright, he is working away with the eraser.)

FATHER (to himself): (How particular and how pedant he is! Character, self-respect, manly stubbornness and pedantry. I am going to make a judge of him.)

(He kisses the boy’s head with a happy countenance.)
Back of the Fourth Wall
(Continued from page 49)

saying: "Last night I dreamed that I was walking in a garden of roses." Now there is Freud. It has become a point of honor to sit up all night.

In the early sixties anemia was chic. Heroines were always having the vapors, or sobbing into pine-needle pillows. They were betrayed in four-wheelers. They took up fancy sewing. It was they who were responsible for the pantries on Papa's slippers.

Then take the case of the stiletto. Once it was wielded by a woman with tawny hair, who tore thru the portières with a low, muffled groan.

Now it's a letter opener.

I am going to put an end to my suffering. This is what I am going to do:

I am going to put on my gown with the uneven hems, my nine-button gloves and the hat with the longest veil, and making one excuse for myself, I shall leave the house, taking the shady side of the street.

Naming the Rose
(Continued from page 26)

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I shall bend my steps in the direction of Hell's Kitchen, and as I go I shall look at everything I've been told not to look at, and I shall, as it were, locate the rose as it stands, unfaded by any other name.

For I'm going to get those aerial Italians into the house if it costs me my mind. That Venetian glass-ware vendor shall yet sit by my chaise-longue and tell me just what thin glass means to her. The Australian singer shall sing one of those dangerous love songs right at me. I am determined.

Yes, I am going to name the rose.

Then, when I have got four or five of the most evil objects together, I am going to plunge.

I am going to bring something home and I'm going to trust to the inspiration of the moment to find it a name as it stands before Mother.

If I succeed, I shall have you in to tea.

For its last bill the Moscow Art Theatre has got together a very ordinary piece of foolery, The Provincial Lady, which Turgenieff called a comedy but which the Russians play like a wild, comic-valentine burlesque, and three short monologs out of Dostoievsky's The Brothers Karamazoff. The singular way in which Moskovin and Katchaloff play their monologs against simple indications of settings in the middle of jaun-colored curtains suggests a final reflection on the art of these people. It seems an extraordinarily fine example—oddball the best in the world—of a kind of acting that has gone out, partly because we have no permanent theatrical companies in which to train players, and partly because we want a more poster-esque kind of art.

These players have a profiency, a versatility in impersonation, and a coordin-ated ensemble which we need to master. They have also a knack for detail which we need do no more than understand. They are backward in lighting and setting, and minor matters of stage management are sometimes absurdly bad. We can honor their minute realism as well as their profiency. We can bid our players learn as much—if somebody will give them reper-toire theaters to act in. But we must most decidedly remember that our stage may be on the track of a very different kind of acting art, an art nearer the poster than either Peer Gynt or the Cherry Orchard.

Jewish. But it is too badly built to get much effect out of the sorrow of the slum-mother when her genius son goes to war, the war itself has shrunk to its proper size beside art, and, lastly, I am very much inclined to think that geniuses don't do such things anyhow. The total result is a fine opportunity for Miss Taylor to display her skill at stimulating age and a Jewish accent, and occasionally to be very true and very touching.
Along the Corniche Road

(Continued from page 19)

consideration, to rest in sanctified ground.
Again the body was lifted, and with
great pomp and solemn ceremony it was
carried to the church of the
Madonna della Staccata at Parma. There
it ought to have rested had not a certain
Hungarian violinist, seeking, maybe, a lit-
tle free advertising, at the expense of the
departed and much disturbed musician,
spread abroad the report that the body so
solemnly laid in the church was not that
of Pagani. Once more the bones were
disturbed by permission of the son. In
the coffin the investigators saw the gnaw
face with the side whiskers and the long
fingers that had once drawn such magical
music from the violin and they knew that
the body was truly that of the maestro.

Few who walk these enchanted ways of
the Riviera know of these strange wan
derings of the once famous musician and
fewer care. Sic transit gloria mundi!

Wandering on our road we see the
ancient city of Eze perched on its hill
before us. It is difficult to tell where the
city begins and where the rocky height
leaves off, so blended have the colors be
come by the winds and the sun. It is
hard to feel that this crumbling place was
covered one of the greatest fortified cities
of this coast; that its castle was probably
built by the Saracens; that it was later
held, now by the Guelphs, now by the
Ghibelines, now by House of Anjou, now
by the Counts of Provence. No more are
there glorious caledonies marching out of
its gates with steel and banners glittering
triumphant in the sun—only leisurely
peasants who wander listlessly about the
winding cobble and arroyo alleys.

So on, and we enter the square of La
Turbie, where stands the remains of the
great Victory Tower erected in the year
6 B.C. by the Roman Senate to com
memorate the victories of the Emperor
Cesar Augustus over the tribes of South
ern Gaul. All that is left now of the
mighty monument is two brave pillars
against a crumbling wall.

A brief walk and we reach the terrace
from which we may look down upon the
Principality of Monaco and the town of
Monte Carlo. As it lies there before us
at the edge of the sapphire sea, looking so
immaculate, we cannot help but think of
the advertisements for cleansing powders
and soaps. In the sunlight Monte Carlo
looks like "Spoffles, Town." Glowing,
and radiantly clean! Beyond the town
lies the little harbor where the pleasure
crafts of many a millionaire are anchored.
Towering above the harbor is the height
on which is perched the castle of the
Grisardi princes and the world-famous
Oceangraphic Museum. There was a
time during the Middle Ages when the
inhabitants of the height were among the
most accomplished pirates of the Medi
terranean. No passing ship was safe from
these Monegasque Corsairs. The ships to
day are safe. Only the passengers who
venture ashore with gold in their pockets
are unsafe. The Monegasque croupiers
have only to cry:

"Mecraces, faites vos jeux!"

And the Tribe of There-Is-One-Born-
Every-Minute pluck down their gold, even
to the last penny.

On then toward the end of our road
which leads past the old town of Cabibb
Roquebrun and descends to Mentone.
From there we can, if you would like to,
return by car along the edge of the sea to
try our luck at Monte Carlo. Maybe,
who knows, we shall break the bank!
Maybe! Anyway there is always the
Mediterranean to look at. And apertifs
are not so very expensive at the Café de
Paris. And it's fun to watch the gaudy
dressed crowds come and go on the
to
casse. And the sun shines! And there is
music!...

Thank God, day-dreams aren't taxed by
the State yet!

An Ending To Suit Everyone

(Continued from page 39)

and last, but never least, is the tired
business man. He will choose the
ending marked "Very O. Henryish."
"A gleam of radiance lit up the male
eyes of the indomitable Percival.
"At last—at last!" he cried. One could
see that he was shaken to the very core.
"Petunia looked the same way.
"Do you—?" he paused, timidly
fighting with expectancy in his accents.
"She nodded slowly, solemnly—but there
was a great gladness in her eyes.

"He rushed forward and clasped her
in his arms. "'Now,'" he cried in an exultant
voice. 'I can go back to Siam, mix in the
best society and not mortify my wife with
a wrong pronunciation. 'Sister, you are a
wonder. What is it?"

"It's pronounced Tut-an-kh-Amen,' she
cried. 'The accent is on the last syllable.'
"'And arm in arm they left the orchard
for their several trains.'
The Celebrity Seen Thru the Lens

(Continued from page 40)

That was on Christmas Eve, 1920, when he had been indisposed and suffering more or less severely for some days. He had telephoned me in the morning, and asked me to be at the opera house with my camera that evening. I was there some time before the curtain rose, and found him in his dressing-room already made up as the Jew—and a wonderful make up it was. Apart from his marvelous disguise, I noted a great change from his ordinary cheerful self, for usually he was as full of spirits and exuberant vitality as a schoolboy.

He said to me: "Mish, I'm awfully sick tonight, I don't think I can get thru the performance."

I was very anxious about him, and went round in front to see how he was getting on. During the performance he almost constantly held his hand to his side, as tho in pain. Nevertheless he sang and acted magnificently, and it was a memor- able performance in a double sense, for it was his last.

His fidelity to his public, which he had never disappointed, cost him dear. He was a great artist and the best of friends. I treasure a caricature he made of myself while I was photographing him. Some stupid persons have said that he did not draw the sketches attributed to him. As well say he did not sing. I have seen him make sketches of his friends and others anywhere and everywhere, and there must be hundreds of them in existence for he was always giving them away. He might have been a successful cartoonist had he not been the world's greatest tenor.

Reverting to my own work, one of my favorite, if of Pavlova with her first dancing partner, the great Mordkin, in the famous Bacchanale. It was taken literally at a moment's notice, just after her first arrival in this country thirteen years ago, and has been reproduced over the world.

But it is time for me to stop these random recollections. Let me say, however, that I have witnessed many changes and great improvements at the Metropolitan since I first became its official photographer. In the days of Hammerstein trouble was always brewing; there was often much confusion and bickering behind the scenes, and a lack of order and discipline. Today there is no confusion, no bickering, no inordinate delays between the acts because something or other has gone wrong. Everything is as systematic and well ordered as if it were a big bank. Everyone knows what he or she has to do and does it. The curtain rises each night punctually to the minute, the public is never disappointed. The productions are magnificent, better, in fact, than at any other opera house in the world, and the one man responsible is Gatti-Casazza.

The Wizard Wood-Carver

(Continued from page 11)

imagination that pervades his work being simply a kind of overtone inseparable from the scene and its painter.

In the work of the first beginnings of the public, his work has been accepted with something like unanimity as a most valu- able contribution to American achieve- ment. Unexpected as was the development he made of his craft, the innovation was soon recognized as deriving from the beautiful art of the carvers and gliders to be seen in the museums and churches of the Old World. Mr. Prendergast has en- joyed their work, and knows perhaps more of their secrets than any one else today. But to see the other side of his art, to see him as a modern, living the life of his time and enriching it, one has only to glance at a panel like that of the New England landscape which he recently transmuted into a thing as brave and gay as a song. Or look at the leaves which he loves to bring into clear relief against the sky; look at the brooks where his ducks and geese paddle along in stately procession like their ancestors in Egyptian bas-reliefs; look at the young men and young women of his scenes, with their grace and dignity; you will see that here is not only knowledge of materials and processes—the craftsmanship—of worthy to be admired, but a vivid appreciation of nature and life, which is the study of the artist.
The Ways That Add To Woman's Charms

It is the daily right and privilege and duty of every woman to make the most of all her inborn charms—and to know and use the ways that will enhance and accentuate those charms and the ways that will give new charm.

It is the monthly province and privilege of Beauty to set forth the simple and sensible "Hows" that will help women look-their-prettiest.

Beauty's scope is wide—runs the whole range from a woman's complexion to her clothes, from her head to her heels. The editors of Beauty are constantly on the alert for any hint that will aid in the retention or acquirement of prettiness and attractiveness.

The June Number Is Chock Full of Real Help

Are You Afraid of Getting Old?

If she knows how, every woman can easily keep herself young both mentally and physically. Are you doing this? If not, what excuse have you to offer? See the June number of Beauty.

Are You Putting Yourself in the Best Light?

There are articles by well-known and beautiful women on how to bring out one's good points to the best advantage and on how to hide and overcome the bad ones.

The Eternal Problem

How to attain beauty and how to retain it are problems which can be solved only by learning the rules and by applying them correctly. The June issue of Beauty lays down certain rules that greatly simplify matters.

The Psychology of Clothes

There are specialists who tell you how to dress; how to buy clothes that suit your individuality. Do not let your ignorance of these things hold you back any longer. Do not submerge your personality—accentuate it. Beauty will help you do this Read and learn.

Beauty

Beauty Secrets for Everywoman

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Buy the June "Beauty" on the news-stands May Eighth

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Page Seventy-Three
large degree. No titles are necessary for some of her portraits, we recognize Leginska or Paderewski at a glance. She is also able to suggest textures and materials in her portraits. With extraordinary delicacy she gives us the filminess of lace and gauze or the softness of fur.

The Baroness does not confine herself to straight portraiture. She can use her art to express amusing human episodes, such as her own experiences of Ellis Island, where she was told she must be deported on account of having been born in Persia, the Persian character of the countess being admitted, by proving that she was born in the Russian Lession, she was allowed to enter.

Her portraits of the puzzled officials, herself and a group of Russian immigrants are really extraordinary examples of art and workmanship.

Wanderings

(Continued from page 61)

Repinsky and the Berkoffs, miniature Slavs, with all the fire of their race, doing incredible things with their legs and feet, bounding up and down the impressionism like tops; and all sorts of doll-like, delightful little folk in the Village Box of Tricks, the Chauve-Souris and other scenes.

As for the comedians, they were as original as they were amusing, including as if that irresistible pair, Savoy and Brennan, who made me laugh so much that I forgot to blush; and John Sheehan with his superb burlesque of Balieff and a gorgeous Old Timers' Society. Then there was Lucille Chalfant, looking as if she had stepped out of a fashion print of the fifties, induding in marvelous vocal acrobatics and siacattâ à la Jenny Lind. Altogether these clever people gave me one of the best evenings I have spent in a New York theater, and I shall with many others, eagerly look forward to the next Greenwich Village Follies.

Nothing delighted me more than the blossoming of Ula Sharon. I had been one of a select few who some three years ago were invited by her manager to see this exquisitely charming woman before certain prominent European and New York theatrical and variety magnates in the ballroom of the Hotel Majestic. Yvette Guilbert was scatting beside me, and shared in the general delight expressed at the spontaneous and graceful poses and grotesques and the self-created interpretations of this tiny bud, who had just come out of a small mid-Western town. I ventured to prophesy to Yvette that she would be a star, and she was not far from it. She is a star now. I feel certain she will go as far as she deserves to go, and I am sure you will hear much more about her in the future.

RECENTLY I was called on at very short notice to address that eminently select and intellectual body, The League of American Penwomen. For a shy person like myself the ordeal was a considerable one. But my audience was as kind as it was fair, in both senses of that word, and when I had finished my say ladies had who had won distinction in the field of letters said nice things to me. What has prompted me to refer to the matter was that when I had occasion to decline over the phone that I had time to write a letter to the score that I was that evening addressing The League of American Penwomen, the reply came back, "The League of American Penwomen! What does that mean?"

I could not help expression the wish that I was going to address an audience of penwomen, because they would not be capable of comprehending, still less of criticizing, my remarks, and I should be able to express myself without fear of contradiction. But the audience consisted of birds of much prettier plumage. I fear some of them knew a good deal more of the subjects I talked about than I did myself. However, all's well that ends well.

But, talking of penguins, I hope some of my readers are acquainted with that remarkable book by Anatole France, L'île des Pingouins. It is probably the greatest of all his works, and, although I am constitutionally conservative, I found it something disturbing to my political beliefs. It is, indeed, a most mordant bit of satire and invective.

The island where the penguins dwelt was evangelized by St. Maël, who naively relates how he navigated to its shores in a stone trough. He took the penguins for men and baptized them, which caused a lot of pother in heaven. St. Patrick said that baptism could not benefit birds and admit them to paradise. St. Damasus said it could, for St. Maël was supreme administrator of the rite and its benefits followed as a matter of course. St. Guénolé disagreed, for he contended that penguins were not conceived in sin. That eminent controversialist Tertullian grew quite nasty and said he was sorry that penguins could not go to hell because they had no souls. Ultimately the intervention of the Almighty was invoked, and to end the trouble, the penguins were turned into men, when all their troubles began. Property was created, and they fought over its possession and killed each other. Later a state was set up and taxes were imposed, and the penguins died out of everybody. A freebooter arose and he converted himself into a king. The whole book is, in fact, a fierce satire on existing institutions and provokes to very serious reflection, while it is the most perfect piece of writing imaginable.
The Greatest Show of Them All
(Continued from page 38)
rendered himself immune to the evil effects of decapitation. He seems mightily amused at Douglas Fairbanks in his imitation of a Sphinx crossing the desert on its hands. This is a scene from Doug's magnificent new production—to cost ten millions—The Very Last of the Pharaohs, for which he is transporting the Pyramids to Hollywood, as well as the whole of Tut-an-Rah-Amen's effects.

A few of the great ones of the earth are mingling with the crowd, and in the background will be observed King George walking away in contempt from his former prime minister Lloyd George, who has gone back to the ranks of the radicals after a temporary sojourn in the tents of the aristocracy, and who is bewailing with Clemenean the evanescence of human greatness.

To the right of these eminent authors of the Versailles Treaty is the real Charlie Chaplin modestly hiding behind his moustache, and hoping to see something funny enough to incorporate into his next motion picture—written and directed by himself. At the right of Charlie and the posted Doug is Our Mary, ignoring the great ones of the stage and the world of letters and loyally flashing her smile on the other two members of the Great Movie Triumvirate.

The background shows citizens, senators, gladiators, soldiers, horses, and bootleggers.

Scene: The Imagination. Time: The Present. Let 'er go!
—J. F.

Ringing Out Realism
(Continued from page 65)
not a fashion. It is a hard won accomplishment of the writing craft. In the theater, perhaps elsewhere, it has been won by too exclusive a devotion, granted. The theater has many values, some of supreme effectiveness, which realism ignores. They must be rediscovered. But realism is too integral and too important a part of our modern civilization to be, in its turn, cast aside.

However, there is no danger that it will be. The danger always is that theorists who fight for the new, as against the present, will not be sufficiently heard, not that they will be listened to over readily. Besides, true realism in the American theater has hardly begun as yet. Most of us haven't had time to get tired of it.

See If You Agree
With Neysa McMein
You know Neysa McMein—and her beautiful drawings of beautiful women—and the princely price she gets for them. She ought to be a good judge of good looks. We asked her to name the six most beautiful women of the screen. You will find her selection in Motion Picture Magazine for May. See if her choice agrees with yours.

Jackie Coogan is growing up—and outgrowing the parts that brought him fame and $50,000 contracts. As he waxes bigger and older, will his pay and popularity increase or decrease? Read what Harry Carr says in Motion Picture Magazine for May.

She once earned her bread and butter and her sealskin coats at a telephone switchboard—now she is a plutocratic motion picture producer. Straight facts, not fiction. One of the many good things in the May issue of Motion Picture Magazine.

"Betty Compson Confesses"—you will find her full and frank confession in this month's Motion Picture Magazine.

Also a lot more to interest, entertain, inform and amuse you.

Motion Picture Magazine
for MAY
Now on the News-stands

They Overlooked the Diamonds

THERE is a modern flip to you don't know won't have for instance:
The farmers of Kimberley won't. They said the soil was too lot. They said the soil was too hard. Some of them left. Others died of starvation. And all the time their children didn't know.

But the farmers didn't know. They thought the diamonds were pebbles.

Don't be like those Kimberley farmers.

Don't seek opportunity in some poor part of the diamond hunters. Advertising is a mine of opportunity that we wouldn't know about if it weren't for YOU.

The secret of economical buying is to have a friend or woman who is best informed.

Read the advert, you must.
I remember a book of my early childhood, called "The Red Balloon." This book was all about a young boy who found a red balloon in the woods and decided to take it home. His parents were shocked when they saw the balloon, but they couldn't help but smile as they watched him play with it. The book ended with the boy running through a field of flowers, feeling free and happy with his balloon.

As an adult, I often think about that red balloon. It reminds me that sometimes it's the simplest things that bring us the most joy. I hope that wherever you are, you can find your own red balloon to hold onto, even if it's just for a moment.
The Camera Contest

(Continued from page 64)

First Honorable—The Arcade. Dr. Arthur Nilsen, 55 West 10th St., New York City.

Second Honorable—Then the Back Windsor. Charles A. Hellmuth, 338 West 22nd St., New York City.


Monthly prizes of at least $25, $15, and $8 in order of preference, together with three prizes of yearly subscription to Shadowland to go to three honorable mentions.

Shadowland desires that every camera enthusiast reap benefit from this contest and to this end makes the inclusion of the following data re contesting prints imperative:

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No prints will be considered if sent elsewhere than stated above.

Submission of prints will imply acceptance of all conditions.

An Operatic Solution of the Mona Lisa Enigma

(Continued from page 55)

It was saddening and sometimes almost maddening to have to sit for an hour or more and listen to that admirable young singer Greta Torpede monotonizing and mooing out the absolutely impossible vocal part. And when I saw persons I have hitherto regarded as sane and serious, as well as really nice, applauding such dreadful rubbish I commenced to wonder if I myself were in my right mind. One hesitates to stigmatize them as insincere, but I cannot help thinking that it is a species of moral cowardice which prevents some of them from saying flatly and frankly that they, too, feel about the nasty noises and silly poses of the Utraz.

One has, however, a haunting fear that listening to such stuff has a desolating, numbing effect upon the senses, which become first of all irritated and then doped, for I have even found myself listening to something just with increasing disgust and resentment. It simply means, I suppose, that one can become accustomed to almost anything in course of time and by degrees, even to being skinned alive.

After Pierre Lumaire the Utraz gave yet another concert at the Klaw Theater, at which was produced among other things a piece called Hyperprism, by Edgar Varese. All sorts of weird instruments of torture were used in its performance, and there was plenty of tittering as it progressed. I shall say nothing about the ill manners of those who thought that the composition should be accompanied by commentary or paid for, entitled them to add to the din of the evening, which wound up in a scene of great disturbance. This was not diminished by my friend Mr. Salcedo jumping on the stage at the end of Mr. Varese's piece and assuring the audience that it was very serious work. It only added fuel to the fire, which again burst into flame when this extraordinary example of rhythmic cacophony was repeated.

It seems almost superfluous to say anything about the rest of the program, which included some songs imitated from the German by Lord Berners, who divides his time between music and diplomacy. One can only hope that he is a more agreeable diplomat than a musician. Like Satie, Milhaud and others, Berners is one of the numerous composers of the day who would be genuinely humorous if they would not try so desperately hard to be funny. Incidentally, as an example of real musical humor allied with fine musicianship, I would mention the-tone poem by Deems Taylor, founded on the immortal Alice in Wonderland and Through the Looking-Glass. It was excellently done the other day by the New York Symphony Orchestra. The highest praise I can give it is that it is entirely worthy of the subjects which inspired it. I am glad to learn that it is to be given in London by Albert Coates, with the London Symphony Orchestra. O, si o viene!
IF you are artistic  
If you love fine things  
If you respond to the beautiful and thrill in its presence

You will miss one of the fine and beautiful things that this country of yours has to offer, some say the finest in the field of current art and literature, if you do not see and read SHADOWLAND.

This superbly illustrated and brilliantly written magazine, which is enlisting in its service and yours the finest talent available in both hemispheres, is acclaimed the most sumptuous and the most readable of all current magazines. Its pictures are a joy, its reading matter a delight.

Some of the Choice Things in “Shadowland” for June

Hitherto unpublished reminiscences of the great Hungarian pianist and composer, Franz Liszt, by one of his pupils, Carl Lachmund, himself a New York musician of eminence. Besides anecdotes and information never before published, there is the only photograph ever taken of the Master seated at his piano and other intimate pictures. Of even greater interest is the facsimile of a hitherto unpublished autograph letter from the composer to Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, also an original score entitled “Fanfare.”

An amusing and agreeably ironic skit, “The Standard Bearers,” by Thyra Santer Winslow, whose recent book, “Picture Frames,” is one of the literary sensations of the season. Mrs. Winslow discusses the changing standards of taste and habits from our great-grandmother’s day to the present time. Now, Mrs. Winslow declares, it is the woman who has all the freedom, and it is the married man who lives a stupid, narrow life. She pleads for a new single standard which will include the married man.

A stimulating and provocative article by the distinguished writer and critic, E. Le Clerc Phillips, entitled “The American Short Story.” The peculiarities of certain well-known purveyors of short fiction are gently satirized in a way which should rouse American writers and critics to a defence of the short story.

One of our popular Ten Minute Plays. Reviews of the latest books by N. P. Dawson, plays by Kenneth Macgowan, motion pictures by Alvin Smith, music by Jerome Hart. Brilliant short story from the French, poetry and many other features.

Exquisite reproductions in four colors of the work of “Pop” Hart, who preceded Gauguin in the South Seas, and of other leading artists. Two-colored prints, cartoons by Winn, Breck, Decker, Kober and others; hundreds of photographic studies and portraits of charming and interesting folk in the public eye.

SHADOWLAND

June Issue on Sale at Newsstands May Twenty-Third  
Order It Now.
The dinner hour at Claridge's in Paris. At each table some striking example of beauty and charm! Surely it is some unusual secret of fascination française which so marks these Parisiennes.

It is a secret, Madame, Mademoiselle, known to elite French boudoirs and sent to you now in America. It is this secret of the true harmony of the toilette.

"Each article of the toilet table, Face Powders, Talc, Sachet, Soap, Rouges, Compacts and Creams—must breathe gently the same Parfum—the same French fragrance."

And so do Madame and Mademoiselle, turn quite naturally to Djer-Kiss, odor imitable created by Monsieur Kerkoff in Paris. He sends you in his spécialités Djer-Kiss each necessity of the Toilette—Face Powders, Talc, Sachet, the Rouges, the Creams, the Toilet Water, all fragranced delightfully with Parfum Djer-Kiss. To employ them all is to capture something of the very charm of France herself.

If you, Madame, know not the charm of Djer-Kiss, do purchase the Djer-Kiss Spécialités and achieve, so simply, a harmony of the toilette quite French and quite fashionable.
How a double chin can be reduced or prevented

S O MANY women have found The Davis Chin Strap helpful in reducing double chin! In thousands of instances it has gently restored the trim contours of girlhood to chin and neck—while women slept.

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A New Kind of Story by Lucian Cary

In the July Motion Picture Magazine
June, 1923

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Expressing the Arts

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- The Genius of Jo Davidson
- Independence and Otherwise in Paris

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- The Farington Diary

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MONHEGAN

From the pencil drawing by C. F. Ryder
MEDITATION

A water-color poster by Guy Rowe
Warren Dahler is a pupil of Albert Hertor, and has won fame thru his paintings and his stage settings, especially those for The Czarina. He is the designer of the tapestries depicting the history of Missouri, which are hung in the State Capitol, and those descriptive of the history of New York, which are in the McAlpin Hotel, New York City. Mr. Dahler has exhibited at the Architectural League and the National Academy.
LITTLE SISTER

Murray Bewley, who is famous for his portraits of children, was a pupil of Chase and Henri, and also studied at the Beaux Arts. He has won the Winter Academy Prize and the First Prize of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, and his work has been shown at the Paris Salon.
THE BATHERS

An excellent example of George (Pop) Hart's most recent work
The Odyssey of George Hart

Who is the dean of the globe-trotting painters, and whose work shows a genuine gusto for life

By Edgar Cahill

It has been said that the American creative intelligences who made the deepest impression on Europe have been precisely those who never left these shores. Argument from this would proceed to the conclusion that home-grown talent is best. It may be. Certainly the man deeply rooted in his native earth is better off, aesthetically, than the cosmopolitan tumbleweed hustled hither and yon in response to all the winds of art doctrine, and the obscure tides of unvisited, island-dotted seas.

But this does not exhaust our categories. There is another type of artist, the true space-eater, the man in love with all the moods and manifestations of the world. Such an one is not influenced by an ignorable public's demand for "tourist art." He sees beyond the merely odd, the mildly exotic, and the postal-card picturesque so dear to a people fed on canned tours and evaporated culture. He knows that adventures are internal; that they take place inside a nervous system. And he paints pictures of himself against all the gorgeous backdrops of this sublunary globe. If his internal adventures are interesting, then his works are also. If they are not, his works drop with scarcely an audible splash into the great ocean of travelogs in paint, which is fed by copious streams from nearly every art gallery this side of the Statue of Liberty.

An artist who has lived a colorful subjective Odyssey, with chapters staged in all parts of the known world, is George O. Hart. Mr. Hart is, perhaps, the dean of globe-trotting painters. Iceland and Patagonia, Egypt and Tahiti, the West Indies, Europe, Mexico, the hills and flats of New Jersey, and a thousand other places, are his familiar stamping grounds. Everywhere he is vividly himself. He is not trying to imitate anyone, or to please anyone but himself. He has followed no art fashions, and he has worshipped no idols, excessively. The names of Daumier and of Rowlandson have been mentioned in connection with him. But his likeness to these artists, if there be one, is temperamental rather than technical. It is in his humor, his love of human character for its own sake, and in his ability to use the roughest manifestations of this roughneck world to construct pictures of undeniable charm. He shows a genuine gusto for life, from high to low tide. One must love these vagabonds, these dice players and cock-fighters, these bits of human wreckage that float up to our social sea walls, if one is to make them live as Hart makes them live.

The Odyssey of George Hart began when, as a boy, he found himself much more interested in drawing pictures than in anything else. He studied drawing for a while in a Rochester school, and then moved on, painting signs for a living all over the Union. Later he saved up enough money to go to Paris where he studied for some months at the Julian Academy. Tiring of academic routine he quit and went out into the French countryside to paint landscape. The first one of these was accepted for exhibition by the Carnegie Institute in Pittsburgh.

Then followed years of restless wandering all over the globe. Hart logged portfolios full of sketches thru Egypt when Maspero, the great French Egyptologist, was rying on his investigations; thru Tahiti when Gauguin was still an unknown ornament of that widely advertised island; thru the West Indies when Jamaica rum was not on the contraband list. A bare catalog of his wanderings would more than fill this magazine. Thru all these wanderings went his sketch-book and his portfolio of water colors. Why? Because he wanted to astound the people "back home" with his tourist picture-book? Not at all. George Hart did not exhibit those things for years. He had no idea of exhibiting or selling them. He did them for his own pleasure as he traveled about the world, paying his way, meanwhile, by working at all sorts of things unrelated to his art. It was not until he had been painting for a score of years that two well-known artists persuaded him to exhibit at the Montross Galleries.

The result is that, instead of the usual tricks of the traveling artist-showman, we have the sensitive, (Continued on page 70)
LISA STIER AND SVEN TROPP
Leaders of the Royal Opera ballet in the new Swedish opera-pantomime, The Mountain King, which was composed by Hugo Alfven, and recently produced with settings designed by Prince Eugene, brother of King Gustaf of Sweden
The American Short Story

"The fault above all others with which Europeans reproach American fiction is its lack of sincerity"

By R. le Clerc Phillips

If one consults the card catalog of the New York Public Library, there is one section where the cards will be found to be extremely well-thumbed at the corners; that section is Fiction: Short Story. So black have these corners become that in glancing at them one has mental visions of that long stream of all sorts and conditions of men and women who have sought and are still seeking either money or immortality (usually the former, I imagine) via short-story writing. For the catalog lists a whole little library of books, the writers of which offer to tell their readers how the trick of writing stories is to be acquired; and since most of us are simple souls with trusting dispositions, ever ready to believe that which we wish to believe, it is evident that there is a rooted conviction in the minds of large numbers of literary aspirants that the gift of writing can be learned from instruction books on the subject. And, indeed, who could resist such comforting and positive assurance as the following:

"There is no magic connected with story writing and no especial gifts for it required... Neither is a long and toilsome apprenticeship necessary." Or again (and from the same mentor): "And when one's bread and butter, not to speak of jam, depends upon the number of words one turns out and sells, I submit that the 'pursuit of letters' becomes a very practical proposition—just as practical a proposition as running a shoe store or conducting a bank. ... Story-writing at present is a definite and well-paid occupation, very much on the same plane as law, medicine or salesmanship."

It is true that a little farther on a gust of modesty assails our sage, since he adds: "I do not say that I can make you one of the great Immortals, a Balzac or a Thackeray, a Kipling or a de Maupassant." Nevertheless, his promises are alluring enough, since he undertakes to teach his disciples a "well-paid occupation, very much on the same plane as law, medicine or salesmanship," and this without the long study, the expense and the examinations that at least the professions of law and medicine demand.

Now, it is precisely on this foregoing matter, and right at the outset, that a split occurs between the ideals and opinions of American writers and those of Europe. Europeans emphatically do not believe that short-story writing is an occupation "very much on the same plane as law, medicine or salesmanship"; they do not believe that it can be acquired without a long and toilsome apprenticeship. They emphatically do believe that very definite and special natural gifts are necessary for the writing of short stories, and that if these gifts be lacking, it is best for literary aspirants, for their own sake, for the sake of those who really do possess the requisite gifts, and most of all the sake of the reading public at large, whose tastes should not be vitiated by mediocrity in standards, to refrain from further attempts of a literary nature, and to turn instead to law, medicine or salesmanship—preferably the latter.

That this divergence of opinion between Americans and Europeans goes very deep is proved by the fact that in this country institutions as dignified as universities apparently sincerely believe that story-writing can be taught, since many of them advertise regular courses of instruction in the "subject," treating it much as if it were algebra, French grammar, geography or Latin, or a laboratory course.

With regard to story writing, it is, of course, true that the grammar of a language can be taught, but one would suppose that the literary aspirant had already learnt this at school. It is equally true that a few technical hints can be imparted, such, for instance, as those concerning length, number of characters and unity of effect; but if the literary aspirant has not sufficient literary instinct to perceive these things for himself, without spending good money to attend courses, or precious time to read and absorb printed instructions, he had better by far abandon all thought of becoming a writer of short stories.

There are, God knows, more than enough bad fiction writers already in existence; let humanity be spared unnecessary additions, since the only type of story writing that is capable of being taught is that of the soulless, machine-made variety, that observes every technical regulation with mechanical precision, but into which the author has not been able to infuse one small spark of life nor one throb of honest emotion.
When a foreigner picks up a book of American short stories and reads the flippant smartness of many of the opening paragraphs, his instinct is to recoil in dismay.

Maupassant wrote much of the poor and obscure, as well as of the rich and worldly, yet he never dreamed, when writing of his peasants and little shop-keepers, of there being any necessity for adopting a common style merely because he wrote of common people. Few have written more of the utterly uneducated classes than Kipling with his Tommies, yet this writer's style, tho often harsh and even brutal, is never common or foolish. But many of the American short-story writers seem to take a singular pride in adopting a style that revolted by its ugliness, its rawness, its inanity and its utter lack of charm and distinction. One can almost hear them saying as they sit down to write:

"I write about reg'lar fellers and plain folks—not pink-tea hounds or effete Europeans; and I write in a plain style anyone can understand, and without any frills and ornaments."

Crudeness, ugliness and lack of distinction can, it is true, occasionally be overlooked when utterly outweighed by the power, originality and sincerity of the story itself. But it would be absurd to claim that the average American

(Continued on page 67)
Maurice Goldberg

MARGARET WYCHERLY
Miss Wycherly was the first one to produce the plays of Lady Gregory, Synge, and Yeats in this country. She began her career when a very young girl, playing a minor part with Madame Janauschek. Since then she has played only leading roles, and is appearing now as Daisy Diana Dorothea Devore in the Theatre Guild's production of The Adding Machine.
The Genius of Jo Davidson

*All Photographs Courtesy of the Fearon Galleries*

**THE AWAKENING**

**PORTRAIT STUDY OF A WOMAN**

(Mrs. Robert W. Goelet)

**ANATOLE FRANCE**

This portrait bust shows that greatest of achievements—the conquest of age by a virile mind and spirit

**GERTRUDE STEIN**

Here the Buddha-like pose, the calm scrutinizing gaze, the beautiful treatment of the hands, prove Jo Davidson's great art in bringing out dominant elements of personality
History is taking all sorts of strange forms today. Hendrik Van Loon gives us a fascinating new use of an old medium: motion picture films vivify the progress of the world for the bootblack and the business magnate alike: the clever younger generation burlesques history until all the old gods and demi-gods lie ludicrously shattered at our feet. And Jo Davidson gives it still another form. In his two studios in Paris he presents what he calls, "a plastic history of the times." A history of individual and world achievement in terms of a most expressive art. An unprejudiced history, which features a Coué and a Gertrude Stein, as well as a Pershing and a Clemenceau and an Anatole France. The question, "Why are you devoting so much time to portraying older people and giving the beauty of youth so little attention?" brought the ready answer: "I am interested in the people who have accomplished. Their faces aren't disguises. Their struggles and their achievements are there for the world to see."
WHEN the shades of night have fallen in a Chinese city and the shopkeeper has cheated the last tourist, put the boards over the windows, excoriated his assistants because the cashier was four coppers short, dispatched his rice, and lit a punk-stick or two in honor of his ancestors, he begins to feel the beckoning lure of certain colored lights on the Street of a Million Fairies. Thus, after telling his wife that there is an important guild-meeting on, he makes footprints with the toes toward the Heavenly Fragrance and Eternal Righteous Motion Picture Palace, prepared to spend a pleasant evening watching beautiful American ladies tied to railroad tracks by dark-browed gentlemen.

In the meantime, the city magistrate in long silk robes, the sing-song girl sparkling with diamonds, the Chinese flapper in knee-length trousers, the ricca-coolie who has just won a pot in fan-tan, and the Number One, Two and Three wives of the city's richest garlic merchant are all likewise on their way to view new phases of life in unquiet America.

China has fallen en masse for the flickerings of the silver screen. Thru the agency of the educational film, wide-eyed little Hop Joy is learning that Americans spend most of their leisure drawing black crosses in secret conclaves, being chased by screaming shadows, tying friends to buzz-saws, and pushing innocent, golden-haired stenographers off the roofs of twenty-story buildings.

"My savvy why you come Chinside," remarked my cook one day, after a long evening at the White Plum-Blossom Cinema Theater; "America too muchee shootee. China more quiet nice country." In the meantime, missionaries are wondering why the Chinese brethren don't show more enthusiasm when urged to adopt the advantages of Western civilization.

There are, of course, moving-picture theaters in China that show films of a higher grade than The Ravings of Rosa or The Mysteries of the Iron Bath-tub. Every port city has a decorous moving-picture palace with stuffed canaries and wicker flower-baskets in the lobby and appropriate music by a full or two-thirds full orchestra. If the Chinese only patronized these theaters, they would learn in two or three lessons that American murders are often well-conducted affairs perpetrated by men in dinner-jackets and that the buzz-saw method is regarded, at least in the best circles, as a little rough.

Unfortunately, however, the seventy-five cents to one dollar and a half required at the box-office, and an inexplicable prejudice against water-melon seeds, rice-cakes, birdcages and hot towels on the part of the management, have prevented the native community from correcting its misconceptions about America. Many a worthy ricca-coolie will travel to his grave thinking that there are American societies of vengeance that go out, garbed in black masks and robes, to lynch their victims.

No Chinese, let it be mentioned in passing, can enjoy a moving-picture without a hot towel. We don't know whether they usually postpone their fortnightly ablutions until they happen to be in the movies or whether the impressionable audiences want to wipe away the tears. Anyway, there is a vacancy in the Chinese soul that only a hot towel can fill. Hence towel agents stand in the aisles and throw their wares over the heads of the audience to people who want to treat themselves and friends. It is a bit disconcerting to foreigners to see a towel hurled like a great black bird across the screen, just as little Marjorie is falling thru the trap-door.

The moving-picture theater cannot exist long in a country without creating the personal fan. We've seen a number of dignified, silk-robed men in Peking stamp the vanishing off the floor when some antediluvian footprints representing the name of Charles Spencer Chaplin were flashed on the screen. One theater-owner of Canton refused to take any more Charlie Chaplin pictures because, he said, too many people came. Judging from the number of times that her features appear on the cover of the one moving-picture magazine published in Chinese, Mary Pickford leads the race of feminine popularity—even tho it is seldom that her pictures descend to the hot towel and watermelon-seed circuit. Her popularity, however, is not universal. One Chinese lady who was leaving the theater after a Mary Pickford production remarked that, first, she ought to comb her hair, and, second, she ought to cut her eyelashes, because they were so long that they looked untidy.

In the meantime, the Chinese have begun to make pictures themselves. They decided that they might as well because they have plenty of railroad crossings of their own and, tho they are a trifle short of twenty-story buildings, it is always possible to push a stenographer off a pagoda. As a result, their first release, Vampires' Prey, was turned loose on Shanghai some months ago. Running across its action as plainly as a streak of jam on a three-year-old mouth, was the influence of The Teddies of Madeline or The Terror of Tessie. As such apt pupils would hardly be likely to omit the usual conclave scene, the picture included a secret harem meeting of hooded and masked Chinese women chatting cozily over a coffin.

Not in everything, however, was the Chinese producer of Vampires' Prey an imitator. On the theory that if one vampire is a drawing-card, two must double the box-office receipts, the Oriental Griffith introduced a pair of wicked ladies playing a sister act. The vampires in question wore no snaky gowns that fit them like a coat of varnish, nor long jet earrings that scraped their shoul'der-blades. They didn't even burn incense or smoke cigarettes in long amber holders, disposing of the ashes with that (Continued on page 70)
The sixteen-year-old star of the company of Oriental players who are producing a series of native classical dramas in the Chinese Theater of San Francisco. Here she is dressed for her rôle in *New Po Woey Gar Young* (*A Cruel Relative*)
A Romance of the Fifteenth Century

The story of Monna Vanna, which has so long been the inspiration of painters and poets, has been filmed by a German company and soon will be released in this country. The scene is laid in Italy at the end of the fifteenth century. The Town of Pisa, whose garrison is commanded by Guido Colonna, is besieged by Prinzivalle, a general in the pay of Florence. When the Pisans are starving and their ammunition is spent, Prinzivalle promises deliverance if Colonna will send his young wife, Monna Vanna, alone to his tent to beg that he save her people. Tho Monna Vanna realizes her danger, she consents, and discovers in Prinzivalle not the barbarian he had been pictured, but a long-forgotten playmate of her childhood who has ever been in love with her. In explanation of his strange request, Prinzivalle tells Monna Vanna:

"I am a poor wretch, who for one single instant wistfully gazes at what has been the aim of his life; an unhappy man who asks nothing, who knows not even what it is he should ask; and yet he would tell you before you go of what you have been to him, and will be, to the very end of life. . . ."

Lee Parry

Monna Vanna Receives the Blessing of the Starving Pisans
CESARE BORGIA

An interpretation of the Renaissance grandezza
by the well-known German actor, Conrad Veidt
Ballet movement in An Old Russian Wedding. The costumes and décor were designed by Tchelitcheff

The Russian Renaissance in Berlin

By Sinclair Dombrow

Berlin is now the second largest city of Russia. Moscow is still first in population but hardly in national fervor. In Moscow good Russian is still an accomplishment. In Berlin it is already an affectation. Charlottenburg, the western part of the town, with the traditional score of Russian newspapers, three acres of bookshops and innumerable constellations of tea-shops, has seceded from the city proper and declared itself an exiled Russian principality. “After us the deluge and after that the Wanka-Tanka,” is inscribed on the lintel of every good home in Charlottenburg. Or rather of every good atelier. In Charlottenburg there are only ateliers. Dark, squalid rooms in still more squalid pensions, where the children of Balieff, too joyous in vision to bear the tragic cloak of communism with comfort, build feverish dreams of European tours that end on Broadway.

For these emigrants have all but one art, the art of pleasing. If Stanislawski be the mode they rush to file certificates at the Moscow Art Theater and come back laden with the gift of the unspoken word, with the magic of a desolate realism. And if Nijinsky holds the stage there is a mad scamper for St. Petersburg, and from every corner of Russia come enchanting figures in spangle and fluff, waving the seal of the “late Imperial Ballet.” And now Balieff pleases and there are no longer actors or painters or conférenciers in Berlin. There are only the children of Balieff. And there is but one art in Berlin, the art of the Russian cabaret, the art of the wooden puppet and of earth-songs heard at sundown in the canyons of the Caucasus.

The tired business man of Berlin goes to the Staats Theater today in a critical mood commensurate with the gloss on the back of his coat. He has learned to leave his crumbling evening dress home and bring his wits instead. And so he scoffs at Jessner’s “steps” and ponders heavily upon the demise of Max Reinhardt. But to the Russian theater he comes in full dress and with that generous untutored receptivity that flourishes in a white shirt-front and a bottle of Haute Sauterne. The German stage has gone to the “Rotters,” but long live Der Blaue Vogel and Karussel and Das Russische Romantische Theater.

Russia has moved far in stage décor and costume since the coloristic extravaganzas of Bakst and Benois startled the Western world. The triumphant experiments of Goncharova and Larionov in Paris have loosed a flood of uncontrolled fertility among her younger imaginations. Like all uncontrolled fertility much of it is abortive and illegitimate. But a sufficient part makes new challenging applications of cubism and expressionism to stage costume. These fertile imaginations have been lured westward by the rising popularity of the Russian cabaret in every capital of Europe. The boldest have sought at one leap to join the scintillating cliques of Paris. But the majority have been content to arrange a tentative alliance with the lovely German mark. In Berlin, A. Chudjakow and R. Larteau are doing the major décors for the Blue Bird. Xenia Boguslawskaja, “Pitum” and Georges A. de Pogedaïeff are frantically preparing new sets for Karussel.
And Leo Zack and Paul Tchelitcheff are designing the costumes for the Russian Romantic Theater.

The buffooneries of the Russian cabarets are not the buffooneries of the street and the dance hall. They are the primal joys and hungers of all peoples poured thru the delicate screen of serious artists. Their movements are the movements of the dance. Their rhythms are the rhythms of music. And because color is the surest road to primal feeling their decorations are bathed in riotous tones, molded to plastic form and imbued with dynamic tempo by daring painters full of a new seeing and a new feeling in paint.

A renaissance out of buffoonery seems hardly plausible. But the solution lies in the rich fruition to which sheer decorative color has been brought by these artists. And Berlin rejoices because it is hungry for simple, universal concepts, for primitive emotions that dissolve the leaden noondays and free the mind from a naturalistic concern with the dollar market. For a time she had hoped much from her own expressionists. But she soon grew weary of flatulent torsos attaining cosmic unity thru murky vistas of purple and grey. They offered no release. Decency forbade the universal concepts they inspired, and no others were conceivable.

But at the Blue Bird the matter is really simple. Confrere Jushnij is there to obviate the trouble of making false concepts. He makes them religiously himself. Moreover, here the burdens of body and thought may be magically washed away in pools of fluid color. In at least nine of the twelve numbers of the new program color masses dominate the emotional theme and are inseparable from the rhythm. In Dame Pique, a fragment out of the opera by Tchaikowski, a tender, subdued treatment of the decorative motif by Pogedaieff weaves a fragrant charm of memoried petals over a group of silent figures. And in Tchelitcheff's costumes to The Wooing an oriental ecstasy wells out of the joyous rhythm of his mosaics.

At the new Karussel on Kurfürstendamm an attempt has been made to vitiate the Russian formula by introducing German text and by dramatizing the action down to the intelligence of a Kurfürstendamm (Broadway) audience. Chinese Gods seeks also an elemental emotional effect thru color masses. But here the treatment falls tritely short of being either Russian or oriental.

In the same program, however, an Italian opera caricature uses figurines designed by Xenia Boguslawskaja. These figurines show the Russian buffoonery at its best, in the hands of an authoritative imagination. Again the punchinello stage of old Italian burlesque creaks with frenzied animation. Harlequin is here, and Columbine, and the staid judge and the proud soldier. But how marvelously altered in attire. The old painful verisimilitude has given way to a lusty symbolism from which there is no escape for actor or spectator save in joyous play. The haughty nobleman in purple and gold, the shriveled notary in

(Continued on page 73)
Posed for Abbé by Louis and Frieda Berkoff of the Greenwich Village Follies

THE RUSSKAYA

Page Twenty-Four
Selena Royle is the seventeen-year-old daughter of the playwright Milton Royle. Her first part was that of Guinevere in her father's drama, Lancelot and Elaine. So appealing was her portrayal that the Theatre Guild wisely entrusted her with the rôle of Solveig in their production of Peer Gynt.
Ten-Minute Plays

III: THE UNHAPPY LADY

By Carl Glick

The Characters are a Broom and a Book. Should the author be consulted in the casting of this play he would have Mrs. Pat Campbell as the Book and Jimmy Watts as the Broom.

The Scene is in a corner of the Genealogical Room of the Public Library. To the left is a long shelf of books. To the right is a huge table. Leaning against the table is a Broom, quite an ordinary broom. Lying on the floor is a Book, quite an unusual book. To all outward appearances these two are like all other brooms and books you have ever seen. It is useless to mention their souls. Besides, they speak for themselves. The hour is midnight.

Book: Oh, Mr. Broom?
Broom: Yes, ma'am.
Book (hesitatingly): You—you are a gentleman?
Broom: I trust so. Tho I am kept in the basement, I have been in many drawing-rooms. And I have ancestors who have seen the inside of king's palaces. But who am I to boast?

Book (with awe): A friend of kings!
Broom: Yes, ma'am, even if I say so, who shouldn't. I have never been immortalized in song, yet poets have beaten their wares over the head with me. Indeed, ma'am, I have had gentlemanly uses.

Book (with relief): Then I know you will help me.
Broom: A woman in distress, ma'am, finds comfort in a broom.

Book: We are alone?
Broom: Yes, ma'am. The janitor has gone for the dust-pan. It will take him all of ten minutes. He is very slow, ma'am. Did you want him to put you back upon the shelves?

Book (shuddering): Oh, dear me, no! Not that!
Broom: How came you upon the floor, if I might be so personal as to ask?

Book: I was dropped—quite accidentally—by a terrible person. He had no respect for me. I am most unhappy.

Broom: Oh, ma'am!

Book: Not at being dropped. Oh, dear, no! I consider that, under the circumstances, most fortunate. The young man in charge at the desk thinks I am lost. He has my slip, but he can't find me. He went home worried. I am a most valuable book. I assure you. (Proudly): I was published, if you please, in 1828. Yes, as old as that. There aren't many like me left. And I doubt if there ever will be another edition of me. . . But, sir, since you are a gentleman, you can do me a great favor—Please—before the janitor returns—you see that spot under the shelf—please, with one quick push, shove me there. Then I will be hidden. Hidden and lost and my miseries at an end.

Broom: But—I can't.

Book: Can't?
PIERRETTE

Madame Maria Ley is a member of Vienna's fashionable younger set who has devoted much of her time to the art of dancing. At present she is appearing at the Olympia Theater in Paris.
LANDSCAPE
AT
SUNRISE

Harry Wickey's landscapes and scenes along the palisades of the Hudson display a dramatic feeling and a sureness of touch that are worthy of any etching needle.

A Matin and Nocturnes in Dry Point

MIDSUMMER NIGHT
Harry Wickey began his study of Art with John P. Wicker of the Detroit School of Fine Arts. Two years later he entered the Art Institute in Chicago, but he soon left this school and worked as a free lance for several months before coming to New York. Here he has received instruction from George Bellows, Robert Henri, Arthur S. Coey and Harvey Dunn. His etchings have been exhibited at the Academy, and at the School of Design and Liberal Arts this past winter. His dry point, Midsummer Night—a Scene in Washington Square, which is reproduced on the opposite page, has been acquired by the Metropolitan Museum of Art for its permanent collection of etchings. It is a lively plate, full of tumbling forms of children at play about a bandstand, and it shows how eminently successful the artist is in his attempt to express activity. Movement seems to be his especial interest, and his crowds and groups are depicted with much the same feeling for design and dramatic emphasis as is found in the drawings of Bellows.
The Swedish Movement

The undisputed success of the Ballet Suédois is a naïve and entrancing dance number called A Box of Toys, designed by André Helle, and mime to the music of Debussy's last composition. Below is Jou Jou, the masked villain of the ballet; at the left is the droll little figure of the immortal Punchinello, who seems to have stepped right out of a Champs Elysées Guignol. When this Ballet comes to America, the Toy-box number will equal the popularity of the Parade of the Wooden Soldiers in the Chauve-Souris.

At the right is the bathing-girl heroine of Les Mariés de la Tour Eiffel. The story of this ballet is recited to the audience thru two megaphones on the stage, but the reason for the appearance of a bathing-girl on the top of the Eiffel Tower is not given. Perhaps she is obeying the maternal injunction of the old nursery rhyme: "But don't go near the water!"

LA BAIGNEUSE

At the left is the general who is the "big gun" at the wedding in the ballet Les Mariés de la Tour Eiffel. He insists on relating his exploits in Africa and in revenge for his tales of lion hunting he is devoured by a fierce Swedish lion—but returns at the close of the ballet to tell the audience how it all came about.

LE GENERAL

Page Thirty
Caricatures from the famous Ballet Suédois

By

Wynn

Somewhat like “smorgasbord”—the elaborate collection of relishes which precedes and often supplants a Swedish dinner—is the unique Ballet Suédois which piqued the palate of jaded Paris last year. This original and bizarre entertainment will be presented in America next season.

One of the important features of the Ballet is Jean Cocteau’s terpsichorean cocktail Les Mariés de la Tour Eiffel. It introduces a weird collection of guests—from a runaway ostrich to a batch of telegraphic dispatches which materialize as coryphées performing a neo-classic ballet to the tempo of a battery of typewriters. This aerial romance is very far advanced—even the future progeny (left) of the happy pair appears at the wedding. At the right is a portrait of the bride who is dressed in the mode of 1890.

Below is an impression of another number of the Ballet Suédois: Man and His Desires. It is a droll display of realism and symbolism presented on a three-decker stage. The setting is described as “A Wild Forest in America.” The hero, “Man,” is impersonated by Jean Borlin, the John Barrymore of the Swedish Stage.

L’ENFANT

LA MARIEE

L’HOMME ET SES DESIRS
THE SWIMMING-HOLE
OLD WHARVES AT LOW TIDE IN GLOUCESTER HARBOR

Gloucester, Massachusetts, the City of Fishermen, lies near the end of Cape Ann which stretches itself many miles into the Atlantic. The town was settled in 1623 by a colony of merchant adventurers from England, and it is now one of the great fishing ports of the world. Our shipbuilding industry was founded in Gloucester, and Captain Andrew Robinson slipped the first American schooner into the harbor in 1713. Away from the shore the surface of the country is sterile, with high rocky ledges, but this rugged beauty and the picturesqueness of the shore-line have made it the favorite haunt of many famous painters.
LYDIA ROMANY
Of the Chicago Opera Ballet, who is dancing in a Parisian Revue this summer
Meister Liszt, the Man
Anecdotes and unpublished photographs and documents from one of his pupils
By Joseph Sebenenyei

Much of his instruction being by symbolism, or even gesture or grimace. His words were few, but decidedly to the point. Ordinary matters of technique he would not teach, and when a pupil was indifferent in these things he arched his great eyebrows and indignantly exclaimed: 'I am no Pro-fes-sor! You must go elsewhere. Go to a conservatory!' One important point as to technique I got from him in the course of my three years at Weimar. He made it very clear to me without uttering a word. Anxiously for a deep-pressure legato, I had gradually got into a habit of compressing my hands too much. He had seated himself beside me, and when I had finished he held out his own hand, exaggerating the manner in which I held mine, and with a grimace, ending in a kindly smile, he negatively shook his head. I understood perfectly. Arching my hand better thereafter, I found I had much more freedom in thumb action, as also in producing vibrant chords.

'He was very painstaking and particular as to phrasing. By a slight break, for instance, he would sometimes bring out a marvelous change in the spirit of a strain. Alert to this, I devoted much care to phrasing, and at one lesson found my efforts rewarded. It was with Schumann's difficult and incessantly moving Toccata, a piece rather discouraging for attempts at phrasing (especially for such an over-sensitive player as I was, for which reason I never could do myself justice then, or later in public). Nevertheless, when I had done, he said, very kindly, 'Bravo! Well played and well phrased.' He took it that I meant to be encouraging to a nervous fellow. But it on returning to Weimar the next season I was told that when a pupil had brought the Toccata to play, Liszt had said to the class: 'Ah! Lachmund played that well for us last fall.' 

"Preoccupied as he was with his compositions, the
Master would often be at a loss to recall some of the visitors he had invited to the lesson-sorèès. Then he went to Mrs. Lachmound to ascertain their identity, and she would remind him of their standing so that he might give them consideration accordingly. He was very grateful to this 'information bureau,' and jestingly called her his 'dearest Baedeker.'

"Liszt's playing cannot be compared with that of any other artist. Probably the reason lies in the fact that he was especially a great creative genius. His playing was distinguished from all others mainly in its clarity and freedom of phrasing. While he seemed to pay no particular attention to time, his rhythm was beautifully symmetrical. His technique was remarkable because here, too, he seemed oblivious of any difficulty. Once he played the great skips in his Campanella, seemingly without regarding the keyboard at all. At another time he played the famous (or shall I say, infamous) skips in the great Schumann Fantasie—in which both hands rapidly and repeatedly fly from the extreme ends of the keyboard to the center—at the same time turning his head, smiling at us, and seeming not to watch the keys.

"There was an almost uncanny charm about the variety of his tone production. Reisenauer, who played with more tonal variety and beauty than did any of the other great pupils, was the only one who could approachingly imitate Liszt in this. I recall a peculiar experience. Liszt was playing a transcendental melody; I stood at his right, leaning on the piano, and had forgotten myself in listening. Each tone seemed to take an individual meaning; it seemed to come from farther away than the piano on which I was leaning. Suddenly it seemed as if the tone was coming down to me from the corner of the room at my right. Unconsciously I looked up in that direction; then I awoke and smiled at my simplicity. But I understood better when later he said to us, with a slow bridgelike movement of his hand and arm: 'Es muss schweigen.' (It must float.)

"During the summer many were the visitors from other parts and countries, men and women bearing illustrious names in art, literature, or science, who came to pay their respects to the beloved master, lieber Meister, as he was called by pupils and friends. Usually such notables were also invited to attend the lessons, and with several mothers of young women pupils, or local friends who were privileged to attend, the number present varied from twenty to thirty. We would assemble a little before four o'clock in the garden of the court gardener, the second story of whose house constituted the Master's modest domicile. Having concluded his afternoon nap, Liszt would lean out of the window to beckon us up. Ascending the stairs, with perhaps a good-natured jest thrown at 'Pauline' his faithful servant and cook for thirty-odd years, we usually found him standing near the Bechstein grand piano, and as the procession passed, each one greeted and was greeted by the Master according to the standing of intimacy or friendship.

"It was a levee of a sovereign—a moment worthy of a great painter. A bashful young lady, new and strange, would curtsey as at a royal reception; a strange young man would make his stiff bow; more seasoned pupils would take his proffered hand and kiss it; while to those on more intimate terms he would turn his cheek and also kiss their brow, as is the custom in some European countries.

"In the meantime, those who had brought something to play placed the music on a round table at one side of the studio. Some seated themselves, others stood or gathered in groups in different parts of the large double studio. My own preference always was to be near the piano, where I could be sure to take in the Master's every remark, or, if the mood should seize him to play, I would have the 'proscenium loge.' The Master sometimes sat down—not necessarily by the piano—usually he preferred to move about.

"Finally, Liszt would glance over the music on the little table, and selecting some piece, preferably one that was not hackneyed, he would ask, as he held it up to view, 'Who has brought this?' Perhaps it was a concerto of Chopin, or a sonata of Beethoven, and the young lady who answered did not inspire much confidence. 'Perhaps, later,' was the Master's verdict.

"Occasionally he would address a young lady of whom he was especially fond:

"'Lina, have you brought something today?'

"'Your Second Rhapsody, lieber Meister.'

"'Huh! You should know by this time that I do not care to hear that threshed-out circus piece,' and mockingly he sang the melody of the finale: 'Ta-ta—ta—ta, tata!'

Franz Liszt and Mr. and Mrs. Lachmound in the Master's garden at Weimar
"In July usually some new faces appeared at the class, for that was the season when the conservatories of Leipzig, Berlin, and Stuttgart shed their fruit in the shape of young graduates, some of whom, believing that they were now finished artists, felt confident that they were worthy to join the 'Lisztianer,' as his pupils and disciples were called. In the goodness of his great heart the Master permitted them to attend the lesson. Rarely they proved healthy fruit; mostly they resembled the worm-eaten specimen. They were one-day flies, who, having played their graduation concerto movements like parrots, and unable to achieve anything else, soon disappeared.

"Such a one was present at this lesson. He looked like a cross between a dapper ribbon clerk and a barber, even to the nice little mustache. The Master, as he turned, noticed the bound volume in his hand, and asked kindly: 'And what have you?' It was one of Beethoven's Sonatas, and he was asked to play it. An ominous glance passed from one Lisztianer to another, for the knowing ones were aware that the 'Lieber Meister' was more particular with Beethoven than with his own compositions, and that he devoutly 'got onto his knees' to Bach or Beethoven.

"Before the young man had played twenty measures it was plain that he had not dropped from the conservatory tree a ripe fruit, nor was there a suspicion of salt or 'pep' in his playing. The Master usually liked to move about while anyone was playing, but when Beethoven was played he preferred to be seated near the keyboard, the better to watch the minutest details and interpretation of the music.

At the left is Liszt's Diary, with entries for the second week of March, 1876. Below, the only photograph (heretofore unpublished) of the Master at his piano. He disliked posing and consented to sit for this picture only after long persuasion by his pupils.

Not so now. Having called out several rather indifferent corrections to the neophyte, while he paced the floor slowly and obviously ill at ease, suddenly he darted to the piano, and slapping his finger on the place in the music he shouted, 'Can you not see it says forte? One who cannot even observe the dead letter should not attempt to play Beethoven,' and he closed the book with a bang. The poor fellow withdrew behind a group standing in a corner and endeavored to hide his crimsoned face. Neither did he appear again at any future lesson. Evidently the Master had been too busy to test him when he applied for the privilege of attending the lessons.

"Liszt's irritation soon faded away, and a title on the table caught his attention: Paganini Caprices, transcribed by Brahms. Only one of the few real pianists was likely to bring this. It proved to be Eugene D'Albert, an Englishman. Those at distant parts of the room interestedly drew closer to the piano, and the Master also seated himself near so that he could follow the lines (this was always considered a special mark of favor and attention). As he did so, he remarked: 'I have transcribed those Caprices too, but those of Brahms I think have more musical value,' a statement, however, which is disputed by some of the best pianists. D'Albert played the first Caprice with the spirit and speed of a racehorse—as he always did — and without being interrupted by the Master, who merely once had placed his hand on the player's shoulder to steady his fire.

(Continued on page 74)
There is tragic irony in the love story of the painter Sandro Botticelli and Simonetta, the reigning beauty of the court of Lorenzo dei Medici. In this galaxy of genius Simonetta is distressed that she has nothing to commend her but her mortal beauty, so she resolves to go to the studio of Botticelli that he may immortalize this beauty on canvas. In reality it is her love for the painter—who has declared that he worships her—that prompts her decision. In the studio, however, when he addresses her curtly as a mere model, she feels all the rage of a woman scorned and rushes out into a violent storm. The result is that Botticelli paints his masterpiece, The Birth of Venus, and Simonetta dies of a fever, watched by Giuliano dei Medici (Reginald Goode) whom she believes in her delirium to be Sandro. Above is a scene from the first act of the play. Sandro Botticelli (Basil Sydney) declares to Simonetta (Eva Le Gallienne): “You are the most beautiful woman in all Italy... having seen you it is like finding and gazing into the heart of a star...”
The Tragic Romance of Sandro Botticelli and Simonetta

In her play, Sandro Botticelli, recently produced in New York, Mercedes de Acosta has recounted the love story of two characters from history—a painter, and a noted beauty. Her hero, Alessandro dei Filipepi (Sandro Botticelli) is one of the most interesting among the Florentine painters of the Renaissance. Both his art and his personality have had a singular fascination for scholars and critics. He gave expression to the life and thought of his fellow citizens more fully than any master of the age.

All photographs by Richard Burke

Simonetta comes to the studio

THE DEATH OF SIMONETTA

The heroine of the play, Simonetta Cattaneo, was a Genoese who came to Florence as the sixteen-year-old bride of Marco Vespucci in 1469, and died in 1476. She was a universal favorite.
The Embezzler

By Frédéric Boutet

Translated from the French by William L. McPherson

“S
O there is no possible doubt, is there Jacques?”
The elder M. Corbet laid on his desk the report which he had been studying and looked at his son with a disappointed air.
“There is no doubt, father. He is the one. He has been stealing from us for about two years. Not very large sums, but regularly—six hundred to eight hundred francs a month.”
“It is incredible—Georges Tilloys robbing us. For fifteen years he has been a perfect employee.”
“What are we going to do?” asked Jacques Corbet. “Shall we call in the police?”
The father shrugged his shoulders.
“Almost anyone would do so in our place. But I don’t like the idea. Tilloys’ father was one of my first clerks when I built the factory. He served me faithfully until he died. His son has had a good record, too—up to now. It is hard to understand—this petty robbery, as regular as his work as a model accountant. And he is married and settled—”
“Father, suppose that before you make up your mind I visit him at his house. I would like to see how he lives. I could probably get him to tell me the motive of his thefts. You could decide afterward whether to prosecute him or simply to ask for restitution. If you question him here yourself it would be different. He would be on his guard. He would not tell the truth. He lives in one of the suburbs, I believe. I will go there in my machine, after dinner. How does that strike you?”
The elder Corbet thought for a moment.
“Yes,” he said finally, “try it. We ought to act with good will as far as we can.”

That evening Jacques Corbet alighted from his auto before the gate of a modest little suburban home just beyond the Bois de Boulogne, and rang the bell. A few seconds later he heard the house door open. Thru the iron bars, covered with ivy, he heard a woman’s voice ask:
“What do you want?”
“I want to see M. Georges Tilloys,” he answered. He added: “I am Jacques Corbet, the son of his employer.”
“Oh, I beg your pardon, monsieur. Come in.”
The gate opened. Jacques saw the slender figure of a woman, half enveloped in a cloak. She had dark hair and an appealing face.
“My husband isn’t here, but he will be back soon. Won’t you wait for him?”
Jacques followed her up a sandy pathway to the house. He found himself in a moderate-sized room, simply furnished, but decorated with a sure taste. A slight perfume came to his nostrils. A coal fire burned in the hearth. There was an easy chair beside a table. On the latter were a delicately shaded lamp and an open book.
“My husband went out, monsieur, to see his mother, who is ill. He will not be gone long.”

She took off her cloak and stood erect before her visitor. He saw her better now and found that she was pretty, graceful and very young. In her presence, in this bright and cheery room, after a run thru the cold and the dark, he experienced a subtle sense of charm. Suddenly he asked himself with a touch of horror: “Does she know? Is she an accomplice?” But no, it was impossible. It was enough to look at her to realize that.

Will you not take a seat, monsieur,” she said, in a manner which still showed nervousness. “I am so sorry that my husband is not here.”

Evidently disturbed by this important visit, she strove to be very polite and at the same time quite at her ease. “I thank you, madame,” Jacques said with a bow.
He sat down in a chair which she indicated to him, near the fire. She herself, after hesitating, resumed her place in the easy chair by the table. There was a silence.
“You must have had a cold ride, monsieur, on your way here?” she began, blushing slightly. She wondered whether she ought to ask him to take off his coat, but did not dare to make the suggestion. She wondered whether she ought to offer him a cup of tea. But again she did not dare to take the initiative. Jacques understood her last intention, since she had looked at another table on which a tea service stood. The young woman’s embarrassment was painful to him. He asked himself what she must be when she was free and unconstrained, and among equals. He also asked himself what opinion she could have of him, Jacques Corbet, the omnipotent employer, on whom so many things depended. Pity began to grip him. All at once he noticed that he had not replied to her question.

“Cold? No, it wasn’t too cold. I crossed the Bois. There is snow there still and the trees are frosted. It was very beautiful.”

“Yes, I love the Bois, too,” she responded eagerly. “I go there almost every day.”

She continued to talk of the Bois de Boulogne, as if her chief concern was not to lose that precious topic of conversation. Jacques Corbet could not help responding gaily and sympathetically as he saw her becoming more natural and self-confident.

“But I am tiring you, monsieur. I am talking too much.”

He protested warmly. She did not annoy him—quite the contrary. Encouraged, she talked of herself, of her husband, of their simple existence, but very happy one—especially in the last two years. She stopped again, becoming red and embarrassed.

“Yes, we are especially happy now, thanks to you, monsieur, and thanks to your father, who has always been so good to my husband. Yes, it is since you increased his salary two years ago, that everything has been going so well. Before that, with the cost of 

(Continued on page 76)
"With Stage Settings By:"

ROBERT EDMOND JONES

JOSEPH URBAN

LEE SIMONSON

JAMES REYNOLDS
Posed for Maurice Goldberg by Janet Stone and Marion Hamilton, dancing in Lady Butterfly.

MOMENT MUSICAL

Page Forty-Two
MARIE ANDERSON
One of the leaders of the Metropolitan Opera Ballet
Independence and Otherwise in Paris

“All the foolish Schools have their day, but Beauty goes on forever in spite of them”

By Allan Ross Macdougall

In Paris Spring has many heralds. At a certain period of the year one finds the streets littered with the little brown and sticky coats which have been dropped from the bursting buds of the chestnut trees along the boulevards. On a certain day—never given in the calendars—walking up the Avenue des Champs Elysées and noticing that the little iron chairs have been brought from their winter storeroom and placed out under the trees, one smiles and murmurs happily to one's neighbor: "Le printemps s'annonce!" Sometimes in the month of February the opening of the Salon des Indépendants is announced and walking in the caressing sunshine along the Cours de la Reine towards the Grand Palais to attend the Véraison one feels that, even tho' it be but mid-February, the Spring is not far off.

There was a time when one went to the Véraison of the Indépendants gaily and with high hopes of seeing all sorts of weird and maybe shocking things. But that was many years ago. Today it is the thirty-fourth Salon des Indépendants to open its too hospitable doors and it is a little more sober than in the days of its youth. Independence is not what it was in the days before the great war was fought for it. It is very easy these days to tag along with this little clan and that little school. There has been too much serious fighting in the world to bother with battles over this theory and that practice in Art. Even the Dadaists find it hard to arouse the fighting blood of their enemies. But to the Salon.

Think for a moment of a place as large as Madison Square Garden with two floors divided into about seventy rooms. Think then of all the paintings of every known and unknown school, of all the pieces of sculpture, illustrations and designs for carpets and tapestries; imagine them to the tune of six thousand sent in by almost two thousand artists and you begin to have a vague idea of what this Salon means. Anybody with the entrance fee can exhibit three or four paintings, pieces of sculpture, designs for anything in the way of carpets or hangings, or illustrations for books.

It is a sort of gathering place—an artistic international clearing-house. Any artist, no matter how amateurish his work, is sure of a showing. Nor has nationality anything to do with it. All nationals, including some Germans, are represented on the walls. America is represented by a small army of diverse talents ranging from Gerald Murphy, who has several cubistic studies of machinery, to Charles Thornedyke the well-known landscape painter, who shows among other things a painting of Niagara Falls!

The Americans exhibiting are indeed an interesting group. There are some fine things in the way of landscape paintings by the two Butlers, the American son-in-law and grandson of the celebrated French Impressionist, Claude Monet. Frank Morse Rummler, the grandson of the inventor of the Morse Code, has three studies of the Riviera countryside in striking contrast to the Norwegian studies which usually come from his talented brush. Myron C. Nutting has but one large picture, Dans la Foret, wherein are several mudes finely painted. His wife, Mrs. Elena Nutting, has three excellent landscapes. Many other American women artists are represented including Lucille Hitt, Bertha Phillips, Mary Ritter Hamilton, Anna Woods Brown, Judith Chamberlain, Estelle Stinchfield, Beatrice Tessancourt Edwards, and Mrs. Romaine Brooks, two of whose canvases are now hanging in the famous Luxembourg Collection.

The sensation of the American group is the composition of Raymond Duncan, called Nativité. To describe this painting is a task which my pen shall not attempt. It will be sufficient to say that it would be quite an excellent illustration for a text-book on Obstetrics. It is interesting to note that a few days after the Salon was opened this painting was lifted from the walls by a representative of the Prefect de Police. You see, in Paris, Independence and Liberty can only go so far and not a centimetre farther!

Of the other things in this particular Salon there is really not much to say. There is the usual group of Dadaists, Cubists, Pointillists, and other 1st searchers after the new and the bizarre. Somehow or other they don't get over this year. They no longer shock us. They don't even amuse us. The most pitiful sight on the Varnishing Day was a group of young Dadaists who threaded their way in and out among the crowds of dull (Continued on page 65)
Spring was heralded in Paris by the opening of the thirty-fourth Salon des Indépendants, which is a sort of artistic international clearing-house. The exhibition covered the walls and floors of seventy rooms. The entrants exceeded two thousand and their offerings were three times that number.

**MISTINGUETT**

In the section devoted to caricature the work of the Roger Cartier, the well-known French humorist, drew much comment. Above is his clever but cruel portrait of that favorite of the Parisian stage, Mistinguett. It is work of this sort that is provoking comment nowadays—not the bizarre canvases of the Dadaists, Cubists and Pointillists. These searchers after the new in art are finding it hard to arouse the fighting blood of their enemies.

**L’HOMME**

An etching by the famous artist, Louis-Robert Antral, for Alfred Machard's novel Titine, just published in a de luxe edition of five hundred and seventy-five copies.

**TURBINES**

Gerald Murphy's cubistic studies of machinery were the center of attraction for the critics on Varnishing Day.

**THE ROCK OF MONACO**

One of the studies of the Riviera countryside exhibited by Frank Morse Rummel, the American grandson of the inventor of the Morse Code.

**MADAME EFREMOVA**

A striking portrait by Lacovleff of the celebrated Russian singer, Madame Efremova, who was one of the original cast of the Chauve-Souris when it first opened in Paris. Since then she has toured France with a Russian company of her own in The Fair of Moscow.
“He won’t be King or President
   And steer the course of nations,
Who doth not first begin at home
   To rule his own relations”

—Old Song

Sketches
by
August Henkel

As seventeen-year-old Elizabeth—called Bessie by her unfeeling family—departs with her first escort to her first formal dance, she drops her dignity long enough to make a face at Mother and Father and Bud, watching the grand exit with snickers of delight. “Why is it,” she glooms, “that families never understand one . . . that they utterly lack those fine, sensitive inner feelings that really make one Oneself. . . .”

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Climber have invested a week’s salary in food and fixin’s for a dinner to Employer and Wife, hoping to make such a favorable impression that Ed’s salary will be raised. But Grandma spoils the effect by showing an album filled with photographs of Eddie and Maudie in their courting days—tintypes taken at the Hicktown County Fair; snapshots of them going buggy-riding. . . . Every minute in every way that raise is growing smaller and smaller.

In his three months at college our hero has acquired a bulldog pipe, a pledge pin and the correct clothes for Campus wear—the movies have taught him how to assume the blasé manner that is worn with the aforementioned outfit. He knows that he has made the right impression on the right set. Now along comes Uncle Jo from the up-state farm to spend the day with nephew Joey. Not even the basket of lusciousness sent by Aunt Kitty can take the curse off Uncle’s tactless surprise-visit.
Aunty Em, arriving for a long visit with Bobby's folks, unexpectedly meets her small nephew with three of his cronies—"regular fellers," to whose inner circle Bob has just been granted admission. Now with one fell smash he knows that tactless Aunty has knocked him outside the sacred circle again—for cant he hear his crusty old pals begging her to "kissim s'more"?

The Jonsen-Smythes are entertaining a group of smart new friends, having first put the family skeleton—Grandpa—to bed. The guests are noticeably impressed. "Then," as our writers of pot-boiling serials put it, "on the stroke of midnight, our beautiful heroine heard an ominous footstep on the stair. . . ."

A monolog by a Bachelor (right):
"Lives there a man with soul so dead, who never to himself has said, this is my own, my native land, and I am supposed to be Captain of my Soul, yet I've got to make a call on those stupid cousins of mine in that four-flights-walk-up apartment in Jersey, just to show 'em I'm not snobbish—and if not callin' on 'em is being a snob, well, dammit, I want to be one . . . etc., etc., etc."

Not a cloud in the sky, but just because the Skimpville Daily Bugle said "Probable Showers Today" mother makes Lonnie (Alonzo to himself) wear Dad's rubbers and carry Grandpap's mouldy umbrella to the High School picnic. And it's the very first time he has asked HER to go anywhere. "My goosh!" he wails, "ain't I never goin' to be treated like a man. . . . Just wait till I'm my own boss!"

Page Forty-Seven
Art movements are like women's fashions. Realism or the bustle, expressionism or the short skirt—they come and they go, and the results are much the same.

New forms in literature, like new forms in women, are important because they are stimulating, and because stimulation is the first step to creation and understanding.

New forms have their drawbacks. Our senses are raw to their impact and lack nicety of judgment. The mere novelty thrills. It is some time before we acquire a ripe, educated discrimination. Look back at some old number of Life and wonder at the women of our raptures. As for our plays—that romantic pioneer Hernani, some early Hauptmann, or Henry Arthur Jones—read 'em and weep!

These reflections are the result of the exposure on our New York stage of two specimens of the newest dramatic movement, a movement to which I have been long and hopelessly addicted, Expressionism. These plays are Roger Bloomer and The Adding Machine, contributions respectively from the Equity Players and John Howard Lawson, and from the Theatre Guild and Elmer Rice. Roger Bloomer makes rather a mess of the business of entertaining an audience, and The Adding Machine gravitates steadily down from tight and expressive drama to pure amusement. But both have their gleams of real illumination, and the American stage is the better because they have been produced.

Expressionism, in a large sense, is the antithesis of realism; it is the attempt of an artist to come freely and openly at the values of the spirit without all this hokuspokus of the fourth wall. Resemblance and plausibility don't matter, and psychology isn't as important as soul. In the sweep of time, you see, the expressionist stands with the romanticist, even with the classicist against the followers of Zola. He claims Shakespeare and Æschylus in his war on Pinero. He calls upon the author of Peer Gynt to join him in a row with the author of Hedda Gabler.

Shakespeare and Æschylus—let alone Ibsen—would be shocked all the same at most of the ideas and the works of the modern expressionist. He has all the movements of the past behind him and his effort to arrive at a direct expression of his own feelings is considerably complicated sometimes by the fact that he is trying to avoid all the forms of the past as well as the actuality of the present. His tendency is to attempt postresque effects in idea, movement, and background, and to wade about in a good deal of neuroticism as the result of a deep, subjective treatment of his materials.

Expressionism in the narrowest sense has had its greatest theatrical development in Germany, and during the past half-dozen years. The plays produced—
those of George Kaiser and Walter Hasenclever are the most notable—have been neurotic and oversexed to a startling degree. In America we have seen one of the best of these German dramas, From Morn to Midnight, and we have had at least three native attempts to handle the new form. They are Eugene O'Neill's The Hairy Ape, Lawson's Roger Bloomer, and Rice's The Adding Machine.

Like all the other attempts at expressionism, Roger Bloomer and The Adding Machine run to many short scenes, each doing a certain definite and fairly simple thing. Roger Bloomer pushes this freedom from old-fashioned Ibsenic technique to the point where three dozen episodes replace the customary three or four acts. In this respect it recalls Johannes Kreisler, and it suffers from the same failing that doomed that play—an over-emphasis on trickery of production at the expense of solid dramatic interest. Roger, searching for some outlet for his adolescent energies, wanders from one to another of the three tiny rooms at the back of the stage and then appears suddenly and, I think, illogically against bizarre backdrops placed far down stage. The Adding Machine treats the stage as the stage, and shows us half a dozen settings by Lee Simonson, most of them excellent, placed squarely in the middle of our vision.

Both plays are posteresque. They are condensations, symbols, high-lights. The Adding Machine tries to show us something about the soul of a bookkeeper. One scene should demonstrate its method. Two high desks back to back. A man and a woman reading endless strings of figures to each other. Back of them a blank wall. One reads a figure, the other repeats it and puts it down. A drone of numbers, an eternity of digits. Presently the man begins to think aloud as the woman drones. Then the woman thinks and the man drones. Their thoughts interlock. They play a sort of cacophonous duet. We learn all their tiny passions and frustrations. At the end, the man is left alone on the stage. Enter the boss. It is twenty-five years since the man came to work there, and he expects to retire. Instead, he gets the air and the air is filled with numbers. Darkness, and the two men and the desks whirling about against a faintly luminous background. Figures, numbers, sums, dots, all over this background. Suddenly a beating of wild noise. Then darkness and two blood-red spots pulsing in their. Murder.

The Adding Machine develops firmly and dramatically thru its first three or four scenes. Then the narrative veers off into heaven and a good many amusing but not very important jokes about the after life. The logical drive of The Hairy Ape is absent; the careful design of From Morn to Midnight.

Roger Bloomer is still more deficient in dramatic significance. It has fine qualities. It is poignant, even lyrical. It is sensitive and understanding. Its language is above Rice's workaday speech. But it does not seem to me to be of the theater. It is more like a piece of modern verse read by costumed actors. And not read too well, incidentally.

Both the plays point to a weakness in expressionism against which its playwrights must carefully guard. This is the danger of being seduced by freedom into amusing, suggestive caricature. Power and vitality should be the minimum aimed at—dramatic power, dramatic vitality always. Whether expressionism in this narrower form can reach the best stuff of the theater, beauty and exaltation, is a question for the future. But it must not stop at provocative satire.

The Adding Machine is excellently acted by Dudley Digges and Margaret Wycherly, but always in a perfectly natural fashion. Philip Moeller, the director, has ventured upon no experiment with expressionistic acting. His individual players could have appeared in the month's most realistic drama, Sacha Guitry's Pasteur, without changing their style.

No play could stand out more sharply from Roger Bloomer and The Adding Machine than Guitry's biography of the great French scientist. This play has none of the technical brilliance of Ibsen's work, but—perhaps I should say because of this—it shows the extraordinary distance that the modern stage can go in creating the illusion of real life. No plot—simply eight scenes from Pasteur's life: but always the exact effect of peeping thru a chink in the fourth wall. A solid, illusive room; people cars or grave as the case may be, talking in ordinary accents, behaving almost exactly as they would behave in real life. Because Pasteur was a great man who did great things: the effect of eavesdropping on his life is to me and (Continued on page 72)
The late Léon Bonnat was born in Bayonne in 1833. He belongs to Spain almost as much as to France for his youth was spent in Madrid, and he did not study in Paris until he was past twenty, leaving there in 1858 to spend four years in Rome. He was the instructor of many artists, yet he always remained their master. He consecrated his whole life to art, even endowing his native town with a museum. The governing rule of his artistic efforts was the celebrated dictum of Ingres: “Drawing is the probity of Art.” The family group reproduced here, tho painted when the artist was only eighteen, is considered one of the finest examples of his work. Jean Louis Forain was recently elected to the chair in the Académie des Beaux Arts left vacant by the death of Bonnat.
The Farington Diary
The Diary of an eighteenth-century artist, which was found in a London attic
By N. P. Dawson

The recently discovered Farington Diary might be called the "Who's Who" of present-day England's great great-grandparents. This Joseph Farington, who was a painter and Academician, living in the latter part of the eighteenth century, apparently knew every English body's great great-grandfather and great great-grandmother worth knowing. And he wrote about them all in his Diary. Some auctioneers found the manuscript in the attic of an old house in London—where such things properly should be found. The London Morning Post, when it purchased the Diary at the auction sale for one hundred and ten pounds, had no idea, it is said, of publishing as much of it as finally had to be published to meet the demand. Like the host of the poker party in H. C. Bunner's story, who when it came to the beer had not counted on the Bishop, the London paper had not counted on all the people in England and elsewhere scattered over the globe, with Cavendish legs, for example, who would be greedily interested in the Cavendishes. Early in the Diary Horace Walpole is quoted as saying that if he saw thru a window only the legs of a cousin of his, even of a collateral branch, he would know he was a Cavendish. There was something wavering, it seems, in the gait of the Cavendishes.

During the first instalments of the Diary, there may well have been beating hearts in England. Who could know what legs would be dangled before the public, what family skeleton would be rattled for all to hear? But "boni sunt qui mal y peuse"—which is the motto for the present English Who's Who. Joseph Farington does not seem to have been at all a malicious gossip. There will be those who will say his Diary would have been more interesting if he had been. However, to gratify the more curious, it may be held out that once in a while he uses some winking italics; as in the entry:

"Mrs. Wyndham, who lives with Lord Egremont, called on me to see my pictures. . . . She had a fine little Boy with her, abt. 2 years old, very like Lord Egremont. . . ."

But seldom has a Diarist been more impersonal. Unlike other diarists, both ancient and modern, Joseph Farington seems to have been more interested in his friends than himself. It is not recalled that he once, like Pepys so many times, records his going to bed. Nor does he describe the state of his finances, nor tell what good resolutions he has made—or broken. Instead we have in the Farington Diary a picture of eighteenth-century England, its political as well as its artistic and social world. With the Diary was found a ticket for the thirty-second session of the Warren Hastings trial—it lasted seven years. It is learned that the great Pitt said "furder" instead of further, and that Burke used to rap "My dear Jane" (his wife) rather sharply when she could not immediately find a particular paper he wanted.

Seldom has a serial had so large and interested a reading public as this Farington Diary; so large an audience, that is, since the readers by writing daily letters to the Morning Post, seemed to be taking part in the publication, or performance. These letters are now used as footnotes in the book, and are not the least interesting part. Some of the letters confirm, others make corrections, others additions, while still others send thanks for some bit of information about some great great-aunt or other whom they did not know. There is agreement as to the very great interest of the Diary for the Cavendishes and all the rest.

One woman writes that altho she is not a Conservative, she must subscribe to the Morning Post because of the Diary. Another denies that her great great-grandfather who married Sir Joshua Reynolds' sister, could have been vain as the Diary states:

Page Fifty-One
“As I happened to have a pencil drawing of his head within reach while reading your paper, which was drawn by one of his twenty-three children, I was rather amused, as he certainly could not have been conceived about his good looks!”

Another correspondent objects to having someone her grandfather knew well called “a dirty Scotsman,” saying her grandfather always said he was “one of the handsomest men of his day,” “and was a great-great-grandson of that Lady Jean Gordon whom the Earl of Bothwell divorced to marry Mary Queen of Scots.” Still another woman correspondent was wondering whether her great grandfather would be mentioned in the Diary, and was surprised at last to have his name appear as a “minor and eccentric artist.” She confesses, however, that at first she was startled by the picture her ancestor displayed a waistcoat-back made of one of his own canvases, “with a magnificent waterfall!” One of the most interesting of the letters gives some spicy particulars regarding the dramatic episode when George III, having discovered that the painter Beechey had included the Prince of Wales in the picture with himself, ordered the canvas cut from its frame and thrown out of the window.

A LTHOUGH art and artists naturally have a large part in the Diary, literature is not neglected. One of the first persons to be mentioned in the Diary is Horace Walpole, and the “Miss Berrys,” as they are called; his “Twin Wives,” his “Dear Both,” either one of whom he would have married if the other had been away; and to whom he gave Little Strawberry Hill, Kitty Clive’s home, so that, as one of the “Miss Berrys” said, he could enjoy their society, “without the ridicule and trouble of marriage”—and committing polygamy. Should it be added. The poet Buras is listed like someone in the auction sale catalog:

“Mr. Burns, the Scotch poet. At present an Exciseman in Dumfries, on £70 a year. He is married, and has a family. He is a middle-sized man, black-complexioned, and his general appearance that of a tradesman or mechanic. He has a strong expressive manner of delivering himself in conversation. He is not acquainted with the Latin language. His father was a gardener in Ayrshire.”

Later, however, the Diarist mentions having bought a new edition of Burns, at four shillings, containing a picture of the house in which he was born—“a proof to what a length they carry their admiration for him.” Dr. Johnson is dead when Farington writes his diary (1793—1802), but Boswell is living and objecting to anyone but Johnson calling him “Bosco” “The Swan of Lichfield,” as Johnson called Miss Seward, was doubtless also living, since an “Epigrammatic Dialogue,” written by George Steevens, a critic, is included, in which Mr. Hayley, a poet, and the Swan are represented as “complimenting” each other in a “fudescent manner”—not unlike our own tuneful Mr. Shean and Mr. Gallagher:

He:
Ma’am you carry all before you, Trust me Lichfields Swan you do.

She:
Ode didactic, Epic, Sonnet, Mr. Hayley, your divine;

He:
Ma’am, I’ll take my oath upon it You alone are all the Nine.

The stage also is represented in the Diary, but the intelligence of eighteenth-century actors is not placed very high. For Garrick, who made out his will for twice what he possessed, the apology is made: “Garrick had read but little.” Mrs. Jordan, friend of the Duke of Clarence, is put down as “very ignorant as to information excepting in what relates merely to the stage,” and “affords very little entertainment in Company.” Even the great Mrs. Siddons, also always the Tragedy Queen—even in her own family—owes, according to one witness in the Diary, “most of her fame to her figure, countenance and deportment,” and was not a “woman of superior understanding.” It is interesting to read that the Miss Farren, whom Lord Derby married, and whom Lawrence made more famous by painting her, asked the artist please to make her fatter, and “at all events diminish the bend you are so attached to.”

But eighteenth-century actors, not intelligent, were apparently gallant, judging by the following advertisement which John Kemble, brother of Mrs. Siddons, inserted in several papers. The Miss De Camp mentioned played Lucy in The Beggar’s Opera—“as perfect a performance as ever perhaps appeared on the stage”.

(Continued on page 67)
Artists
Extraordinary

A Diseuse, a Balladist, and a Puppeteer whose talents have made them internationally famous.

RUTH DRAPER
Miss Draper is an inspired diseuse who has brought the art of monolog to its highest achievement. She appears alone upon the stage, yet she gives the impression of a large cast. In such numbers as At a Sitchboard or Three Generations in a Court of Domestic Relations, a dozen human beings seem to be present in the flesh. She leads forth in a parade characters familiar in fiction and starts her audience cheering, laughing and weeping.

ISA KREMER
Ballad singers generally confine themselves to the songs of their own country, but Miss Kremer is an international balladist who knows the language of every country whose folk music she sings. Her repertoire includes old Ukrainian lullabies, cantos of the Italian peasants, haunting ballads from Roumania, and the fiery folk-songs of the Russians.

LILIAN OWEN
Here we see the Queen of Puppeteers giving instructions to one of the most important characters in her marionette show—the Announcer. Miss Owen made her first puppet for the Chicago Little Theater in 1916; afterward she worked with Tony Sarg in New York; but since 1920 she has held successful "one-woman shows" of her own. At present she is working on two engaging productions, Cyrano de Bergerac and Alice in Wonderland.
A camera study by White of Jetta Goudal appearing in The Bright Shawl

IN CRINOLINE DAYS
One of the most annoying problems of the presumably thinking world is the problem of the Married Man. He isn't a problem to unmarried people excepting in a detached, fatherly way. To married women he is often more of a condition than a problem. Perhaps he is a problem only to himself. Even then he is usually so far under the influence of the anesthetic of marriage that he takes his fate for granted and doesn't know or struggle against conditions. The Married Man is usually a pitiful object—of course he will object to the adjective—and an effort ought to be made for him.

In my grandmother's day there was much talk about the Double Standard. Men could do all sorts of devilishly alluring but horrid things that women weren't supposed even to know about. A man could be seen coming out of the side door of a saloon and lose his reputation for the shortest period of time. A lady couldn't even enter the side door without losing her reputation forever. Men chewed cloves. A lady was supposed to think that cloves were used only for spice cake. Knowledge of the world—the least misstep—but perhaps you had a grandmother.

The next generation adopted the delightful Single Standard. Cloves went out of style. Folks could eat, drink and be fairly merry, without regard to sex. Every roadhouse served anything to anyone. Divorces were granted to the sexes for equal causes. A woman could make a misstep, if she felt like it, with the same fine careless gesture as a man. Ganders and geese were served indiscriminately. "Parasite Woman" was a term of disdain. Women began to do half a dozen fairly useful things to Help Out. Sex equality had arrived.

Then came this generation of the new Double Standard. I admit, neither sadly nor joyfully, that I belong to it. I go even farther. I look ahead to the coming generation and a fight for the new Single Standard—one that will include the Married Man.

Take the Married Man—just in this instance, anyhow. What does he get out of living, outside of a doubtfully pleasant home life? As a single man he enjoyed all advantages of his sex. He came and went as he liked, dictated to only by the whims of his feminine friends. He belonged to clubs, had rooms in town. An odd single man—not too odd—is always desirable at dinner or for week-ends in the country. Then some woman showed the superiority of mind over matter, proved to the man that he was in love with her, or at least overcame, temporarily, his resistances. He married. He

In my grandmother's day men could do all sorts of devilishly alluring things that women weren't supposed even to know about.

store his lofty ensign down and became—a Married Man.

The curious part is that a man doesn't have to marry, excepting in unusual and unnecessary cases. He can get feminine companionship without marriage. He can procure almost identical home comforts. Until unmarried women can be reduced to the mental level of the unmarried male, marriage, as an institution, will continue.

The care-free, no-one-but-himself-to-worry-about bachelor becomes a Married Man. For the first year or two he may even glory in his abjection. After that, he sometimes makes a pitiful attempt at rebellion, usually to sink again into the depths of servitude, too deadened to do more.

The Married Man has a home. Usually, it is run with his money, even if his wife makes a pretense at financial independence. The Married Man rises earlier than he likes, eats a hurried breakfast so as to be on his job in time— for keeping a job is a serious thing when a man is married. To be sure, employers give preference to Married Men because they know the pressure at home is such that Married Men dare not rebel. The Married Man is busy all day. He hurries home to dinner. He is always hurrying. The dinner is inferior, in preparation and service, to what he could have bought, were he single. After dinner, unless there is a dull engagement with other Married Couples, the Married Man lapses into a state of coma. If he cannot escape entertainment, he accepts, dolefully. If nothing is planned, he goes to sleep over his books two hours after eating. Life goes on...

Once upon a time someone told me a gruesome and probably untrue story of how an insect of some sort stuns into semi-consciousness a larger insect so that the insect-of-the-first-part's children might have food. They feed on the larger insect, who does not quite die, until he is entirely consumed. Need I point out that the larger insect reminds me, in a sad way, of the Married Man?

The Married Man often casts a longing eye on a desirable Cutie. The Cutie, unless she is so young as to think going with a Married Man a devilish thing to do or so old that even he is good as a foil ignores him. Marriage is her ultimate aim, a good time comes next. If the Married Man's wife is any sort at all, she manages to keep him down to lunch money and gasoline. His conversation is flat. There are old, rich Papas who are good company, but the average Married Man is one creature the attractive young girl absolutely avoids.

(Continued on page 65)
Curtain People of Importance

Cyril Keightley is a native of Australia. He studied for the bar, but finding it dull, joined a company of traveling players touring the English Colonies. In 1902 he made his début in London with Nance O'Neill in Magda. At present he is Ethel Barrymore's leading man in The Laughing Lady.

Lowell Sherman is a child of the theater. He has appeared in vaudeville, stock, and the movies. He is now being starred in matinées of Morphia, and featured in The Masked Woman.

Minnie Maddern Fiske began her stage career at the age of three, as the little Duke of York in Richard II. When fifteen, she was starred at Wallack's Theater, New York. Her greatest rôles have been as Tess of the d'Urbervilles, and as Becky Sharp in Vanity Fair.

Emily Stevens is the niece of Mrs. Fiske and her first appearance on the stage was as the maid to her Aunt's Becky Sharp. She remained in her Aunt's company for eight years. She appeared on Broadway this past season as the heroine in The Sporting Thing To Do.

Edward Thayer Monroe

Lionel Atwill is by education an architect, but in 1905 he joined a stock company playing Shakespeare in London, and has never left the stage. He is now starring in The Comedian.

White Studio
White Studio
White Studio
White Studio

Page Fifty-Six
Wanderings
By
The Man About Town

As I write the dramatic and musical season is waning fast, and so too are the strength and energy of the critics who must needs go to theater, opera and concert day in and day out, whether they wish to or not. With three and four premières a week: with one hundred and fifty opera performances, not including a seven weeks' German opera season: with another one hundred and fifty symphony concerts by half a dozen orchestras; with recitals two or three times daily by the leading instrumentalists and singers of the world, not to mention the shower of smaller fry, life for the critics and other habitués is simply one darn thing after another. Three musical critics and one dramatic ditto have been killed off within the past two years — Jim Huneke, Sylvester Rawlings, Henry E. Krehbiel, and Louis de Foe, and the question is who next?

It was very obvious to his friends that the big frame and once stout constitution of Krehbiel were giving way. He had to take a rest early in the present season at Bermuda, from which he returned little if any better. And then the end came suddenly, and now Krehbiel has joined his friends Lafcadio Hearn, William Winter, Jim Huneke and others in the beyond, with which, according to Conan Doyle, Sir Oliver Lodge, a Methodist Bishop and others, we shall soon be in direct and constant communication. We shall then be able to tell Krehbiel what Harry Finck wrote about him in the Evening Post after he had joined the shades, and how a highly select and cultured audience hissed Schoenberg's Kammersymphonie at Carnegie Hall when it was magnificently played by the Philadelphia Orchestra under the baton of the brilliant and elegant Stokowski.

Doubtless Krehbiel will be very indignant when he hears that Willie Henderson greeted that work with modified rapture, for the latter admits that it is now possible to listen to it with less astonishment than of yore, that it is "admirably put together," and is at times "irresistibly swept into utterances of old-fashioned beauty." One can hear the shade of the uncompromising Krehbiel muttering "Et tu, Brute," when he gets wind of Willie's apostasy, for he was a resolute foe of all that was modern in music, and even the harmless utterances of Cyril Scott made him squirm, while he severely castigated his once white-headed boy Percy Grainger because of his departure from the musical conventions.

To speak frankly, and I am sure the shade of Krehbiel will not worry about the views of one so obscure as the writer, he was a very old and crusty musical conservative, and could and did often display a good deal of prejudice as well as not a little ignorance of the subject with which he had to deal, while he could be almost ferociously jealous of his fellow critics if they wrote something which brought them into favorable notice, and spiteful toward those artists who had incurred his displeasure. All the same, he was in his way a great personality and a very useful and well-equipped musical historian and chronicler. But a great critic he certainly was not.

It is more than satisfactory to learn that Krehbiel's place on the Tribune is to be taken by Lawrence Gilman. There is at the present time no better informed or more charming writer on music than Mr. Gilman, whose program notes for the Philharmonic and Philadelphia orchestras are a joy. Far from being a dogmatist, like his predecessor, it is obvious that he knows a great deal more about his subject fundamentally and scientifically, while he writes like a scholar and a gentleman. I was going to call him the George Grove of America, but I dislike labels, and besides he is a much better writer than ever Sir George was, while he knows his subject every bit as well.

A devotee of no particular school, but acquainted with them all, eclectic and sympathetic, both the inner and outer spheres of music should benefit much from the criticism of Mr. Gilman. But I may be permitted to hope that he will not be half killed by overwork like most of the critical confraternity. Mr. Gilman should only be called upon to deal with the high lights of music, and not given the journeyman or reporter's jobs that too often fall to a critic's share, and such as I am glad to learn my friend Max Smith recently declined to do for
the New York American, with the result that he has left that paper. Such journalistic independence is as rare as it is refreshing.

In addition to sermons and stunts by sensational, self-advertising, Bolsheie-loving persons, a fresh terror has been added to church-going in New York. At the fine old church of St. Mark's-in-the-Bouwerie, poets such as Johnnie Weaver, Babette Deutsch, Elinor Wylie and Leslie M. Jennings have been reading their own poetry, verse or worse. It is enough to make the spirit of stout old Peter Stuyvesant (who lies buried in the church standing on the site of the chapel he built on his bouwerie or farm) rise in protest, as he protested at the usurpation of New Amsterdam by the minions of the Duke of York. The reverend gentleman who introduced the poets took the precaution of advising these present to accept the stuff offered them with the same naivety that children receive verse. He added that adults are apt to get away from poetry, and that the word “Art” might properly be substituted for the last word in the text, “Except ye become as little children ye cannot enter the kingdom of Heaven.” It would be difficult for ordinary grown persons to become as childish as much of the so-called poetry which passes current nowadays among our intelligentsia of the Algonquin and the Village.

Invited to be present at a meeting of Theater Guild subscribers and others at the Garrick Theater on a recent Sunday afternoon, held in connection with the flotation of a five hundred thousand dollar bond issue for the purpose of providing the Guild with its own theater, I first attended a performance of Elmer Rice’s expressionistic play The Adding Machine, which I was told was going to be travestied by a Guild author and Guild players at the meeting in question. I found much of Elmer Rice’s play dull and utterly expressionless, and was bored almost to tears. Were all the Guild productions of similar quality it would never have justified its existence, much less the acquisition of a theater. Fortunately it has to its credit such things as Lilion (which, too, like The Adding Machine, has a stupid scene in Heaven). Back to Methuselah, He Who Gets Slapped, and Peer Gynt. Elmer Rice’s play has a sufficiently dramatic central idea, but this is all but submerged in a morass of turbid, turgid expressionism and sometimes would-be humor, and the result is bewildement and boredom. That excellent actor Dudley Digges did remarkably well, especially in the murder and trial scenes; and Helen Westley showed her usual sense of character as well as even more than her usual absence of personal vanity in a physically and morally unlovely part. Miss Wyckener was an instance of utterly wasted material, while Louis Calvert, one of the finest actors of our stage, did the little he had to do in it almost perfectly.

But those who know his record and recall him during the famous Vedrenne-Barker régime at the Court Theater, London, could not but deplore that his inherited talent and fine art should be thus thrown away. It was like using a high-bred, perfectly trained racehorse to draw a garbage wagon.

However, to get away from this dull example of ultra-expressionism to the proceedings at the meeting of the Guild—if proof were needed of the firm hold it has secured on its members, it was forthcoming in the fact that they subscribed more than half the five hundred thousand dollars required. Incidentally, an admirable address was delivered by Mr. Otto H. Kahn, who had made the Guild possible by providing it with the Garrick Theater on the basis of no success no rent. It was the utterance of a man of culture, a man of heart, and a shrewd man of affairs withal. Then, after a number of ladies, headed by Miss Louise Closser Hale, had vainly essayed, amid much mirth, to cast up on regular adding machines the figures of subscriptions called out to them, there followed a travesty by Lawrence Langner, one of the Guild’s leading spirits, on The Adding Machine itself. In this Dudley Digges and Helen Westley burlesqued their own performances in capital style. Suffice it to add that Mr. Langner’s travesty was vastly better, expressionistically and otherwise, than the original.

A famous person with whom I had a slight acquaintance and who has recently passed away was Sarah Bernhardt. I was introduced to her by Mr. Henry Irving in the Beefsteak room at the Lyceum Theater, where the great actor was wont to entertain celebrities and friends after the play. His guests on this occasion were the Divine Sarah, Coquelin Ainé, Irving’s two sons, Harry and Lawrence—all of them now dead—Ellen Terry, Comyns Carr, man of letters and delightful conversationalist. (Continued on page 76)
The Sea of Dreams

Three scenes from a highly imaginative film innovation created by an artist and produced by him in his own small working studio.

The Sea of Dreams marks a long step upward in the making of artistic motion pictures. Impressionistic paintings and bits of sculpture are used for the sets and the long shots; the actors in the play appear only in the close-ups, yet the illusion of reality is perfectly sustained. The chief merit of the picture lies in its power to stimulate the imagination. Its appeal is like that of a lyrical poem or a symphony. Warren A. Newcombe, the originator of The Sea of Dreams, is a painter and scenic designer. He studied under Joseph de Camp at the Museum School in Boston.
Porcelains from Russia

These pieces were a part of the first official art exhibit of Soviet Russia, held recently in Berlin. There was on view a large array of decorative and industrial art objects ranging from earthenware to jewelry, embroideries and toys. Such renowned artists as Chagall, Archipenko and Kandinski were represented.

These Russian porcelains are products of the Petrograd Porcelain Manufactory, and the pupils of the Moscow Ceramic Faculty. These workers are recruited largely from the peasant class, and many of them are disabled soldiers.

There is something primitive and naive in the designs and colorings of many of the porcelains. The products are as individual in the world of ceramics as is the Chauve-Souris in the world of the theater.

A bold design in brilliant colors on a glazed white ground

An example of the grotesque in decoration

A shallow, bowl-like piece with a black ground

Page Sixty
In Studio and Gallery
By Helen Appleton Read

The art pendulum has been doing some wild swinging backward and forward this past season. No sooner has it swung over to modernism and we have decided that the public is definitely won over to the more radical phases of art as evinced by the crowds which attended the big Russian Exhibition of Modern Art, than it swings back to the other extreme, as evinced by the popularity of the academic and traditional art of the Spring Academy and the National Sculptors Society. The Academy was as much an Academy as ever. The—to the academicians—hydra-headed monster of modernism, didn't raise a single head. But one heard on all sides the general comment: "Isn't the Academy nice?" The intelligentsia, who for so many years have found damning the Academy one of their favorite indoor sports, have suddenly rediscovered the fact that traditional art can be nice.

To only like modernist tendencies in art to be academical. Modernistic art has become just as much academized as the traditional Academy. It is only another form. The academic radicals are just as severe in their judgments of an art which does not measure up to certain prescribed standards of modernism as are the regular academicians.

So now that modernism, the Peck's Bad Boy of Art, has become a classic, it is time to look about for a new art phase. Classicism is the last word in art. Paris is full of the return to classicism. When the bobbed-haired flapper lengthened her skirts and decided to let her hair grow we were showing, if from another angle, that we were ready for traditionalism again. We are also showing it in our renewed interest in conservative art, when only a year ago we would have been outlawed intellectually if the opinion had been vouchsafed that the Academy was enjoyable.

All the professional picture makers were there doing the usual thing, but doing it pleasantly and professionally. Someone called this type of painting good manners in art. It may not be great art. But what of it? We need not always concern ourselves with superlatives. We need not always, in order to prove ourselves the elect, intellectually speaking, evince a taste for Shake-speare or James Joyce—the latter if we belong to the Dial intellectuals.

The work of the Academy is very much on a level, nothing startlingly bad or startlingly good. The Sargent portrait of Charles Woodbery is unobtrusive. Usually the Sargent portrait is the important portrait of an Academy show. We might almost pass this one by—almost—then once more we are held spell-bound by a touch of virtuosity and bravura which is typically Sargentesque. The hand hasn't lost its cunning that can suggest spectacles and the shadowed eyes behind the glass with only a staccato touch of white paint. The portrait which attracted the most attention was Wayman Adams' portrait of Irvin Cobb and his daughter. Jocularly called "Beauty and Irvin Cobb," since the artist has emphasized the beautiful and ethereal qualities of the girl even to painting her slightly under life size, and has overemphasized the heavy and fleshy qualities of the father. It is an amusing stunt in portraiture, and brilliantly painted.

Prize pictures are usually dull and orthodox; the prizes are awarded, one feels, because the artist is next in line for the current prize award. Fortunately one prize went to Dines Carlson for his handsome still life which was the most distinguished painting at the exhibition.

The exhibition of sculpture under the auspices of the National Society of Sculptors arranged on the terraces and grounds and in the buildings of the Hispanic Museum and Numismatic Society is the first comprehensive exhibition of American sculpture to have been held in this country. The American sculptor has always complained that his work could not be adequately shown. Sculpture is killed with pictures as a background, and the Academy has been the only place until now where the sculptor could exhibit.

Yet the sculptor claims a more prominent rôle in our national life than the painter. Memorial and decorative pieces are always being ordered. Sculpture relates itself closely to architecture and so to every-day life. A great body of American sculptors has grown up about us, their (Continued on page 71)
ANGLES

By Salome E. Marchwardt
(First Prize)
The Camera Contest
Our Swan Song
By Joseph R. Mason

THE camera contest will be brought to a close with the next number of Shadowland. And it has been a most successful contest—far beyond our hopes. As we glance thru the issues of the magazine we are conscious that the pictures awarded the prizes were the best of those submitted. Please note that we say submitted. Probably there are better pictures than some which were awarded prizes—you may own them—but we did not receive any in this contest.

Should you feel that print of yours did not receive the reward it merited—and we hope this is not true—please be lenient. Perhaps it was received in a month that the going was particularly hard—more so than some previous month. You should judge each month's prints separately, for the standard varied exceedingly. Do not try to match a prize-winner of July against one of January. For who can say if the winner of one month would have received the same prize in another month's judgment?

It is a pleasure and a privilege to have been associated with the contest. I feel I have received more than the combined prizes for the entire year, and for this I am extremely grateful. It has entailed a vast amount of labor, as it was necessary to work alone, save in the judging, in order to eliminate any possible loss of prints due to many dealings. But it was worth the labor many times over.

We wish to extend our thanks to those who stood by and helped us put the contest across. This holds true even for the persons who wrote only to inquire about it. That denoted interest and interest in photography—better photography—was our aim in promoting this contest.

We should be glad to have you write us and tell just what the contest has meant to you. And we are not particularly interested in bouquets. Should you have derived benefit, we hope you will say so, but do not hesitate to write if your opinion is otherwise. Throw the brick-bats—if you have any. They will be just as welcome as the bouquets. The fellow who can't stand being criticized is too saturated in ego to advance. And we can assure you that, after handling this contest for a year, our ego is just about zero.

Next month we hope the editors will tell you in these columns what the contest has been as seen thru their

THE ARTIST
By B. S. Horne
(Second Prize)
eyes. Having done our bit we will now bow, wish you good luck, and again thank you for your support.

The judges for this month’s contest were:
Clarence H. White, Eugene V. Brewster and Roy Greenleaf.

First Prize—Angles. Salome E. Marckwardt, 437 West 117th St., New York City.
Second Prize—The Artist. B.S. Horne, Princeton, N.J.
Third Prize—The Shadow on the Door. Josephine M. Wallace, 756, 16th St., Des Moines, Iowa.
Honorable Mention—Pennsylvania Station. Dr. D. J. Ruzicka, 65 East 56th St., New York City.

A TEMPLE GALLERY NEAR KOBE
By Hirai Masakichi
(Honorable Mention)

THE STEAM SHOVEL
By Johan Hagemeyer
(Honorable Mention)

(b) Stop number used.
(c) Printing medium used.
(d) Character of print — whether straight or manipulated.
(e) Make of camera and lens.
Any print previously published is not eligible.
Prints will be acknowledged upon their receipt.
Rejected prints will be returned immediately, provided proper postage for the purpose be included. It is, however, understood that SHADOWLAND reserves the right to reproduce any print submitted and to hold such for a reasonable time for that purpose.
Special care will be taken of all prints submitted, but neither The Brewster
(Continued on page 75)
Our Standard Bearers

(Continued from page 55)

Single men do not care for Married Men. They see no reason for inflicting domestic rules upon their own freedom. Too, when a woman is married, the one possible person she does not want to go with is a Married Man. She has found out that all Married Men are alike. She is looking for Romance. Why go to dinner with a Married Man who is probably wondering about his own wife and thinking himself a devil because he has gained a moment of seeming freedom?

So the Married Man is left to his own kind or to solitude. Groups of Married Men are always miserable. Married women have dozens of things to discuss— their own husbands, their admirers, whom they might have married if they hadn’t made their present blunders, clothes—anything. Married Men have a peculiar code which forbids them discussing their wives. They have no sweeties whom they may discuss legitimately— and a Married Man is, first of all, legitimate. So Married Men take to solitude. What can we do with the Married Man so that his hours may seem at least bearable?

In my own case—and no woman can withstand the chance to be personal—my own husband, excepting from a sociological standpoint, is no problem at all. Last winter, when I sat in front of the fireplace talking with callow youths, my husband retired at eleven and read himself to sleep with Wells’ Outline of History. He is perhaps the only man who ever honored Mr. Wells by reading every word of this noble work. Now, while I disport myself with youths fortunately a trifle less callow and happily more inclined to explore what remains of New York’s night life, my husband is retiring at ten-thirty and reading Gargoyles and The Waste Land. As long as the Younger Generation continues to write, my own domestic problem is settled. What of the Married Men who do not care for reading? Their plight is far worse.

What can we do and who can do it?

I belong to a club of supposedly Advanced Women who are presumably independent in so-called artistic fields. Nearly all of these one hundred and fifty women are or were married. At luncheon innumerable ones are called to the telephone. The telephone callers are always masculine and single. Married Men, excepting on business, are not allowed to waste the time of the members.

These women have retained their maiden names or added their husbands’ surnames. In no case are they called “Mrs.” Anybody. One member, named, we will say, Hudd, married a Mr. Budd. She refused to change the “H” to the more recently acquired “B.” Another member gave up a trip to Europe because it would mean wearing her husband’s name. The Married Man’s last stronghold—that his wife is his in name, at least—is taken from him.

The “Parasite Woman,” as a term of reproach, has passed out with the Equal Standard. The modern woman takes all that her husband offers her and sees to it that he offers all he has. To leave him anything would only give him a chance to escape. The married woman today is a combination Lily of the Field, Gold Digger, Gentle Grafter and Plaza Puff, with the added advantage of having achieved matrimony.

Men continue to marry, to accept the degradation which marriage thrusts upon them. So I propose a League for the New Single Standard. Single men dare not join on. Single women have problems of their own. The more advanced married women should be willing to work together to offer a fighting chance to the Married Men, who have, unconsciously, taken up the burden of the sexes.

Independence and Otherwise in Paris

(Continued from page 44)

people ringing a bell and making loud and pseudo-gay remarks for the benefit of the bonne bourgeoise.

All the foolish schools have their day but Beauty goes on forever in spite of them. And here and there in these vast halls hung with human endeavor there are bits of beauty. There is Paul Signac with his spots of lovely color and light. I heard one critic say that it seemed as tho Signac’s work was painted with confetti. Maybe so, but it is confetti with a genius for throwing off an indefinable quality of captured light. There is André L’Hôte, with his opposing masses of cubistic color and rhythm in the large canvas Sur le Pont d’Avignon. And there is the Japanese Fugita with his meticulously drawn and superbly painted nude. Fugita is an artist whose work is beginning to be sought after in America, I believe, and several of his best canvases have found homes in various permanent collections in Chicago and the Middle West.

(Continued on page 75)
The Adding Machine. Comedy.—Dudley Digges and Margaret Wycherly in a play where most of the characters are automatons talking in numbers.

As You Like It. Forty-fourth Street.—Marjorie Rambeau as Rosalind in the first production made by the Producing Managers’ Association in an attempt to found a National Theater.

The Cat and the Canary. National.—Good excitement and suspense.

The Devil’s Disciple. Garrick.—The Theatre Guild’s production of Shaw’s play with Roland Young playing the role of General Burgoyne.

The Enchanted Cottage. Ritz.—An unusually delightful play that truly enchants everyone who sees it.

The Pool. Times Square.—Charming Pollock’s play of an idealistic young minister who tries to live the life that Christ would lead if He were on earth today.


If Winter Comes. Gayety.—The stage version of Hutchinson’s popular novel, with Cyril Maude playing the role of Mark Sabre.

The Last Warning. Kings.—An exciting play in which William Courtright appears.

The Laughing Lady. Longacre.—Evelyn Barrymore at her best in a drama that is none too good.

Able’s Irish Rose. Republic.—Jewish-Irishman comedy written and played in farcical spirit.

Barnum Was Right. Frazee.—An amusing production with Donald Brian and Marion Coley.

The Comedian. Lyceum.—Belasco at his best in the production of Guitry’s play, featuring Lionel Atwill.

The Exile. Gro. M. Cohan.—A French costume play with Eleanor Painter and José Ruben.

Give and Take. Forty-ninth Street.—Laughable play by Aaron Hoffman, with Louis Mann and George Sidney in typical roles.

Mary the Third. Thirty-ninth Street.—Typical Rachael Crotthers’ play of love and romance plus gentle satire.

Merton of the Movies. Court.—Mirthful and occasionally moving travesty of the movie hero.

The Old Soak. Plymouth.—Don Marquis’ immortal creation admirably transferred to the stage.

Papa Joe. Lyric.—The new name for Mister Malatesta. A play of Italian life.

Polly Preferred. Little.—Another amusing skit on the movies, with Genevieve Tobin.

Secrets. Fulton.—A real, old-fashioned love story, with charming Margaret Lawrence.

So This Is London! Hudson.—Most amusing Anglo-American farce comedy.

Uptown West. Bijou.—A realistic domestic comedy.

Within Four Walls. Selwyn.—A play by Glen MacDonough featuring Helen Ware.

You and I. Belmont.—Harvard Prize play, with H. B. Warner and Lucille Watson as the stars of the cast.


Morphia. Eltinge.—Lowell Sherman in a tense drama, with Olive Tell as the heroine who redeems him.

Peer Gynt. Shubert.—Theatre Guild’s production of Ibsen’s masterwork, with young Joseph Schildkraut as Peer.

Rain. Maxine Elliott’s.—One of the season’s great successes, with Jeanne Eagels doing some remarkable acting.

Romeo and Juliet. Henry Miller’s.—A beautiful production, with Jane Cowl a lovely Juliet.


Sweet Nell of Old Drury. Forty-eighth Street.—Laurette Taylor as Nell Gwynne in J. Hartley Manners’ version of Paul Kester’s play which was first presented in 1900.

The Wasp. Morosco.—A highly interesting and intensely romantic play.


Zander the Great. Empire.—Alice Brady in a tense drama centering about a child.

Humor and Human Interest

Caroline. Ambassador.—An admirably staged operetta, with Tessa Kosta.

Cinders. Dresden.—A delightful new musical whirled.

The Clinging Vine. Knickerbocker.—Charming Peggy Wood at her brightest in a delightful musical play.

The Dancing Girl. New Winter Garden.—What its name implies, plus comedy and music.

Elsie. Vanderbilt.—Lively musical comedy with a very indication of long run on Broadway.

The Gingham Girl. Earl Carroll.—One of the most tuneful comedies in town.

Go-Go. Daly’s Sixty-third Street.—Catchy music and funny lines.

How Come? Apollo.—A musical revue composed of negro performers.


Lady Butterfly. The Astor.—First-rate Dillingham Show, with extraordinary dancing.

Little Nellie Kelly. Liberty.—George M. Cohan’s comedians in a typical show.

Music Box Revue. Music Box.—One of the best revues in the city.

Sally, Irene and Mary. Century.—Lives up to the reputations of three charming musical comedies.

Up She Goes. Playhouse.—Continues a career of unusual success.

Wildflower. Casino.—Winsome Edith Day in a perfect role.

Ziegfeld Follies. New Amsterdam.—A national institution, glorifying the American girl.

—F. R. C.
The American Short Story
(Continued from page 14)

story is more powerful, original or sincere than the average foreign story, and the fault above all others with which Europeans reproach American fiction is its lack of sincerity.

"It has been a source of much questioning to me to determine why American fiction, as well as the other arts, fails so conspicuously in presenting a national soul, why it fails to measure sincerely the heights and depths of our aspirations and failures as a nation, and why it lacks the vital élan which is so characteristic of other literatures," wrote Mr. O'Brien in a recent collection of stories, published under the title Best Short Stories of 1919.

Mr. Waldo Frank in Our America supplies the answer: "There is nothing more horrible than a physically mature body moved by a child's mind. And if the average American production repels the sensitive American reader, the reason is that he is witnessing just this condition."

It has frequently been remarked that the American public will submit to strong doses of the most sincere if the doses be administered by foreigners and the sincerity relates to foreign life. They will willingly read of rascals, drunkards, murderers, and fallen women, of suicides and seductions, provided that they be not of the American variety. Russian, French, German, English and Italian rascals, drunkards, murderers and fallen women are a different question, since everyone knows that European life is not perfect, and that Europeans are a rather sorry lot, anyway. It is well, indeed, to hold up the mirror to their vices and follies just as it would be only fair to point to their sweetness and light did they possess them in sufficient quantity to be worth reflecting in literature.

Naturally, the European has a ready resort in pointing to the heavy figures for crime and divorce in this country and cannot for the life of him refrain from asking why, since these things are, and everyone (including the sinful Europeans) knows that they are, they should be so rapidly improved in the quality of American magazine fiction would almost immediately be discernible. It is true that as a result of this drastic process many scores of writers would find that their services as fiction producers were no longer in demand. But what of it? Did not our aforementioned sage declare that authorship was on exactly the same plane as the law or medicine or salesmanship?

Then off with the old love and on with the new! Let them embrace either the law, medicine or salesmanship—and, as I have said, preferably the latter, for it is easier. As easy, indeed, as story-writing.

The Farington Diary
(Continued from page 52)

"I, John Kemble, of the Theatre Royal Drury Lane, do adopt this method of publicly apologizing to Miss De Camp, for the very improper and unjustifiable behaviour I was lately guilty of toward her . . . ."

Of the artists mentioned in the Diary, perhaps American readers should be most interested in Benjamin West. Yet it is doubtful if we can rightly call him "our Benjamin"—and whether we would if we could. He was so English as to say "Hackacademy," and even his royal patron made fun of him for this. He was elected to succeed Sir Joshua Reynolds as President of the Royal Academy—which indeed seems to have been the King's Academy in its early years—and with brief intermission held the office until 1820. Once when a scattering vote went to a Mary Moser, the man exclaimed that he thought he "might as well vote for one old woman as another"—meaning our Benjamin. West received large sums of money in commissions from the King, but he seemed to think he earned them. Farington himself apparently stood well with his brother artists, and his criticism was much in demand. How much his opinion was valued may be known by the

(Continued on page 78)
SIR PHILIP GIBBS has put the best that is in him into his last flickering book, The Middle of the Road, published by George H. Doran. How good that best is is known to a host of readers in this country who remember his remarkable war correspondence, The Way to Victory, not to mention his very first book, written long before his soul had been scarred by the war, The Street of Adventure. The Middle of the Road is a post-war book in theme as well as in fact. The principal male character is a young British officer who has won high distinction during the conflict, and who marries a beautiful young girl of the hereditary aristocratic order. There is, after a time, a clash of temperament as well as to a certain extent of class, they separate, and then sad and embittered he sets about to make a literary career for himself. Attached to the staff of a liberal weekly, he revisits scenes in France, where he had fought; Germany, where he has a sister, married before the war to a German officer; and finally Russia, where he sees at first hand the workings of Bolshevism and the cruel effects of the famine in the steppe areas.

All these places have been visited by the author himself since the war, and he has an all-the-eye which makes his descriptions of scenes and sights graphic to the extreme point of realism. But his book has other and higher values than its fidelity to facts, and it is above all a first-rate, not to say tremendously engrossing, story. Its studies of character and its psychology, as well as its human interest, make it of the highest value as a work of fiction, while it presents a remarkable picture of Europe as it was two or three years after the war and as it still is, for the most part. Sir Philip Gibbs has written a novel with a purpose, but he has also written one with a very good plot which is so logically developed that interest in it and the characters never flag. Decidedly this is one of the outstanding novels of the season.

LA. G. STRONG, author of a book of verse Dublin Days, just issued by Boni and Liveright, is both humanist and humorist as well as poet. It is one of the best and most authentic poetical embodiments of Irish mentality and spirituality, combined with that national element of wild humor, that we have read in a long time. The opening verses are in their way a gem:

Have I a wife? Bedam I have! But we was badly mated, I hit her a great clout one night, And now we're separated.

An mornin's, going to me work, I met a new gal, sayin', "Good mornin' to ye, unseen," says I; "To hell with ye?" says she.

And here is a stanza from a Lover's Song:

The world is hard, its eyes burn bright, And in that hot and searching glare,
Our Contributors

SINCLAIR DOMBROW's earlier writings were mainly of a political and technical nature, but after several years as an editor and feature writer he turned his attention exclusively to art, literature, and the drama. A year ago he went to Germany to study post-war conditions in those fields. He has contributed a great many critical essays, covering a wide range of subjects, to a number of artistic and literary medium. Kenneth MacDouggall was born in Dundee, Scotland, and educated at the University there. He has been a secretary, an advertising man, an actor, a scholar, and a journalist. He conducted the Line O' Type Column for the Paris edition of the Chicago Tribune thru 1921, and is still residing at the French Capital writing.

** ** Elsie McCormick has just returned from a lengthy sojourn in China. While there two of her books were published, The Unexpergutated Diary of a Chinese Baby, and Audrey of Angora. Her present books is in the Far East collecting material for a book on the Oriental theater, and making first-hand sketches of designs or stage settings to be used in this country. ** ** Thyrza Samter Winslow is one of the most talented of our younger fiction writers. Her book of short stories, Picture Frames, is still the talk of the literary world. At present, she is rounding out a novel that is to be published in the autumn.

** ** After graduating from Northwestern University, Carl Glick turned actor and barn-stormed thru the Middle West as Romeo. When the company stranded, he became a member of the Faculty in a college in Kansas. A year later he organized the Community Theater of Waterloo, Iowa—the first Little Theater in the state—and for three years was its director. Since then he has been a free-lance in New York. Several of his one-act plays have been presented by Little Henry, who made the drawings of The Adding Machine for this number, and was born, raised, educated in New Jersey, and studied Art in New York. He served overseas in the 40th Engineers during the war, and since his return has been painting, sketching and—he hates to admit this—designing labels for tin-cans.

** ** Bliss Carman studied for the law and holds degrees from Universities here and abroad. He was the editor of the Independent from 1890 to 1892, and his first volume of poems, Low Tide on Grand Pré, was published a year later. Since then he has brought out twenty volumes of verse and some hundred of sketches and essays. He is the joint author with Richard Hovey of the famous songs from Vagabondia. ** ** August Henkel shortened his vacation in the Maine woods to illustrate a serial to be published by one of our leading fiction magazines. His next vacation is to be spent here where he can be cut off completely from communication with the outside world.

** ** R. E. Dawson counsels newspaper stock from 'way back, but says that she became a newspaper writer by marriage with Allan Dawson, who was at that time editor of a Des Moines daily. Her favorite recreation is book reviewing, and reading her reviews is the favorite pastime of thousands. ** ** Clayton Knight, whose illustrations for The American Short Story have surely amused you, has just returned from a sojourn in Bermuda and has started work on a series of sketches of the best plays of the season for the Drama League. ** ** R. Le Clerc Phillips is an Englishwoman who, before the war, in the enthusiasm of youth, joined one of the women's suffrage organizations in London—an experience which was chiefly instrumental in making her a pronounced "anti." She has been in America for three years, engaged in writing and in historical and economic research work.

Joseph Szemyen is an editor, writer, and translator whose work is well known in this country and in Europe. Helen Appleton Read is a graduate of Smith College and has studied at the Art Students' League in New York, and at the Henri School. She has traveled the world over, and returned from Italy last fall to become Critic of the Brooklyn Eagle. Kenneth Macgowan is the author of several books about the theater, and is an authority on stagecraft. He is the dramatic critic of the New York Globe and contributes to various magazines.

** ** Edgar Cabill was born in Iceland and has lived in all the Scandinavian countries. His work is to be found regularly in the American art journals. ** ** William L. MacPherson is the author of several books on international politics. His diversion in translating stories from the French—usually short fiction, tho—he has made a translation of one novel, The Moles, by Georges Imann.

** ** Frédère Bourier is one of the most skilful as well as most prolific of the younger French writers. He is economic in his effects, but his work always has a vigor, finish, and genuine artistic quality. ** ** Wynn Holcomb's first work as a cartoonist was at the age of seven. He illustrated the Children's Page of the Washington Post. He has studied abroad, occasionally holding down a "regular job," and expects to spend next winter in Rome. ** ** The cover of this month's SHADOWLAND is a marine decoration by A. M. Hopfmüller.

Page Sixty-Nine
She Found A Pleasant Way To Reduce Her Fat

She did not have to go to the trouble of diet or exercise. She found a better way. AUGUST 24, 1917, was the day when the digestive organs to turn food into muscle, bone and sinew instead of fat.

She used Marmola Prescription Tablets, which are made from the famous Marmola prescription. They aid the digestive system to obtain the full nutrition of food. They will allow you to eat many kinds of food without the necessity of dieting or exercising.

Thousands have found that Marmola Prescription Tablets give complete relief from obesity. And when the accumulation of fat is checked, reduction to normal, healthy weight comes

All good drug stores will carry Marmola Prescription Tablets at one dollar a box. Ask your druggist for them, or order them and they will be sent in plain wrapper, postpaid.

MARMOLA COMPANY
430 Garfield Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

**On the Watermelon Seed Circuit**

(Continued from page 18)

The sub-titles of Vampires' Prey, in English translation, deserve an article all their own. They wiggled uncertainly on the line between mission-school English and the Letters of a Japanese Schoolboy. Where a gap and those youthful lovers soon become sweet friends. When poison was applied to a gentleman's tea-cup, the sub-title carefully explained that it was administered "so as to gradually cease his activities." At that, however, they were as intelligible as the sub-titles of many American photoplays.

The appearance of the film industry in the Orient gives rise to many conjectures. What we want to know is: Will China develop a Hollywood? Will there eventually be a film capital where heroines fight and villains die by day, and where theinery, merry tea-houses tinkle and glitter all the night? Will Chinese flappers travel in sedan-chairs from the tall bamboo to try for positions as extras? Will Chinese youths in the shadow of the furthermore pagoda spend their time carefully tracing epistles to the ladies of the flickerbox? Where is the sub-title of a concept up to Ah Ling, our button-eating laundryman, he shook his hand pensively and murmured: "My no save.

Anyway, the first Chinese movie had one scene that might bring cheer to the downtrodden men of America. When the hero described his "sweet friend" to dinner at a hotel, it was the sweet friend who paid the bill.

spontaneous impressions of a painter who sees things with an innocent eye. There is a free, natural use of the medium, sound structural feeling, and a good but well-restrained color sense, a constantly growing technical proficency in Hart's water colors. His etchings, aquatints, and lithographs are always interesting in design, and optimistic in perspective, but full of a grey-white poetry, and a fugue-like balance of bodies and spaces, and interwoven lights and shadow. Hart feels the human drama, but he never lets it get in the way of his sense of structure and design. In such things as Voodoo Dance—Trinidad are of a different order. They are, quiet, rich, greyish compositions exhibiting a refined feeling for structure. The Bath is an interesting and decorative design of broken lines, built up from sketches made in various parts of the world.

There is another side to Hart—his humor. It is ubiquitous, and enters all his pictures in one form or another. The interesting thing about his humor is that he does not seem to try for it. It just happens to be there, an ingratiating element in all his work.

In recent years Hart has exhibited with the society of Independent Artists, in the New York Public Library, at Knodler's, and last winter in Mrs. Albert Steiger's gallery. His Odyssey seems to be guiding him to the Ithaca of success. One of the phenomena of the late New York art season was the almost epidemic interest expressed in terms of "Spirit," which the general public manifested in his art. To find oneself, at the age of fifty (Hart was born in Cairo, Illinois, a little over fifty years ago), enrolling among the best-sellers—surely that is a Heaven-devised consummation. Those who know the work of George Hart will rejoice that the American public has come to appreciate so sensitive and sincere an artist.

**The Odyssey of George Hart**

(Continued from page 11)
In Studio and Gallery

(Continued from page 61)

work is distributed over our city parks and squares, or adorns our public buildings. Yet nothing is so quickly forgotten. It becomes part of the general scene; we cease to see it.

In the present exhibition which numbers eight hundred exhibits and remains open until August first, we have the opportunity of seeing the spirit of American sculpture as a whole. From the colossal memorial figure commemorating a tragic event to the garden statues of laughing goose girls or languishing Ledas, every phase is shown.

No one need sigh for the gardens of the Luxembourg or the Tuileries. Here too out-of-door sculpture is displayed in its appropriate habitat. We catch a glimpse of the white marble limbs of Nymph and Satyr, hall hidden by trees and flowers, sun-dials are placed in garden settings and all is as it should be. We cannot doubt that this is a truly representative exhibition of American sculpture. A glance at the catalog will assure us of that but certain conclusions are inevitable. Most obviously this is an Academy of sculpture. All of the many exhibitors are well known and honored. The spice of adventure is lacking, we are on sure ground. Nothing is shown that is not technically expert and conservative in point of view. Modernism and the so-called younger men are absent. The spirit of St. Gaudens and Daniel Chester French is omnipresent, a spirit which translates itself in terms of purity, highmindedness and moral earnestness qualities which by no means preclude imagination or imply prudishness. True, one can trace the all-powerful influence of Rodin. There is no modern sculptor but he has profitied by his example at some time in his career. Then there is the influence of Bourdelle, and the recently popular neo-orientalism of the Academy of Rome. Notwithstanding, this is American sculpture, and in the American tradition and spirit.

ONE of the most talked-of art events of the year has been the opening of the Grand Central Art Galleries on top of the Grand Central Station, where pictures and sculpture are to be sold with only the interests of the artists at stake, no commissions for sales being charged. It is an event which has received tremendous publicity and if it is not financially successful it will not be the fault of the publicity men. The situation of the Galleries is psychological. “Buy your art between trains” is the slogan. Don’t go to a near-by hotel or waiting-room if you have an hour to spare, it is much more attractive, more restful to spend that time in the charmingly arranged galleries on top of the Grand Central Station. And besides you may lay the foundation of a future picture collection. Every red cap will show you the way. They have received special instructions, in fact have been given lessons in acting as guides thru the picture galleries. The idea back of the gallery is that artists instead of allowing unloved canvases to remain in their studios shall bring them here to a sales gallery where they may be seen by great numbers of the people. The artists whose works are exhibited must first be invited to become members of the association. It is not a case of a starving young artist getting a free showing. It will be found that only successful artists have been invited to join. It is only another sales-room with the Academy brand of pictures, good ones of course, and the ghosts of past Academy

Page Seventy-One
The Unhappy Lady

(Continued from page 26)

Book: Why, the family on the shelf to my right has had eighteen men in one generation alone go to prison—six were hung, too. And on the shelf below me a New York family has had nine divorces, not to mention numerous minor scandals. But the striking thing about our family is that we forgive and forget. Not once do we mention the sins of our people. Just a word, the date of their birth and when they died. That's all. Tactful, don't you think?

Bloom: Clever, ma'am. And accidents will happen even to the best of families. But at that you are one of the most popular genealogists in this part of town.

Book: It makes me shudder to think of it. So many queer people have used me since the war. Last week a woman from Yonkers—well, really she wasn't a bit nice, and doubted so many of my marriages. And a giggling schoolboy threw me a note but I wasn't mentioned. And then three weeks ago a chorus girl—why, even she found she was related to me. She will have it in the papers. You know chorus girls.

Bloom: No, ma'am. I never come across them in my profession.

Book: Still, I have made up my mind. Recently she's been involved in a most unsavory affair. She wanted to prove that she was from just as proud a family as some young man of her acquaintance who lives on Fifth Avenue. She proved it, too. Wealth isn't everything, is it?

Bloom: You have educated yourself. We are all socialists no longer and our stationery is the same.

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Expressionism on Broadway

(Continued from page 49)

certain others very exciting, in spite of the fact that the playwright provides no elaborate mechanism of plot to hold our interest.

The financial failure of Pasteur, measured against the success of The Adding Machine, may be anything or nothing. It may mean that the American audience has definitely turned the corner of realism, and wants something more. But there is the comparative failure of Roger Bloomer on the other side, and we must remember that Pasteur was staged with a more expensive cast and in a more costly theater.

The fine performance that Henry Miller gave off the part of Pasteur did a great deal to reinforce the play. Here was something like genuine impersonation. The actor sank his own figure and temperament in the figure and temperament of the scientist. He did a great deal to make us see the greatness of this man who discovered the microscope, and developed the theory of vaccines and antiseptics upon which almost the whole of modern medicine depends. Guity, writing simply and astutely and often with grave power, did more.

The month has brought another play by Guity, and a good one about the theater itself. The Comedian, as it is called, catches the mood of a distinguished French actor at the approach of old age. Talk of his failing youth drives him into marriage with a flapping admirer. She insists on playing his leading woman.

The results are disastrous, yet she is damnd to her "career." At this point the actor's devotion to his art triumphs. He lets her go, and he turns to his proper mistress again, the theater. It is a slight but observable comedown turned to burlesque in its central scene, a rehash. David Belasco has directed it far too broadly. Lionel Atwill and Elise Mackay escape the tendency to violent exaggeration, but A. P. Kaye, H. Cooper Cliffe and many another clown it most of the time.

Except for Brock Pemberton's capable production of The Love Habit, a French tale with a lover, a mistress and—as Al Jolson would remark—everything, the rest of the month has been given over to a singular array of trivial, crude, or absurd blunders in public entertainment: Bottecelli, Mercedes de Acosta's skimpym little drama out of Masterlinck by Ben Ali Hagens, ineffectively staged with Eva LeGallienne and Basil Sydney; Morphiia, a Viennese drug-drama which gives the decisive Lowell Sherman a chance at a singularly horrible portrait of an addict; The Guity One, a two-act drama destined for the motion picture admirers of Pauline Frederick: Hail and Farewell, William Hurberdt's titillizing libretto about a demi-monde of the '70s salted for a moment or two by the tears of Florence Reed and The Ways, a tedious and inexpressible fabrication by the man who discovered that Wadsworth Camp's story, The House of Fear, could be turned into The Last Warning.
The Russian Renaissance in Berlin

(Continued from page 23)

parchmenty hat—these are not illusions. They are the puppets of a trunk, make-believe vision that finds the deepest emotional reality in a complete release from all representational verisimilitude.

Careful consideration must also be paid the work of Pogedaisch and Tchelitcheff, as much for its characteristic qualities as for its unique, experimental departures.

Pogedaisch left Russia in 1920, having done his best work with Sainin in Moscow. His work in Bucharest, Prague and now in Berlin has stamped him among his friends as a synthesist, and among his enemies as an impostor. He explains his synthesis himself as a fusion of realism in composition with Cubism in expression. But his very loyal wife insists that the secret lies rather in his union of east and west—the soul of the East and the technique of the West. It is barely possible, however, that Madame is prejudiced. The cold observer will see a trite use of garish color, hard work in massed, sculptured planes, like mad toys cut out of wood.

Unlike Larionov, Pogedaisch does not reduce character to a universal factor. He caricatures incidentals. He does not dissolve emotion. He deliberately vivisects it. His virtue in this respect, if virtue it be, is the very vice which Aldous Huxley lays at the feet of Soudeikine. But perhaps Mr. Huxley forgets that the avoidance of "real" emotion is the first principle of modern Russian art. In his Dream of Harlequin, for instance, Pogedaisch invites the spectator to a world of mild, intellectual amusement by conventionalizing character and destroying all verisimilitude save that of caricature. But his major weakness lies in the failure of that synthesis upon which he prides himself. Cubism has no place in his formula. His synthesis is but a laborcd representation in which plastic planes take the place of flat surfaces.

Paul Tchelitcheff, on the other hand, has much the rarer imagination of the two. He is a fresh, boyish personality who, six years ago at the age of eighteen, astounded the good citizens of Kiev with his Gargantuian marionettes, and whose work now at the Blue Bird and the Russian Romantic Theater has attracted the attention of Diaghileff in Paris.

Mood, character, emotion, stylized in immemorial pose. Life spurred by a proud jester, deprived of all import save that of primitive form. A panopticon of empty masks. This is the world of Tchelitcheff, and in An Old Russian Wedding at the Russian Romantic Theater he has built it for Boris Romanoff and his dancers, in all its appalling grotesquery. Here the slow religious movements of the dance intensify the element of formal mysticism which is ever present in Tchelitcheff's work. His designs seems sometimes to have been stolen from the pages of a medieval hagio. A monastic ecstasy lives in their straight lines and rapturous mosaics. The young painter attributes this quality in his art to an admixture of oriental blood in his veins, but it is not necessary to seek beyond the illimitable springs of the Slav spirit.

Tchelitcheff, like Larionov, makes a daring leap into the realm of pure fancy and play. His puppets are huge, impossible creatures which he has clothed in towering headdresses and garments of a stiff, sculptured immobility. He attains his fantastic vision partly by original gradations of color; sometimes in exquisite tints of blue and yellow, sometimes in sheer gold and silver tints. But his secret lies in the epic fantasy of his forms and in his reduction of character to simple, decorative elements. And always his aim is to restore the thrill to its genuine function of play, to release the working-day vision of the spectator by primal symbols of feeling.

This scene from Roger Bloomer shows the young hero (Henry Hull) defiantly announcing to the college examiner (Wilson Day) that he will not answer his questions, and that he does not wish to enter college.

Brugniere
The American Beauty Has Been Chosen!

At last the difficult task has been completed. Too late for editorial space in this number the judges named the winner of the American Beauty Contest which has been conducted in the four Brewster Publications.

Next Month You Will Know Who She Is

Already the cuts of her new photograph have been made and the story about the judges’ final decision is now being prepared. So, without any doubts, the announcement will appear in the July number.

There Are Honorary Mentions Too

Of course the winner was selected from a certain few and the remaining members of that select group have been given honorary mention—

Don't Miss The Judges' Decision in the

JULY MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

Page Seventy-Four
Beacon Lights of Business

Along perilous coasts, lighthouses throw their guiding rays far into the night to warn the mariners and help them safely past the shoals.

Business, too, has its beacons. They are the advertisements, which throw a powerful light to guide you in your buying. They show you what to buy, where to buy and when to buy.

Spend a few minutes running through the advertisements in this publication. Then buy the products that have proved up in the light of advertising.

Manufacturers who advertise deliberately focus thousands of eyes on their products. Their wares must be good, their values honest and their prices right or they could not advertise successfully.

In the advertisements you see products that have made good under the critical inspection of buyers. These products are full value products. They return you dollar for dollar. Buy them.

Let the beacon of advertising guide you as it is guiding so many astute buyers.

Then you can know that every cent you spend buys its full quota of value.

Some of the Things to be Found in Shadowland for July

What Does American Fiction Need?
Is realism sufficient to satisfy us or do we require something of a more stirring and imaginative quality that is yet to come? Does our drama surpass our fiction in fineness? Walter Prichard Eaton expresses his opinion in regard to these questions in his article, “Is the Novel Slipping?”

London After Dark
This is the first of a series of articles entitled “Side-shows on the Other Side,” by Henry Albert Phillips, who has drawn word-pictures of things seen in the three-ringed affair under the Big Canvas of Life.

The Gold Watch and Chain
A short psychological sketch by Franz Molnar, author of “Liliom.”

Shadowland for July also contains reproductions in colors of pictures by foremost artists; humorous cartoons and delightful verse.

JULY Shadowland JULY
Combines Beauty and Information
Character Studies

... are fascinating things when they are well done—and when the subject is worthy of the consideration.

Ernst Lubitsche has come to America to direct Mary Pickford. His continental success has proved his individuality and Harry Carr presents his character study in the July Motion Picture Magazine in a fascinating way. He actually succeeds in giving you a vivid word picture of this dynamic little man who is undoubtedly one of the greatest directors of the motion picture.

Memories... They have a charm which is never possible in reality. And the story which Harold Lloyd's mother tells of Harold as a boy is enhanced with all the charm possessed in the memories themselves. There are illustrative pictures, too, which find the screen's be- spectacled comedian as a freckled youth—barefooted—typically the rural youth of our West...

To talk of all the interesting features in the July Motion Picture Magazine would take prohibitive space—suffice it to say that they cover the wide bounds of the motion picture today. And the photographs throughout this issue are particularly lovely.

The JULY Motion Picture Magazine

On the stands June First

The Embezzler

(Continued from page 40)

living so high, it was hard for us. We had to be very economical. And Georges was grieved because I could not buy things which I wanted, but which I had got along without very well. After the increase in salary and after you gave him an interest in the profits, each month has brought a delightful surprise... She went on, with satisfaction, touched to be so happy.

Jacques listened without saying a word, touched also to see her elated over so modest an existence and finding it so lavish in joys. He no longer dared to judge the man who had stolen in order to secure a few extra comforts and to make his simple happiness complete.

Suddenly the young wife stopped, hearing a step on the road.

"Oh! It's Georges!" she exclaimed. Already she had crossed the garden and opened the gate for her husband.

"Oh! Georges, you blew me up. "I came back, rather than you expected, didn't I? Whose auto is this? Is there someone here?" he asked.

"Yes, yes, M. Jacques Corbet." Georges Tillois turned pale. His features contracted. He had no doubts, even for a second. They had discovered his thefts. They knew everything. He shrugged his shoulders. Desperate but determined, he followed his wife into the hall, where Jacques Corbet stood waiting for him. Madeleine left them there.

"Monsieur Tillois," said Jacques Corbet, "we have found out—"

"Monsieur," Tillois interrupted, "it is useless to reproach me. You could never blame me as much as I blame myself. I only want you to know that since the beginning of my thefts I have suffered frightfully, more and more each day. And I have gone on each day—without power, without will, and even, I believe, without any sense that I ought to stop my delusions."

He trembled violently and drops of sweat stood out on his forehead. Corbet looked at him steady.

"Tillois, control yourself," he said, in a tone of authority. "We shall make no complaint against you. We shall not discharge you. I promise you that. We have to consider" (the young man did not wish to disclose the real motive of his clemency) "...we have to consider your own services—before. No one knows anything but my father and myself. We shall forget.

"He paused and then said in quite another tone:

"This increase of salary of which you spoke to your wife—yes, this so-called share in the profits, which represents the monthly total of your—of your diversions—well, it will continue to be paid to you.

"Without awaiting an answer he walked away.

The accountant, left alone, fell into a chair. He was the son of a rich man, but he had a wild sense of gratitude to the Corbets. But a sudden thought sent a shiver thru him.

At that moment Madeleine came back. She straightened up and looked her in the face inquiringly and harshly:

"How does Jacques Corbet happen to know you?" he asked at last, "Where did he see you?"

"He came to our wedding, I believe, three years ago," she replied in astonishment.

"You lie, you lie. You see him when I am not here. He is paying you attentions. He is—Don't lie. I know, I know."

The young wife drew back in terror. Never before had Georges Tillois let her see how jealous he was of her—with a jealousy which was frenzied, unappeasable and the more torturing in that he had tried to conceal it.

But Georges, Georges," she stammered, "is it possible that you suspect me?"

"They are not suspicious," he cried. "I am sure of it. Oh! the sound of! Other—well, he would not have forgiven me—"

"Forgiven what?" she asked in surprise.

He would not answer. He did not want to confess that he had been unfaithful.

"You don't love me any longer," she groaned. "You don't love me any longer. That is the truth!"

Wanderings

(Continued from page 58)

It's second. This is vivid, dynamic, comes thru... Seven years ago, Terry, I recently re-read her own story of her life, written in the mellow days of her youth, and it is a scrawny, inconsequential, incomplete record of the career of one of the most charming and interesting women ever seen on the English-speaking stage. It is frank enough in places, especially with regard to her early marriage to the artist G. F. Watts, when she was barely seventeen and he was past fifty, and also her retirement from the stage for half a dozen years when she was, to use her own words, "in love with love," and indulging in the felicity of unbounded domesticity. But, oh, how much she omits which might have been told, and which would have been of entrancing interest to students of theatrical history and of the social and artistic life of London in the latter part of the nineteenth century! Why doesn't she in her mellow old age sit down and write an enlargement of her memoirs or a sequel to them?

To those who knew Lord Carnarvon in his younger days it is odd to think of his going down to posterity as an Egyptologist. I was personally acquainted with him a quarter of a century ago, when we were both members of the same sporting club and sometimes went racing together.
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Now is the best time of all the year to begin. People all around you are more interested at this season than ever, in learning how to enhance what beauty they may possess. As a member of our Club you can help your friends and acquaintances to look their best on every occasion. In addition to this being a profitable occupation for you it is very interesting work too. Wouldn't you like to try it? For further particulars address a letter, postcard or the handy coupon below to KATHARINE LAMBERT, Secretary, Treasure Chest, BEAUTY, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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In those days he seemed to have no interests outside sporting and big game hunting. He owned a racing stable, and bred and ran some notable horses. I recall winning two hundred and fifty pounds at the risk of losing ten on one of his horses as far back as 1899, which was the more noteworthy as two of his horses started at a long price. It was Robert Le Diable, and the race was the City and Suburban, at the First Spring Meeting at Epsom. Dean Swift, a grey gelding, was a hot favorite, but I had a prejudice against grey and geldings, especially on the racing track, and also I had received a strong tip from the famous jockey Morney Cannon to back "the Dean," which subsequently won several important events, I did not do so, but followed my own fancy.

Watching the preliminary parade of candidates, just before the race, I liked the way one horse in particular was moving over the ground when cantering up to take his place. He looked in fine condition, he had a long clean stride, and was ridden by Willie Lane, one of the crack jockeys of the day. Comparing the number on his saddle cloth with the racing program, I found it was Robert Le Diable, owned by Lord Carnarvon and trained by Fallon, a noteworthy combination, especially with Lane up. So, down I went to Tattersall's ring and asked a price of the first bookmaker I came across. "Forty to you, sir," was the unexpected reply. I hesitated, for the price was too good, and I could not see Carnarvon in the ring to ask him about his horse. But I decided to risk it, and backed him for five pounds to win and five pounds for a place. Then I went back to my seat on the grandstand and watched the race. It was Robert Le Diable's for the greater part of the distance, and he was an easy winner. So I of two hundred and fifty pounds.

A few days later I saw Carnarvon in the club and told him of my luck: "You did better than I did," he replied, "I hadn't a penny on him myself, for I didn't think he was good enough for the distance, and backed the Dean." Carnarvon was then a young man of less than thirty and had a very sporting looking appearance, especially on a racetrack, where, save when royalty was in attendance, he usually wore rather noticeabole checked tweeds, a grey bowler, or derby as it is known in America, with a narrow black band to it, and a Newmarket coat. He was a lively, amusing companion, who seemed to get a great deal of fun out of life, and devoted to his very pretty and rich little wife. But he was one of the last whom one would have expected to interest in Egyptian archaeology. Perhaps it was its sporting side which recommended it to him. At any rate, he risked a lot of money on it, and as it now turns out his life.

Dull Hair

Noted actresses all abhor dull hair—they can't afford to have it. They have no more choice in the color of their hair than you have. Their hair is more beautiful, because their profession gives them their very environment—other times teaches them how to make the best of what nature has given them.

Practically every woman has reasonably good hair—satisfactory in quantity, texture and color. So-called dull hair is the result of improper care. Ordinary shampooing is not enough; just washing cannot sufficiently improve dull, drab hair. Only a shampoo that adds "that little something" dull hair lacks can really improve it.

Whether your hair is light, medium or dark, it is only necessary to apply this elusive little something to make it beautiful. This can be done. If your hair lacks lustre—if it is not quite as rich in tone as you would like to have it—you can easily give it that little something it lacks. No ordinary shampoo will do this, for ordinary shampoos do nothing but clean the hair. Golden Glint Shampoo is NOT an ordinary shampoo. It does more than merely clean. It adds that little something which distinguishes really pretty hair from that which is dull and ordinary.
Harrison Fisher Says in
BEAUTY for July

The Most Damnable Thing Is a Half-Truth

Beauty is governed by certain laws which a woman must learn thoroughly before she can succeed in being beautiful.

A Desire for Beauty Is Natural

Women reach out unconsciously for beauty hoping that by some mystic alchemy they may attain it.

Beauty Is Every Woman's Birthright

That is why when she looks at a beautiful portrait she sees a glorified picture of herself.

Harrison Fisher, one of the most popular artists today, creator of the Harrison Fisher girl, an authority on beauty in women, knows whereof he speaks when he makes these three statements.

If you have grasped only a half-truth in your desire to possess beauty, you should read Beauty, a magazine devoted to showing women how they may attain and keep beauty.

The July

Beauty

On the news-stands June eighth

The Farthington Diary

(Continued from page 67)

fact that being asked what he thought of Lawrence's "whole length of Miss Jennings," altho declaring it to be a "female portrait of higher order" than any he had seen, yet made so bold as to find the flesh "too pinkly." Another critic is quoted as saying of this famous portrait that the lady looked as if she were scratching her arm; but Benjamin West said this "whole length" of Miss Jennings made other "women look like dowdies." Lawrence was apparently one of the most successful of the artists of his time. "His Academy room cost £150—a Cold Bath he made to supply it with water £5 a yr. tax and never was in it!"

Just as we read of the artist who often "put in" for Turner the animals in his landscapes, we read of numerous canvases which Sir Joshua Reynolds "never touched." We read also of the day when Turner decided to give no more lessons—five shillings a lesson; and of the call Farington made upon him at his father's, "a Hair Dresser, in Hand-court, Maiden Lane." One of the most interesting entries in the Diary is this:

"December 15, 1796: Buttals sale I went to, Gainsboroughs picture of a Boy in Blue Vandyke dress sold for 35 guineas." This seems to be the picture recently brought to America, and for which five hundred thousand dollars was paid. In another entry we read: "Beechey has 30 guineas for a three-quarter portrait. Romney has the same." Current prices for other things than pictures are often quoted in the Diary. Maid-servants in Glasgow, for example, receive from thirty shillings to three pounds for half a year, "which I was told is very high compared with wages formerly paid." These Glasgow maid-servants wore "only a Cap or Mob on the head (& some bare-headed), and their legs naked." As for nakedness, there is the following entry:

"Lady Melbourne brought Madame Recamier, the celebrated Parisian beauty, to Hoppners a few days ago... Her dress was very bare, both back and front... Such is the latitude of female dressing..."

Footmen are chosen for their height, "regardless of character," and instead of soliciting books for the Navy, reading for the sailors is frowned upon. "Newspapers are now regularly read, on board ships and do much harm," an Admiral is quoted as saying "as they are chiefly the Opposition papers!"

Not a great deal of drinking is reported—but it is taken for granted; and at least the Benchers at the Temple seemed to have fared very well indeed. Snuff-taking was prevalent, with Sir Joshua Reynolds seeming to hold the consumption record. Gambling appears as the favorite sport; sport indeed, when a Miss Pelham could lose seventy thousand pounds in a single night, and live to weep and lose some more.

Englishmen discouraged over the condition of their country today should be cheered by the fact that a century and a quarter ago they were also saying "England has seen her best days." Plus ça change in England, plus c'est la même chose. It is even recorded in this eighteenth-century Diary that "Ireland is in a state of Rebellion!"

This is only the first volume of what is one of the most interesting and romantic literary discoveries made in many years. It is published in this country by Doran, and is admirably edited by James Greig.

New Books in Brief Review

(Continued from page 68)

soulful murmurs over the beauties of Eastern mysticism. One of the best historical plays that has ever come our way is Franklin (Henry Holt) by Constance D'Arcy Mactay. Miss Mactay's play is witty and charming and she has succeeded in making her hero an interesting, human, and appealing figure. Eleanor Farjeon, whose poetry is already known to discriminating readers, has written in her first novel, Martin Pippin in the Apple-Orchard (Frederick Stoles), six delightful fairy stories that a romantic vagabond tells to cure a love-sick maiden. Producing in Little Theatres (Henry Holt) by Clarence Stratton is one of the most valuable books on this subject written so far.

In The Talkers (George H. Doran) Robert W. Chambers has written his fifty-seventh novel. He is doing almost as well as Nick Carter. In his thin volume, Have You an Educated Heart (Boni & Liveright), Gelett Burgess repeats the cleverness that characterized his former volumes, and creates a readable essay, in which much of the philosophy and much of the sizzle of today are set forth. There is a deal of pronounced common-sense in the story and no one can read it carefully without getting something beneficial out of it.

—B. T. S.
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Do Not Miss This Remarkable Story

In The August Motion Picture Magazine
JULY, 1923

SHADOWLAND
Expressing the Arts

VOLUME VIII

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PAINTING AND SCULPTURE:
A Painter of Light
Alexander Archipenko—a Provocative Sculptor

Helen C. Cadee

LITERARY CRITICISM:
Is the Novel Slipping? The Return of the Story-Teller
Walter Prichard Eaton

John H. Anderson

FICTION AND POETRY:
Two Letters (translated from the French)
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Expressionism in Poetry

Drama:
Reviewing the Revues of Paris
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The Gold Watch and Chain (translated from the Hungarian)
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Joseph R. Mason

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AT THE BASE OF THE CHATEAU WALL

A pencil sketch of Loches, France, by Samuel V. Chamberlain
JULIA HOYT
A portrait by Albert Vargas
Henrietta Shore is a Canadian artist who has studied in Toronto, New York, and London. She was one of the organizers of the Los Angeles Modern Art Society, and her work has been exhibited in all the leading cities in this country and in Canada. She always has been interested in modern tendencies in Art, but recently her work has developed toward the abstract. Her painting, Among the Trees, was included in her one-woman show in New York this past winter.
Samuel Halpert first studied at the New York Academy then spent ten years in Paris under Leon Bonnat and other masters. He looks with sensitive eyes thru the simplified glasses of the Moderns and thereby translates the American landscape in a new and vital form. His Lake George canvases, tho painted ten years ago, are still worthy of all the praise they received when they were first shown.
BASQUES ON A BALCONY

The years spent by Claggett Wilson in Spain and the Basque country gave him a love for light. Though he flouts shadows, he accomplishes his effects with no suggestion of the flatness of poster-painting.
A Painter of Light

Spain has given Claggett Wilson a love for light, and he has imprisoned it in every canvas

By Helen C. Candee

As a lad at school, Claggett Wilson saw humor in life and depicted it with a forceful, healthy boy's disregard of beauty. From the very first he showed a vigorous individuality in his work. How this was directed by events in his life and by the development of his character is an interesting study.

Painting in New York under the influence of F. Luis Mora; painting in France and Holland under foreign tuition, he tumbled one day into the sunshine of Spain. Then for the first time he ceased to be a pupil. At last he could loose his own impulses and revel in the interpretation of joy and humor as in the old school days.

For a glorious year he was a Spaniard. He lived with the men of the bull-ring, made merry with the gypsies of the Albaicin on the other side of the Darro, eschewing the Alhambra, and when a holiday called the girls of the music halls into the sunlight of the Paseo, he shared with them their joyous abandon of dance and song.

In those first Spanish days his smaller canvases were charming mosaics of the admixture of the joy and melancholy of his gypsy-like days. His larger squares, on the other hand, carried a stronger note, a very evident desire to convey deeper emotions. Also there was exhibited an attempt to solve, in greater measure, problems in composition and light. And there was perceptible as well a decided influence of the Zubarre brothers, those modern masters who know so well how to picture Spain with truth and beauty.

At this period, when Claggett Wilson's work was fraught with romance and beauty, America entered the World War, and Mr. Wilson plunged into the maelstrom, serving in the thick of battle until the Armistice was signed.

The color, the drama, the heroics, the life and death which he saw and experienced, Claggett Wilson put into a post-war series of paintings which eventually won for him an exalted place in the world of art.

His pictures of the war expressed its psychology and was born of the violence of the war, and created men and women who are strong or beautiful, or tender, or joyous—human beings of our own consciousness. Perhaps they are composite types, perhaps portraits, it matters little. We understand them, each and every one, whether it be the grandmother wrinkled and sage with years, or the babe with wide, questioning eyes; whether it be the sailor-boys serious with youth, or the music-hall gypsies reckless in abandon.

Claggett Wilson's work is now in full flower. Mellowness of character and strength of experience speak in his pictures. They exhibit a splendid technique, what he has accomplished has not been done by technique alone. That is but an instrument, a means to an end. He has told a story, depicted an emotion, sketched a character.

Spain has given him a love for light, and he has caught and held it in every one of his canvases. Strangely

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MARFUSHKA

Martha Sleeper, the talented twelve-year-old dancer, as she appears in one of her Russian numbers.
THE SORCERESS

A recent portrait of Camea Montaguena, the famous Spanish dancer and mimic actress
The Gold Watch and Chain

By Franz Molnar

Translated from the Hungarian by Joseph Szebenyi

The scene is an apartment of the better sort. There is nobody in it, as the whole family has gone to a funeral. The lady of the house, a pensioned old widow, has died, and they are burying her this very afternoon.

The Janitress enters, opens the door of the front room and looks around with evident emotion. She surveys the furniture, then goes to the kitchen, and, although she is an honest soul, she is pondering which one of the kitchen tools it would be worth while to steal. She notices with genuine surprise that most of the smaller silver has already disappeared.

The Servant girl with eyes red from crying, dressed in black and with a black kerchief on her head, enters.

The Servant Girl: What are you doing here, Janitress?

Janitress: I saw you coming from the door and I thought I would come upstairs and help you make a little order. Was the funeral nice?

The Servant girl begins to cry: There is a long pause.

Janitress: Miss, please, I am not saying it because . . . but my soup strainer is in such bad condition, that . . . so if you think you can spare it, I . . . there is no one here any longer that wants soup strained. . . .

Servant Girl: Nothing can be taken out of the house. Her son is here and he makes me account for everything. (She goes into the scullery to see if the strainer is still where she had hidden it. The relatives are coming up the stairs.)

The Widow's Son: Sit down, please. I say, Mary, is there anything to eat around the house?

Servant Girl (coming and going amidst the relations with a face as miserable and mournful as that of any of them): We have some preserves.

A Lady: Just bring some, please. Is there a lot?

Servant Girl: Some twenty jars.

A Lady: Poor Aunt Louise. She was so orderly even in those things. Put five jars in a basket, my dear, I shall take it home as a souvenir. There is no one here to consume it anyhow. (She weeps quite sincerely, takes a seat in the corner of the sofa and gazes straight ahead. There is soft conversation. The women are coming and going thru the rooms.)

Another Lady (sighing): Alas, alas, that's how it all ends!

The First Lady: We shall all have to go.

The Son: Please dont, dont . . . (He rises, goes to the cupboard and opens it. He takes out an inlaid box in which there are all sorts of bric-a-brac: rings, clasps, decorative buttons, an artificial bird worn on a hat, a few brooches, a bracelet, a gold watch and a chain. He pours the lot on the table.)

The Son: Choose a little keepsake, each of you, from poor mother.

A Lady (going to the table and searching among the heap): The dear old thing, how many knickknacks she had. . . . (She looks at the watch and chain with evident delight.)

The Other Lady: I . . . I . . . just want some quite invaluable little thing . . . . This button perhaps, or rather this clasp. (She is looking at the watch.)

The First Lady: Aren't you going to take the clasp?

The Other Lady: No. (She is pondering that if she should take the clasp now she would forfeit her chance of the watch.)

The First Lady (to a little girl): Here you are, Julia, take the clasp. It was poor Aunt Louise's. (She gives the clasp to the little girl, so as to eliminate the worthless thing from the heap.)

The Other Lady: Here you are, Julia, take the button too.

Julia: Thank you. (She looks at the watch.)

The First Lady: Who wants the bird?

There is great silence. None wants to forfeit her right to the watch by accepting the bird. The general idea seems to prevail that the watch will remain the final thing disposed of, and the one who waits till the last.

A Third Lady: Julia, dont you want this bird?

Julia (looking at the watch): No. And I will put back the clasp and the button too. (She quickly carries out the threat.)

The First Lady: You can't do that. The clasp and the button are yours. (She returns them to her.) Just keep what you have; it isn't nice to select. Aren't you ashamed of yourself?

Julia begins to cry, but puts the clasp and button in her pockets, seeing that she has not the slightest chance.

Julia: Then . . . then . . . please let me have the bird too.

Three of them hurriedly reach for the bird to hand it to her. Julia is settled for good, and she goes into retirement. The First Lady: What a pretty little watch! There is a long pause.

The Other Lady (to the Son): Of course, you are going to keep this watch, Steve?

The Son: I am not going to keep anything. They all step up to the table.

The First Lady (picking up the watch): Beautiful little watch! (Then she picks out the chain from the bunch of trinkets): And what a cute little chain! Does that belong to it?

The Other Lady: Yes, yes, just hang the chain on to it.

She contemplates that there is still a possibility of her getting the watch, and in that case it is better if the chain is attached to it. The Other Lady is of the same mind, consequently she clasps the chain into the ring of the watch as fast as possible.

The Third Lady: Very pretty. (Then, somewhat nervously): Now put it down.

The First Lady (who does not put it down): Poor auntie. She was always wearing this watch and chain. (Still she does not put it down.) Do you recall how elegant she looked in her black silk dress with this thin chain hanging from her neck? She wore it like this, didn't she?

She tries it on. There is general dismay.

The Other Lady: Yes, something like it. Put it down.

(Continued on page 70)
Aunty Marion (below) thought she would be giving little Roland a real treat when she took him to a matinee performance of Goldilocks and the Three Bears. But Roland, being an ultra-modern child, knows not his Grimm nor his Andersen, and had expected to see either the circus or a lively musical comedy. He has decided to change aunty's name from Marion to Moron.

A Few Victims of Good Intentions

During their early married life Harriet was flattered by what she called "John's dear little thoughtful ways." But after ten years the expression has been changed into "John's old-maidish fussiness." We all know that her husband is merely one of those born altruists, but Harriet is certain that his "mothering" is a reminder that she's three years his senior.

Mrs. Walter Jones has dragged "dear Wally" (right) from his "horrid old real estate office" to a vacation resort in the mountains. Wally is the quintessence of gloom. His new golf tweeds are scratching unmercifully—he hates golf anyway, being more interested in taking than in putting—and the open country means merely unused building lots to him.

Mrs. Splurge (above) is a social gardener who takes special interest in cultivating the species wall-flower. Here she has picked out an attractive specimen and is feeding him gossip about those present. "That oldish brunette in the hideous green gown," says she, "is the most notorious flirt in her set... No one seems to know anything about her husband..." The wall-flower brightens—the well-meaning soul knows not that the brunette is his wife.

Sketches by Eldon Kelley
The American National Theater, shepherded by Augustus Thomas, began its career in New York this season by producing As You Like It. This romantic pastoral drama was written by Shakespeare about 1599—probably immediately after the completion of Henry V.—and has been called his "summer vacation comedy." After dwelling so long in courts and camps and battlefields, it is small wonder that Shakespeare's imagination craved an unconventional holiday in the woods. And so, borrowing outright a few characters from Thomas Lodge's prose tale Rosalynde, changing the names and personalities of certain others, and himself creating the delicious Audrey and Jacques and Touchstone, he played with them for a brief season in the Forest of Arden.

Above, behold Rosalind (Marjorie Rambeau), Touchstone (Ernest Lawford), and Celia (Margalo Gillmore) as they appeared at the end of their long flight from the palace of Duke Frederick.

Rosalind: Jupiter! how weary are my spirits!

Touchstone: I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary.

Rosalind: I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel and to cry like a woman, but I must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat; therefore courage, good Celia!
A Group of Strolling Players from the Forest of Arden

ORLANDO

Rosalind's lover (Ian Keith) has just carved her name upon the branch of a tree. He soliloquizes:

"O Rosalind! these trees shall be my books,
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character,
That every eye which in this forest looks
Shall see thy virtue witness'd everywhere.
Run, run, Orlando; carve on every tree
The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she"

JACQUES

This melancholy member of the gay band (A. E. Anson), defends himself to Rosalind:

"Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing."
To which she retorts:

"Why then, 'tis good to be a post"

SYLVIUS AND PHOEBE

The shepherd (William Williams) woos his capricious sweetheart (Gwynedd Vernon)
ELISE BARTLETT

Who is appearing in two productions of the Theatre Guild—as one of the Sæter girls in the first act of Peer Gynt, and as the prostitute in the second act of The Adding Machine. Miss Bartlett is the wife of Joseph Schildkraut.
Before the mid-eighteenth century there were no novels, in our modern sense; there was only the prose romance. The prose romance, to be sure, in the hands of men like Rabelais or Cervantes, was sometimes a good deal more than a pretty tale; but on the whole it is fair to say that the modern novel began with Tom Jones, and not until the nineteenth century did the novelist become a more important person than the poet or the playwright. For the true expression in literature of Elizabeth’s England we turn to the plays and poems of the period. For a true expression of Anne’s England we turn to the plays, the political pamphlets, the poems of Mr. Pope, the essays of Mr. Addison. But for the literary expression of England or America in the latter half of the nineteenth century, we would certainly turn chiefly to the novels. You cannot name a dramatist on either side of the water remotely to compete with Thackeray, Meredith, Hardy, Hawthorne, Howells, and the rest. After the passing of Browning and Tennyson, there was no poet to compete with them, either. The novelists reigned supreme in the English-speaking world, and held the upper hand in most other countries.

We have come to accept this so much as a matter of course that when we discuss “literature” we mean the works of prose fiction, and all our literary magazines and book-review supplements devote most of their space to novels, a little to poetry, essays and books of information, and none at all to the acted drama. If fiction, the novel, should sink back again to a secondary place, it would be a surprising revolution.

Yet I believe that revolution is quite possible. I even see signs that it has begun.

It was the constant reproach brought by thoughtful people against the English-speaking stage all during the latter years of the nineteenth century and the early years of the twentieth, that the drama lagged far behind the times. If there were new ideas in the air, it was the novelist who put them into art form. Altho Ibsen, as early as 1878, forged a technique which enabled the dramatist to handle contemporary life as realistically as a Zola or a Howells, it was the novelists (outside of one or two European countries) who really used realism to say something important concerning our modern life. A whole generation after Ibsen, we saw the American drama no more realistic than a Fitch or a Cohan play, while, in the same period, we had produced novels by Howells and Garland and Edith Wharton. Even today an older author like Booth Tarkington writes Alice Adams as a book, nearly breaking your heart with its truth, and for the stage writes sophomoric piffle.

That, I say, was the case. But it isn’t quite the case today. Today, the better dramatists are responding to the new things, the currents of modern thought and feeling, possibly more readily than the novelists. In America today, or in parts of it at any rate, the theater is suddenly of more literary importance than the novel. This is an interesting phenomenon, and one which it would pay our novelists to think about. I am speaking, of course, about our better and more serious novelists. Those writers who merely concoct tales of adventure, the James Oliver Curwoods and Zane Greys, or of sentimental amorousness, don’t count. They are merely the modern degenerate descendants of the troubadour romancers. Every age has them, and will have them. They create bedtime stories for grown-up infants. I am speaking of writers like Mrs. Wharton and Miss Cather and Sinclair Lewis and scores of others who take their job seriously, and recognize the modern novel as the expression of an attitude toward life.

Now, in our theater of late we have had two such moving examples of expressionism as O’Neill’s Emperor Jones and The Hairy Ape. We have had plays almost by the dozen which in one way or another experimented with freer forms, with greater imaginative suggestiveness. We have developed scenic artists like Geddes, Jones and Simonson, who have opened up to us a whole new range of emotional appeal and suggestiveness. Our younger dramatists, like the author of Roger Bloomer (produced by the Equity Players), and Elmer Rice, whose fantasy, The Adding Machine, was mounted by Theatre Guild, are definitely and resolutely feeling their way into new and unexplored tracts; they are trying to put a new spiritual and emotional note into drama.

What is there in the field of American prose fiction at all corresponding to this dramatic renaissance? What evidence can our novelists bring that the stage, after a century of playing second fiddle, hasn’t at last grabbed not only the first fiddle but the conductor’s baton?

I know, of course, what the novelists will say. I know the books, English and American, they will bring forth (some of them from secret places!) by way of evidence. They will point to Dorothy Richardson’s books; to Sherwood Anderson’s books, to D. H. Lawrence’s books, to Ben Hecht’s books, to James Joyce’s books, including that extraordinary production, Ulysses, which is so smutty it had to be printed in Paris, and, I am told, sells for one hundred dollars a volume. I read it in a borrowed copy! They may even point to The Waste Land, T. S. Eliot’s new poem. The works of all these writers.
they will say, show that the novelists, also, are feeling toward new forms, are seeking to break the shackles of tradition. And, of course, we must admit that they are.

The impulse which has affected the theater is not confined to the theater. It is a phase of the modern spirit. But when we come to consider the results of this spirit at work in the theater, and in prose fiction, it seems to me we can find evidence that the theater is apparently its more effective medium; so far, at any rate, it has not affected prose fiction notably, as it has the stage.

This new spirit in fiction has in the first place, driven those novelists who have yielded to it, in upon themselves. Revolting from the photographic realism of the late nineteenth century novel of social criticism, they have apparently felt but two ways of escape—one into romantic fantasy, which would be, perhaps, a step downward and backward; the other into their own minds. Choosing the latter, they try to set forth a picture of their "stream of consciousness," with all its irrelevancies, nobilities (if any), and indecencies. They write a kind of inchoate autobiography. Also, most of them having swallowed Freud whole, they disgorge so much about complexes and sex that the average reader who isn't aware of his or her sex more than twenty per cent of the time is either bewildered or bemired.

I would not for a moment be so rash as to say that the peculiar technique of a book like Ulysses could not be developed by a more normal writer into a weapon which would forge a new kind of prose fiction understandable and appealing to this modern age. I only say that, so far, Joyce and D. H. Lawrence and Miss Richardson and the rest have not done it. At most they have influenced a very small coterie of writers and readers, while the new stage artists have been reaching the wider public.

The great vogue of the novel in the past hundred years was, perhaps, based on the fact that it could tell a story, thus appealing to all mankind, and it could tell this story with more realism than is possible in any other medium. As soon as you throw away your story, as the modern social novel has more and more tended to do, and, at the same time, your public grows weary of realism, asking for something different, for beauty, or suggestiveness, you are in rather a precarious position. It is a question whether the novel is not maneuvering itself, and being maneuvered, into that position today.

On the other hand, the theater, which at first blush seems so real because it has real actors upon its stage, is not real at all. The eye, the physical eye, of the spectator is always present to tell you everything is make-believe. Realism in the theater depends just as much on a compromise with the audience, a willingness to accept a premise, as does any other style in the theater. Hence, if a public tire of realism, if they want something more of ideal beauty, of suggestiveness, of pure emotion, the theater can give it to them easily. That is what it is doing today. That is what our fiction is not doing; because it is still either bound by the realistic tradition or has not yet found an escape from that tradition which the public will accept as satisfactory.

The best American novel last year (certainly the most widely read) was, I should say, Babbitt, which was out and out realism, with no beauty, no suggestiveness, no spiritual probing. It was bitter social criticism. The best American play was Eugene O'Neill's The Hairy Ape, which combined social criticism with profound, almost lyric emotion and a striking beauty of thought, of speech, of vision. To some of us the difference almost seems the difference between a gospel and the matter-of-fact commentary on a gospel. The one is dynamic, the other isn't. The one gives us spiritual drive; the other social discontent. The one seems of the future; the other, one more novel in the style of the past.

It may be, of course, that some of my readers feel toward Ulysses or Women In Love, or Gargoyles as I feel toward The Hairy Ape. We are dealing here with intangible things: not even with matters of opinion, but merely of feeling. I can only say that to me the revolt in the new fiction strikes me nearly always as a kicking over the traces; it is like the "hell raising" of a church-school graduate when he first gets to college with nobody to look after him. Victorianism forbade the honest mention of sex problems, so the new writers, bemused by Freud and their freedom, simply wallow in eroticism. The American public libraries, the popular magazines, the publishers, so long insisted on propriety, on sentimentality, on the bread-and-butter realism which everybody could understand, that the new writers plunge into gloom with cries of joy, as small boys on a hot day leap into the brown water under the willow tree; they are

(Continued on page 47)
A Provocative Sculptor

Alexander Archipenko is looked upon by earnest critics as the dominant spirit of the day in the field of plastique. His experiments with metals are bold attempts to conquer new materials for his art. Before the war he founded a school of sculpture in Paris, but the past two years have been spent in Berlin where his studio is the gathering-place of artists and litterateurs from every corner of the world. He is coming to America this summer, following upon an exhibition of his work in New York by the Société Anonyme.

The individual has no meaning for Archipenko. He molds woman because in her he finds the archetypal form. The torso shown above has no age nor place nor name; it is beauty itself distilled into pure form.

Here is the sculptor’s latest adventure in mecanistic plastique. In this abstraction he adds to the three-dimensional relief of the sculptor the color perspective of the cubist. The figure is composed of frail brass and copper plates, painted in dull reds and browns. Archipenko feels that the spirit of this highly mechanized generation cannot be expressed in placid marble and bronze.

Group, 1915
No one in any field of art has dared so to distort the human form as has Archipenko, and no one has succeeded in building more surely, more eloquently, the presence of animate beauty.
A camera study by Maurice Goldberg of Beth Beri in Jack and Jill

THE PROMENADE
In Defence of Decay

"All life is merely progressive decay, and the futility of life is due to the fact that we are taught how to live well when we ought to be taught how to decay well!"

By Henry Altimus

FRANCE seems to be flooded with elixirs of youth. At a time when living is becoming increasingly more difficult, a vogue of longevity has spread, and the popular fancy, with a waywardness which would delight a Schopenhauer, turns from logical reflection on death to the specious lure of immortality. Naturally, there are many only too quick to capitalize such a vogue, and one can buy elixirs of youth at almost any street-corner. Men with a smattering of chemistry are setting up laboratories for the manufacture of the magic fluid, and alert shopkeepers are laying in abundant stores.

And the vogue is not confined alone to the unimaginative classes. There is my friend Chardonnet, a French journalist of no mean attainments. In order to keep himself in the most modest fashion, Chardonnet is obliged to work in the afternoon for an evening paper, in the evening for a morning paper, and in the morning for an afternoon paper, for in France intelligence pays dividends only when applied to politics or to the illicit trade in cocaine. Besides, Chardonnet's life is further harassed by a wife who threatens to kill herself, a mistress who threatens to kill him, and a spendthrift son who lives only for himself. It always appeared to me that Chardonnet would find more consolation in the anodyne of Dr. Osler than in the scalpel of Dr. Voronoff, yet my friend, who is fifty-two, is taking one of the 'youth' treatments now in vogue.

Curiosity drew me recently to the little shop in the Rue de Rivoli which is the headquarters for the particular system of elixirization which Chardonnet has elected. The show window is occupied by two huge photographic portraits. One, 'before,' reveals a man of about sixty-four, wrinkled, venerable, with drooping white moustache and straggling white beard, frankly and charmingly old, the terrors of youth behind him, the peace of old age achieved at last. The other portrait, 'after,' reveals the same man, twenty years younger, twenty years unhappier, his moustache darkened and stiffened, his beard bristling, his eyes showing something between challenge and fear, and peace completely vanished from his countenance.

It seemed appalling to me that anyone could possibly construe the evidence of the two portraits as a recommendation for the elixir advertised. A venerable, kindly, lovable old man, whom any youth would introduce with pride as his grandfather, had been corrupted to a repugnant, hostile, unbearable man of middle age, whom any youth would reluctantly and apologetically acknowledge as his father. I was appalled by the cruelty of the transformation. If the "before" and "after" signs were swerved, if it were claimed for the elixir that it could rescue a man from the pangs of middle age and procure him the peace of old age, the appeal of the portraits would become intelligible. Yet, even as I stood before the show window, many people entered the shop and many people left it. And, as I observed them, it appeared to me that they were like people who had had teeth extracted and had returned because life was empty without a toothache.

It is our education which is at fault. Decay is the law of life. Decay begins from the moment of birth and continues until death. All life is merely progressive decay. And the futility of life is due to the fact that we are taught how to live well when we ought to be taught how to decay well.

Decay constitutes the beauty of life. The Coliseum has certain distinct advantages over Madison Square Garden. London Tower presents a marked aesthetic superiority over the Tombs Building. And three thousand years must pass before Trinity Churchyard will gather about it the romantic tradition of the Valley of the Kings.

It is one of the singular eccentricities of humans that they venerate age in everything but themselves, and, tho they are exhortcd from their infancy to respect old age, the best they can achieve is pity. For tho the law of life is decay, the rule of life is resistance. And therein lies the tragedy of humanity, the pathos of history.

The ignoble collapse of Athens and Rome, like the ignoble decline of man, follows inevitably upon the fact that these glorious capitals of ancient culture did not know how to decay, that they consumed their vanishing years in heroic postures and hollow pomps unbecoming to their age, when they might have paled gracefully to a mellow, crumbling, venerable senility and expired with a smile rather than a grinace.

History is the wan record of men past forty, and therefore declining in mental and physical vigor, desperately trying to make themselves and their contemporaries believe that they are still on the upward grade. All tragedy is the result of the resistance to decay. All the mischief of the world is created by aging men who make a vice of their senility when they might make of it an ornament. The harm youth may do in resisting decay hurts only itself, but whole communities and entire nations are the victims of the harm done when adults resist decay. For, tho there is nothing so interesting as the spectacle of youths misspending their days, there is nothing so distressing as the spectacle of adults misspending their declining years.

Herein lies the key to the horrors of the past decade. The frightful war and the still (Continued on page 72)
Junior Celebrities
Talented Daughters of Famous Fathers

ISABEL GARLAND
Whenever the novelist, Hamlin Garland, goes on a lecture tour, he is assisted by his daughter Isabel. But a few months ago her personality and poise caught the critical eye of Augustus Thomas, head of the American National Theater, and he persuaded her to forsake the lecture platform for the stage, giving her the rôle of Lady of the Court in As You Like It

LEOPOLDINE DAMROSCH
This young daughter of Walter Damrosch, conductor of the New York Symphony Orchestra, has exchanged the frivolous existence of a débutante for the serious life of the stage. She was highly praised for her work in Rita Coventry the past season

ILSE EINSTEIN
Professor Albert Einstein's daughter is an extraordinarily gifted musician and a leader of Berlin's fashionable younger set. She is her father's close companion, and often assists him as his private secretary
MARTHA BRYAN ALLEN

The youngest member of the Theatre Guild's group of players. At present she is an appealing Esme in The Devil's Disciple. Last year she toured the Middle West as Consuela in He Who Gets Slapped.
Mrs. Aesop’s Fables

With apologies to the Master-Wit of the Court of Croesus

By Harriet Henry

A LITERARY MATRON was carrying her latest novel to the publisher when she fell a-musing:

"The money for this book will be at least several hundred dollars. The dollars will buy beautiful clothes for my two plain daughters. The beautiful clothes will bring prominent suitors, and my daughters will get wealthy and influential husbands. The importance of these husbands will give me social glamour and prestige." On the day that the publisher accepted her novel the plainest of the two daughters died, and the less plain announced that she had married the chauffeur.

*Count not your chickens before they are matched.*

DOLLY DORE, accustomed to novels of sordid realism and movies of sordid melodrama, was always very careful when dining or supping with an enamored swain to imbibe but little from the sparkling cup of Bacchus. One night in the studio of a suitor she was mortally poisoned by a French artichoke with Hollandaise sauce. Said she: "Oh, wretched creature that I am, to take such precautions against wine, and to find food so perilous!"

*Danger sometimes comes from a sauce that is least suspected.*

A REJECTED SUICTOR followed the object of his faithful tho unrequited passion down the Avenue for so many blocks that she became annoyed and dodged into a florist’s shop. He entered after her and found her attempting to conceal herself by crowding back of some blooms that emitted a cl flowery perfume. He raised his hat and said: "The fragrance of those flowers will make you ill." To which the girl replied: "I would rather be annoyed by the flowers than by you."

*It is safer to be among friends than among anemones.*

LAURETTE wrote an ardent letter to one of her numerous suitors which brought about such successful results that she wrote another man, her most difficult swain, a similar epistle word for word. Unfortunately, the two men were close friends, and compared notes—literally speaking. The second suitor’s answer to Lauret ever was a sheet of carbon paper.

*It is absurd to ape our letters.*

AN OLD MAN given to fainting spells saw a Boy crumble into a heap on the pavement before him, and knowing the mode of procedure for such weakness, dragged him into a nearby drug-store. The effort and excitement brought on of his own spells, and he fainted into unconsciousness. When he came to, his money was gone, and so was the Boy.

*Every man should be content to mind his own business.*

A LAZY YOUTH owned a high-powered car with an old-fashioned horn that he had to bend over to reach. This exercise caused him so much exertion that he rarely ever used the horn, and trusted his safety to luck. One day he abruptly rounded a corner, and was hit broadside by another car. The Lazy Youth was hurled thru the wind shield, which caused him infinitely more exertion and inconvenience than using the horn could possibly have done.

*Stoop to honor her.*

JOHNNY CROW paid marked attention to the ugly daughter of a banker. He hated her eyes, he loathed her mouth, he detested her figure, her conversation bored him to the point of surreptitious napping, but he was continually with her. Johnny Crow was exceedingly poor and in well-nigh desperate straits, and he needed three meals a day.

*Necessity is the mother of attention.*

A CERTAIN THEATRICAL MANAGER made it his principle never to pay much attention outside of the theater to the actresses he employed. Unfortunately, he fell in love with two women at once, both starring in his two most successful plays, and took them about continually, carefully concealing from each the fact that he was courting the other. But they found out. There was a triangular and bitter quarrel, and both, stars resigned.

*He that submits his principles to the influences and caprices of opposites will end in having no principals at all.*

MIGNON was introduced to an Adonis with patent-leather hair, gold-headed cane, and spotted spots. She took him for a stock broker, and worked on him with such subtlety and finesse that he married her within ten days. After which it took Mignon but ten hours to discover that he was not a stock broker, but a hock broker.

*She who marries in haste will repent at Reno.*

WHEN Freddy Farmer visited France with the A. E. F. he fell in love with Yvette. Her virtue, according to her own advertising, was her most valued possession, and Freddy asked her to marry him. Returning to his native Fifth Avenue, Yvette cabled that she was following. Freddy lived thru two weeks of hectic and ecstatic expectancy, and was on the dock when the steamer hove in view. He spotted Yvette leaning eagerly over the rail. Her arm was linked within the arm of a beautiful woman notorious on the Paris boulevards. Freddy stared. Yvette blew dainty kisses. The beautiful woman smiled. Freddy raised his hat with casual politeness, and hurried away.

*Birds of a feather flock together.*

A SHY young Débubante before her first charity ball borrowed some rouge and lipstick from a more sophisticated member of her set. Her newly cerise lips and vivid cheeks gave her a look of dissipation, and several young men who had been imbibing too freely of one of the seven deadly sins pressed somewhat too ardent attentions upon her. Frightened, she resorted to the dressing-room in tears.

*Everyone should keep his own colors.*

TWO Chorus Girls dropped into a charming young bachelor’s apartment on an evening when he was expecting his mother and fiancée. Very much annoyed, he tried to persuade them to leave, but his pleading was of no avail. Picking up the bellows from beside the fireplace, he began puffing little gusts of air into the girls’ faces, causing their eyes to water and their bobbed hair to get into tangle and unattractive disarray. The girls took an angry departure.

*If words suffice not, blows must follow.*
Jules Bastien-Lepage's famous portrait of Sarah Bernhardt is regarded in France as one of its finest mementos of the great actress. The young artist's arrogant assertion that he would make her famous, so amused Bernhardt that she consented to sit for him, tho she had refused painters of established reputation.
The Haunts of the Wild Fowl
A group of etchings by Frank W. Benson

THE PERCHING PELICAN
This was etched from a drawing of a tame pelican made at Long Key, Florida

Mr. Benson's etching of the Yellow Legs (above), tho unusually sensitive in its arrangement and treatment, reflects the feeling of a sportsman as well as an artist
Altho the general public associates Frank W. Benson's name with etchings of wild fowl, it was not until 1912 that he took any interest in this work, making studies of bird life during one of his vacation trips. These etchings, done primarily for his own pleasure and interest, have gained him an international reputation. One virtue of his plates is that the birds are scientifically observed, for he is an ornithologist, as well as sportsman and artist. Mr. Benson studied both here and abroad, and has been granted practically all the academic honors in America. His paintings hang in the Library of Congress, the Carnegie Institute of Pittsburgh, and the Corcoran Gallery at Washington.
MADY CHRISTIANS
One of the foremost actresses appearing in the famous Max Reinhardt Theater in Berlin. She is also a successful screen star.
A camera study by D'Ora of Olga and Mura, Viennese dancers

PASTORALE
THE OLD GUARD
OF THE
TIMBER-LINE

This picturesque old tree, which peers down eternally from its rocky shelf, marks the farthest point of the timber-line on a trail that scales one of the mountains north of Many Glacier in Glacier National Park, Montana. The great park stands alone in kind amid the scenic wonders of the world. It is rightly named, for clinging to its peaks are eighty glaciers, and nestling in painted basins molded by the grinding of earlier glaciers are more than three hundred lakes.
THE FOG RISES OUT OF THE SEA

A view of the shore of the Carmel Coast, California's Riviera, which stretches down from Monterey for many miles along the Pacific
ELIZABETH NORTH

A young dancer of extraordinary beauty and talent, appearing in John Murray Anderson's revue, Jack and Jill.
Two Letters

By Frédéric Boutet

Translated from the French by William L. McPherson

ARRIVING in the town at half-past nine in the morning M. de Vreuil left his carriage at the Hotel Dauphin and took a stroll thru the streets. He was ahead of time. Before going to the Golden Sun Hotel he stopped in a quiet place and drew a letter from his pocket. Altho he knew it by heart, he read it over again, weighing each word:

Monseur, I have some very important information to give you. It concerns the true character and the real past of the woman to whom you gave your name eight years ago. I shall be waiting for you tomorrow, day after tomorrow, and the day following, at the Golden Sun Hotel, at ten a.m. You will ask for M. Didier. If you know, my letter will be superfluous. But from what I have learned of you, it is impossible that you should know. I count on seeing you.

The letter addressed to M. Louis de Vreuil, and marked "personal," had arrived the evening before. M. de Vreuil put it back in his pocket and reflected. He asked himself once more whether he ought to go to this strange rendezvous. Would that not be doing his wife a terrible wrong? But if the letter implied some danger which threatened her? And then, in his heart of hearts, he wanted to know.

A certain mystery had surrounded his wife since their marriage. This woman, who was the most precious thing in his life—he knew nothing about her except that her maiden name was Marceline Bouvaine. He had seen her in his notary's office, where she was a stenographer and typewriter. He had fallen in love with her and had asked her to marry him. She had refused. He had pleaded with her with the irresistible passion of a man, sincere, straightforward and unsophisticated, who, living alone in his little château, and lost in the woods, had preserved an unusual simplicity and directness of feeling.

Marceline had finally said yes, on condition that he would never ask her about her past. She had added: "I have never done anything which could prevent you from marrying me."

M. de Vreuil had made the promise which she required and had kept it. He had suffered at first. But with the years he had almost forgotten. This letter recalled his suffering and aggravated it.

He was deeply agitated. What was he going to learn? The letter had said: "It is impossible that you should know." In fact, he knew nothing—absolutely nothing. Suddenly he corrected himself. Yes, he knew certain things which could not be disapproved. He knew that Marceline was beautiful, intelligent, charming and good. He knew that she loved him.

Ten o'clock struck. He shuddered, but walked toward the Golden Sun Hotel, where M. Didier awaited him. M. Didier was a youngish man, dressed like a poor clerk. He had a humble but determined air.

"Suppose we go to the public garden to talk?" he said.

"Monsieur," he began, when they reached a solitary path, "what I have to tell you is important. Your position and your character make even more monstrous the deception which has been practised on you. Listen to me, I am going to tell you my story.

"My name is not Didier. My name is Arloize. The Arloize case made some stir, once. In short, twelve years ago I was Jean Arloize. I had some money. I did some business on the Bourse. I lived happily. One evening at supper I met a woman called Fanny Lérial. She was an actress. No, I exaggerate. She was hardly a professional actress. She played small rôles now and then. I fell in love at first sight. She refused me. I pursued her. She posed as a young girl of good family who had had misfortunes. Finally she yielded. Then my love became a madness.

"All the foolish things I did for her—she made me do them without having the air of influencing me. To secure rôles for her I financed specialties in which she appeared. I went on the road with her. I had but one idea—that she should be happy and know how much I loved her. This lasted two or three years. I hadn't a sou left. I didn't dare to confess it. I was afraid that someone would take her away from me. So I became a thief. I stole considerable sums of money. I was mad. I tell you. Her demands increased. I needed more and more money.

"One fine day I learned that my thefts had been discovered. I got together all the money I could lay my hands on and asked Fanny to run away with me. She declined. I insisted. I lost my temper. I told her everything—everything that I had done for her. Then she said she did not want to run away with a thief—that she had never loved me, that she had tolerated me only because of my money. Monsieur, I saw then another woman—a girl of the streets, insulting, vulgar, cynical and brutal. I was infuriated. I sprang at her to choke her. She screamed, people came, she informed on me and I was arrested.

"She came near being tried with me. The police investigated her past. She had had many admirers, in my time and before me. She had led a life of dissipation since she was fifteen. Nevertheless, they found nothing to show that she was my accomplice. I was convicted. Since my release from prison I have had to fight for a bare existence. I obtained a little clerkship in the country. I merely vegetate. My life is finished, and all because of her.

(Continued on page 73)
A Concert at Carnegie Hall

Sketched by Alice Harvey

This great concert hall, built by Andrew Carnegie, remains one of the rallying points of music-lovers in New York City. It was opened on May 5, 1891, and the guest of honor was Peter Ilyitch Tchaikovsky, who conducted his Marche Solennelle at the dedicatory concert. The following autumn Antonin Dvořák conducted there an overture specially written for the occasion, and the next year this hall was the scene of the world premiere of the composer’s famous New World Symphony. The visits of Saint-Saëns and Richard Strauss are also among incidents that stand out in the career of Carnegie Hall. This past season many noteworthy musical events have added to its history. Prominent among them was the reappearance on the concert platform of Paderewski, after an absence of six years, during which he was the first Premier of Poland; the performance of the second symphony of Georges Enesco, conducted by the composer; the first performance of Captain Ernest Schelling’s symphonic poem The Victory Ball; performances of Berlioz’s Faust Symphony by both the Boston and Philadelphi Orchestra; concerts by the New York Symphony, the Philharmonic, the City Symphony and the Cleveland Orchestras, and recitals by many of the greatest artists and virtuosi of the day.
Reviewing the Revues of Paris

"If it were not for the dancers America sends to the French capital, its musical shows would be too sad and boring to think about."

By Allan Ross Macdougall

THERE is no doubt about it. Paris is rapidly becoming a bi-lingual city—a European Montreal. A few months ago the new revue at the Concert Mayol was billed as follows:

Oh! Quel Nu!
Ladies Shirts Off!

The translation was piquant at least if not quite literal. Then came the Palace with:

Toutes les Femmes
All the Women

Now the latest revue at the Folies Bergère comes heralded not only in French and English but with a Spanish title also:

En Plena Folie
In Full Folie
En Plenaria Locura

I have an idea that they ought to save themselves all this trouble and print the programs and posters in one language entirely—English; for if a census were to be taken of the audience at any performance at the Folies Bergère I am sure that they would discover the fact that ninety per cent. of it was made up of English-speaking visitors to the capital. The remaining ten per cent. would be of other unimportant nationalities, chiefly South Americans. Naturally the revues themselves would have to be translated to suit the majority of the audience. This however would be a great saving to the management, for they could then dispense with their staff of translators and the horny-handed clique which they now pay to let the unsophisticated audience know the proper moment for the expected applause.

This English-American invasion is not only confined to the audience. Mistinguett, in the revue at the Casino de Paris, is surrounded by statuesque English and American beauties.

Then there is Earl Leslie, the dancing partner of Mistinguett, who is as American as the "Mitchel's Jazz Kings" band that accompanies the extraordinary acrobatic dancing of the American dancer, Miss Marion Fordie, in the same revue: and Miss Joan Carroll is no stranger to Broadway.

In the new revue at the Ba-Ta-Clan Theater, two colored boys from New York, Douglas and Jones, dance and sing with a joyous verve and rhythm that reminds one of the nights of Shuffle Along.

At the newly opened Palace Theater, the foreign invasion is swept on by the American dancer, Harry Pilcer, who is the bright star of the show, aided by his new dancing partner, Miss Wyn Richardson, the sprightly English, Miss Peggy Vere, and two bagpipe players from Scotland. While at the Folies Bergère, great support is added to the invasion by the light-stepping misses from the school of John Tiller in England, who add beauty and life to the chorus; the wonderful eccentric dancing of the American team, Gilbert and French; and the highly original work of Miss Nina Payne, aided and abetted by the happy "Ad-Libs" band.

The case of Miss Payne is very interesting. A few years ago she came to Paris and for a while danced at several chic restaurants with that other excellent American dancer, Donald Sawyer. Then she was offered an engagement at the Olympia Music Hall. There, with no advance publicity, without even a regular poster outside the theater, she carried away the house and became the talk of the town. She was then engaged for the revue, Folies sur Folies, at the Folies Bergère, where she repeated her Olympia success.

At the present time she is as much a fixture at this theater as the droll little Bach, the comic. In the new revue, En Plena Folie, she not only dances in her own amazingly vivacious and ebullient manner but she has also arranged the choreography for the delightful ultra-modern pantomime Arlequin Tata-iste. The program translation of this is "Futurist Arlequin," but a much more explanatory rendering would be "Auntie Harlequin."

As is usual in these revues, the state of undress prevails. To most people the spectacle of so much nudity is a little wearying. As one eminent French critic recently said, apropos of these scenes:

"The sight of one splendid nude can only be equalled by Death; the display of many semi-nudes is merely a tiresome irritation."

And surely it is not because of the lack of beautiful costumes. Never have I seen such splendor as is displayed in the costumes which the famous artist Eré has designed for the tableau, The Great Rivers of the World, and which is crowned by what I think is the most beautiful costume I have ever seen—The Waves of the Sea. In the series of Second Empire costumes which Brunelleschi has designed for the scene, Un Souper chez La Paiva, there is all the rare beauty of a mid-Victorian color print. There is no doubt that in America the theaters have all the pick of excellent stage artists and mechanics, but here in Paris the littlest revue can command some of the greatest costume artists in the world: Poiret, Eré, Guy Arnoux, Zinovieff, Georges Barbier, Rasimi.

"All the world's my mamequin which I shall costume," says Paris.

Speaking of Rasimi, brings me to the Ba-Ta-Clan Theater, which is run by that amazing dynamic (Continued on page 71.)

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ORIENTAL TAPESTRY
Expressionism in Art

Progressive stages in drawing, ranging from the academic to the purely abstract form

By
Alexander P. Couard

FIGURE I
Above, is an example of the usual academic drawing of the human figure. Art students, since the days of the Old Masters, have been taught to outline the figure accurately, and to give the effect of modeling by delicate lines and shadings. Eliminate all shading in this sketch, and you have a weak, flat outline, lacking all force and effectiveness.

FIGURE II
In the seated figure above, all unessentials, such as modeling and shading, have been eliminated. This outline comes under the head of academic drawing, however, for the human figure is still recognizable. In Figure III there is a further elimination. The lines are broken; regularity of line has given place to the heavily shaded stroke, and thereby a feeling of solid modeling is achieved.

FIGURE III
In Figures IV and V practically all academic form is eliminated, yet when V is compared with Figure III, and IV with Figure II, a decided resemblance can be found. But note how the massing of the blocks intensifies the feeling of solidity and force. The artist considers that an accurate delineation of the human figure is of secondary importance; the vital thing is to feel its strength.

FIGURE IV

FIGURE V
AN OPPORTUNITY FOR GRIEVING
REJECTED
By Helene Mullins

UNDER the opaline sky
Of a fading summer,
I lie,
Humming jocund songs.

I sing,
Because you are going to leave me,
And I want to keep my mouth
Out of the shape for sobbing. . .

I sing,
Partly to console myself,
And partly to deceive that inquisitive old moon,
Shyly peeping from behind yonder
Jade-grey hill.

Come and listen to me,
And you will be deceived
Also . . .

THE CHILD WOULD BE OLDER
By Djuna Barnes

COLD tears, my brave man? Come, my little garçon,
I’ll take you to my girl’s breast, and sing
you a war-song,
Where the horses gather, listen to their hoofs strike.

What is a pigeon or a sythe within the
world like?
Oh, the single, cool thought that we string
in childhood.
As clean and as brittle as a small stick of
hard-wood.
Now it is a massacre, a scandal, or a pen-
chant.
I’ll cut you down a clear curl, to thicken
out your swan-song.

WOOLWORTH BUILDING
By Friedrich von Falkenburg

AFTER all,
Thou art not so great,
Something of a wonder, yes.
But only a wonder of
Stone upon stone . . .
Stone upon stone.

Soon . . .
Days . . . months . . .
Years . . . centuries . . .
(Time does not matter)
Thou wilt crumble . . .
Leaving ruin and
Worthless debris.

I am greater than thou,
I, whom thy smallest stone
Would crush,
I, beside thou, so weak and small . . .
I am greater.

Soon . . .
Hours . . . days . . .
Months . . . years . . .
I shall crumble.
But I will leave behind
Another structure,
Which, like myself,
Will crumble,
Leaving another . . .
And on, and on, and on. . .

FABLE BETWEEN TWO BOULDERS
By Maxwell Bodenheim

LIKE a dream of ugliness
Dwarfed between the sternness of two
rocks,
The brown toad crouched and did not
move,
His uncomplaining heads of eyes.
The flutter of a soul,
Stirring within his cold body.
Cave his wrinkled skin.
The trembling of mysterious messages.
Within the caressing shade
Between the rocks, he watched the nervous
glare
Of sunlight giving crystal dignities
To blades of grass and stooping flowers.
It was another world to him:
A vast and splendidly confused
Land that held a terrifying light,
And brushed its soft tall
Colors recklessly against his eyes.
Dimly he wondered whether this huge
world
Might not be death—a blinding pun-
ishment.

For toads whose legs had sprang with sin
each night.
But while he meditated on the light,
A beetle, sleekly black, sped from a crack
Within one rock and darted thru the shade,
His motion leading to the sun outside.
The brown toad gazed upon him, horrified.
And hopped to save him from the cruel
light.
He dropped upon the beetle’s back, and
stopped,
Quivering with heroic attitudes.
Then, filled with victory, he leapt away
And waited for the beetle to return.
Subdued and thankful, to his cleft of rock,
Perhaps he still squats there and gazes
down
Upon the crushed, black mite, and does not
know
That death has long since taken up his
prey.

MAN DEAD
By Kenneth Fearing

NEXT door there’s happened something
strange.
It’s death has happened,
And crèpe. (I wonder if he’s marvelous
At the change.)
His eyelids, they are cold and tight;
But underneath,
The pupils of his eyes are up.
His eyes are white.

For men come dead when stomachs break—
(‘His did, it seems’)—
Their nerves and tendons cease to jerk,
Their hearts to shake.
However, sits a dry-eyed sobbing
Beside the muteness.
She grieves for him all night, with neurons
Mightily throbbing.

A CANVAS BY KUNIYOSHA
By Pierre Louÿs

A TREE is not just a rounded tree
But something thinly silhouetted from
the world of whimsy
In my curious eye.
Children are quaintly flat-bodied and bow-
legged
And a cow ruminant is only a hairy brown
angle.
A slant-eyed boatman rows a shalliped
rock-shell
Up a narrow snaky stream
That is tossed most weirdly close
And flows carelessly on the sheer toil of
the canvas.

LE BOURGEOIS
By Josephine von Dolzen Pease

DEATH, yours are not feet delicate,
Demanding soft walking.
I see plainly you have trod rough cobbles.
You are not possessed of sensitive tastes,
And have not disdained to hang white
flowers
On the latches of stained doors.

THE WOMAN
By Bio De Casseres

CROWDS encompassed me,
Memories bloodless and cold stalked by my side:
Fears, abortive things, darkened the com-
ing day.
Heavy as one in a dream, I groped:
A new grief burst like a rocket within me.
And all its sentient stars sought out the
heaven
I had not guessed was there.
Distance, blue as the celestial field,
Flotted by. I touched its velvet hem.
And lo! the rhythm of the days and nights,
White and black keys of a great clavichord,
And I the player!
The days of humble happenings
Caught in the mystic overflow
Were simple poems of exceeding beauty—
The Woman at the Well . . .
Ruth gathering the corn . . .
And all the women of the world
Like classic pictures at their tasks—
At last the dream made real,
And with a visioning Homer I can cry,
These epic days!

YOU GHOSTLY GOSSIPs
By John McClure

YOU ghostly goops with your demon-
war,
Go, and be damned for it!
Small songs are aimless, futile—even so.
You say it and you know.
Small songs are futile; so are gold and iron
(And beauty, and delight).
Diamond and chonite,
The earth and the abysses that environ
The earth and sun and comets flame-en-
furlcd.
"So is the world.”

Page Forty-Three
FOR those who have to deal with musical matters day by day, *currente calamo*, the past musical season has been an exhausting one. It has only been possible to indulge in more or less hasty impressions. Serious analysis of any new work, however interesting and important, has been almost out of the question, and if one were to try to put together a collected volume of current musical criticism from the diurnal mass of matter which has been published with regard to opera, symphony and other musical performances in New York, it would shed little light on the intrinsic value and salient characteristics of new and important musical works. Especially would one be puzzled by the disparity of opinion, in fact this is very evident in the pages of Mr. Key’s *Musical Digest*.

Of course one cannot expect absolute agreement on any subject which is open to controversial discussion, and especially with respect to music, appreciation of which is so largely a matter of individual taste. And now that the recognized rules of musical composition are going by the board, and each and every composer feels at liberty to follow the dictates of his own sweet will, the critics are more or less at sea, and have no standards by which to judge that which is submitted for their consideration. Some of them hesitate to express their own opinions and reactions to this or that new work of the ultra-modern school. Musical history, they are apt to remember, is replete with the errors of contemporary criticism. So far as we know, no critic has ever been denounced for acclaiming a spurious genius. You may hail as many musical shams as you please, and nobody is much the worse. Your comments are forgotten. The champions of Mahler are forgotten, if not forgiven. But condemn the works of a Brahms or a Wagner, and you become a spectacle for all time—witness Davison of the London *Times* and Handslick, the German critic. However, there is less risk of condemning that which is intrinsically excellent in these days of sheer ugliness and sensationalism. It is not difficult to discern that the rejection of rules, the revolt against beauty, the utter discordancy and jazzying of modern music is a sign of the unsettled times and is merely a passing phase. Nevertheless, in the midst of much which is unredeemingly ugly and perverse may be found gleams of beauty and flashes of genius, and they often shine with such brilliance as to encourage the hope that out of much which is evil good may come, and that it will be possible to preserve and develop new forms which will be of abiding value. The craving for independence and originality on the part of our young moderns is easy to understand, and not difficult to sympathize with. But in some instances that craving is merely a desire to astonish and shock and to be talked about—that is, it is merely vanity. Instead of being independent, as some of the ultras flatter themselves, they are really showing their dependence on the opinion of others.

AND now to attempt to synthetize, but not to particularize, one’s own impressions of the musical season just past. Little fresh ground has been broken, few new and brilliant lights have made themselves visible in the musical firmament, no epoch-making composition has been heard, and yet, as Galileo murmured, “it moves.” Of course the little school, clique, or gang—whichever
one chooses to call it—of the ultras has been working industriously and noisily, but the visit of Darius Milhaud, while leading the "Six," has only slightly stirred—or shall we say muddled?—the musical waters. The Internationalists in music, who have been much in evidence, bear a good deal of resemblance to their political brethren. They are bent on upsetting the existing order of things. Most of them are well known to the writer personally, and while it is possible to recognize in some of them real sincerity, as well as musical accomplishment, others are undoubtedly affecting a pose and are striving to achieve a prominence to which their talents do not entitle them. A few are sincere seekers after musical light, and are earnestly striving for something which is new and good, if not precisely beautiful, for beauty at present is a minor consideration.

What they seem to aim at chiefly is form—sometimes distorted form—"color," and lots of it. The latter they achieve with the aid of sound producers—they cannot be called musical instruments—never before heard in an orchestra, and all sorts of new sensations and shocks, as witness Mr. Edgar Varese's Hyperprism, not to omit Mr. Carl Ruggles' extraordinary composition for muted trumpets. This sort of thing is sheer eccentricity or oddity, and needless to say nothing ages as quickly. As I have elsewhere pointed out, jazz seems today a much more antiquated affair than a composition by Palestrina. But jazz is only ten years or so old, and Palestrina is three hundred and fifty. People who deliberately do this sort of thing must be regarded as the barnacles of music. The medical profession has its quacks, the legal its shysters, the clergy its blatant, self-advertising pulpiti
ters, and so with all professions.

Leaving the region of debatable subjectivity in music and coming to a brief review of the opera season, Mr. Gatti-Casazza has fulfilled all his promises and has had the most successful season on record at the Metropolitan. He has maintained the Italian repertoire, he has reduced the French, and he has augmented the German, but not one opera has been sung in English or has been of American or English origin. The great impresario has, however, done wonders. In a season of twenty-three weeks and one hundred and sixty-nine performances at the Metropolitan he has given forty operas, including two new works—Momm Lisa and Anima Allegra—and six revivals, Der Rosenkavalier, Romeo et Juliette, Thais, William Tell, Tannhäuser, and L'Après-midi. The organization has also given ten performances in Brooklyn, seventeen in Philadelphia, and seven in Atlanta, as well as twenty-three Sunday recitals in New York, two hundred and twenty-six performances, a truly wonderful record.

The character and quality of the two new works of last season have already been sufficiently indicated in these pages. Anima Allegra, a charming little work, which has scarcely received its due share of praise from those who sit in judgment, the brilliant and fascinating Lucrezia Bori was at her best, and so long as she is at the Metropolitan Vittadini's work ought to be included in the repertory. Mona Lisa, valueless musically, served to introduce a singing actor of remarkable force and distinction, who is likely to be a permanent and important addition to the ranks of the Metropolitan company, Michael Bohnen. He was also heard as King Mark in Tristan and Isolde, and King Henry in Lohengrin, in which roles he confirmed the favorable estimate of his histrionic and vocal powers. So far he has only sung in his own language, German, but he is now studying Italian and French, and will be heard in operas in those languages next season.

Several new German or Germanic artists came to the Metropolita
n last season, among them Elizabeth Rethberg, a really beautiful singer, but somewhat lacking in personality; Sigrid Onegin, who claims Scandinavian origin, a superb specimen physically, with a glorious voice, which she does not use quite so well as she should; Barbara Kemp, whom it is difficult to judge by such a succès de curiosité as her Mona Lisa, and who was disappo

(Continued on page 76)
A FUTURE IN A TEA-CUP

Lillian Gish, one of the loveliest stars of the screen, reads her fortune in the tea-leaves.
Informal Portraits of Famous Painters

WALTER UFER

Edna M. Wells

Jonas Lie (right) is equally well known for his landscapes and his paintings of industry. Winter is his favorite season, and his favorite sport is to wander on skis over the snow-covered foothills of New England, with his paraphernalia for painting under his arm. This love of winter is a heritage, for the artist is a Norwegian by birth, and his youth was spent in the Scandinavian countries.

Walter Ufer studied abroad for many years, and for a time was located in Chicago, he is now a permanent resident of Taos, New Mexico, that famous colony of artists. He is our foremost painter of the Pueblo Indians; they are his neighbors and his great friends. Above, you see him working on his canvas, The Watcher, his easel set up amidst the sage-brush of the New Mexican desert.

The picture of Augustus John (below), the famous English painter who is now in America, was snapped shortly before he sailed to act as a member of the jury of award for the international exhibition of painting at Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh. He has a gift for portraying dominating personalities, but on the Continent his romantic canvases of gypsy life are as greatly admired as his portraits. The artist knows the language of the gypsies, and has often gone caravanning with the tribes.

AUGUSTUS JOHN

Kael & Herbert

JONAS LIE
Side-Shows on the Other Side
I: LONDON AFTER DARK
By Henry Albert Phillips

WHEN I had safely arrived inside the box, I discreetly looked the "gift-horse" in the mouth—for the ticket had been presented to me—and found that the stub had "$5.50" brazenly printed across the face of it. What large gold-filled teeth the gift-horse had!

That set me to reflecting upon the last occasion I had seen this same Chauve-Souris—paying a little less than eleven cents (including the penny War Tax). I made up my mind to detect where the difference of more than five dollars between the two shows came in. I exposed my funny-bone to the grotesque blows of Balfieff's uncouth English; I swayed back and forth to the captivating rhythm of the Wooden Soldiers; and I opened the window of my imagination to the tinkling charm of Katrinka—but I failed to get the original eleven-cent kick out of it.

Why had I been entertained, by almost the same bill, more at one time than at another? Of what does entertainment consist, anyway?

Can entertainment be like a pretty lady who becomes even more charming in proportion as she is decked out in the stuff of which Dreams are made, surrounded by the glamor of Romance and given the air of Make-believe?

I had seen Chauve-Souris on the former occasion in London at the Coliseum—one of the famous Music 'Alls, as they call their vaudeville houses. I had been in London just a day, after an interval of years. I had dined in Soho, chatted a few minutes with a Bobby in Piccadilly Circus, and then taken a stroll thru foggy Whitehall, all the way down to the Houses of Parliament, the towers of which, together with the spires of the Abbey, gave a fairy-castle substance to my mood. As Big Ben boomed seven, I hurried back to the Coliseum and took my place in line for the six-penny seats in the gallery. So you see I took my vision of London inside with me and saw the incomparable Russian show thru its iridescent haze.

There was a considerable bill in addition to Chauve-Souris—mostly rough comedy. I couldn't tell you what it was all about, but a tragedy interposed itself. A neat, pretty little woman sat just in front of me with her husband. Their Cockney conversation revealed that they came from Whitechapel. Gradually her careworn face came to reflect the Make-believe, and if her man had cared to look he would have found beside him the girl he had married a few years before. But the man had another love. Every now and again he had been slipping out to the "pub" connected with the theater, stumbling back reeking with gin. By the time Chauve-Souris had been succeeded by the comedy stuff, she was weeping, and he was cursing her and twisting her arm. Glorious Make-believe had been ripped away and stark Realism mocked the little woman. Slap-stick Comedy had vanished and grim Tragedy sat beside her. Finally, the brute jerked her out of the theater... Her holiday was over.

I wonder what her impression of the entertainment was?

Yet I am not so sure that the more wonderful Show had not taken place down there in the streets before I went into the theater at all. It had all the elements of good vaudeville entertainment, interpolated with comic, tragic and epic moments. The performers were derelicts—derelicts of the War in the main. For as we stood in line there for a half hour or so, waiting for the doors to open to the cheap seats, we were audience to a drama...
familiar to London. First came a blind veteran, led by his little daughter. His voice was never meant for singing—but he sang "I'm Hit A Shine To Drive 'Er From Y'Er Door!"—or something like that. You thanked God when it was over. As he passed his tin cup along, pleading, "Wont you shove me a copper, please?" his sightless face came uncomfortably close to your wide-open eyes and it made you think.

Then came a hurdy-gurdy, propelled by two fragments of men. One had no arms and the other but one leg. Their photographs in uniform were hung on the side of the musical van—two handsome, whole young English soldiers. But they were a jolly pair of beggars, and the hurdy-gurdy was filled with lively airs. They sang comic songs, shouting up at you and singing lustily, giving a noble and unexpected twist to Life's Show that somehow made you feel that God was in His Heaven after all.

The next was an odd number. He planted himself right in the center of Charing Cross Road, swarming with hansom cabs and reckless taxis at this hour. His "act" was "impersonations," and his paraphernalia consisted of a broad-brimmed slouch hat. When he put the hat crosswise on his head, folded his arms and frowned, he became Napoleon! Every time he changed the position of his hat he "became" somebody else, or at least he seemed to think so, and that made us laugh. In truth, it was only the hat that changed. The same gentle, untenanted countenance always appeared beneath it, placid, poignantly pathetic. It didn't matter to him what we thought—he was Napoleon. We, poor wretches, were the crazy ones.

But the traffic had become tied in a knot. Drivers were hurling Billingsgate at him and anxious "fares" were shaking their fists at him, when a big Bobby came and clapped his hand on his shoulder. He turned and smiled, for the first time. Waterloo was at hand.

The line moved forward—up the long stairs to the top gallery.

In America, we take entertainment harder than London does, and God knows, life has been hard to live there for going on nine years now! Englishmen have a habit of laughing at the Little Things—it's a streak of subtle national humor that's a veritable gift o' God! They smile at Big Things too, like the War.

For example: One afternoon I lingered late in Trafalgar Square—seeking entertainment. I found it. An Irish agitation meeting was going on wildly at the foot of the "column," on top of which stands the effigy of that patriot of patriots, Lord Nelson. Now, at the foot of the column, several Irishmen were taking turns in vilifying England. There was an audience of scarcely a couple of hundred people. About half of them were Irishmen spoiling for a fight. Then there was a large group of Labor Unionists echoing the vilification. The remainder were ordinary Englishmen, attentive, half-smiling. Nearby, busses were drawing up in quick succession on their way to Westminster, Lambeth, Clapham Common. The crowding passengers glanced sidelong toward the agitators and smiled. It was no laughing matter, but they could not refrain from smiling, grim tho it was.

How easily London is entertained may be deduced from another gathering I found just on the other side of the same Square. England's real National Theater had been set up in a six-foot radius, and when I arrived the play that has had the longest run in the history of the theater was in full swing—Punch and Judy! Everybody in the crowd had seen this classic a score of times or more. Yet he stood there again—knowing that his supper was growing cold at home—with a little drizzle of December rain penetrating his clothes, and the rumble of a thousand busses almost drowning Punch's squeaky voice. He stood there with all his native dignity doffed, gaping receptively—boyish England shining in the man of Britain's eyes.

I could never be sure which was the more entertaining—Punch and Judy or John Bull at play!

On a former visit to London, I had attended a performance of the Royal Opera in Covent Garden. It was a "command" performance and King Edward and Queen Alexandra were there in the royal box. The touch of pageantry this side of the footlights outshone the gorgeous setting of Le Prophète itself.

On my current visit to the famous playhouse, I had taken in the "movies" there! The world do move backward, it seems, sometimes. There was a curious audience there that first time.

It was the celluloid début of a blue-blooded star—my Lady Diana Manners, daughter of their Graces the Duke and Duchess of Rutland. Probably few of Lady Di's "set" had ever seen a cinema before. "It isn't done," Lady Di had "gone out to work," and not a few were anxious to see how she had managed to pick up so many pounds-shillings-and-pence outside their "clique."

It was a most entertaining audience, far more entertaining than the picture.

"Mme. Tussaud's" is another London institution of amusement. For more than fifty years all London has been swarming thru Mme. Tussaud's on every (Continued on page 74)
A camera study by Maurice Goldberg of a dance number from Jack and Jill

THE MINUET
ECONOMY, except in the most expert hands, is, perhaps, the most perverse thing in the world. In a moment it may trip its acolytes into grotesque penuriousness or lure them, without shame, into the most abject extravagance. And, like many idols, it never lets its worshippers know they have been betrayed.

Thus we have many things committed in the name of economy. A government may spend any sum so long as it burns decent incense in the temple of the public’s god. A rigorous simplicity must be maintained.

It is the same with books. We are invited, often enough, to bestow our attention upon a mere scenario amid the overwhelming cheers for economy. That isn’t economy. It is poverty, and poverty seldom permits a real economy lest it become nothing at all. Fat economies are scarcely better than lean ones, for reduction, at best, is a compromise, and, in the case of books, may deceive us into accepting tedium for husbandry.

Probably there is no parallel except that elusive thing called artistic economy, between such diverse books as C. E. Montague’s Fiery Particles and Kai Lung’s Golden Hours by Ernest Bramah, yet this fact alone seems sufficient warrant for considering them together.

To those in whose memory the Wallet of Kai Lung still lives, this new book by Bramah needs little introduction. If their number is small, it may be hoped that the Golden Hours will make it larger before another volume comes. Kai Lung belongs to the immortal company of storytellers and, like Scheherazade, extends his precarious existence from day to day by beguiling official ears with the delicacy of his narration.

In the tales that he has put into the mouth of this Oriental Munchausen, Mr. Bramah has exercised all the subtleties of his art. Kai Lung not only lives himself but breathes life into characters upon whose quaint doings he relies for whatever longevity may be his lot. Therein Mr. Bramah has created for himself a double problem in construction, and the apparent ease with which it has been solved indicates, better than anything else, an art that is most cunningly concealed.

Behold, then, Kai Lung in the untroubled days before he incurred the displeasure of the “obtuse Ming-Shu,” admitting that “in one form or another all (stories) that exist are within my mental grasp. Thus equipped, there is no arising emergency for which I am unprepared.”

It was, as anyone may find out, not an idle boast, and it may be added, with discretion, that Ming-Shu did not allow the versatile “relater of imagined tales” to languish in silent idleness for want of emergencies.

There was, for instance, the ineffable occasion on which Hwa-Mei, Kai Lung’s amiable accomplice and the object of his affections, proved to the ominously attentive officials that whereas a coin may have only two sides the third is often the most important.

There was, again, the story of Lao Ting and the Luminous Insect by whose dim light the knavish student prepared for his examinations. Lao Ting sold his chances in the examinations by pleading, for thirty-seven taels, “the repose of his venerated ancestors practically back to prehistoric times,” to absent himself from the city until the days set for the tests had passed. By removing the proclamations announcing the postponement of the dates, he compiled with the terms of his contract and returned in time to take the examinations and win a high place on the lists. Sheng-Yin, the unfortunate victim of Lao Ting’s enterprise, attempted revenge in the post-mortem affliction of the rascally Lao Ting.

“Waiting until night had fallen he sought the student’s doorstep and there took a potent drug, laying upon his ghost a strict injunction to devote itself to haunting and thwarting the ambitions of the one who dwelt within. But even in this he was inept, for the poison was less speedy than he thought, and Lao Ting returned in time to convey him to another door.”

Almost any page in the book will yield other rich examples of such surreptitious humor, a humor which invades by stealth and conquers without striking a blow. Witness for a moment the return of Yuan Yan, the pilot of blind mendicants, after the historic occasion on which he “cast a missile at the Tablets,” and betrayed publicly the results of his splendid defiance.

“Much of the leisurely dignity had melted out of his footsteps and he wore his hat and outer garments at an angle which plainly testified that he was a person who might be supposed to have a marked objection to returning home before the early hours of the morning. Furthermore, as he entered he was chanting certain melodious words by which he endeavored to convey the misleading impression that his chief amusement consisted in defying the official watchers of the town, and he was continually reiterating a claim to be regarded as ‘one of the beardless goats.’” Thus expressing himself Yan sank down in his appointed corner and would doubtless soon have been floating peacefully in the Middle Distance had not the
door been again thrown open and a stranger named Chou-hu entered.

Kai Lung’s proverbs alone deserve an anthology, with perhaps an appendix of maldections such as the hope that bats may “defile his Ancestral Tablets and goats propagate within his neglected tomb! May the snivels of his hams snap in moments of achievement! May the principles of his warmth and cold never be properly adjusted!” “Thus you set a monkey on horseback.” quotes Kai Lung, “yet will his hands and feet remain hairy.” He who believes in gambling will live to sell his sandals, and “From three things cross the road to avoid: a falling tree, your chief and second wives whispering in agreement, and a goat wearing a leopard’s tail.”

And all of this praise, as Hilaire Belloc points out in a preface to the present edition, is not extravagant praise, nor praise at all in the conversational sense of that term. “It is merely a judgment; a putting into as carefully exact words as I can find the appreciation I make of this style and its triumph.”

Mr. Montague has not assumed the inviting bowl of Mr. Branah’s yarn-spinning mendicant, nor are the days of his life numbered by the inventions of his imagination. One might be forgiven the wish that they were, and that he was, at the same time, imbued with the aspirations of Methuselah. For he is, whatever else he may be, a teller of tales, and as such he has not overlooked his obligations to his listeners.

The nine stories that make up the volume are real stories, stories that would demand consideration on their own account if there were no better reasons for examination. But happily for us, and for Mr. Montague, there are better reasons, too, perhaps, they are not so easily definable.

There is, for instance, the fairly obvious reason of style and execution—the artistic economy already mentioned. We are not offered mere outlines, for Mr. Montague does not practise false economies. Neither does he permit himself the doubtful luxury of literary gyrations which frequently pass for technical accomplishments. Somewhere in these negative assertions lies the secret of what he offers us and perhaps the explanation of a rare talent. He sees clearly, with humor and with an understanding of what he sees. Doubtless these are not uncommon attributes, but added to them Mr. Montague has an uncompromising spirit, a forthright and unwavering honesty, and in this combination, I submit, we have something which has fulfilled its early promise.

This forthrightness has led Mr. Montague to ignore the loud chorus of those nimble-memory individuals who bid us to forget the war. One might imagine that he has nothing save scorn for those of such adjustable mentality. He writes of war bravely, perhaps even defiantly, and he dissipates with an irony—clouds of hokum which the apostles of voluntary forgetfulness helped to create.

Fiery Particles, however, is not a book devoted solely to the war, tho it may be called, with accuracy, a book of fighting. Not, of course, the ordinary broils of belligerent men, but the finer fight which Mr. Montague has hinted at in his foreword.

“Thyought,” he says of his characters, “nimbly to suffer the business or game of living, not to pull it about nor try to give it new twists, each to his own wayward liking. Ours is the day of the hero who slips thru life; volatile, yes; but passive, a drifter, pleading that he is the fault of everyone else and declining all of life that is declinable. Still, what is a fellow to do? If, of all the men you have known, none will come back to your mind except arrant lovers of living, might he have said to them they must take the consequences whether it be the destruction of the wonderful still in Another Temple Gone or the smashing of journalistic ideals in Two or Three Witnesses. He has called them “ardent cranks” and refused to believe that life deals gently with such as they.

Perhaps it was not quite right to say that there is no parallel except that of artistic achievement between Kai Lung and Fiery Particles. Kai Lung was something of a fiery particle himself, tho Mr. Branah understands him well enough to know that he would not blaze so much as he would exhibit secretly, perhaps, a discreet and engaging glow.
The wanderer on Broadway has surely been offered a pot-pourri of plays this past season, and not for years has there been such a large percentage of short runs. It is small wonder that the managers have failed to discover the right ingredient for an all-round play, when the awards for satisfying the public go to such variety as Abe's Irish Rose, Romeo and Juliet, Whispering Wires, the depressing Rain, and the cockney So This Is London! On this page are the stars of five widely different shows with which various producers have been trying to please the playgoer's palate.

**Helen R. Webster**

**DUDLEY DIGGES**

This star of the Theatre Guild's production of Elmer Rice's expressionistic drama, The Adding Machine, was born in Dublin, and obtained his first acting experience when a member of the Irish National Theater Company in his native city. He has created famous character parts in nearly all the productions of the Theatre Guild, among them the husband in Jane Clegg and the Sparrow in Liliom.

**Basil Sydney**

As the Devil's Disciple in the Theatre Guild's production of Shaw's great drama, Basil Sydney has added one more name to his long list of successful interpretations. At eighteen he organized a company in England, playing Romeo, with Ellen Terry as the nurse and Doris Keane as Juliet.

**Alice Fischer**

A diverting comedy, to which the capricious public turned thumbs down after a brief run, was My Aunt from Ypsilanti, with Alice Fischer in the title role. This clever actress played the rich, blustering, modern Aunt with her usual finish and finesse. She is one of the best-known women in New York, and devotes her spare time to the Stage Women's War Relief and many other philanthropic movements.

**Phyllis Povah**

Icebound, by Owen Davis, has just been awarded the Pulitzer Prize for the season's best play of American life. It is a grim study of New England character, and the honors go to Miss Povah, who has the leading feminine role. She is a graduate of the University of Michigan, and was a successful advertising woman before she sought a career on the stage.

**Edith Wynne Matthison**

This past spring a courageous manager decided to tempt the playgoer with such intellectual fare as The Chastening and Antigone, served at special matinees, with Edith Wynne Matthison in the leading roles. The experiment proved to be a high success.

Page Fifty-Three
National Theaters to Order
Augustus Thomas sets up shop in competition with Molière and Stanislavsky
By Kenneth Macgowan

NATIONAL THEATERS are made, not born. Even the State cannot say: “Go to! Here is half a million dollars. Let us have a national theater.” It took Molière and two centuries to make the Théâtre Français the French Theater. The Tzar spent millions of rubles on the State Theaters of Russia, but an amateur named Stanislavsky made the Moscow Art Theater the true expression of Russia’s theatrical genius. If Germany ever had a national theater, it was not the Königliches Schauspielhaus, for which the Kaiser paid the bills, but the acting organization which Max Reinhardt created in his two Berlin playhouses.

Consider, therefore, the spectacle of the earnest but not exactly inspired Augustus Thomas, overlord of Broadway, extracting twenty-five thousand dollars from the till of the Producing Managers’ Association and double that amount from the Carnegie Foundation, and blithely announcing the foundation of the American National Theater.

An idealistic project no doubt, but not much more. No permanent home, no permanent organization, no permanent company. Some excellent actors gathered from those out of work at the moment. A good director, Robert Milton. An exceptionally able scenic artist, Lee Simonson. One play, As You Like It, to be followed—if the money holds out—by other classics; and some day a company to act modern pieces. A patronizing proposal to teach the wisdom and art of Broadway to “little theaters,” which might better teach Thomas how to organize a permanent repertory company. And a committee of eminent professors and authorities of fifty years and up to bless the proceedings.

So one-sided an analysis of the American National Theater could only be made after it had had its innings and shown the quality of its art. But anyone might have remarked long ago that a people makes its own national theater by the recognition of a long record of accomplishment. The thing cannot be done by a laying on of names.

Here, however, is As You Like It. Let us talk of it as of any production offered at some theater where one week we see a musical comedy and another week a picture by Griffith.

As You Like It is probably a dull play no matter who acts it. A chorus arises: “Ah, but you should have seen Ada Rehan!” Or Modjeska, or Mrs. Siddons, or heaven knows what great person who could have rivalled even so terrible a thing as If Winter Comes, if only she could get into the shoes—and the pants—of Cyril Munde. As Shaw has pointed out, Shakespeare knew the kind of thing he was doing, and contemptuously flung the title, As You Like It, in the faces of the matinee boys of Elizabethan England. I don’t believe that any modern audience can recapture the peculiar taste and interests of those days, but it is, of course, possible that if the play were ripped off at top speed on some kind of semi-Shakespearean stage, with no intermissions, the plot might be able to stand up to the lyric poetry.

Here is an As You Like It that almost succeeds in doing this for one act. Ian Keith—a young fellow with the ink hardly dry on his dramatic school diploma—dashes at the part of Orlando with such abandon that he makes you actually believe that there is something exciting about the explanation to Old Adam of everything that Old Adam already knows about his persecution. Robert Milton keeps things moving swiftly. Margalo Gillmore is a dream of a Celia, and even Marjorie Rambeau is balled of the bovine charm which settles down on her in the Forest of Arden. Finally, Lee Simonson provides a towering tapestry of dull burned orange and soothing greens, so lovely in its ancient and primitive art, so admirably spaced to the width of the stage and the narrow
height of creamy portals, that Celin and Rosalind, garbed in ravishing simplicity, stand out like ladies of unbelievable and towering beauty. Then the tapestry loops up, crimson banners shout, and before a princely dais, Orlando and Charles wrestle tumultuously while a court of Simonowskian loveliness looks on.

Thereafter, Arden: foresters eternally singing themselves on and off the stage; jesters, clowns, and louts eternally chattering; Rosalind and Orlando eternally wandering about pretending not to know each other; that prize high-school pessimist, Jacques, eternally driveling over poor mankind. Slower and slower pace, Ernest Lawford, A. E. Clason, Fuller Mellish and Percival Vivian beset by the stupidity of plot and characters. Miss Rainbow alternately slumberous and coy. An ambitious and expensive and earnest effort gone to shipwreck in a Sargasso Sea of inertia.

The American National Theater, if it exists anywhere but in the womb of time, is located in the executive offices of the Theatre Guild. There a considerable amount of steady effort, permanent organization, and theatrical idealism are to be found. The latest outcome of these things is a revival of Bernard Shaw's very likable melodrama, The Devil's Disciple. The faults in the production are those that mark off the Guild from great national accomplishment. The Guild has no permanent company where actors may be trained and studied, and it has no director of genius. As a result, half of The Devil's Disciple is amazingly underplayed. Beverly Sis-greaves, good actress tho she is, turns Dick Dudgeon's mother into a figure of cruel tragedy, and no one laughs at her hatreds. Basil Sydney, an intelligent and accomplished player, slowly and carefully works his way thru the part of the diabolian Dick without any of the reckless and tumultuous deriviveness which Shaw wrote into his stage directions, not to mention the lines of the part. Sydney is slow and elaborately emphatic, never inspired or possessed. Perhaps these actors are incapable of anything more, but I am inclined to put the fault down to a stage director who has made Dick mount the table and heroically shout for American freedom when Shaw describes the man as "boisterously derisive."

With the third act, enter General Burgoyne and Roland Young. A great part —witty beyond words. A fine comedian—sharp and subtle. There is no need for a stage director to tell this actor what to do, to spur him on. With the first lines of Burgoyne, The Devil's Disciple jumps to its feet and dashes madly off toward success.

A good director has been busy with Zander the Great, the comedy by E. Salisbury Field in which Alice Brady comforts the last moment of the dying season. David Burton keeps the slight little play moving briskly and plausibly. His players handle the hokum with as much skill as Salisbury brings to the lines. Between Ficks and Burton and Miss Brady you almost forget that it is hokum—this tale of a Peg o' my heart who rushes a child across the continent in a Ford to find a father who left no permanent address with his now departed wife; this conglomeration of cowboy-bootleggers rounded up and corralled by the wee hands and winning smiles of one of those omnipotent stage-children.

The whole thing is perfect foolishness of a most engaging kind—particularly engaging so close to the end of the season. And if Jerome Patrick is very Farnum-esque as the rubber-stamp hero, Joseph Allen and George Abbott are grand as the cowboys, and Miss Brady ranges from fairly obvious comedy to fine emotion and subtle impersonation. Shakespeare and Shaw shared the month with two other playwrights of some reputation—that distraught and brilliant Russian who wrote He Who Gets Slapped, and the much-overrated gentleman who turned out The Second Mrs. Tanqueray when the British drama was at the level of Corse Payton's repertory.

Andreyev's Anathema, which brings Maurice Swartz uptown from the Yiddish Art Theater with a supply of brilliantly painted Russian scenery by Samuel Ostrovsky, is a deeply philosophic drama which could only be effective in English if consummately translated and miraculously acted. Naturally enough the translation is just passable, and Ernest Glendinning is a bit out of his depth as a most likable and intellectual devil who tries to prove truth and to show God the iniquities of His order on earth. Swartz himself does fairly well with the good old Jew whom the devil plays for a kind of Christ.

Equipped with expressionistic scenery by Mitchell Oenslager which sometimes expresses the wrong thing, but is just as often effective, the Harvard Dramatic Club has presented Broadway with another Andreyev play, The Life of Man, as well as a pleasant but unimportant little thing by Sacha Guitry called Beranger. The college actors quite naturally lack the ability to put significance or emotion into this rather obvious statement that man is born to sorrow.

Pinero's play, The Enchanted Cottage, is merely a belated effort to keep up with the dramatic procession by deserting realism for — expressions? Oh, no, merely Barriesque romance. It is Barrie with Barrie left out—a pleasant yarn about how love makes two ugly twisted young people over into dreams of loveliness. At one moment it is truly poignant — the moment when they ask their chily old relatives (Cont'd on page 67)
Painting With a Needle

With silk and wool as a medium, instead of paint

Marguerite Zorach's embroideries are built up and developed as a painter constructs a picture. Her color is often as brilliant as that found in the canvases of the ultra-moderns. She has a flair for Matisse pinks and greens; tho she can give us—as in her embroidered painting, The Island—all the subdued tones found in an Old Master, Miss Zorach has developed her own methods, and no one has been able to imitate her stitches successfully.

AN INDIAN WEDDING

THE WATERFALL

THE DANCE

These embroideries bear no relation to ordinary needlework; they are more nearly related to the tapestries woven by the artists of the Renaissance, but Miss Zorach never makes use of set or formal designs. Tho she has established a reputation as a painter in oils, and belongs to the modernistic group, her embroideries have given her a definite place in the World of Art.

THE ISLAND
In Studio and Gallery
By Helen Appleton Read

The art event of greatest importance for the past month and one which, being international, has a way of creating international appeal, is the Twenty-second Carnegie International Exhibition at Pittsburgh. It came as a much heralded corollary to the International Jurors. He has remained to paint portraits and to be the subject of an enormous amount of discussion and conjecture as to the truth of the many romantic tales which have circulated about his paintings, his personality, and his history.

The Carnegie Exhibition is not only the important art event of the month but of the whole year, since the American art lover has the opportunity to see, side by side with the best work produced in the United States, the best work, or rather the supposed best work, that is being produced in Europe. It is the only International Exhibition of the United States; in fact, the only International Exhibition to be held anywhere annually, as the Venice International is held every two years.

To assemble an exhibition which is representative not only of the United States but of Europe is not an easy thing. A thing made more difficult by the fact that there are rules and precedents connected with the choosing of the Carnegie International which are difficult to alter all at once. Such as, for instance, the long list of names from which the American pictures have for years been chosen, a list which needs much altering in order to make it in any way representative of the best work that is being done in the United States today.

Homer St. Gaudens, son of Augustus St. Gaudens, is the new director and has done much, in this first exhibition under his guidance, to clear away the dead wood. New names which stand almost for radicalism are admitted, and as a result, the American section of the exhibition is the most alive selection that has as yet been hung on the walls of the Institute. Here is an academy or a salon of an entirely new kind, whose motivating principle, instead of being the typical academy point of view—which is, "Keep out anything that is different." "Only academic standards of art are good." "Down with the new men"—wants to preserve an open mind, to show the best of all schools, academic, radical, primitive or whatever they may be.

There is a diversity of opinion concerning the European galleries. Personally I feel that the English section is pretty nearly representative, and that the French is decidedly not. The English and American galleries are side by side. Comparisons are obvious. The English galleries are almost entirely devoted to portraits. They have a dash and charm and an air of aristocracy that give the room an essentially English ethos or at least the American idea of the English ethos.

In looking over our fine gathering of well-painted canvases, nowhere, with the exception of two old Sargent's, do we find portraits which compare in charm and distinction with those in the English group. To paint charmingly, lyrically one might say, is the English tradition. One has only to remember the eighteenth-century portrait painters—Romney, Lawrence, and Raeburn, to be sure of that. Even through the latest phases of modernism—commonly known as "the cult of ugliness"—altho no English moderns are represented, this same thing holds true.

Decidedly, so far, our specialty is not painting society portraits. For some reason our so-called society portrait painters are either hopelessly vulgar and technically inexpert—magazine-cover artists or illustrators, self-promoted to portraiture—or else they are academic and heavy-handed imitations of Sargent. That society portraiture and good painting are not necessarily mutually exclusive is evidenced by the Sargent portraits and the

(Continued on page 73)
At the Court of Beauty

The Queen and her Maids of Honor

The crown of the Queen of Beauty has been placed upon this winsome sixteen-year-old Daughter of the South. Miss De Hart has deep-blue eyes, golden-brown hair, and that exquisite complexion which the Virginians call "peachblow." Since childhood she has studied interpretive dancing, so the quality of grace is added to her beauty and charm.

The judges of the American Beauty Contest, all of whom were well-known artists and writers, present herewith their unanimous selection of the Queen of Beauty and her Maids of Honor. The task of this judging committee was a difficult and tiresome one, entailing the consideration of thousands of photographs, sent from all over the country. Furthermore, scores of the pictures were lovely, as was attested by those which were reproduced from month to month during the past year in the four magazines of the Brewster Publications. In compliance with the reward offered the reigning beauty, Miss De Hart will be given a trip to New York from her home in Bristol, Virginia, and during her sojourn she will be the honor guest at many enjoyable functions, and the center of much attention.

FLORINE FINDLAY DE HART

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PERFECTION of form is the physical framework upon which beauty is built. This entails health, grace and purity of feature. To be truly the esthetic type, this physical symmetry must be endowed with the spirit of ideals and enthusiasms, illuminated with intelligence, and made radiant with a personality unique to the individual.

Unknown to the judges, when the selection was made, the honorary trio consisted of three blondes, all professionals of stage or screen. Kathryn McGuire, of Hollywood, (below) is one of the Mack Sennett girls who has helped to build that producer's reputation as a connoisseur of beauty.

PEGGY WOOD
Peggy Wood is the popular star of The Clinging Vine, a musical comedy of extended run on Broadway. She is a worthy exponent of beauty and charm, as she well demonstrates in her roles on the stage.

KATHRYN McGUIRE
Henry Horwitz

ELVA POMFRET
Elva Pomfret, of Brooklyn, N.Y., (right) is a petite, blue-eyed blonde. She made her bow to Broadway audiences in Orange Blossoms. The modest pose of these Maids of Honor would signify that the twentieth-century girl still has her demure moments.

ELVA POMFRET
Horwitz

Edward Thayer Monroe
The City Cousin Visits the Country Cousin
A. D. 1923
By
Kenneth C. Stellenwerf

The farmhouse early breakfast is usually a one-man show, the owner being the only person interested in catching the sunrise.

Ye Old Swimmin' Hole has been bereft of its mud-turtles, and its waters, carefully filtered and salted, have been piped to a vast marble basin—a reproduction of an old Roman bath.

The Country Cousin takes his usual before-dinner exercise. The cocktail-shaker, alas, has replaced the old-fashioned cider-jug.

Our visitor, shorn of the illusion of the farm of her childhood, returns to her moss-back metropolis in a state of collapse, eager for the sylvan repose of the enclosed city block.

The City Cousin is alarmed by this brother of Bo-Peep—a product of the post-impressionistic School of Agriculture.

Landscape in Modern Treatment.
So ran an old music hall ditty, and it has its application today as yesterday. Our song birds of the Metropolitan, headed by their impresario, Don Giulio Gatti-Casazza, have most of them flown to Europe—
to the continent of the fallen mark and the deeply depressed kronen, where one can purchase a principality for a peppercorn and almost live on one’s exchange. I took some part in the concluding festivities at the Metropolitan Opera House on the last day and night of the season, when two of its biggest and most spectacular productions were given—L’Africaine and Aida—
with that flawless smoothness one has learned to expect under the Gatti management. As the scenes of the two operas were taken down at the end of each act they were placed on trucks for removal to the Pennsylvania Terminus, whence they were transported to Atlanta, Georgia, the same night.

I was down at the Terminus somewhere past midnight to bid my au revoir to the company as they went, figuratively speaking, marching to Georgia, and also to gain some idea of how it was all done, and was immensely entertained and interested. It required two special trains, and when I arrived the platform between them was crowded with operatic celebrities bidding farewell to friends and admirers amid a scene of great animation. At the foot of the stairway leading to the platform were Otto Weil, who for years has had charge of the Metropolitan transport arrangements, and Edward Siedle, technical director and oldest and most experienced member of the opera staff. They were engaged in checking off the principals as they arrived, and directing them to their allotted places in the Pullman cars, while Judels was doing the same for chorus, band and ballet.

Tripping down the stairs, carrying an enormous bouquet, came Rosa Ponselle, who had removed all traces of her African complexion as Selika, whom she had represented a few hours before, and looked as blooming as her flowers. Star upon star dazzled my vision, beam-

dancers and supers in super-abundance, with scenery and dresses for nine operas (two of them added for emergencies) drew out of the Pennsylvania Station. What a marvelous organization, and what perfect method!

No theatrical fare has given me greater pleasure in a long time than the Theatre Guild’s revival of Shaw’s The Devil’s Disciple. Apart from its brilliant dialectics, what good fun it is. Shaw sat down, it may be said, with his tongue in his cheek to write a melodrama full of the old theatrical tricks. He had in mind Sidney Carton, of A Tale of Two Cities, or rather its stage version, The Only Way, when he drew Dick Dudgeon, the devil-may-care hero, who is ready to be hanged in place of a man he scarcely knows, all on account of a woman; while for sheer ostentatious theatricalism such incidents as the reading of the will, the substitution by Dick of himself (Continued on page 65)
A PORTRAIT
By Margaret Watkins
(First Prize)
This portrait of B. S. Horne was given the first award because it combines originality of design and quality of tone
The Camera Contest
At the International Salon
By Joseph R. Mason

THAT photography is beginning more and more to have a universal appeal was evidenced by the International Salon held by the Pictorial Photographers of America during the month of May at the Art Center in New York City.

It is a pleasure to note as the world struggles back to normalcy that the minds of folk can, once more, be turned to the contemplation of things other than methods and weapons of destruction. This was clearly proclaimed by the entrance of prints from twenty-five countries—even those countries now supposedly in the most turbulent states of mind were contributors: Russia, Germany, France and Mexico.

Conspicuous were prints from Robert Demachy, of Paris, Leonard Misonne, of Belgium, L. Garcia Smarth, Mexico; Herbert Bairston, Halifax, England; Robert Fohannson, Moscow, Russia; Joh E. J. Huysser, Bloemendaal, Holland; J. Dudley Johnston, London; Herbert Lambert, Bath, England; Prof. Frank Eugene Smith, Leipzig, Germany; Hugo Van Veverka, Cardiff, South Wales; John M. Whitehead, Alva, Scotland; Nikolaus Schindler, Vienna; and Duhrkoop M. Diez, Hamburg.

From a total of twenty-five hundred prints submitted, four hundred and fifty were selected as representative. These filled to overflowing the six galleries and the Pictorialists’ room. The placing of the foreign prints on the second floor, apart from the domestic prints, was indeed a happy thought, as it enabled us to form an opinion as to the “vision” and merits of the worker abroad, quite unhampered by comparison with those of our own country.

The work of ninety-three foreign workers was listed in the catalog out of a total of three hundred and fifty exhibitors. This is an excellent showing, when one thinks of the difficulty entailed in packing, shipping, and the procedure at the custom-office.

The following number of prints were listed in the various methods: Artatone, 8; Bromide, 86; Bromoil, 80; Chloride, 55; Carbon, 5; Gum, 36; Gum Platinum, 4; Oil, 6; Platinum or Palladium, 53; Satista, 5; Transfer (oil or bromoil), 44.

There was a preponderance of prints that were not “straight” photography, and, in glancing about, the observer was struck with the number of prints taken with the soft-focus lens. As a member of the jury remarked: “There is a tendency to have done with the straight print and an endeavor to ‘paint’ by treatment.”

Today, in photographic

Page Sixty-Three
there has sprung anew the desire to do photography for photography's sake and have done with the endeavor to paint. When such leaders as Steiglitz, White, and Steichen call for the return of the "straight" print, we doubt not but that the next Salon will show a return to that method.

In the next issue, we hope to give the names of those to whom the jury awarded the honors of the exhibit, and we will endeavor to secure these prints for reproduction in the magazine.

The judges of this month's contest were: Mildred Ruth Wilson, Bernard S. Horne, and Eugene V. Brewster.

First Prize—A Portrait. Margaret Watkins, 46 Jane Street, New York City.
Second Prize—The Fan. Holmes I. Mettee, Baltimore, Md.
Third Prize—Facade. Salome E. Marckwardt, 437 West 117th St., New York City.

ALONG THE RIVER
By Robert Waida
(Honorable Mention)

circles, there has come a swinging back of the pendulum—a reaction from the so-called soft-focus lens, just as the soft-focus lens was a reaction from the harsh, wiry print of a generation ago. This was inevitable—due to a lack of moderation in the use and treatment of the print of today. The harsh, wiry print of yesterday has passed, except for purposes of reproduction, but, with the various grades and textures of paper today, the hazy, fuzzy print has no legitimate place in photography. Among those best fitted to speak for photography,

THE SARDINE FISHERS OF BRITTANY
By Laura Gilpin
(Honorable Mention)

Honorable Mention—Along the River. Robert Waida, 9 West 14th St., New York City.

Honorable Mention—A Landscape Pattern. Mrs. Antoinette B. Hervey, 351 West 114th St., New York City.

Honorable Mention—The Sardine Fishers of Brittany. Laura Gilpin, 30 West Dale Street, Colorado Springs, Colo.

A LANDSCAPE PATTERN
By Antoinette B. Hervey
(Honorable Mention)
for the parson by the simple expedient of putting on the latter’s coat, the court martial—borrowed from the old nautical melodrama by Douglas Jerrold, Black-Eyed Susan—and the final scene in the jail courtyard, with its murmuring, groaning crowd, Dead March in Saul, and the hero reprieved at the very last moment as he stands on the gallows with the rope round his neck—these all belong to what some might call the dark ages of the theater. All the same, The Devil’s Disciple is first-rate entertainment, and I recaptured many of the thrills I felt when I saw Forbes-Robertson as Dick, goodness knows how many years ago.

Basil Sydney as Dick is a thought too stagey and deliberate for such a dashing hero of romance, but he gives an effective performance on the whole and one of which I am sure the author would approve. The best to be said of Roland Young in the perfectly gorgeous part of General Burgoyne is that he is as good as the part itself. He acts it with consummate distinction, and his dry, slightly cynical humor, his perfect breeding, his quiet recognition of the gallantry and self-sacrifice of Dick, of the dull barrack-room stupidity of his brother officer, Major Swindon, and of the political and military blundering he is up against, are admirably conveyed. The performance stamps Roland Young as one of the most polished actors on our stage. I may be permitted to express the hope that by this time he has a uniform which fits him, and that sartorially he looks “Gentlemanly Johnny” as well as he plays him.

As to the stage direction, the play succeeded in spite of it, but Philipp Moeller all but killed the last act by his clumsy groupings, and halting, indecisive action. He should go back to writing plays, in which he has shown some promise, and leave this sort of thing to others. I can imagine how Shaw would have squirmed if he had noted some of the stage direction in the Guild’s production of his early play, altho I have known him to slumber thru a dull performance of one of his own pieces. Which reminds me of a story about Shaw when he was called before the curtain to be loudly applauded on the first night of one of his plays. There was a solitary boo from the gallery, and looking up he said, “I quite agree with you, but what are we two among so many?” However I advise all who can to see The Devil’s Disciple with its present cast, for it supplies an evening of almost unalloyed enjoyment.

Once is glad to welcome to this country Arthur Bliss, prominent among the younger school of English composers. That school, which includes such men as Holst, Bax, Ireland, Goossens and Percy Scott, and which has as its acknowledged foster-father Vaughan-Williams, is putting on a wide swathe for itself. It is marked not only by sincerity and originality but has that distinctly national flavor which, pace Ernest Newman, it ought to possess. It has, as Mr. Bliss pointed out in his interesting and amusing address before the League of Composers—by whom he was entertained at the Macdowell Club—shaken itself free from those Germanic influences which, beginning with Handel and carried on thru Mendelssohn and Wagner, more or less prevailed up to the time of the outbreak of the war.

Mr. Bliss is going West with his father, who has purchased a home in California, and he will try some interesting musical experiments with the films at Hollywood. He returns to New York in the autumn to conduct two of his own compositions. A charming and cultured man, Mr. Bliss is a distinguished addition to musical society on this side. The reception given to him by the League of Composers, the board of which he has joined, was a pleasant affair. The younger set danced to music provided by some eminent persons, including Harold Bauer, who amused himself and delighted everybody by improvising a set of waltzes on themes from Tristan, Lohengrin, Tannhäuser (imagine the Pilgrim’s Chorus as a waltz!), and the Ring. Dulce est desipere in loco, or as Pope has it:

A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the wisest men.

I have a deep-seated prejudice against amateur shows, and especially against men dressed in female attire, when that dressing up is by way of close imitation and not burlesque. Once, when a very young man, I played the part of Little Buttercup in H. M. S. Pinafore, and I never felt more uncomfortable and, indeed, ashamed.
A Summary of Shows

(Information about theatrical productions cannot invariably be accurate because of the time it takes to print SHADOWLANDS. In the meantime, new plays may have opened and others may have changed theaters or even been discontinued.)

Drama—Major and Melo-

The Adding Machine. Comedy.—Dudley Digges and Margaret Wyckrly in a play where most of the characters are automatons talking in numbers.

The Cat and the Canary. National.—Good excitement and suspense.

The Devil's Disciple. Garrick.—The Theatre Guild's production of Shaw's play with Basil Sydney in the title role and Roland Young as General Burgoyne.

The Enchanted Cottage. Ritz.—An unusually delightful play that truly enchant's everyone that sees it.

The Fool. Times Square.—Charming Pollock's play of an idealistic young minister who tries to live the life that Christ would lead if He were on earth today.

Icebound. Sam H. Harris.—Unusually well-written and well-acted play of New England life.

The Mountebank. Lyceum.—Norman Trevor in a fairly human war drama.

Humor and Human Interest

Abie's Irish Rose. Republic.—Jewish-Hibernian comedy written and played in farcical spirit.

Aren't We All? Gaiety.—An interesting comedy featuring Cyril Maude.

Cold Feet. Fulton.—May Vokes and Glenn Anders in a brisk farce.

The Comedian. Belasco.—Belasco at his best in the production of Guitry's play, featuring Lionel Atwill.

For Value Received. Longacre.—Augustin Duncan in a comedy-drama of laughter and tears.

Give and Take. Forty-ninth Street.—Laughable play by Aaron Hoffman, with Louis Mann and George Sidney in typical roles.

Mary the Third. Thirty-ninth Street.—A play of love and romance plus gentle satire, by Rachel Crothers.

Rain. Maxine Elliott's.—One of the season's great successes, with Jeanne Eagels doing some remarkable acting.

Romeo and Juliet. Henry Miller's.—A beautiful production, with Jane Cowl a lovely Juliet.


Sweet Nell of Old Drury. Forty-eighth Street.—Laurette Taylor as Nell Gwynne in J. Hartley Manners' version of Paul Kester's play, which was first presented in 1900.

The Wasp. Selwyn.—A highly interesting and intensely romantic play.


Zander the Great. Empire.—Alice Brady in a tense drama centering about a child.

Melody and Maidens

Bombo. Winter Garden.—Return engagement of Al Jolson's lively musical comedy, featuring many new numbers.

Caroline. Ambassador.—An admirably staged operetta, with Tessa Kosta.

The Clinging Vine. Knickerbocker.—Charming Peggy Wood at her brightest in a delightful musical comedy.

Dew Drop Inn. Astor.—James Barton in a lively musical play.

The Gingham Girl. Central.—One of the most tuneful comedies in town.

Go-Go. Daly's Sixty-third Street.—Catchy music and funny lines.


Little Nelly Kelly. Liberty.—George M. Cohan's comedians in a typical show.

Music Box Revue. Music Box.—One of the best revues in the city.

Sally, Irene and Mary. Century.—Lives up to the reputations of three charming musical comedies.

Up She Goes. Playhouse.—Continues a career of unusual success.

Wildflower. Casino.—Winsome Edith Day in a perfect rôle.

Ziegfeld Follies. New Amsterdam.—A national institution, glorifying the American Girl.

—F. R. C.
to inspect the transformation and discover that the change is only in
the mind's eye. The fantasy is obvious, the humor is heavy-footed, and
there isn't an ounce of real grace or whimsy in the whole thing.

While the Equity Players are recovering from Roger Bloomer, and
 Maurice Swartz from Anthema, Equity has brought forward a re-
 vival of The Rivals crowded with as many famous names as there
 are parts in the play, and Swartz has staged an English version of
 The Inspector General on the very opposite principle. Gogol's
 "classic" piece of very low-brow Russian farce is not the sort of
 thing to be trusted either to unknown incompetents or the mercies
 of the American public. The Ri-
 vals, on the other hand, is sturdy
 enough to withstand even an all-
 star cast. In certain quarters, there
 is a prejudice in favor of directors; it
 is thought that players like Fran-
cis Wilson, McKay Morris, Violet
 Heming, Madelyn Arluckle, Mary
 Shaw, and Eva Le Gallienne en
 masse are even more likely than
 ordinary mortals to require a guid-
ing and a chastening hand.

The rest of the month is dis-
tinguished by the spectacle of the
 extraordinary and indescribable art
 of Mrs. Fiske going down in a
 fortuitous in an ill-fated ship called
 The Dice of the Gods; an earnest
 and almost successful attempt by
 Lincoln Osborn to write a middle-
class tragedy of racial intermar-
rriage. Uptown West, which ex-
hibits Henry Herbert's skill; a mel-
dramatic and untheatrical drama-
 tization of If Winter Comes, in
 which the adroit Cyril Maude labors
 loyally but hopelessly; a stupidity
 by Glen McDonough called
 Within Four Walls, and another
 of those alternately exciting and
 impossible negro musical shows,
 How Come?

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Is the Novel Slipping?

(Continued from page 20)

drunk with unhappy endings; and they turn, also, from
contemplation of their neighbors, in whom they've had
to pretend a greater interest than they ever felt, to the
most bizarre and incomprehensible exposition of their
own little private persons.

Now, in spite of a good deal of freakish stuff on the
German stage, my own feeling is that the dramatists are
loosening up the forms of drama, breaking down tradi-
tion, seeking fresher and freer effects, not nearly so
much because they have been cramped by the old forms
and want to kick over the traces as because they feel an
urge to express something which the old forms are inade-
quate to give body to. Robert Edmond Jones doesn't set
Hamlet in one formal arrangement because he's allowed
to try something new, and revels in his freedom. He
sets it so because he has a perfectly definite vision of
a kind of theatrical beauty and emotion impossible on the
realistic stage. O'Neill didn't write The Hairy Ape just
to show that he'd kicked realism into the gutter. He
hadn't. He is even now working on a new realistic play.
He wrote The Hairy Ape because he wanted to make a
kind of ironic poem about the soul of a stoker, because
he wanted to say something about modern society with
an ecstasy and tragic intensity impossible in realistic
form. The form of his play was conditioned by his
need. In other words, I feel behind the new dramatists
a definite sincerity and purpose, which is just as much
concerned with the social implications of art as was
the best of the older realism. I feel behind the new
novelists a more or less conscious repudiation of social
implications, a desire simply to splash about in unre-
strained individualism. And I believe the world has got
beyond the point where such unrestrained individualism
in art will ever again gain the sufferance of mankind.

I don't wish to give the impression that I am so foolish
as to think that either in prose fiction or the drama are
the new forms the only ones of consequence, or that
they will usurp the field in the future. I hope to have
more to say on that point later. So long as men and
women like a good story (and that will be always), we
shall have plays and tales of adventure, of romance, of
comedy; and so long as men and women like to see them-
elves on the stage or in books, we shall have realism.
However, realism isn't enough, and mere stories are not
enough, to satisfy a world which is spiritually upset.
The world was spiritually upset after the French Revo-
lution, and the result was the great renaissance of
poetry, and Scott's historical romances in England, and
Victor Hugo's in France. The world is again upset. A
literature and drama of flat, literal prose again will not
suffice. Something of more stirring and imaginative
quality has got to come. It seems to be coming in the
drama of most countries. Is it coming in poetry and
fiction? Frankly, I don't find it—not in American verse
and fiction, at any rate. It doesn't seem to me that
Gargoyles or Women in Love or Winesburg, Ohio, in
any way measures up to the need. Between the public
response to R.U.R. or Lilom, or The Hairy Ape, and
the limited twitter of the dilletantes over the few nov-
elists who have sought freedom thru Freud, yawns a sig-
ificant gulf. Our novelists are not coming up to the mark.
Their imaginations do not seem equal to the task.

That task is not to try to make mankind forget its
troubles by watching the sexual images fit darkly thru
Ben Hecht's brain, but to give mankind courage to face
an awful future by putting in him the seeds of faith,
faith that somewhere, somehow, beauty and truth dwell
unconquered and unconquerable in the human soul.
New Books in Brief Review

CHILDREN have a guessing game called Fish, Flesh or Fowl which I have never heard provided with a bright child does not discover in the dictionary a proper creature called this type of food. Its habitat is Australia, which falls into all three categories and into none of them. The platypus is able to live under water like a fish, in appearance resembles a mammal, and like a bird it lays eggs. Among the literary "fish, flesh or fowl" of the past year Mumbo-Jumbo, by Hennes Clews, Jr. (Boni and Liveright), is the platypus.

It is really a play, preceded by a lengthy introduction in the Shavian manner. More than this, it is a tremendous tirade against most things, modern and contemporary. As Mr. Clews preannounces, he is a reactionary of purest ray, a Bourbon and the most immaculate of the White Guard. He believes the destruction of a civilization founded upon negro slavery was a calamity, and the French revolution he sees in the light of an atrocious crime. He loathes James Watts for having discovered the principle which made modern mechanical industrial development possible, and believes earnestly—terribly earnestly—all forward movements in the arts since the time of Leonardo are Mumbo-Jumbo. To this Jumbo he consigns, with a free gesture of contempt, all modern industry, science, politics, journalism, democracy, feminism and what-not.

In a book so personal and so highly colored, it is impossible to consider the content without curiosity as to the author. Mr. Clews has confined himself to the study of painting and has made his home abroad for a number of years, dividing his time between France and England. He is the son of the late Henry Clews, New York banker and millionaire, whose fortune had its foundations in the very industry which the son loathes so whole-heartedly. His contact has been with the machinery, the sky-scraper and the slaughter-houses which they have brought to the United States. Bodenheim in the poetic efforts which the author of Mumbo-Jumbo cannot mention without nausea.

This book owes its origin in no small degree to the amount of time which Mr. Clews has been able to devote to the "ultra" life of the day. He freely, from the Dail, Broom, the New Republic, the Nation, Poetry, the Freeman and others of their class. This perhaps explains the explosiveness of Mumbo-Jumbo. Such a reading list might drive Sherwood Anderson and James Joyce into a return to La Vie de Bouhier.

Mr. Clews dislikes so many people and things that it is certain every reader will find some "hate" which he shares with him. He has an effective fashion of attacking the modernist with his own weapons. He writes of "Barmumied Shaw", and comments on his book with the Shavian pattern. He spurns H. L. Mencken, and proceeds to set down whole masses of ideas as "the most scarlet passages of the autocar of the Smart Set." He writes that a critical evaluation published in Family Fair—while he likes the curious spirit of humor—is "pathetically silly, perversely cynical, hysterically pretentious, piggish, entirely self-indulgent, effeitly insincere, clumsily self-exploiting," and so on for a full half page. Why not say the evaluations arrived at by a scope or so of our smartest critics are self-conscious and full of literary attitudeizing? Too many complex adjective one thing the author has spared the long-suffering reader. He has not seized upon the favorite shield of our reactionary leaders—a symbol which they call "Old Glory." On the contrary, he frankly admits his loathing for the United States as the source of all that is noisy, vulgar and self-exploiting in the Occident of today.

Despite his hatred of sensationalism, Mr. Clews has written a book frankly calculated to arouse a sensation. If it fails to provoke serious consideration, it will be because the author has substituted savage denunciation for logic and convincing criticism. It is a turbulent, interesting book, and the play, at which one arrives after some eighty pages of Shawian preface, is genuinely amusing, and full of good solid blows at the fetches, the poses and the hypocrisy of this puzzling modern world. But it lacks the delicate thrust of the rapier. It is satire done with a shillalah.

KONRAD BERCOVICI
Author of Murdo, Ghitza, and other books of gypsy life

CONSTANCE Manner

That eminent baseball expert Mr. Heywood Broun having light-heartedly taken to dramatic criticism, it may be permitted to one who, like the writer, does not profess to be profoundly versed in the national game to indulge in a few comments upon a book entitled My Thirty Years in Baseball, by John J. McGraw. The author is reputed to be the biggest figure in baseball today, and he looks it, judging from his portrait, which is the frontispiece to his book. Manager of eight National League Champion teams, including the Giants of today, and three World’s Champions, he speaks with the voice of authority, and his face suggests that he can exercise it when necessary. That “great little fellow” George M. Cohan has written an introduction which is almost as terse and stimulating as his famous patriotic song Over There. From it one gathers that Mr. McGraw has all the virtues and qualities which go to the making of a successful player, owner and manager, and in asking the portentous question, “What is it this man has on the ball?” Mr. Cohan supplies the answer: “Everything.” What more than that could be said, except that the book (published by Boni and Liveright) has a number of remarkable stories for baseball enthusiasts in action of those heroes of bat and ball, Ty Cobb, Ned Hanlon, Christy Mathewson, Babe Ruth and very, very, very many others? It may, however, be added that it is a succinct record of baseball for more than thirty years, since, in fact, the author himself was a member of the Olean Team in 1890, and, according to Hanlon, the most valuable player to a baseball club he ever knew. Baseball fans will eagerly read Mr. McGraw’s book, which means that it is bound to be “best-seller.”

The Sea-Hawk, by Rafael Sabatini, (Houghton Mifflin Co.), is a semi-historic, romantic work of the Elizabethan era dealing with the adventures of Sir Oliver Tressilian, a Cornish gentleman, who became a renegade and a Barbary corsair, and might have become Bash of Algiers. But the hero is no stick, but a man of a circle of destiny and set him down once more in Cornwall.

The story opens with Sir Oliver a much to be envied person—a possessor of “youth, wealth and a good digestion” as deeply knighted by every portrait of Queen, and the affianced husband of the delightful Mistress Rosamund Godolphin. But immediately across this picture falls the shadow of Peter Godolphin, Rosamund’s brother, who opposes the marriage. Complications pile up when Sir Oliver’s veaking, the beloved, half-brother kills Peter in a duel under circumstances which make it appear murder. Suspicions fall on Sir Oliver; even Rosamund in her grief declares him a murderer. To protect Lionel, Sir Oliver keeps silent.

In the craven Lionel, fearing his elder brother will tell the truth in order to reinstate himself with Rosamund, has Sir Oliver kidnapped his brother in order to be delivered over to the Barbary coast. Rid of him, Lionel not only takes over his estate but persuades Rosamund into a promise.

Sir Oliver is thus plunged into the tumult of piracy, galley slavery and the fatalism of the Mediterranean. Here Sabatini sketches brutally the soul of a Cornish gentleman betrayed and tormented, until he is transformed into a cruel follower of Allah. With his genius for silhouetting, Sabatini pictures the elemental loves and hates, the craftiness of the Moslem, the bloody battles by which Sir Oliver wins for himself the title of Sarkel-Bahr, the Sea-Hawk, thru which he may become the divine Bash of Algiers. But in his thirst for vengeance the Sea-Hawk dashes back to England and kidnaps Lionel and Rosamund on the eve of their marriage.

The solution is worked out amid the splendor and glamour of the land of Allah. Sabatini’s power for telling a tale, his skill in building up pictures with a curious layout and a colorful background, his technique in characterization, coupled with the romance itself, create a book which carries the reader as tho he were truly kidnapped to the Barbary coast, and makes the hazardous journey well worth while.

(Continued on page 77)
Our Contributors

JOHN H. ANDERSON for the past seven years on the staff of the New York Evening Post. His first newspaper experience was obtained on a Southern daily, where he was the city editor and columnist. He is a writer of literary and dramatic criticism. * * * Henry Altmus is an American writer of essays and stories who makes his home in Paris. His work is always distinguished for its gentle irony and subtle humor. * * * Helen C. Candre is a well-known traveler and writer. She returned this spring from a prolonged stay in China, and departed in May for a summer in England. * * * Walter Prichard Eaton gave up the business of being an editor in New York in favor of being a farmer in Massachusetts. However, he has not discontinued the literary life altogether, for he still produces books for boys and critical articles for various magazines.

* * * Dwight Taylor, whose caricatures illustrate Mr. Eaton’s article on the present number, is a twenty-year-old artist and writer whose book of verses and sketches, Some Pierrots from Behind the Moon, has just been published. He is tramping thru England this summer with a pad and a pencil and a knapsack.

* * * Henry Albert Phillips is a very well-known writer and critic who has just returned from a prolonged sojourn in Europe. He, too, is a “gentleman farmer,” and is residing in the hills of Connecticut, busily editing his novel, The Unhunted Heart, for his publishers.

Of the poets whose work appears on page forty-three, Maxwell Bodenheim is best known. He is the author of four books of verse and the creator of a recently published “first novel” entitled Blackguard. Bio De Casseres is that rare thing in America—a real American. Her grandfather became the first settler of northern Illinois, and her grandmother was Ho-no-ne-gah, a princess of the Potawatamie tribe of Indians. Here is the wife of Benjamin De Casseres, author of Forty Immortals and other books.

* * * John McCawley, a New York-born and Ballad, a contributor to various magazines, and the managing editor of The Double Dealer. Djuna Barnes is a poet, playwright, essayist, and writer of fiction. Friedrich von Falkenburg has contributed to many magazines here and abroad, and was for a time the editor of a mid-Western publication devoted to art and literature. Helene Mullins’ poems and brief plays have appeared in the Forum, Poet Lore, and other literary magazines. Kenneth Fearing is a student at the University of Wisconsin, and spends his vacations in Chicago reading. Josephine von Dolnen Pease is best known as a writer of charming verse for children. Pierre LeConte is a poet and playwright. At present he is doing some special writing in Europe.

* * * Allan Ross MacDougall is in Paris, writing and wandering on the * Alexander Pe Couard, whose sketches appear on page forty-two, is a self-developed artist, who uses a technique all his own. His art is utterly American; he is the one man of the modern school who is not influenced by such artists as Cezanne and Gauguin. He is one of the foremost colorists in this country, and will have a one-man show in New York this coming season.

* * * Jerome Hart was educated at Winchester and Oxford. He studied piano under Damruth and composition under Proca. He has been editor of the London Globe, music critic of the New York Herald, and is a contributor of articles to various magazines both here and abroad.

* * * Harriet Henry is one of the younger fiction writers, who occasionally produces clever bits of satire, and unusual work. * * * Kenneth Macgowan graduated from Harvard in 1911 and since then has been connected with motion pictures, marketing, editing, and publishing. He is the author of several books on stagecraft, and at present is the dramatic critic of the New York Globe. * * * William MacPherson is a writer and newspaperman who has been translating French fiction since 1913. In this number he has given us a story by Frédéric Boutet, who is one of the most prolific as well as talented of the younger French fiction writers.

* * * Kenneth Macgowan, whose sketches of Carnegie Hall have surely interested you, is studying with Wallace Morgan, the well-known illustrator. * * * Samuel Chamberlain, whose sketch of the Château Wall opens this number, is a graduate of the Boston Institute of Technology and spends most of his time abroad. He calls himself an "architectural artist." At present he is in France.

* * * Franz Molinar, the Hungarian dramatist, is well known in this country. Two of his new plays are to be produced on Broadway this coming season. * * * Joseph Szenei, Molinar’s translator, was on the editorial staff of the London Morning Post, and has translated the works of Kipling and Wilde into Hungarian.

* * * Kenneth C. Stellenwerk, who sketched the City Council on her visit to the Country Cousin, studied at the Art Students’ League. His decorations have often appeared in Shadowland.

* * * Helen Appleton Read is the art critic for the Brooklyn Eagle. She has studied with famous artists, both here and abroad, and * * * Joseph R. Mason, who has conducted our Camera Contest for the past year, is himself a photographer of note. * * * Eldon Kelley works in black and white for various magazines, but paints in vivid oils for his own pleasure.

The cover of this number of Shadowland is a decorative landscape by our art director, A. M. Hopfmüller.
Dull Hair

Noted actresses all abhor dull hair—they can’t afford to have it. They have no more choice in the color of their hair than you have. Their hair is more beautiful, because their profession — their very environment—soon teaches them the best of what nature has given them.

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Whether your hair is light, medium or dark, it is only necessary to supply this elusive little something to make it beautiful. This can be done. If your hair lacks lustre—if it is not quite as rich in tone as you would like to have it—you can easily give it that little something it lacks. No ordinary shampoo will do this, for ordinary shampooos do nothing but clean the hair. Golden Glist Shampoo is NOT an ordinary shampoo. It does more than merely cleanse. It adds that little something which distinguishes really pretty hair from that which is dull and ordinary.

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The Gold Watch and Chain

(Continued from page 14)

The First One (taking it off, but holding it in her hand): She got it from her late husband.

The Other One: Yes, yes. Put it down.

The Third Lady (energetically): Why don’t you put it down when you are told so many times?

A Lean Lady: Here is a black bracelet. Mourning jewelry. Who wants it? (No one answers.) What about this brooch from Ischl? “Souvenir from Ischl” is engraved on it. Who wants it?

Several of them (sincerely, direct from their hearts): Why not keep them yourself, my dear? Do keep them.

The Lean Lady: I have never been to Ischl. (Puts it back.) Very cute little watch. Give it to me. Let me see it too.

The Other Lady: Give it to her! Several of them: Give it to her, for heaven’s sake. Let her look at it.

They think that the First Lady has had it too long already, and that the Lean Lady’s hand it is in less danger.

The First Lady (hanging her the watch, but keeping the end of the chain in her hand for the sake of security): It’s a repeater.

The Lean Lady: Let the chain go.

The First One: You can look at it this way.

The chain suddenly breaks, a circumstance revealing the fact that they were pulling it. All look on with hearts throb-bing, for they begin to feel that a serious struggle is in progress for the possession of the watch.

The Lean One: There you are. Now you have broken it.

The First Lady: You broke it.

The Lean One: If! How can you say such a thing? (Within a second she perceives that the longer part of the chain remains in her hand, and that she could wear it even so.) No matter. It will be all right.

A Lady who has not yet spoken: Where is that Souvenir from Ischl? (She too steps up to the table.)

The First One: Ho, ho! Slower, please. (She pushes her back.)

The Lean Lady: Let me see that watch, too.

All (to the Lean One): Give it to her. They figure that it is best to let an outsider inspect it as well, and not permit one or the other to hold it too long, having already demonstrated their claim to it by their passionate interest.

The Lean One (hanging it to her): It’s a repeater.

The New Lady (calmly): Well then, I choose this.

There is general amazement at the fact that this seemingly complicated problem can be settled in a simple manner.

The First Lady: Pardon me, you asked for the Souvenir from Ischl.

The New Lady: 1? All I said was:

“Where is it?” (She opens her bag to place the watch inside.)

The First Lady: Pardon me, that does not go.

The Other Lady: That is a valuable piece. One selects some little trinket, a sort of souvenir, but not a watch and chain.

The New Lady (calmly putting the watch away): You may select some souvenir if you like.

She goes to the mirror and arranges her hat and powders her face. Slowly they all retire from the table, which becomes uninteresting from that moment. They surround the clever woman, all looking into the mirror, examining their own faces, talking to her.

The First One: What could we select when you took the only pretty piece?

The Lady with the Watch: It’s all the same...It wasn’t because I wanted it...but someone had to take it...

The Other Lady: Give me the chain, at least.

The Lady with the Watch: Why, it’s broken! (With her left hand she pulls her blouse down and smooths it with her right.)

Good-bye, my dear Steve.

The Son: Good-bye, dear Aunt Anthony. Thanks for your kindness.

Aunt Anthony: That’s all right, my boy. You know how dearly I loved your poor mother. (She begins to cry and quickly exits.)

There is a long pause.

The First Lady: That woman has got the watch. (She is in evident despair; nevertheless she puts the fragment of the chain in her bag.)

The Lean One: Where is the Souvenir from Ischl?

The Souvenir from Ischl has disappeared. The mourning jewel has also disappeared. Ordinary buttons only are left on the table, everything else has been taken.

The Lean One: Nothing left for me? Julia, jeerful that they may take her souvenirs, rises and prepares to go.

The Lean One: Julia, let me have the clasp; you will have the bird and the button.

Julia: You can have the bird.

The Lean One: You can have the bird.

The Lean One: I don’t want the bird. Let me have the clasp.

Julia: In that case I won’t give you anything. (Prepares to go.)

The Lean One: All right, then. Give me the bird.

She puts the glass-eyed coribird in her bag and leaves without a word. The others follow suit. Even the bone buttons now have disappeared from the table. The apartment is deserted, the son only remains, sitting in the corner of the sofa, silently weeping. It is evening. The Servant girl enters and turns on the light.
A Painter of Light
(Continued from page 11)

enough he flouts shadows, yet in so doing he accentuates light. If the picture must have shadows, as on the side of a group of white buildings at a seaport, he gives them a certain sense of warmth and life. But in general, shadows are avoided, and the effect is reached by contrast in colors only, as in the pictures of the three sailors. He accomplishes this effects in a masterly way without any suggestion of the llamess of poster-painting.

A review of his canvases cannot be made without an instant recognition of his strong sense of decoration. Even his portrait are decorative, apart from the likeness to the sitter, for which quality they are famous. This decorative motif gives them a double value. In the later Spanish pictures he has introduced a sketchy motif of Spanish decoration which suggests the prope décor of the human figure which it frames, sometimes illuminating the bent form of the grandmother, at others that of the buxom flower-girl of splendid allure.

As Claggett Wilson has developed in seriousness of purpose, his figures have become more and more sculptural, and in consequence they stir deep emotions. Even his peasant girls with their tender charm and warm appeal are splendid with this distinguishing quality.

Reviewing the Revues of Paris
(Continued from page 39)

creature. Not only does Madame Rasini control the destinies of the theater, but she also sends out revue companies to the provinces, to Spain and the Americas, for which she designs and executes the costumes. This year she intends, I believe, to send a revue company headed by Mistinguett, Earl Leslie, Oy-Ra, Parysis, and other well-known entertainers, to tour South America and the United States.

In the present revue at the Casino de Paris, En Douce, Mistinguett dances, sings and acts with prodigality; she is, in fact, almost the whole show. Compared to others of former years, this new production is startlingly poor in novelties of wit or music, and about the only feature of interest in the new revue at the Palace Theater, apart from the dancing of Harry Filcer and several costumes designed by Poiret, is the permanent flight of stairs up-stage used much after the same fashion as those in the production of Hamlet by Hopkins. There is a painful paucity of wit, and nothing very novel in the way of music, unless one considers that the performance of the whole of Debussy's The Afternoon of a Faun in a music-hall is a novelty. And the appearance of Mademoiselle Polaire in a revue may be considered somewhat of a novelty, except that she does nothing very unusual and her attempts at dancing with Pilcher bring down the house. But that, unlike so many other things in these revues, is not meant to be funny. The things meant to be amusing, like the mock marriage of Cécile Sorel to Georges Clemenceau interrupted by Lloyd George, are too sad and boring to think about. So, after all these shows, one is left with the feeling: Thank God for America and all the dancers she sends to Paris.

Do Women Love More Completely than Men?
And if they do or do not—according to individual opinion—that is the difference between their love today as compared with that of the old-fashioned woman's love? These questions are answered in the August number by a man and a woman—both prominent motion-picture stars. Which one is right?

Three Little Girls Who Came Back
An unusually good story by Harry Carr concerning the struggle of three well-known stars who believe that freedom of self-expression under the guidance of sympathetic direction means development and that forcing an actor into wrong parts is the quickest way to ruin him. Read how they each eventually triumphed.

The Family Gallery
Due to the popularity that was given to a display of photographs some months ago in Motion Picture Magazine of stars and their families, a number of artistic and interesting pictures similar in character will be shown in the August issue. You will not want to miss it.

Motion Picture Magazine for August
On the stands July First

Page Seventy-One
In Defence of Decay

(Continued from page 23)

more frightful peace were not the result of
dynastic ambitions, or a clash of
interests, or a conspiracy against age. The
consequences of our age were the
misfortunes of misapplied age: the
work of dodging statesmen who
might have had a better plan,
and who tried to stay young in the
ugliest manner they knew.

If we were asked to restore to Europe the
comparative calm which it enjoyed be-
fore the war, the halcyon severity of a
normal and peaceful age, I would not
resort to such desperate elixirs. The
French Commissions, or the Ambassadors' Councils,
or the League of Nations, which are making
of Europe what the elexir has made of our
charming and venerable old man. I would
invite all the statesmen who made the
war, and concluded the peace to come
to Paris to spend ten minutes in medita-
tion before the little shop in the Rue de
Rivoli. The terrible object lesson could
not fail to penetrate even our oft-repeated
comprehension and bring home to us an
effectively belated revelation of the
complications of decay.

Then, after having lodged them securely
in the retreat of a Peace Palace, designed
rather for the attainable peace of old age
than for the unattainable peace of nations,
I would give them a commission of college
with the reversion of the Treaty of Versailles. The
frivolous provisions of the treaty they will
device will be entirely in accord with the
individuality of the statesmen, and
will free them from the malice and venom
written into such pacts by men embittered
by defeat in their struggle against decay.

At the world over, there are societies
for the prevention of cruelty to animals
and children, but there are, alas, none in
existence for the prevention of cruelty to
adults. The hideous cruelty, the savage
brutality of the exploiters of the elixir of
youth in the Rue de Rivoli is not accessible
to the law, and yet no penalty could be
severe enough to prevent the enormity of
his crime.

My friend Chardonnay is a charming
man. In a few years, in the normal course
of decay, he would attain the semblance
which is the only reward of life. Secure
behind the barricade of old age, he would
be immune to the despair of his youth, the
shame of his mistress, the impurities of
his son. But his elixir treatment will
make him twenty years younger and thrust
him back once more into the turmoil of
an harassed existence.

And tragedy is inevitable. His wife will
certainly kill herself, her mistress will surely
keep him, and his son will certainly come
to an untimely end in the dissolution of his
trivial heritage.

Wanderings

(Continued from page 65)

of myself, than I did in the garments
of the old busman woman. Vividly do I
recall the broad juts indulged in my
expense by my fellow actors in the dressing-
room. A number of the famous D. L. D. C., I frequently attended their
performances at Oxford, and in these
female parts were taken by women
and girls and not by young men and
boys. There is indeed a record objection to
the assumption of female roles by men
at British universities and even schools, and
have been unable to throw from me of it.

Nevertheless, candor compels me to ad-
mit that I greatly enjoyed the performance
given at the Metropolitan Opera House
by the Mask and Wig Club of the Uni-
versity of Pennsylvania of a musical play
entitled Here's Howe. In it two or three
score young men dispensed themselves in
gay feminine costumes of the Revolutionary
period, for the play was based on an
historic episode of that time, and the
title was a running reference to General
Howe, of the British Army. The danc-
ing, groupings and stage direction were
most animated, and the reverse of ama-
terish; in fact, New York producers
could learn much in these matters from
this famous college dramatic club.

The only thing that rather disappointed
and indeed irritated me was to hear many baritones uttering so high
and so beautifull a sort of music that
I could not let the contrast take place.
I will return the costume to you and will refund its
rent promptly.

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rent promptly.
Two Letters

(Continued from page 35)

I did not know what became of her. I learned two months ago by accident. I met an old dandy who used to be a stage manager of a road company in which I had done one-night stands with Fanny. He said that he had read in a newspaper that she had married a man of wealth and of good family. He gave me your name and told me where your chateau was.

"You are mad," M. de Vreuil interrupted jubilantly, feeling freed of a frightful burden. "The name of the girl whom I married—"

"Is Marceline Bouvrie. Yes, and she is now thirty-three years old. You see, nowhere does stage malware and I knew Fanny Léral's real name. In our travels it appeared on the passports, because Fanny Léral was Marceline Bouvrie, and it is she whom you married, Monseigneur de Vreuil."

"I don't ask anything of you," the man continued, "when you are trying to blackmail me. I am revenging myself on her—that is all. It is not a very fine thing to do, perhaps, but she made me an offer, and I wanted you to know. Now I am going to return to my hole in the country, to vegetate miserably until I die. You will have nothing more of me. Adieu, monsieur."

He went away.

M. de Vreuil remained in the garden for a few moments. Then he regained the Dauphin Hotel, got into his carriage and drove off to the chateau. His wife was waiting for him in the breakfast-room. He gave her a searching look. A hideous uncertainty tortured him. Should he speak? He did not speak that day, or the next day, or any of the days that followed.

The weeks and months passed. One morning M. de Vreuil saw in the mail a letter which had come from Marseilles. The envelope and the handwriting on it were equally cheap looking. It was addressed to Aime de Vreuil. The letter, after reading it, seemed to be keenly affected, although she tried to conceal her emotion. M. de Vreuil watched her all day. He was torn by contradictory sentiments.

Finally he said quietly to her: "Marceline, have confidence in me, I am your friend. You have received threats—threats—have no fears, I will protect you. You would have done better to tell me everything. This man, this Arleze, your former lover, came to see me last year."

She turned pale as she listened to him. At the last words she trembled violently.

"My lover!—I—loving! How could you have believed that it was I?"

He looked at her in amazement. She continued:

"It was my sister Alice. It was not I. She led a horrible life. I did not see her. I was a teacher. She took my birth certificate when she went on the stage to appear younger. When the scandal came I was afraid that the people among whom I worked would hear about it. I left Paris. I took refuge here, where a place was found for me. I was so ashamed. And the letter which you wrote this morning—here, look at it! Alice died in Marseilles and left instructions that I should be told. Oh! Louis, Louis, you could believe this of me?"

He rushed toward her. He took her hands. Delivered finally from his frightful nightmare, he could only stammer rapaciously:

"You could believe this," she repeated dolefully.

"She suffered. What was she, then, to him? Had he not had eight years in which to judge her and to know her?"

But she thought again with a sudden joy:

"Yes, he believed it, but he said nothing to me. And in spite of it he loved me just the same."

In Studio and Gallery

(Continued from page 57)

Augustus John. This idea, however, is prevalent among our most talented young painters.

The English gallery is dominated by the large portraits of Lady Rockscavage and her son, by Charles Sims, which we reproduce, and the daring and theatrical portraits of Augustus John, England's most popular portrait painter. One cannot help having the suspicion that this collection of portraits of titled personages was selected with the American public's weakness for titles and aristocracy in mind.

Fortunately, Lady Rockscavage is so slimly aristocratic in manner, one might say even over-aristocratic, that the portrait suggests the Sunday supplement's idea of what titled people look like when caught unawares, not by the cameraman this time, but by the portrait painter. Lady Rockscavage is a large, night-gown, seated out of doors with the blaze of the midday sun behind her, her infant son wears nothing but a shirt. Here is a portrait of a woman almost piquant, but possessing charm, vivacity and dash. The bubble of its iridescent, ephemeral charm would burst before a close analysis of its essential painter qualities, or in a comparison with Sargent's society portraits in the next gallery, or Spear's solid and finished portrait of The Young Hunter. Sargent is the supreme painter of charming externals and gracious mundanity. When he paints a portrait of a woman, dressed in the hideous rustled and ruchinged dress of the 70's, surrounded by the dreadful ottoman and what-not of type of furniture, he makes it wholly delightful.

Augustus John, who creates a lot of talk wherever he is, has been the romantic figure of the exhibition. He has a fatal fascination for the opposite sex, and is a brilliant painter in spite of the fact that he has become the popular lion of English drawing-rooms. John sends four portraits. He has the gift of painting dominating personalities. We are apt to remember his portraits because they are pictures of persons whose personalities pique our curiosity, rather than because of their intrinsic value as paintings. One would like to know something more about the wicked-looking, secretive countess Saraha Casati, with her pinched, cruel nostrils, and of the Duchess de Gramont, with what Swinburne (or was it Rosetti?) would call her "sphondyl kissing mouth." These portraits, fascinating and spell-binding as

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for AUGUST

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"Public Opinion," the new comedy which Charlie Chaplin is directing, is to depict humanity disrobed of its well-tailored beliefs. Charlie tells Ted LeBerton in an interview of his endeavors to bring to the films a bit of Freudian technique.

The Most Beautiful Feet in France

Belong to André Lafayette who has been brought to America in order to play the title rôle in the picture, "Trilby." There is an interesting interview with Miss Lafayette and also a picture of the famous feet.

The Golden Lure of Mary's Curls

Mary Pickford's curls won her fame but now that she has reached maturity will these same curls strangle her attempt to play grown-up rôles? This is the problem confronting Mary.

Classic

That "Different" Screen Magazine

Side-Shows on the Other Side

1: LONDON AFTER DARK

(Continued from page 49)

Bank Holiday and Sunday. They take along their lunches and their babies and their county relatives. Perhaps you remember the old Eden Musée on West Twenty-third Street in New York. Well, try to think of a building with ten times as many wax effigies... You wander through great "halls." General Perishing is there—you would never know him without a program. The uniform makes you uncouth, but his wax face will remind you of some half-forgotten barber you didn't like. Colonel Wilson is there also. But Colonel House could ask him for a "light" and never suspect that W. W. had been in the vicinity.

Painstaking visitors are always getting mixed up. You can hear them anxiously inquiring if that isn't Alfred Lord Tenneyson over there, posed at an agonizing angle of forty-five degrees. (We suspected that the bearded gentleman in question was a "Russian Nihilist," and were surprised to learn that he was none other than "H. M. King Edward in Street Attire"!)

At Madame Tussaud's anyone is privileged to be horrified in The Chamber of Horrors for the small sum of sixpence. This Chamber has been appropriately placed in the cellar and is purposely ill-lighted, bringing into high relief mortal wounds and the perpetually heaving breasts of murdered innocents. But perhaps the most deliciously horrible of all—sixpence extra, please—is the French Revolution collection of guillotine relics. The original Mme. Tussaud had the honor of being compelled to make the death mask of Marie Antoinette and many other stars in that tragic mummified picture. There lie the heads, fashioned with the death grimace upon them—to the never-dying delight of weak-hearted ladies and trembling small boys who gaze at them and shudder ecstatically. The crowds make the rounds the day long, always with the vain hope of recognizing the Great and always confusing them with the Wicked.

London's Little Theater is on John Street, just off the Strand and around the corner from Adelphi Terraces, where Davy Garrick and the Brothers Adam used to live, and where today the Irish Bernard Shaw and the Scotch Barrie sharpen their darts and feather their whimsies. The Little Theater is Paris's Grand Guignol transplanted—and it endeavors to gratify those exotics who have a craving for caviar and the horrific. Everything is done on the gloomy stage to shock the audience—in vain. The assemblage in its formal attire simply continues to stare and stare thru its monocles and lorgnons until the curtain falls. The audience absolutely refuses to shiver.

The bill is usually composed of short plays—three of them. One Sybil Thorndyke was given all the "fat" parts, if memory serves, and did them in a thin manner. And the audience, in refusing to be entertained, was faintly, comically entertaining.

What I really started out to discover in this article, was the great Secret: What constitutes entertainment, anyway? Is it really strongly impregnated with a personal flavor, or is it a national panacea? The Pollyanna Circle refuses to be entertained unless you give it "glad" stuff; our Savoy cannot be amused unless you stage hours of despair for him; the b. m. must be en-charmed by his little "happy ending"; our bobbed highbrows will further revolt if they cannot have their sad endings; the Village must have its occasional offering, strengthened with a slightly unvarnished atmosphere of Sex—ad infinitum... But it is all entertainment! What is one man's meat of amusement is another man's poison of entertainment. Take the right people to the wrong show and there will be a riot.

Does entertainment disclose characters on a stage, or reveal puppets in an audience? The audience often laughs at the characters—do the characters ever laugh at the audience? But what would we do without our silly Side-shows, filled with Nature's freaks—the Side-shows which prepare us to enjoy and appreciate the wonders and the trivialities of that bewildering three-ringd affair under the Big Canvas of Life.
In Studio and Gallery
(Continued from page 73)

they are, are not Augustus John at his best. These are not John, the draftsman, or John, the romantic painter of gray life, which marvelously drawn and rhythmically felt compositions are what one must think of when one makes the statement that Augustus John is one of the great modern painters.

Mr. John is at present in New York, where he is executing several commissions. This is his first visit to the United States, and next fall he will hold a one-man show here. In a recent interview he stated that he found American women very beautiful, but added that he thought some of the nannies whom he noticed on the streets would also make interesting subjects for pictures.

Arthur B. Davies’ Afterthoughts, and Eugene Speicher’s The Hunter, won the first and second prizes. This fact alone shows the trend of the exhibition and its possibilities for the future. For they have no popular appeal.

Looking at the French room, where painters such as Claude Monet and Guillaumin are among the most thrilling names, one is forced to wonder what sort of jury they had in Paris that could send over such a collection of old-timers, as representative of modern French art. These men were the excitement of the 90’s. Their work has long since become popular and academized. George des Valliers, who represented France on the jury of awards, when questioned as to why the younger French painters, with whose work every art student is familiar—Matisse, Picasso, and Derain, to mention a few—were not represented, replied: “Oh, we didn’t think the American public was up to that sort of art.” Such a to-do has been made by the reviewers of the Twenty-second International because of this omission, that the timid estimate of the French jury as to what America can appreciate will surely be altered another season. France continues to be the center from which emanates one of the most vital art impulses, and its vital art should be shown.

Among the most interesting and representative paintings by Americans are George Bellows’ Easter Snow; Rockwell Kent’s Down to the Sea; Arthur B. Carles’ Calla Lilies; and George Luks’ The Sulking Boy.

Wanderings
(Continued from page 72)

In the old days journalism was a more or less drab occupation, for few offices considered the comfort of their staffs. Things in New York took a turn for the better in 1914, when the Tribune erected the pioneer sky-scrapers on Park Row. Pulitzer followed with the World building and Gordon Bennett with his ornate Italian villa on Herald Square. In London, Northcliffe, or Harmsworth, as he was then, meant several degrees better with the new Daily Mail offices in Carmelite Street, and then the Times took the lead with its new buildings on Times Square. But the Tribune has again shot ahead and beaten them all. My experience is that bright clean offices generally mean bright clean journalism. The offices of the London News of the World, which publishes all the news that is unfit to print, and which, alas, has a circulation of three millions, are distinctly grimy. It is time that the owner—that super-press agent, Riddell—built new offices.

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Page Seventy-Five
Musical Retrospect and Prospect

(Continued from page 45)

Bender is an accomplished singer with a fine flexible voice, impelling stage presence and a fluent and plentiful histrionic experience; and Kurt Tauber is frankly a disappointment, for his voice is that of the typical German tenor—thirsty and lacking in timbre and color, while his stage presence is the reverse of impressive.

Of the old and tried members of the company, Florence Easton showed herself as versatile as ever, and sang beautifully in whatever part was allotted her, whether it was Fiordiligi in Cosi Fan Tutte or Clo-Cio San in Madame Butterfly. Jeritza has profited greatly by the coaching she has had from Madame Sembriich, and this was particularly noticeable in her singing as Elisabeth in Tannhäuser. One still feels that she is somewhat limited in her range as an opera artiste, but she is emphatically a personality and rarely fails to be interesting.

There is little to add to what has already been said and written about Chaliapin. He still reigns supreme as a singing actor, and the only rival near his throne is Bohnen. Next season the great Russian is to be heard as another Mephisto, that of Gounod's Faust, in which the opportunities are not equal to those afforded him in Boito's Mefistofele. Why not let him sing Rubinstein's Demon at the Metropolitan? The opera is in the standard Russian repertory and I greatly enjoyed its performance when I heard it twice at the Naroindom, Petrograd. There was some talk of reviving Don Giovanni, with Chaliapin as Leporello to the Don of Bohnen. That would be tremendously interesting, but Gatti balks at Mozart, and at the star cast which the Salzburg master's greatest operatic work demands. And there is another Don. Why does not the impresario give us Massenet's Don Quichotte, with Chaliapin, of course? I saw him in this at the backbox of an opera house at Monte Carlo, and hold it to be one of his greatest achievements. Like many other tragic actors, Chaliapin has the true riz comico, and no one could better realize the tragi-comedy of the Knight of the Rueful Countenance.

One of the most momentous successes of the opera season has been Edward Johnson, than whom the American continent has produced no more admirably equipped operatic artist. A beautiful singer, who never forces or otherwise misuses his voice, an actor of uncommon force and high intelligence, with a presence and bearing which lend themselves to romantic roles, his performances have given unalloyed pleasure. It may be hoped that if Gatti-Casazza carries out his expressed intention to revive Giordano's Fedora, he will allot the rôle of Loris l'huipo to Johnson, instead of to Martelli. This was the part in which the former made his first appearance with the Chicago forces, and he played as well and sang it with convincing perfection. For one thing he showed that it is possible to wear modern dress on the stage and still combine romantic with operatic atmosphere. There are other parts in which Johnson should be heard at the Metropolitan while he is in his vocal and physical prime—among them Lohengrin, for he has proved himself elsewhere an ideal Knight of the Swan—and Tristan, a rôle he played at La Scala, under Toscanini a score or more of times, to the acclamations of the most critical audience in the world.

Of the heavily preponderating Italian contingent at the Metropolitan, Gigli showed the most marked improvement, especially as an actor. He must, however, beware of overstraining his charming lyric voice. This should be heard to the best advantage in next season's revival of Marta. Danise was mainly responsible for the undoubted success of last season's William Tell revival, while he sang with good effect in L'Arlesienne. But what stupid, archaic ponderosities both those operas are, despite their flashes of musical inspiration! However, Mr. Gatti-Casazza's tastes are in the direction of the older school of Italian opera, and his law is like that of the Medes and Persians. Besides, nothing succeeds like success, and he can point to the box-office receipts by way of justification for these revivals.

Of the American contingent at the Metropolitan, young Mario Chamele has made great strides, and by many is still regarded as Caruso's successor. Certainly he was extremely interesting in power and quality. Orville Harrold, who is generally given the most difficult and ungrateful tenor roles—witness Paul in Die Toten Stadt and Nicias in Thais—keeps his voice and general good form in surprising manner. Clarence Whitehill remains the dignified and impressive singer and actor he has always been, and is an honor to American operatic art. Jean Gordon sings with ever increasing power and distinction; while a young American artist has come to the fore in gratifying style—Miss Queena Mario, who has a light lyric soprano of charming quality.

Some of next season's contemplated novelties and revivals have already been mentioned. Other very grandiose and spectacular Le Roi de Lahore; Laparra's La Habanera, long a favorite at the Paris Opera Comique, and which was once given by the Boston Opera Company. The story of the latter is almost luirid, but the music is light and lyrical for the most part. Mascagni's L'Amico Fritz, which was produced in the tenth season of the Metropolitan 1893-4, and disappeared after two performances, is to be compressed into two acts and form part of a double bill. The delightful Le Coq d'Or is to be restored to its place in the repertory, with Galli-Curci singing the coloratura rôle and Kosloff mining the King. Die Meistersinger, Siegfried, and Die Freischiitz are to be added to the current list. Of the whole, an encouraging and hopeful list.
New Books in Brief Review
(Continued from page 68)

Murro, the collection of short stories of gypsy life by Konrad Bercovici (Roni and Lievright), is a curious blend of romance and realism. The book contains three episodes, each complete in itself, depicting this strange, bizarre race, and for each episode one dominant character is selected around whom the plot is woven. In Murro Mr. Bercovici gives us the story of the tribal chieftain, whose maxim was that one “must not bind himself to a woman unless he considers her worth greater than the blood of his best friend.” Minou is a gay young gypsy fiddler who throws his tribe into confusion by leaving his first love for a girl beyond its circle; Father and Son tells of the struggle for mastery between the old chief and his supposed heir. Not one of the nine stories fails to hold the reader; all are intensely vital, imaginative and dramatic.

In Stella Dallas (Houghton Mifflin Co.), Olive Higgins Prouty has written the story of an uneducated, superbly selfish woman who marries a man of education and breeding whose sensitive nature is wholly incapable of understanding. The tragedy of their life together is apparent to everyone, and not even Laurel, their exquisite child, can make life with Stella Dallas endurable to Stephen, her husband. When opportunity comes for him to take up work in another city he goes gladly, with a sense of freedom, and gradually time and distance make their separation a settled thing. Then Stella Dallas faces life alone, determined that her child, the predominating interest in her life, shall have the best. And Laurel does have the best—that money can buy. It is from her father, with whom she spends a few weeks each year, that Laurel learns to appreciate the real things of life. Eventually, the awakening of Stella Dallas comes thru her love for her daughter. Pathetically ignorant of life’s basic principles, it is surprising that the mother does not flinch when the revelation comes. Suffering has opened her eyes and what she sees gives her the needed courage, for “like a white-sailed ship, when the fog lifts a moment—a white-sailed ship in distress” Stella Dallas thunders. Whether you like the style in which the book is written or not, the story alone will hold you.

Demian, by Hermann Hesse (Roni and Lievright), is a book vigorous in style, symbolic in presentation, and concerned with the problem of self-realization and psychic interest. It is a novel that realistically portrays the struggle for individualism of Emil Sinclair from his childhood to the time he reaches maturity. Gropping his way falteringly toward what he hopes will reveal the true meaning of life, Sinclair is greatly influenced by the thoughts and beliefs of his friend, Demian, a philosopher and mystic. The dreams which come to Sinclair, his interpretations of them, and his endeavor to build his destiny from them, fill a large part of the book. The story is told in the first person, and after perusing over two hundred pages, one is convinced of the truth that lies embedded in Sinclair’s remark: “It is my own self which occupied my attention, always myself.” And yet there seems to be in the narrow confines of Sinclair’s personal struggle, the travail of the world as a whole to give birth to a new spiritual understanding of life.

Shadowland
for AUGUST

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Page Seventy-Eight
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AUGUST

SHADOWLAND

EXPRESSING THE ARTS

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Page Three
Little Did This Young Lady
Dream That She Would Be Adjudged
The Most Beautiful Girl in America

"Way down in Virginia," lives Florine Findley de Hart, winner of the American Beauty Contest recently closed. Far from confident of her leadership, Miss de Hart nevertheless, sent her photograph to the contest judges and lo and behold she now finds herself heralded as the most beautiful girl in America.

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Miss S. G., New Jersey.

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AUGUST, 1923

SHADOWLAND
Expressing the Arts

VOLUME VIII
NUMBER 6

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ARTS AND CRAFTS:
Decorative Art by Hunt Diederich—Reproductions of his recent work
THE SUN-DIAL

From an etching by Allen Lewis

This sun-dial of dark-green granite was presented to Columbia University by the surviving members of the class of 1885, to mark the twenty-fifth anniversary of their graduation. It stands on the south side of the campus, and faces the main entrance to the University Library. The ball casts a great oval shadow upon the base, and it is from the moving edge that time is ascertained. As there are two shadow edges, there are also two bronze time plates, the East and the West. The bronze inlays circling the base were designed by William Ordway Partridge, a member of the class.
CONTEMPLATION

Guy Rowe studied at the Detroit School of Fine Arts, and his work has been exhibited there and in New York. His craftsmanship is unsophisticated; he is interested in technique only as an aid in depicting character.
MIRIAM

Henry Davenport is a graduate of Ecole des Beaux Arts in Paris; he also studied for two years in the Julian Academy, and in the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston. At present he is a member of the faculty of Yale University, holding the professorship in the History of Art and in the Teaching of Painting.
After her graduation from Pratt Institute, Anna Fisher remained for a time as an instructor in the Art Department. Her work has been widely exhibited and has been given many awards. She was made a member of the American National Academy in 1920.
Glenn Coleman is always keenly sensitive to the human character of the scene he paints. He has recorded on his canvases many aspects of New York street life that have long passed away.
A Painter of City Streets
An analysis of the work of Glenn Coleman, whose canvases are unique in their vivid portrayal of the human aspects of street life

By Stuart Davis

In Paris, in the Luxembourg Gallery, hangs a painting of a little street down in Greenwich Village called Minetta Lane. In passing thru the galleries you are attracted by the vivid reality of this picture, and are likely to give it more than the usual amount of attention. It shows a short, narrow street lined with old three- and four-story buildings. The street is covered with snow, on which the lights from the windows of small shops throw angular patterns. In the foreground of the picture, the dark figure of a woman with a shawl over her head is crossing the street, while farther back another woman is sweeping snow from the sidewalk, and a man without an overcoat hurries along with his hands in his pockets. At the end of the street, against the red of a building made brilliant by an arc-light, the silhouetted figures of children are seen, playing a game.

All of these facts are indicated in the most simple and direct manner imaginable. There is no elaboration of detail; in fact, ninety per cent. of the ordinary features of the scene are left out, and yet when you look at the picture a mood is created that makes you feel that the place is one with which you are very familiar. This power is the result of instinctive selection of the essentials that make up the character of the scene.

In a whole row of buildings the artist may only paint a dozen windows, but each one of these windows will have been selected because of some distinguishing characteristic that makes it a thing of importance in creating the mood of the scene, and as a result you forget all about the windows that are left out because of your interest in the ones that are there. It may be the way that a shutter hangs on one window that calls to your mind similar windows you have noticed, or it may be the color of the light that comes from it that stimulates your memory into recognition.

A red sign protrudes from over the doorway of a shop, with the words Hop Sing, Laundry on it; a group of children play in the street, a woman is leaning out of a window calling to them; a beggar is holding his palm extended for money; thru the window of a butcher-shop the proprietor is going over an assortment of sausages with a customer; a large wooden horseshoe painted yellow announces the presence of the blacksmith; an arc-light throws its concentric circles of light on the street... and as a result the spectator feels himself transported to the scene itself.

This picture was painted by Glenn Coleman, a New York artist, who is primarily a painter of the manifold aspects of the city streets. His work is notable for a personal viewpoint that is always interesting because of its humanity. He is never the technical experimenteer, never the abstract interpreter of light, but always an artist with a keen sensitivity to the essential human character of the scene. With the most simple of technical procedures he has painted many canvases that are unique in their vivid portrayal of certain aspects of New York street life. His earlier works are records of a life that has already passed away. The old Chinatown, Coney Island, and the burlesque theaters of the same period, the Bowery, Atlantic Garden, the Haymarket can now be seen only in Coleman's works.

His artistic derivation is not obvious, in fact it is difficult to think of any American painter who is less influenced by the styles and tendencies of the art world. He is not a conscious artist, but a man of great sensibility, who finds life interesting and is able to express himself in paint in a direct and vivid manner.

Glenn Coleman was born in Ohio but spent his boyhood in Indianapolis, Indiana, where he attended high school and later worked in the art department of a newspaper. He conceived the idea of coming to New York to study-art, and made the trip in the capacity of attendant to cattle which were bound for the same place for a different purpose. On arrival, he took up his residence with two other art students in a tenement-house on the West Side, and

(Continued on page 75)
LA BOHÈME
A camera study by Maurice Goldberg of Ten Eyck and Weily, dancers

LES APACHES
Day in Town

A gentleman engaged in maritime affairs revisits the scenes of his former iniquities and takes in various other adventures evoked by his present enterprises

By William McFee

A PROBLEM arises, as express roars thru Harlem: It is to explain the pleasure derived from coming back. After going away because you dislike it. Friend, just back from a year in Middle West, says with emotion it is the only possible place. What? Middle West? Friend says, No, New York. Grand Central.

Impressions, under such conditions, seem bound to be scattered, diffuse, syncopated. That's the word. Coming in like this, only rarely, have to dovetail appointments. First on list, Greenwich Village. Stenographic lady lives there. Elevated to Eighth Street. Village, looked at with outsider's view, fresh from rolling uplands and breezy Sound, doesn't resemble Village much. More like a slum. However, make no remark. Typist, taking package of mss. gives news of Village and asks for cigarette. Business is fair, but many girls out of work. One observed a while and discuss bootlegging. Minions not optimistic about putting it down. Mention of Chris Morley's Tusitala evokes remark that it is a "daring scheme." Minion opines "they'll be caught first trip." Horrified exit of self and friend. Minion thinks Tusitala code-word for Rum Runner. Ashore and in taxi for other side of Manhattan.

Another ship. Discover Aquitania departing. Business, however, on next ship, Tuscania. Ask for Captain—in his cabin, Sir. Very nice ship but unusual lay-out, and we lose our way. Put right by young gentleman with East Scottish accent. Consonants qualified with a windy hiss, like wind up Kirkaldy High Street on a winter Sunday evening. Here it is! Captain Bone in? What name, please? Come inn! come inn!

Here for a spell, no syncopations. Everything is orderly, deliberate. A fine ship. Captain? He assents, but whispers. Ah! So? "Well; now, after a voyage or two, there's no doubt ye'll find where—No? Oh! I see." Technical confidence ended, we absorb nautical-literary atmosphere. Commander being author of books naturally has library. Man of wide interest, too, with letters from the eminent to exhibit. Fine prints on bulkheads, by brother of Captain, Muirhead Bone. Captain himself of short stature, sold on pins, a good specimen of the West of Scotland man, who is not, as is imagined, tall and red. Quiet humor in eye, pipe in regular commission, suddenly producing excellent sample of Caledonian balm.

Suggest to self in middle of libations that balm may be responsible for lack of syncopation. Life here under new régime, savors of the fidgets. Friend from Middle West assents emphatically. More so out there, he thinks. Interrogated, he becomes evasive; displays the usual reaction of American suffocating in freedom's air. Prefers not to say where he gets it, out there. Poor stuff at best, he admits. Eyes glass, swallows, sighs. Well, we've given him something to think about,

The esteemed authors of Babbitt and Cytherea
we decide. Possibly made a covert. Commander suggests tour of ship and lunch.

Extraordinary efforts on part of naval architect to conceal fact from passengers that they are on a ship. Initiation red-coal fires in rooms, oak panels, easy chairs, pictures and so forth. Curtains like a cottage in the country. Usual smell in alley ways, however Ships, workhouses, prisons and hospitals all have characteristic odors. Fine etchings on walls. Visit gymnasium. Attendant looks intellectual — ask him if he writes books too. No. Bar, we notice, is closed, out of compliment to friend from Middle West, no doubt. Out on deck discover novel feature — High Seas Book Store. Natty little corner available to first and second class. Young man in charge introduced. Asked if he writes books, produces one, modestly — a Scot on Scots. Visitors disconcerted and delighted. Buy book and demand autograph. Fine selection. Also buy copy of The Vital Spark by Hugh Foulis. Remember asking George Whitlaw in Glasgow and in presence of Neil Munro, "who was Hugh Foulis." George says, "this man here," and indicates Munro. A great book, interesting in its way, as is Para Handy and Erchie, the waiter who had a "flat fult but a warm heart." A great lingo, the Glesca dialect. Tell Commander tale of Wee MacGregor, not in printed edition. All roar. Good, but unprintable. We go to lunch.

Here we find gentlemen, released from fatigue of dispatching Aquitanian, in great good humor. Note general type of men who occupy positions on shore staff. Humane executives, most of them. Understand life is something that cannot be put in a roll-top desk and filed for reference. Main characteristic, unobtrusive integrity. Rather plump too, most of them, but they have been round, and carry dreams in their hearts, I'm certain. The sea is their common-law wife, as it were. They could not be otherwise than honorable.

Up again, and carry on talk of books, Captain showing mss. of new venture, The Queerfella, elaborately typed in purple ink on ivory foolscap with hand-drawn initials. Very artistic, but feel disposed to leave job to lady in Greenwich Village. No capitals to speak of, but some speed! Bid Commander good-bye, after a doch-an-doris, and clatter down to West Fourteenth Street.

Next date very different. Friend from Middle West wishes to hunt apartment nearby. Bid temporary farewell until dinner. Take taxi uptown.

SYNCOPATION returning, one observes, as new problems loom. Visit to motion picture studio to observe technique. Call on screen-lady. All ready. Car outside. Screen-lady and chow, also friend, get in. Car slides up-town. Fresh revelations of New York as we enter mountainous region of Yonkers. New York a unique city. Screen-lady hopes so, hating it. Longs for Mediterranean. Difficult mood to encounter, after one had been in Mediterranean four years and nearly went to jail in effort to get out of it. Suggest New York beautiful so long as you don't live there. All agree.

Studio in sight, comment on wild environment so close to City. Subway in distance, only up in the air now. Sort of Chestertonian subway is suggested. A subway of elevated sentiments. We arrive, and go in, led by chow, who, it appears, is a star. Lost in a forest of flats. Screen-lady leads us to little group behind set, presents to star, who is going on. Star is made up as vamp, very horrible when seen close. Thought passes thru mind — peculiar evolution of modern art — beautiful lady has to be made hideous in order to appear as beautiful as she really is. Paradoxic.

Wish G. K. C. were here to throw intellectual handspring and show us the reasons for this. Star suddenly goes into set and sneers at gentleman who is acting rapidly with his eyes shut. Sneer also carried out with closed eyes. Discover lights too powerful to endure, so artists shut eyes until camera shoots. Extraordinary lingo of modern life. Syncopated terminology. The set is shot. On the other hand, journalese tends to polysyllabic redundancies as in picturization, and chauffeurette. Horrible!

The scene, if phrase be allowed, is villainous. Gentleman in cutaway is villain. Camera. Shows teeth. Star raises shoulder, thrusts out jaw, and defies the teeth. He seizes her. She spurns him. Curtains part at rear. Plot thickens. Ethiopian slave, very fat, enters with extra supply of teeth. At this the director signals, assistant holds up board in front of camera with cabalistic signs, and the shot is over.

Viewing film, so far, in projection-room and without titles as yet, remark upon the relief of this and marvel why public insist on titles. Needed by director and artist, truly, but person of intelligence needs nothing of sort. It is explained that movies are not attended by such people. Further explained minds of average folk in theater move very slowly. Must give several seconds for each line of title to sink in. Fine points, unless scored heavily, are missed. Sounds paradoxical again, but find confirmation in experience. Take Chaplin's last piece, The Pilgrim. There you have artist extracting utmost possible from material. Charlie, escaped from jail, buys railroad ticket. Waiting for change, puts up hands and grasps bars of ticket window. Whole pose is symbolic of years of captivity. Yet it passes unnoticed in a flash. Proper course it seems, would be to begin in title: Charlie (Continued on page 71)
The Falcon of Count Federigo

LADY GIOVANNA AND HER SON
The part of Lady Giovanna is admirably played by Irma Harrison, with George Neville, Junior, as Florio.

In the scene above, Lady Giovanna's repentant brother, Vinciola (Arthur Donaldson), has reunited his sister and the impoverished Federigo (Henry Hull), and has agreed to restore the young Count's castle and lands.
The Falcon is perhaps the most appealing of the stories in Boccaccio's Decameron. Tennyson based a play upon it. Longfellow wrote verses to its pathos, and it is now being filmed in color by the Lund Productions. It tells the story of Count Federigo of Tuscany, who is defrauded of his estates by the brother of his love, the Lady Giovanna, that she may be forced to wed a rich merchant. After years of wandering with his pet falcon, the impoverished Federigo returns, and becomes the friend of Giovanna's young son. When the child falls ill and begs for the falcon, his mother seeks her old suitor. As there is no food in his hut, Federigo sacrifices his pet bird to make a feast for his lady. When the truth comes out, Giovanna's brother is contrite and restores the Count's estates.

All photographs courtesy of the Lund Productions

Count Federigo sings the charms of his love, the Lady Giovanna, to his old nurse Elizabeth (Moy Kitson)

At the end of the game of cards, in which the rich merchant has won the castle of the Count, Federigo discovers that he has been cheated, and challenges the merchant to a settlement with swords.
Margie and Bess are sitting on the stoop, and below them is the street, with evening over the unswept sidewalks and the garbage-cans that line the curb. Until now they had been talking inside, in the living-room of Margie's home, but as it was getting late and the bookcase-front folding-bed had to be opened and the davenport made ready for its nocturnal office, this is the only place left for them. They don't mind being on the stoop—it is cooler than the flat, and there is more privacy.

The privacy is important, for Bess has news to tell. This is her first visit to Margie since she had moved away a year ago. And now Bess is engaged; therefore there is a story to come. Margie, pink, expectant, is waiting for it.

Margie is sixteen; Bess somewhat older. Eighteen, perhaps. But there is an important difference in social status. Bess has been a stenographer for the past year or so, while the other has just entered the neighborhood "business college." Bess, accordingly, is conscious of her superiority, just as Margie is conscious of the other's lip-rouge and silk stockings and crépe de Chine waist and high-heeled slippers. If she is slightly envious, she consoles herself with the fact that in six months she, too, will have a job, and then . . .

But just now the story is the important thing.

Bess: Well, so I got engaged, like I was tryin' to tell you, only your kid brother don't let up howlin' . . .

Margie: Yeah, he gets fierce in summer, when it's hot like this. But we're all right out here. Go on, tell me all about it!

Bess: There ain't nothin' much to tell. You seen the ring.

Margie (With impatient enthusiasm. She said this before): It's gorgeous, Bess. And the setting is a peach. . . . Yeah! Now let's hear it. You know—how it all happened!

Bess: Say, you can't expect me to remember every little detail, like I didn't have nothin' else to think about. He's my boss, that's all. An awful nice feller.

Margie (She had read about such things in stories. And this is Real Life. Romance. And so close to her!): You wanted to tell how he got stuck on you an'. . . . All the good times.

Bess (After all, she is rather anxious to give details): Well . . . You know, Margie, I never made out that I ain't no fortune-teller, but I knew what was gonna happen the first time I took dictation off him.

Margie: How'd you know, Bess? How could you tell so quick?

Bess: Oh, I dunno! I can size 'em up pretty good. Sure! He acted awful refined, not like that other dumbbell I used to work for before, and he went nice an' slow so as to gimme a chance to catch up with my notes. . . . Well, you know! When they get that way, you can tell.

Margie: Yeah, you can tell.

Bess: Then, pretty soon, he comes to my desk, sorta accidental, he made believe, and says: "What you doin' this evenin'?" I look pretty innocent at him an' I says: "What you mean what I'm doin' this evenin'?"

Margie: Then?

Bess: Then he tried to date me up, see? Well, you know how it is takin' chances with your boss, and all them girls losin' out on it like the papers is always full of, only I knew he was different. So I says "all right."

Margie: So he took you out?

Bess: So he took me out.

Margie: What he take you to? A Broadway show? (Because Broadway shows mean more than just vaudeville, or the movies, or even the stock company around the corner. Broadway! She expects to hear wonderful things.) Was it awful excitin'?

Bess: Excitin'? Well, kinda! Only it ain't so different from the shows we seen around here, you and me. There wasn't no singin' even, just a lot of talk.

Margie (She had stood on Broadway in the evenings, and watched people go into the theaters. Inside it must be marble and gilt and mirrors and carpets. . . . Why doesn't Bess speak of all that? So she asks): But it's awful swell just the same, ain't it, Bess?

Bess: Oh, I dunno! I didn't see nothin' special to rave over. The seats cost more, that's all!

Margie: (She is puzzled, disappointed): I used to think . . .

Bess: What?

Margie: Oh . . . Never mind. Where else did you go?

Bess: Well, for a couple days he took me out pretty steady. Then one day as we're sittin' in a cabaret . . .

Margie (breathless): Cabaret?

Bess: Sure! We went to lots.

Margie (She is greatly excited. She has been to any number of dance halls—but a cabaret is different! She bends forward now, eagerly): Oh, Bess, what was that like?

Bess: What was what like?

Margie (this is almost a reverent whisper): The cabaret.

Bess: That was the real goods, no mistake about it! Talk of fancy prices for food! Little sandwiches that you could hardly see, they had the view.

Margie (Sandwiches do not interest her. There is something else): Yeah, yeah . . . but how about the other things?

Bess: What other things? Oh, the dancing, you mean, I guess! Well, there was a classy band and a perfectly grand floor. Tables all around. . . . But you can hardly move the way it's all crowded, and the space so small. You been to the Jazz Palace—well, it's somethin' like that! Only, the Palace is maybe better, because you have more room there for dancin'.

Margie (This is not what she had expected. To her (Continued on page 68)
American Sculpture

Representative pieces chosen from the eight hundred in the exhibition organized by the National Sculpture Society, and now on display in the rooms and gardens of the Hispanic Museum in New York.

LITTLE MOTHER
By Abastenia St. Leger Eberle

GIRL WITH BLACK SWAN
Stirling Calder is an Academician without an Academic vision. His work is characterized by imagination and a primitive baldness of conception and technique.

SEA SPRAY
Chester Beach has been extraordinarily successful in modeling youth. His figures are notable for their nervous vitality and slim grace.

QUEEN OF ATLANTIS
Florio is a young Italian who has received his training in the United States. His work reflects the popular seeking for Assyrian and Oriental mannerisms.

CATS
Whether Hunt Diedrich models cats or polo ponies or figures, he brings to his subject a stylistic treatment which is entirely his own.
EDITH DAY
The brilliant star of Wildflower
The Swan
An atmospheric pastel of Greenwich Village
By Charlton Lawrence Edholm

It always saddens me when one of the shabby old houses in Greenwich Village is demolished, or (what amounts to the same thing) when a new stucco front is plastered over the dusky weather-toned bricks, and a flouting apartment-house called the Yeast or the Mayfair is made out of the honest old cookery.

Three Steps Down is gone, so is the Pagan Bookshop, so is — but why linger among tombstones! It only depresses one who knew the departed jolly personalities; for all these Village ventures have their personality like people. What I have in mind is a little incident that I remember from that dusky basement, devoted to cookery and the discussion of the arts, known in its time as Three Steps Down.

It was a dingy interior, with low, smoke-stained ceiling and dark walls, that received but little light from windows on the sidewalk level. Gay posters of Village dances made bright spots in the gloom, and the lamps carried shades of warm hues, but the most cheerfully hospitable detail of the eating-place was a hearthstone of ample width, from which a grate piled high with burning coals extended. The genial glow of that grate fire and the warm, savoury breath from a kitchen, redolent of goulashes and thick soup, made it a cozy nest of a winter night: many a struggling author, artist, dancer or playwright found shelter there from unheated "studios," cheerless quarters which, uptown, would have been termed half-bedrooms.

The poet who drank coffee at my expense for a December evening, and who consumed all my cigarettes, has become famous since those happy-go-lucky days, and tonight he may be dining at the Plaza. Then he was obscure, and, as he sat at one of the score of bare, elbow-polished tables, among unshaved young fellows in dark shirts and girls in smocks and gay tams, he reminded me of François Villon, making bad jokes and good rhymes in some smoky tavern. I shall not describe him. His appearance is too well known to the great world today.

Form your own mental picture of Villon, dress him in gray flannel shirt and rough, workingman's clothes, stick one of my cigarettes in the corner of his loose mouth, and you have Oswald Garrick, the author of Episodes of the Pavement.

Garrick was always amenable to flattery and in some of those Village circles the unknown geniuses feed their famished self-esteem by flattering each other. It's very practical. Just as sheep huddle closely in a storm to warm each other by mutual contact. Only the lonely outsider perishes. Freezes.

The poet was in good humor. He had cashed a check for ten dollars that day and some of the fortune remained. He had eaten well, if not daintily, and my cigarettes were to his taste. The coffee, without stint, intoxicated him. He read us a poem, one of the Episodes, then unpublished, that presented a miniature drama of the gutter in language as white and delicately fragrant as a lily.

As the poet read, the place had grown quiet. The chatter had died down, and the whispering lovers at distant tables had ceased to whisper. At the last word of his poem, there was a profound silence.

Only at a table near the door an old, old woman breathed hoarsely in sleep, her bonnet askew, her head on her arms.

The girl in the scarlet tam was the first to speak. It was as if she were awakening to reality after listening to lofty music, full of strange harmonies: "And did you really know Jennie?"

The poet smiled quizzically and pinched her cheek. "Why, of course, dear child. As well as I know you." "Ah-h." The girl sighed a long, melancholy sigh. "And is it true? Did she really die?"

The author of Episodes gulped the remainder of his coffee and laughed unpleasantly. "My artless young friend," he replied, "how little you know of the ways of poets! Maybe she died. Maybe not. For all I know she may be married to a delicatessen artist on Sixth Avenue. How should I know?"

"But the story. It is true, is it not? She was like that? Capable of such love? Such sacrifice?" The girl's eyes questioned him appealingly.

"Bless me! Every woman is capable of such love and such sacrifice. Whether Jennie was put to the test or not, I cannot say. The only time I met her she was peeling turnips and occasionally stuffing a piece into her mouth. I remember she always opened her mouth wide as she chewed, and champed her food like a horse."

"But there is nothing like that in your poem!" The girl was horrified. "You gave Jennie a soul like the golden heart of a rose."

"Certainly. Certainly. That was what I saw. You don't put everything into a poem that you see. If I told everything she devoured, the poem would read like a bill-of-fare in a Bowery eating joint. That girl ate everything! Onions, garlic, eels, tripe! Everything!"

"Then your poem is not true?"

"Of course it's true!" Garrick struck match after match, trying to ignite the cigarette that stuck to his lower lip. "But my dear little one, not everything that is true goes into a poem. You strip the non-essentials from reality and preserve the essential truth. It is no more complicated than peeling a banana before you pop the soft fruit into your rosy mouth."

The girl looked unconvinced. "Your poem is beautiful," she said, "but Jenny is not the same to me after this." "She is the same Jenny that you would have seen in real life. Your reaction would have been: 'That girl needs a bath. And she should visit a dentist.'"

Frankly, I must admit that I was nauseated at this bald recital of crudities. My admiration of Oswald Garrick had diminished. This poet whose works made me dream of a white swan floating among water-lilies in a twilight em-purpled pool, appeared to me now like the same swan in the sunlight, waddling about on the bank and gobbling crusts of stale bread. Hard to distinguish from a goose, the swan on the bank! I arose to go. It was an annoyance that Oswald Garrick insisted on accompanying me. He wanted to read (Continued on page 71)
Antoine, the founder of the famous Théâtre Libre, and one of the most penetrating of the Parisian dramatic critics, wrote his opinion of this iconoclastic company of players as follows:

"Here I believe is the most dangerous offensive to which our theater has submitted for a long time. Everything in these performances, the decorations, the costumes, the staging, the interpretation, makes for the destruction of our dramatic art such as it has been constituted thru the slow evolution of many centuries.

"Twenty years ago it was that an infiltration started from Munich which today we see disintegrating our genius and our taste. The Chauve-Souris, prudent, and with a rare seduction, took up the movement after the war. Stanislavski we received warmly because he did not destroy, he perfected. But the Kamerny Theater in applying its destructive methods to the fund of our national works has permitted us to see where all this may lead to. Its influence can become a peril for the young and living spirits among us who are already too prone to seek adventure."

ROMEO AND JULIET
The two scenes reproduced above show to what extremes this experimental group of players dared to go in designing settings and costumes for Shakespeare's conventional drama

PHEDRE
In the settings for Racine's famous tragedy impressive simplicity was the fundamental note.
In the Laboratory of the Theater

A discussion of two recent experiments: the venture of the Kamerny Theater of Moscow, and the presentation of Le Carnaval des Enfants

By Allan Ross Macdougall

Since the war Paris seems to have become the dramatic half-way house between Moscow and New York. First came here the now famous Chauve-Souris, with Balieff. Last year came the great company of the Moscow Art Theater, headed by Stanislavski. The latest band of dramatic pilgrims from Russia, resting here before setting sail for the land of the dollar, is the company of the Kamerny Theater, or Chamber Theater, of Moscow. But whether this latest Russian recruit for the artistic suffrages and the less artistic dollars of America will have the same success as its forerunners I, for one, will not prophesy.

Let me with brevity set down its history. Conceived during the first months of the World War, it waxed and grew to its full stature during the tormented period of the Revolution. December 12, 1914, saw the rise of the curtain on the first play, Sakounata, and with but a few days' intermission in the same month followed the premières of Synge's Playboy of the Western World, and Calderon's tragedy Life is a Dream. The inspiring genius of the company was and still is, Alexander Tairoff. This director, having made some theatrical experiments with his productions of The Yellow Jacket and Pierrette's Veil at the Moscow Free Theater, decided to found a theater of his own where his ideas might have free rein.

In his task he was aided by Alice Coonen, who, tho a Belgian by birth, had been for some time one of the leading members of Stanislavski's company at the Art Theater.

In 1917, in order further to work out his ideas and give them the fullest and best possible interpretation, Tairoff founded a school in connection with the Chamber Theater. Also he gathered about him the leading members of the advance-guard in art and music in Russia. Artists like Soudelkine, Kousnetsoff, Gontcharova, Larionoff, Exeter, Vesynine; musicians like Alexandroff, Gattel, and the French composer, Forterre. The result is, that whatever one may feel about the productions of this company, at least they are all of a piece. One will never have the doubtful pleasure of seeing at the Chamber Theater a spectacle like the Hopkins production of Macbeth in New York, where the decorations belonged to one school, the acting to any and all schools, and the music to no school at all!

For my part, after having seen the various performances of the Tairoff company, I am quite undecided about their worth. They seem to be a company of diabolically clever marionettes who can do anything in the realm of the theater. One night I can play a tragedy like Wild's Salomé. The night following they can, with equal ease and Virtuosity, do a ballet like Debussy's Boite à Joujoux. The next night they can make a circus out of the old-fashioned operette of Lecocq's Giroflé-Gironflé, and follow that the night after with the Merry Wives of Windsor or Romeo and Juliet. These and a score of other dramas, pantomimes, ballets, comedies and operettas are all in the repertoire of this interesting company.

What a spirit they bring to their work! What energy they infuse into a piece like the Lecocq operette! One feels in watching them that their patron saint must surely be the Russian equivalent of St. Vitus. By their speech, their gestures, their decorations they take the poor audience by assault. There are no half measures; no repose. If one actor says to another "I love you," it seems to be a formidable threat. As one French critic said: "How such spectacles permit us to measure the distance between these still half-barbaric natures given over to abstract ideas and bounding instincts and our own old civilization, our tempered civilization! Even our frenzies have not the virulence of their simple desires. They do not walk, they leap. They do not speak, they shout. They do not converse, they quarrel. What temperament!"

But of all these things America shall have the opportunity of judging soon, for it is the intention of Tairoff and his company to visit the United States this autumn.

Of all the things that have happened in the world of the theater here in Paris I think the most thrilling was the opening night of M. St. Georges de Bouhelier's play, Le Carnaval des Enfants, at the Théâtre de la Comédie Française. I have had many exciting evenings in the theater, but never in my wildest dreams did I expect to be found standing on my fauteuil in that dignified House of Molière shouting "Bravos" to the actors and "Boos" to a certain section of the audience.

(Continued on page 77)
LOVE SONG
By Pascale D'Angelo

Your lips are a garden in summer bloom,
And my soul is a timid child, stealing tiptoe thru their rosy gate
To pluck a flower of kisses from them;
But ah! it scampers off, frightened by the heart that murmurs within your breast.

Is not the whole universe awed to loveliness
At your pure beauty?
The moon, a giant pale taper burning in the mosque of night,
Floods your hair with calm golden splendor;
And the adoring wind weaves her soft silken tresses with yours.

And tomorrow when you fling open the windows,
The sunbeams that hovered without
Will swarm thru, like bees, to alight
Upon the pure white flower of your beauty.
This past season, blasé Europeans have been highly diverted by the novel programs of two Oriental dancers, Takka-Lakka and Yogo Karo, who perform the classical religious dances of Siam.
Divertissement
Grist from the Mill of Sébastien Dudon*

THERE is this to be said for repetition, that it renders impossible the charge of inconsistency. I therefore repeat, as I have always maintained, that man, despite appearances, is the more faithful of the two recognized sexes. The error, of which he is a victim, is due to a false conclusion from a misleading premise: his platonic varietism. A man may own twenty cravats, but he will continue wearing one, his favorite, until it is threadbare. He may have a dozen suits, but he will continue to don the same one until its shabbiness shames him into changing. He may have a razor for each day of the week, but he will use one until it is as blunt as his penknife. And only his respect for the laws of hygiene and the fear of his wife make him change his under-linen. For that is man's nature. And his nature does not alter in respect to women. He would remain as steadfastly faithful to one woman as he does to one cravat, one razor, but for the maladroite, selfish and unintelligent interference of the one woman. For, just as he must have his nineteen other cravats, his eleven other suits, and his six other razors, so man must have his other women. The he may never resort to them, they are indispensable to his inalienable and instinctive varietism. But this the one woman will never suffer, and, unless she be extremely gifted, she comes to grief, the victim of her own prohibitions. Man, by nature faithful, will abide by the one woman, would abide by her forever, but for the fact that presently she must, by her own nature, become threadbare as his cravat, as shabby as his suit, as dull as his razor. And then her prohibitions are of no avail. It is always the fault of woman if man strays. I lay it down as an axiom, somewhat bold but nevertheless exact: if it were not for women, men would never be unfaithful.

Figures are always fascinating. Of the 20,000 Frenchmen who cast a vote in the marriage inquiry conducted by Femina, 14,000 gave first choice to the American husband as their preference among all nationalities. England came second, with practically the bulk of the remaining ballots. The other countries were hardly in the running. Financial statistics, too, are fascinating. At the time of the poll, the dollar could buy 17.80 francs (normal exchange 5), and the pound sterling could procure 79.20 francs (normal exchange 25). Figures are fascinating, but they are dangerous. Let no impassioned and pulpblind statistician draw any rash conclusion from what is so manifestly a mere coincidence.

The campaign to check the wave of indecency in our theaters, in our literary output, and in our new mode of living, merely thwarts the process of evolution. Pouring fire on the wave of indecency will not level it. It must run its course and nothing will hinder it. And its course, if unhindered, is brief. Nothing becomes tedious so quickly as indecency—unless it be decency. The immorality of today is the reaction from the morality of yesterday, the prelude to the morality of tomorrow. The pendulum swings back and forth every thirty-three years. The present generation is sowing its wild oats, but it will grow to a maturity as staid as that of its fathers. Unless, of course, it comes to an untimely end in a brothel.

However, there is justification for the campaign against the nude on our stage, a justification economic rather than moral. If our pompous Senators and Deputies, not to speak of the police department, have lent their weight to this campaign, they have done so with traditional French gallantry and with a traditional respect for French thrift. For nudity on the stage threatens the existence of a whole class of women. Every night of the week scores of petites femmes, distinguished from grandes dames only in that they are known merely by their first names, appear at the box-offices of the Olympia, the Casino, the Palace and the Folies Bergère, and give five francs for the privilege of strolling in the promenade. These women have paid their way into the theater, paid with what, according to the ethics of business, has become their own money, and thus have a claim to certain indisputable rights. Now, nudity on the stage of our revues is a manifest infringement on these rights. It is taking the bread out of the mouths of these petites femmes. For nudity, as any psychologist can tell you, is the most effective inspiration of chastity.

There can be only one explanation of the high cost of milk. The milk dealers must have taken to the use of mineral waters instead of the hydrant product.

Paris has always had a warm spot in its heart for the midinette, but when the modern Mimi Pinson laid down her needle and walked out of the dress-making shops of the Rue de la Paix, a severe chill invaded that heart. The strike of the midinettes was the gayest demonstration the city has ever witnessed. There was no singing of the Internationale or the Red Flag, the favorite tune of the strikers being Lucien Boyer's lilting and joyous:

Climb up, climb up,
And you'll see Montmartre!

And yet, tho the brave little midinettes maintained their gaiety in the most trying circumstances, gay Paris frowned on their walk-out as it had never frowned on the more somber and menacing strikes of the past. The reason is not far to seek. The walk-out of the midinettes struck at the very heart of one of the oldest, the most respected and most convenient institutions in France. By the industrious use of her clever fingers for ten hours a day, the midinette receives the munificent weekly recompense of sixty francs, the equivalent of four dollars. The munificence of the award becomes manifest when one realizes how very close it comes to meeting the needs of her budget, which, stripped down to the very barest necessities, totals eighty francs. Her weekly deficit is therefore a mere trifle of twenty francs, a little more than a dollar. An absurdly small deficit, when you consider that she has from seven o'clock in the evening until seven o'clock in the morning, during seven days of the week, in which to strike a balance in her budget. And if she is young, pretty, devoted, and anxious to please; if she is willing to prepare dinner for two on returning from work and breakfast for two before leaving for work; if she can darn socks, lay out and count linen, run errands, keep a house in order; if, above all, she can preserve her gaiety and give ample and constant evidence of her gratitude—well, then, it is the simplest of matters. There are many benevolent bachelors in Paris. And it is an old and honored institution, deep-rooted in French economics. It was the benevolent bachelors who suffered a chill when the midinette went on strike. What if she should win, get an increase of twenty francs, and become self-supporting? Horror! Twenty francs would not buy a smile in the Champs-Elysées!

Translated by Henri Jajenuce.
CAROL DEMPSTER

One of the stars of David Wark Griffith's latest production,
The White Rose
Dramatic Impressions on Copper
Edmund Blampied spent his boyhood on the coast of the Isle of Jersey in the English Channel. He attended a village school, then worked as a farm hand to support himself and his widowed mother until he was seventeen. His idle moments were spent sketching the coast and agricultural scenes around him—the shaggy-coated horses and cattle, and the fishermen and peasants of the island. At fifteen he was given instruction in drawing and painting by a French artist who had seen some of his work. Two years later a wealthy resident sent the boy to London for a year's study. Young Blampied was able to remain three years, however, and in that time won for himself a place among the younger artists of England. He learned the technique of etching from Walter Seymour, while attending the County Council's Art classes at Bolt Court. Mr. Blampied's etchings and dry-points are always artistically alive, and few artists seem to have so vivid a sense of the pictorial interest of humdrum things.
THE GHOST SHIP
Beginning August the twenty-sixth, the city of Gloucester, Massachusetts, will celebrate the three-hundredth anniversary of its settlement. A water pageant will be one feature of the festival. The Long Dragon, bearing a crew of venturesome Norsemen, will again discover the harbor; the Puritan fishermen and farmers from Dorchester, England, will land a second time upon the shore; and the gallant Champlain once more will steer his ship into the blue waters.
SEEING THE CIRCUS WITH WYNN

JUMBO THE MAGNIFICENT
On the left is Fanny, the Fat Lady. On the right is Bertha, the Lady-with-a-Beard. Does Fanny like being fat? Yes. She is on a starch-and-sugar diet. The more she puts on, the more she takes off—the manager's bank-roll. Does Bertha like her beard? No. She is only slightly attached to it—with glue.

A Page from the Circus Primer

Here are the three fierce lions. Here is the one fearless lion-tamer. He is hired to please the Public. And the Public is pleased by what he is doing in the picture. When he removes his head the lions will roar. The Public will think they are roaring with anger. But the Public will be mistaken. The lions will be roaring with laughter. They laugh because the Public is being fooled. The fierce lions are not fierce. The fearless lion-tamer is not fearless. Why? Because the lions have lost all their teeth and their claws are tipped with rubber.
THE GENIE AND THE PRINCESS

An illustration by Willy Pogany for Tales of the Persian Genii, by Frances Jenkins Olcott
The Lost Land of Make-Believe

The children of this brisk, industrial age seem to lack the fanciful imagination that should be their rightful heritage from their romantic forefathers

By Willy Pogany

THERE is nothing in the world so sensitive to impressions as the mind of a child. Long before he can give a name to things he sees or knows he has tucked away in his head hundreds of pictures. And all the pictures that are essential to him his imagination holds. That is why the child that is alone is never lonely. During the first eight years of his life he lives in a world constructed by himself, and his imagination fills this world with mysterious life. He gives the animals and birds tongues to speak to him; the flowers and trees have eyes to watch him; inanimate things become animate. He can conjure up all sorts of "little people" for his playmates. No child has had a real childhood unless he has lived in this land of make-believe.

But the modern, machine-made world is peopled with rationalists instead of romanticists—materialists who seem bent upon robbing the child of his fancies and dreams. In our cities, alas, the materials of make-believe are wanting. Who can create a magic country in an apartment house, where attics and gardens, and even big fireplaces with crackling logs and cavernous chimneys are missing? The city provides playgrounds for its children, but they are equipped for physical play only. They contain nothing to stimulate his mind to play.

It is the right of every child to have a garden, with flowers, trees, a fountain and, yes, a maze, such as was a part of all old European gardens; a maze in which he can become lost from home, and in which there may be a giant ogre, lurking around the next turn—some familiar old ogre that has stepped from a favorite fairy book. Where in the modern city can such an ogre lurk? And where can the fairy princess live who can always save the child from the delicious terror that the ogre inspires?

The sense of terror is an active element of the imaginative life of every child. Children who are shielded from stories of goblins and ogres and wicked stepmothers will invent dreadful creatures that will haunt their familiar world.

But the forms that terrorize the modern child are the bewhiskered villains of the motion pictures. His fairy princess is the screen flapper or, worse yet, the screen vampire. His little grown-up mind scorns the film version of a fairy story. He would rather see a story of cowboys and masked robbers on the screen than a picturization of Jack the Giant Killer, and he prefers a Chaplin comedy to the story of Snow White. Even the books he chooses to read are as brittle and machine-made as the world he lives in.

Certain altruists prophesy that the pendulum will soon swing back toward the age of romanticism. For the sake of the grown-up as well as the child, let us speed the day when imagination will rule the world again. For imagination is the natural prerogative of mankind. It is truly the gift of a fairy godmother in this century of insatiable inventiveness; it is an Aladdin's lamp that will not grow tarnished unless it is unused.

We can and should build our own castles in the air, where we can flee from the perplexities that press so heavily upon us, and can roam the unexplored hemispheres of fancy. For facts exist in the land of make-believe only as we create them, and they are not unalterable; they can be changed or modified according to our whim.

The child of a but few grown-ups is granted the boon to make visible the adventures they encounter in their land of make-believe, but this gift is denied to no child. All children are born artists. Just as the illustration of a story is the language—a visual language—that the child best understands, so his own crayon is the most sympathetic means of projecting his own experiences on paper, and thus recording the whole retinue of impressions which each waking hour brings him.

He draws for the sake of telling a story, and in doing so supplements and enriches his own direct observation of objects. Drawing and imagining are his pleasure, and the results are termed crude by adults, he soon gains.

An illustration by Mr. Pogany for Sara Cone Bryant's book, Stories to Tell the Littlest Ones
more control
over this mode
of expression
than over either
written or oral
language.

If the grown-
up is not apt in
imagination he
may need a key
in order to deci-
pher the child's
story—the few
odd-looking
black marks that
represent a man,
for instance—but any one
endued with
imagination can
easily read this
child-Sanskrit.

Because he
draws mostly
from memory,
he draws what he knows, not
what he sees, and the newest
detail conceived
always looms
far out of pro-
portion to the
rest of the figure
or scene. Thus,
perspective for a
child does not exist, or rather
it is a perspec-
tive of interest,
of imagination, or, in other
words, the perspective of the
fairy-tale. A little child's drawing is almost a catalog—a
graphic vocabulary consisting of forms systematically
accumulated—and in this fact we can read the value to
the child of visual language, both for pleasure and education.

My childhood was spent in Hungary, among its
romantic, sensitive, imaginative people. And the mental
stimulation and impressions received in that environment
are still my source of inspiration in painting and illustrat-
ing. I well remember the thrill of expectation I felt
when I came into possession of a new book, with its
revelations held close between its unopened covers. It
was the pictures I was "just looking for"—the pictures that
carried me into a realm un-
known, where strange things al-
ways happened.

Over and over again I would
live the episodes played by my
pictured heroes. Read, I could
not, but those dead blotches
called letters did not intrigue me.
It was the picture that told me
the story; the picture was real,
an actual fact, and the printed
word seemed a pretense and
superfluous.

To us in Hungary, pictures
have long told stories and stood
for facts. The shops in my
home town still use big pictorial
signs to advertise their com-
modities, because the peasants
designs when a small child, and, as I grew older, I copied
the illustrations in my books of fairy and folk-tales.
Later, when I learned to read, I began making pictures of
characters and incidents that were not already illustrated.
It became my childhood ambition to illustrate "a real
fairy book."

Thus all my years of study and travel I never lost this
desire, and to this day I am never so happy as when illustrat-
ing fairy-tales. They appeal to me because an imagi-
native subject lends itself readily to illustration, and can
be pictured without injuring the reader's power of imagi-
nation. I can give suggestions without hampering his
fancy, and can give him, more-
ever, the opportunity to become
creative himself.

The illustrator of fairy-tales
must have a deep and sympathetic
comprehension of children, and
be keenly alive to their humor;
he must be sensitive to all the
beauty of child life; he must see
the adventures of the fairy folk
with the child's own mind. He
must have not only imagination,
but tenderness, humor, whimsi-
cality, friendliness. He must omit
satire and any other mature note
—it will only bewilder the child.
He must himself believe in the
reality of the fairies and elves and
ogres that he pictures. Life must
engross him with the same ardor
that it did in his childhood.
ERNITA LASCELLES

Who is a talented writer of fiction as well as an actress. This past season she appeared with Mrs. Fiske in The Dice of the Gods.
A study by Kenneth Alexander, awarded the Silver Medal at the International Arts and Crafts Exposition

NINA HAVEMAN
A member of the Moscow Art Theater, who appeared in their production of Tsar Fyodor

Page Thirty-Eight
The Hand of the Master

By Frédéric Boutet

Translated from the French by William L. McPherson

A SANCTUARY to which the confused noises of the factory scarcely penetrated, M. Vagallon's private office was vast, bare and commonplace. The mahogany furniture was set off by green tapestry. From the windows you could see the rainy sky and the muddy Seine, over which the morning fog still hung. In a corner of the room M. Vagallon's stenographer sat waiting before her machine. Gathered about the gigantic American desk, still closed, were M. Vagallon's three secretaries. The technical secretary, the commercial secretary, and the secretary for the personnel stood there, stiff and silent.

Nine o'clock struck. A heavy step, at once rapid and majestic, was heard outside. M. Vagallon entered, tall and massive-looking in his loosely fitting suit of checked cloth, his face red, his glance dominating, he presented an image of force, sure of itself—and of despotic power.

"Good-day, gentlemen," he said, and then took a seat at his desk.

The stenographer brought him the mail, which he began to open. Some time passed. Pushing back the letters, M. Vagallon turned to the secretaries, listened to their reports and gave orders. But suddenly his face contracted and grew purple. He struck the desk with his fist.

"How is this, Monsieur Lebois? You have taken the liberty, without consulting me, of hiring a workman to replace Pére Eloi. What does this mean? How dare you permit yourself an initiative like that? I forbid initiative. I prohibit independence. I wish to be strictly obeyed. I give my orders. Let others execute them. That is all. You may retire."

The secretaries left the room. M. Vagallon, with a frown still on his face, resumed the reading of the mail. Then he dictated some letters to the stenographer and received two gentlemen who had come to talk about an important order.

After a brief discussion, in which they came to an agreement, he invited them to inspect the factory. Then he brought them back to the office.

"My dear sir," said one of the visitors politely, but with evident sincerity, "all that we have seen is admirable. But what a heavy burden on a man's shoulders it must be to manage such an enterprise! It is a world in itself—"

"M. Vagallon smiled proudly.

"You are right in saying that it is a world." he replied majestically. "It is a world which I have created and organized, which I alone direct, which rests entirely on me—"

"Have you no collaborators?" asked the second visitor.

M. Vagallon tossed back his head.

"No, monsieur. I have instruments that I use; that is all. What I fear most is that they will assume initiative. I have confidence in myself, and in myself alone. Ah! messieurs, since we have now entered into business relations and those relations are to continue, it is well that you should know me. I am a self-made man, and am proud of it. I am the son of a peasant—and of a poor peasant. I got my education by working for it, and was despised and treated shamefully by my rich fellow students. I nearly starved at eighteen. I worked at almost anything. You might have seen me, thirty years ago, driving a little cab in the streets of Paris. I make no concealments. I am not a man of the world, nor a man of elegant associations. The world and its elegancies—I leave them to others. I leave them to my wife. She has pearl necklaces and dresses which cost two thousand francs apiece. She goes to teas, to expositions, to the theater. She spends what she pleases. She is a woman of the world. She was born to that. What I am telling you, I tell everybody. Yes. I work twelve or fifteen hours a day. Yes, everything depends on me, even to the slightest detail. Yes, I am the pivot on which the whole machine turns. Yes, I alone see to everything, direct everything, keep everything going."

He stopped a moment, swollen with pride. The visitors looked at him with admiration. He began again:

"Since you are doing me the honor to breakfast with me, messieurs, you will see my wife. She is an accomplished society woman. She knows how to receive people. She is not like me. With the aid of some connoisseurs she has made a real museum of art of the house which I bought at Neuilly some years ago. As for me, I know nothing about such things."

At Neuilly, M. Vagallon's two guests found a house furnished with perfect taste, and in the person of Mme. Vagallon a charming woman, blonde, delicate, slender and elegant. One of them, who was still young and rather attractive in appearance, tried, when coffee was being served, to pay her some discreet attentions. But she did not seem to understand them.

At this moment M. Vagallon, who was talking with the other visitor, gave a faint cry.

"Oh! How badly I feel!" he groaned.

They hurried to his assistance. He kept on groaning and held his hand to his side. Very much frightened but preserving her sang-froid, Mme. Vagallon sent for a doctor. The two guests saw that they were popular and being somewhat embarrassed, felt it wise to withdraw, after a brief interval, with polite expressions of concern.

(Continued on page 74)
Sketching in Italy
By Greville Rickard

Opposite the Villa Lanti in Viterbo

The Grand Canal, Venice

San Pietro in Rome

Piazza della Signoria in Florence

Page Forty
Sketching in Belgium.

With an impression of a French cathedral

A Street in Malines

The Tour de Beurre of the Cathedral of Rouen

The City Gate in Bruges

Old City Gate in Malines
New Motifs for Old

The impressions of a visiting composer and conductor, on the development of music in America

By Georges Enesco

I

SHOULD like to begin by saying that I was perhaps the only musician in Europe two years ago who had never had any intention of coming to America. Then, without foreseeing the consequences, I dedicated my quartet to the Flonzaley, who played it here so much better than it deserved that I found not only my work welcomed in the friendliest fashion, but myself brought within the charmed circle of composers whose music is my delight to honor. So, “in spite of all temptations to remain in other nations,” I gladly fell in with a suggestion that I should come over as guest conductor. Almost before I knew it, I was in the United States, and receiving my first impression of the greatness of American orchestras with Mr. Stokowski’s incomparable players in Philadelphia. As a student who has made an earnest effort to appraise the work of every important orchestra in Europe, I take the utmost pleasure in telling my American readers how extremely proud they ought to be to count this among their other unique and superlative possessions—the most magnificent symphony orchestra in the world. I pay this tribute to supreme excellence without prejudice to the outstanding merits of other American orchestras, both those I had the pleasure of conducting and those for whom I was merely one member of an admiring audience.

I have been struck by the very appreciative attitude of American concert-goers. In New York you enjoy every opportunity for progress in this direction, for not only do you have more symphony concerts to the square mile than all the European countries put together, but side by side with the works of the classic masters you are offered an ever-increasing number of modern works each season. Apropos of this, I beg leave to remind you that for this latter Mr. Stokowski is largely to thank. As a modern composer, I may say that neither I nor my colleagues flatter ourselves that he admires everything we write, but he has insisted for years that his audiences should at least be kept informed of what is going on in the musical world. It is fortunate for us that his audiences are so much his disciples.

A disadvantage under which the American composer in the modern idiom labors is not that he does not hear the best of what his European contemporaries are doing, but that he is so far removed from the atmosphere in which they are doing it. His handicap lies in the curious fact that the farther one is from any strong creative influence the greater one’s effort to remain within its sphere; whereas the nearer one is to the source, the more independent of its conventions one becomes. It would be perhaps to the American composer’s advantage to disengage himself as much as possible from European influences which of their nature conflict with the indigenous material on which he must eventually base his work. For it is a truism that the inspiration of all enduring art springs from the soil. Already John Powell, with his remarkable Rhapsodie Nègre, has shown that an American can follow where Dvorák led. This work is not in the modern idiom, but its extraordinary thematic richness and the primitive vitality of its rhythms should be enough to convince the

young moderns of the New World that they need not look to the Old for what they have in such ungarnered abundance at home.

This talk of imitation reminds me of what the great Debussy once said to me, apropos of Ravel. I had been remarking what a pity it was that a man of genius like Ravel should so completely lose himself in the disciple, even tho it were Debussy whom he followed. “All art starts by imitation,” replied Debussy; “I had to have someone to copy—so do the others; it doesn’t matter anyway who your models are, for they are nothing but pegs to hang your real self on—if you have one.”

The god of my own youthful adoration was Brahms, and I wrote my early work quite flagrantly “in the manner of” the immortal Johannes. To my mind, the young composer, ambitious to write symphonies, could choose no more happily than I did, for from Brahms he may learn how to combine classic integrity of form with the most perfect freedom and mobility of expression, without in the least impeding the spontaneity of his utterances. It is not wise to destroy until we have learnt how to build; and the only progress which can profoundly influence the future is that which grows out of the past, not that which is artificially imposed upon it.

It is long ago now that I ceased to imitate Brahms, but while the musical speech in which I have perhaps found my true expression is ostensibly that of my contemporaries, it actually differs radically from theirs, bearing deeply, I hope, the impress of the past out of which it grew, and therefore lacking their accent of repudiation.
Which brings me to the "Six," of whose divagations I hear so much over here. This ambitious group of torch-bearers may count itself fortunate in having enlisted so much attention on the part of New York's more sophisticated connoisseurs, whose grave consideration of their works is in flattering contrast to the attitude of some Parisian audiences.

Now I am very far from wishing to belittle the members of this famous company, whose sincerity is usually beyond question; and if I point out the reasons why I think they have failed to fulfil the purpose of their association, I do so in order rather to explain them to their detractors than to range myself on the enemy's side.

In the beginning these young exponents of the futurist method, each doubtless believing his contribution to musical history to be in the truest sense representative, came together with the idea of mutual encouragement and support. They wished to make their influence felt as quickly and as widely as possible, and this end could be achieved more easily by a group than by each alone. It takes more ridicule to lampoon a "school" than an individual out of existence, and they knew they were throwing themselves to the caustic and reactionary Parisian public, which would not be slow to take it up. The Six had plenty of courage, and very soon found they needed all they had. Perhaps if they had been better artists they would not have been such good reformers; perhaps if they had been better reformers they would not have been artists at all. Who can say? One certain result of their ardent crusade, however, was that public curiosity in the New Music was definitely excited, and concert-goers were quickly familiarized with the futurist idiom.

The conscious extremism of the Six, however unsuccessful as art, yet helped the cause along by creating the "horrible example," which is as good a way as any of setting a fair standard of judgment. But for their sensationalism, the more moderate expressions in the new manner would have come as a shock to audiences who would surely have mistaken the unfamiliar for the deliberately eccentric, as often happens. The rapid recognition which has been given to the work of such men as Malaperio, Berners, Goossens, Casella and others is largely, if indirectly, due to the Six.

Unfortunately they have now arrived at a point where their purpose is no longer obvious. If any one of them is ever going to do great work he will certainly have to leave the group. Homegger, in fact, by far the finest talent of them all, is already practically outside the circle, and the others no doubt, will go their separate ways eventually. For as an artist develops, he finds he cannot always subsist on ends of speculation. His genius is not quite certain of itself, he needs sympathetic support, but the more it matures the less it stands in need of protection. The only ones who remain long in groups are those who cannot stand alone.

I have nothing but praise for the seriousness of the younger school; but like many others who set out to "jazz up," as you Americans would say, the slow process of evolution, they have let themselves become the victims of catch-words. "No compromise" they say; so great is their terror of betraying the slightest derivation from the effete past which it is their mission to obliterate, that they go to fantastic lengths in avoiding treason to their ideals. In concentrating so insistently upon how to express things, they have forgotten they had anything to express—which is a pity. It is rather foolish, also, and leads to the sort of artistic smugness which is death to worth-while work. One would like to bring them back to their senses by recalling to them the story of the young futurist painter, who said Degas: "Master, when you were a young man, what did one do in order to arrive?" "My dear young man," answered the Master, "when I was a young man, one did not arrive!"

It would not be possible to exclude from any notice of modern music an appreciative mention of the devoted and tireless efforts of Alfredo Casella to give currency to the works of his compatriots, whose compositions, but for him, would have had to wait much longer for an audition in the musical centers of the world. The renaissance of instrumental music in Italy, which is opening a significant chapter in modern musical history, owes much of its impetus to his beautiful and sympathetic performances of their piano works, and to his gift for communicating his own enthusiasm to the conductors of orchestras here and abroad. The names he has made most familiar to American audiences are, no doubt, those of Malaperio, Zandonai, and Respighi; but the catholicity of his interest, not confined to his own countrymen, has extended to such men as the Spaniard, Albeniz, of whose Iberia, orchestrated by Casella himself, he has given more than one superb performance. In the midst of all the futurist activities it is (Cont'd on page 73)
Robert Demachy is past-master of individualistic photographic processes. His name will ever rank among the most powerful and successful of the leaders and pioneers of the pictorial movement. His artistic individuality, as expressed in the creations of his camera, has given the world some of the finest work that it possesses. The study reproduced above, In Brittany, is one of the six prints by this artist sent in from France to the International Salon of Pictorial Photographers, which opened in New York last May. Of the twenty-five hundred prints submitted, fewer than five hundred were selected for exhibition on the walls of the Art Center. Twenty-seven different countries were represented. The study at the right, A Sunlit Corner, came from Summercroft, Nova Scotia, and received high commendation.
A SUNLIT CORNER

A camera study by Herbert Bairatow, Summercroft, Halifax
The Other Side of It

The confessions of a few well-known characters in history and fiction

By Harriet Henry

XANTHIPPE

A TYPICAL termagant, was I, a shrew, and a virago? Vexations, perverse, and turbulent? By Zeus, could you but know what I put up with! When Socrates married me I was mild-mannered, mild-dispositioned, and mild of eye. Five years later, and I was short-mannered, of a bitter disposition, and my eye had a cold and steely flash. The unpractical and unconventional life I was forced to lead! No sooner was my house thoroly tidied of a morning — no attendant could we afford to keep — than Lysias, Sophicles, Plato, Aristophanes, Euripides, and all that crowd of sophists would drop in, smoking herds, and scattering the ashes everywhere, or, what was worse, concealing them everywhere. (My pet toque was once craftily used as an ash receptacle, which I never discovered until I had put it upon my head.) They loll'd over our house all day, freely imbibing nectar and ambrosia until they knew not whereof they spoke, slopping it over my favorite chattels with no notice nor hesitancy. And well into the night did all this continue. Then Soccy would tumble into bed leaving me to mop, and scrub, and scour. Wearily then to our couch I'd drag myself. To sleep? Oh, no. Soccy ate graham crackers every night, and every night I twisted and turned amidst a multitude of crumbs. Oh, Zeus, blame me not for an unenviable disposition!

DIogenes

Always have I been considered an eccentric. It annoys me vastly. There was nothing eccentric about me. Eccentric, if the truth be known, was the least apt word one could apply to me. Shrewd was I, and keen—a clever, ambitious, and tenacious Cynic philosopher. How then do I account for sleeping in a tub, you ask—that, apparently, most eccentric of my eccentricities? Be not a fool—Antisthenes put me up to that. No publicity was I getting. No criticism, nor comment; no notoriety, nor homage. Antisthenes was my press agent. It was a publicity trick. And it worked, didn't it?

HELEN OF TROY

My face it was that launched a thousand ships. Yea, my sapphire eyes, black-fringed and clear as the Hellespont, made me the wife of Menelaus. But my lips it was, red as the blood of warriors, soft and cool as a rose's heart, and unattainable as rubies, that made Paris bear me away to Troy. And all the heroes of Greece flew to arms; Agamemnon there was, Odysseus, and Achilles—they'd paid me court here and there, themselves, the foxes—to avenge the wrong done Menelaus, hand-maiden of the nimblest fingers. All day, and every day, flat on my back on my couch—poor reward, indeed, had my face not launched a thousand ships!

RIP VAN WINKLE

The biggest lie that ever was swallowed was mine about sleeping twenty years. Did you ever hear of anyone sleeping for twenty years? It couldn't be done, methinks, and I didn't do it either. But how was I to explain away two decades? Twenty years is a long time to account for—240 months; 12,480 weeks; 87,360 days—think on't! And I didn't want to disappear to begin with. I loved the Hudson— and I loved the Kaatskills, and I loved the children, and I almost loved Dame Van Winkle. It was her tart temper and sharp tongue that did it. They got tarter and sharper, and I couldn't bear the nagging, nagging, nagging, so one cheery autumnal day, a rare, golden autumnal day, I whisked Wolf to heel—dear, faithful Wolf, henpecked a dog as I was a man—and we shambled out of view. It took us a year to get to the City where, after taking in a great deal that was miraculous to our eyes, we finally got in with a band of traveling players, and Wolf and I did a little act of our own. Oh, those were happy years! And I discovered that all women were not tart of temper, nor sharp of tongue. Quite the contrary, quite, quite. Dearie me! I would never have gone back if Wolf hadn't died. I was old, and bearded and grey by then, so I wandered home to the Kaatskills and the Hudson. And that's when I pulled the sleep story. It was the best idea, methinks. I couldn't have told of the City, leaving out the strolling players; and I couldn't have told of the players, leaving out Gretta—no, no, all women are not tart—dearie me!

MONA LISA

An odd thing it is about that sweet, vague smile of mine in Leonardo's portrait. It was probably that smile that caused Francis I to purchase the picture for nine (Continued on page 73)
A Page of Colored Jazz
Syncopated in Pen and Ink

By William Gropper

The most popular headliner on the Coon and Company Circuit is little Georgia Washington, who brings down the house when she sings: "Oh, mah Liza's eyes—They tantalize"

Rastus (left) is telling the world that he has the Prohibition Blues, while Bryan's Big Brass Band (above) is doing its jazzy best to prove to him that joy can come out of a saxophone as well as a bottle.

THE CAKE-WALKING BOYS FROM DARKTOWN

Miss Mamie Jackson sings movingly of life on a Way Down South Sea Isle
Actor and Demon

Some reflections on the most baffling of the arts aroused by spring on Broadway

By Kenneth Macgowan

SOMEWHERE back of history a savage turned into a priest, and the priest turned into an actor. A mask did it all. If the process were as simple as that today, we might be able to understand more about the art of acting. But it is all sadly complicated. The savage is buried in the unconscious mind. Ritualism is represented by the mask of a morning coat or a device for annihilating the feminine figure. An actor becomes anything from an exhibitionist of his own charming personality to a man who goes mad in public, and cuts out an entertaining demon that nobody ever meets off the stage. And in between are all kinds of players, including that rare bird who tries to forget himself and slip into the skin of somebody or other invented by a playwright.

Spring is no time to look for plays in New York; such a sophisticated comedy as Aren’t We All? in which Cyril Maude appears, positively reverberates with wit in the vacuum of May. But spring can—and spring does—bring enough varieties of acting, even in the worst failures, to provide examples for almost any discourse on that baffling art.

Here is Maude, for instance, merrily engaged at sixty-one in an occupation which even the siest of our stars finds too arduous. He is acting—actually acting—a man of his own age. John Drew would be content to be John Drew, or at most the comic, Punchian Drew. Drew is ever adroit, never unintelligent, always a gentleman equal to the demands of Haddon Chambers, Somerset Maugham, or Sir Arthur Wing Pinero; American universities honor themselves and the stage, rather than the actor, when they shower degrees upon him. But Drew would play the merry old Philanderer of Frederick Lonsdale’s comedy much as he has played a dozen other British gentlemen. He might play the part in a dapperer mood than he brought to Rupert Hughes’ ruminant hero in The Cat-Bird, but he would never devise a new make-up, a new walk, a new poise; a new shade of voice as Maude does.

The Englishman cocks a wicked eye and a wicked mustache. He dresses the dandy almost fulsomely. He sets him cantering across the stage with an aged imitation of youth which collapses on the edge of a chair as the stiff legs carefully lower the body into repose. Just to turn the whole thing more obviously humorous, he makes the man swing his arms backward and forward together as he walks, instead of letting them alternate in their movements. This is not the Mark Saber of If Winter Comes, any more than Mark Saber was Grumpy. You can recognize the same actor under these disguises, but they are disguises all the same. Maude tries to build up something in the way of a physical man which shall be as individual as the playwright’s character. The result is such a surprise to playgoers brought up on Broadway actors that one critic accused Maude of not being “natural.” What he would say to Punch, if he should ever see him in the little guignol show upon the Champs Elysées, I hesitate to think. For Punch is the perfect realization of the long-forgotten playwright’s wicked thought, and, tho he has never played any other character, this wooden old actor is a true actor and a striking theatrical actor into the bargain.

If you must be “natural,” try Sidney Blackmer. Blackmer is more or less of a star—certainly a matinée idol—after playing less than a half dozen parts. He has a quiet charm that women admire. When that charm
What It's All About
An effort to discover the significance of the latest disturbance in the literary mill-pond

By Louis Bromfield

No one who follows even superficially the trend of contemporary writing here and in Europe can be unaware that something is going on—a disturbance in the world of letters unequalled since Flaubert, from his solitude in Normandy, cast Madame Bovary into the literary mill-pond and started a ring of ripples which still faintly lap the reeds along the shore. But the Flaubert disturbance was as nothing to this latter-day agitation, which resembles the explosion of a stick of dynamite loosed amid the mud at the bottom of the mill-pond. Flaubert's sizable disturbance agitated the mandarins of Paris, and the de Goncourts and Zola helped to keep the ripples alive; but outside of France, everybody sat tight for a long time afterward. It was close to thirty years before the outside world began to find traces of Madame Bovary in the books of the circulating library. The ripples are still bobbing up unexpectedly—a year or two ago in John Dos Passos' elegantly satirical Three Soldiers, more recently in Elliott Paul's hard, Zolaesque Impromptu.

But it is out of date if you are one of those who keep anywhere near the head of the literary procession. Even if you don't keep well in the van, you'll be bumped along from time to time unwillingly by the new disturbance that has taken place. If you read at random three or four novels a week, you cannot escape an occasional saltpeter whiff of the explosion. Something is going on and it appears to be going on, not alone in France (which seems to foster such disturbances), but in Italy, Central Europe, the British Isles, and even in these conservative United States. Literary explosions carry farther today, what with cables, wirelesses, literary correspondents, and publishing houses issuing new works simultaneously in a half dozen countries. The late N. P. Dawson, one of the soundest, shrewdest and most polished of literary critics, referred to the disturbance as "the stream of consciousness movement" and sometimes, with justification, as "the cuttlefish school."

Both names are pertinent and explanatory. To the reader who "keeps up," the former designation is clear; to the reader who simply comes across an occasional whiff of saltpeter, the latter is likewise explanatory. (The cuttlefish, let it be explained, is an organism living in the water which, when attacked, excretes an inky fluid to act as a smoke cloud.)

Fundamentally, the new school acts upon the belief that "the mind is the thing." The play, the emotions, the plot, the glamour—as these things are understood by established and conventional standards—have been cast overboard. It is no longer what the hero does or even why he does it. The interest of the new school lies in the chaotic processes of the mind, disordered and unmotivated, set down in detail.

Now the average reader, coming suddenly upon a book written in the "new manner," is certain to be lost, for the simple reason that he has never seen anything before quite like it. In order to understand this latest disturbance of the literary world, it is necessary to undertake a course of specialized training. The average reader, coming suddenly upon James Joyce's Ulysses (an unlikely happening since it sells at some incredible sum), must experience the sensations of a traveler lost in a jungle. He must find it confused, incomprehensible, gibbering. The trouble in such an encounter lies not so much with Mr. Joyce as with the reader, who is in the position of a schoolboy trying to understand a work by Bergson or a treatise on astronomy. What he needs is a preparatory course, a gentle leading up to the heights of the subject.

Joyce is the superb example because he stands well at the peak of the movement, aloof and solitary, as if taking the air on the Matterhorn. Amid the violence of the critical controversy over Ulysses, he has conducted himself admirably, remaining indifferent to everything save his work. So far as can be learned, he has not followed the example of the Dadaists and similar exploiters of the bizarre, in issuing pamphlets and treatises explaining his work. He does not even furnish a key, without which T. S. Eliot's masterpiece, The Waste Land, is supposed to be incomprehensible save to a small group of rare minds. This induces an admiration for Joyce. His attitude has been that of a true artist: "Here it is—Take it or leave it."

He has left it to the poseur, the erotic and the youthful critic suffering from more enthusiasm than taste, to set
off about him the firecrackers of adulation. One young woman is even quoted as having said on closing Ulysses: "I shall never again be able to write." He has not benefitted by these hysterical minor disturbances, because his admirers usually shout: "Here is the greatest book of our day. If you don't understand and admire it, you are a nincompoop!" Inevitably such outbursts disgust and alienate a host of inquiring minds which demand something more than dogmatic abuse to establish conviction. Besides, it is a dangerous proceeding for men who dispose of the wreath of greatness with such ease... There is always a chance that someone else may arise who will do the same thing a little better. What then?

Joyce has said little of what he was trying to do. In Ulysses he gives us the record of what passes in the minds of a group of characters without selection or arrangement and without consciously conceived consideration for effect.

It is the human mind as it works, pitifully confused and illogical, comically irrelevant and clamorous.

To jump from reading Galsworthy, Walpole and Locke (chosen as pretty average fare in a circulating library) to Ulysses is a leap beyond the mental athletics of any but a superman. In between, however, lie many stepping-stones which make the progress less difficult and the reader less liable to a literary ducking. At random there are the stones of Henry James, Virginia Woolf, Dorothy Richardson, Marcel Proust and Joseph Conrad. Not one of these will serve to bridge the gap. The nearest approach to it is Joyce's own Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man, because it stands somewhere between Ulysses and the conventional novel of the circulating library. Taken together, they construct a ford which leads to the other side of the pond where Joyce stood when he tossed the dynamite.

At the root of the disturbance lies Henry James, who began it with his deliberately elaborate proffings into mind and conduct. Dorothy Richardson set out on a by-path, recording scrupulously details, items, scraps, that litter the human mind. Virginia Woolf, one of the most skilful and finished of the probers, followed a sign-post labeled "Impressionism," arriving close to her destination in her latest book Jacob's Room. Marcel Proust, in the stupendous À la Recherche du Temps Perdu, confines himself in beautiful and polished sentences to exploration, and sometimes exploitation, of the memory. It is a book no more ordered than human life. It is like a fine engraving delicately conceived by a master.

Conrad may seem a strange rock among the stepping-stones, yet his place is there, and in a sense he is the surest stepping-stone of all because he works unconscionably, and the workings of his machinery are never visible. His technique is too much a part of the man himself; it is something born in him and not striven for with great effort. Because he is, first of all, a storyteller, he seems to be out of place among these others. Yet his romances have little to do with the physical aspects of life, with the actual death of the hero or the actual rescue of the heroine. They are concerned with the shadowy ghosts of the mind. It is the technique of "the stream of consciousness." It flows thru hazy country, moving with the fascination of uncertainty, toward a vague and in consequence end. It is life itself. Lord Jim, one of his best, and The Nigger of the Narcissus are fine examples.

Among the others, who are each conscious of his means, Virginia Woolf seems to have worked with the surest hand in Jacob's Room. She has taken the life of the most conventional young Englishmen and made it into a fascinating tale by presenting it in a manner which creates at once a startling illusion of reality, hazy and confused, unmotivated and irrelevant. There is no story. Jacob is ignorant of the whys and the wherefores of his existence. But it is life. Jacob's Room is not an easy book to grasp unless there has been preparation. The reader runs the risk of becoming mired if he has not read Mrs. Woolf's earlier books, Night and Day and The Voyage Out. In these lies the key to Jacob's Room. In these she was trying the hand that has become sure in her latest book.

It is impossible, in considering the new movement in books, to omit consideration of a parallel if not identical movement in the theater. Many have been more active. The theater calls the disturbance "expressionism," a term which no one has succeeded in fixing with a satisfactory definition. Kenneth Macgowan has contributed two books—Continental Stagecraft and The Theater of To-morrow—which contain much valuable help in discovering what the new movement is about. New York has witnessed presentations of four interesting plays conceived in the "stream of consciousness" manner. Three are by Americans. Chronologically these were Georg Kaiser's Morn to Midnight, Eugene O'Neill's The Hairy Ape, John Lawson's Roger Bloomer and Elmer Rice's The Adding Machine. Each one provided evidence that something is going on which we must take into consideration, whether we will or no.

There have been a good many alarums and excursions and a great deal of offstage shouts and trumpetings over the "mad" which the explosion has brought up (Continued on page 76)
THE CHINESE COAT

Gladys Frazin will be seen on Broadway next season as the leading lady in Casanova.
Sweet Nell of Old Drury

The Equity Players have proved to producers and critics that old-fashioned romance can thrive today on a Broadway stage. Their production of Paul Kester's comedy, Sweet Nell of Old Drury, with Laurette Taylor in the title part, is the hit of the past season. The picture above is from the last act of the play. Lord Jeffreys (Herbert Grimes) and Lady Castlemaine (Lynn Fontanne) have persuaded King Charles (Alfred Lunt) that Nell Gwynne—the orange girl he has lifted from the streets to be his favorite at court, and who has become the most popular actress of London—is untrue to him, that she is in love with a traitor, Sir Roger Fairfax. Consequently she has been banished from court, and the death-warrant of her supposed lover has been signed. But Nell forces her way into Whitehall Palace, with proof of her constancy, of Roger's innocence, and of the treachery of Lady Castlemaine and the Chief Justice. The traitors are sent away from London to meditate on the benefits of loyalty, Roger is pardoned, and Nell is restored to the king's favor.
LORD JEFFREYS

Young Roger Fairfax has been sentenced to death, and when Nell Gwynne accuses Jeffreys of conspiracy and threatens to disclose the truth to the king at Whitehall, he taunts her:
"Go to the king! Use your witchery to save your lover; but I fear, Mistress Gwynne, that your reign is ended."

CHARLES II

The king addresses his dog: "Ah, you are like the rest of them. You love to gaze in a king's face and eat morsels from a king's hand. Aye, and to show your teeth to a king. Well, we all live as best we can, and die as best we can. Yet of all my court I love you best, because of all my court you tell me no lies!"

SWEET NELL OF OLD DRURY

She questions: "Who'd love Nell Gwynne? My name is a byword, and my dower a basket of oranges"
Schism Among the Moderns

The International Music Guild versus the League of Composers

By

Jerome Hart

Cecilia Hansen, a pupil of Auer, who begins her first American tour in October

BIRDS in their little nests agree, so we were admonishingly told in our youth, when we were disposed to be quarrelsome. But our bird-nesting experiences taught us that the feathered tribes are among the most quarrelsome of created things, whether in their nests or out of them. And so, too, the song-birds of society—in which category we will include those who make music for us in other ways than with the voice—are decidedly prone to disagreement.

A not unamusing demonstration of this has been afforded recently in the schism which has arisen in the ranks of the International Composers' Guild. That organization—whose third season was remarkable for two concerts at which were given works by composers of the modern school, some of which evoked mixed feelings in their hearers, and, in one or two instances, loudly expressed disapproval—has been somewhat upset by the action of a small section, which has, for reasons of its own, cut itself adrift and established itself under the style and title of the League of Composers.

That section, or clique, as some may call it, brought itself into a little prominence in New York just before the close of the season by organizing a reception to a rising young English composer, Arthur Bliss. To this function were invited several prominent musicians, some of whom do not belong to the International Composers' Guild, but who are more or less in sympathy with its aims, and who, all unconscious that they might be regarded as lending countenance to anything which was in direct rivalry with that organization, accepted the invitation, as they were very ready to do honor to a young British composer in the van of musical progress.

Mr. Bliss found himself in a rather awkward position. The International Composers' Guild had given first performances in New York to one of his compositions, Madame Noy, several of the members are his personal friends, and it was but natural that he felt under a considerable obligation to them. But he was in ignorance of the conditions which had arisen, and so he willingly became the guest of the new League of Composers, and with others spent a pleasant evening. Then he learned that he was regarded by some of the Guild as having joined the ranks of the "enemy." However, all seems to have been settled satisfactorily, as Mr. Bliss has accepted a position on the advisory council of the Guild.

Nevertheless this little rumpus is to be regretted, as it is calculated to be injurious to the cause which the rival organizations have at heart, namely, the advancement of music by the performance of works by modern composers. As is too often the case in such matters, it is a case of cherchez la femme. There are occasionally to be found, in social and artistic movements, feminine elements which tend to unsettlement and disruption. This seems to be especially so in New York, where certain would-be leaders, identify themselves with a cause in order to climb into social prominence.
Surely the interests of art and of those who follow it sincerely are of more importance than the fancied chains of a few individuals, who seek social and official prominence. But when they happen to enlist the support of one, or two, or three artists who also aim at a greater share of "the spotlight" than that to which they are entitled, the result is likely to be disaffection and disruption; in fact, very likely what has happened in the present case. Combinations for the advancement of art are good things, combinations for the advancement of a few individuals are bad. A fortune may be occasionally derived from them, but rarely fame.

However, the International Composers' Guild, nothing discouraged by the incident referred to, and still less by the criticism and controversy evoked by certain works which were given at the Guild concerts last season, has in preparation an active campaign, and will present some interesting and probably exciting novelties next season. Thanks to that brilliant young composer, Alfred Casella, who has become a member of the technical board of the Guild, and who is now in Rome. His distinguished confrères, Malipiero and Castelnuovo, have joined the advisory board, and we may look forward to hearing some of their works in the near future. In the opinion of the writer, these three Italians, with the addition of Pizzetti and Respighi, are among the most talented of the moderns, and great things may be expected from them.

Let credit above all be given to Edgar Varese, who has carried aloft the banner of modernism in music undismayed by the hostility and scoffs and sneers of those who refuse to move with the times, and who brand everything couched in new idioms and tonalities as meaningless and hideous. Varese, who has a singularly lovable personality, could have gained much by following the primrose path of orthodoxy. But his intense honesty as well as his remarkable genius, would not permit this, and he writes as he does, not to please, but simply from an irresistible urge. Whatever may be said of such a work as Hyperprism—and this writer was among those who could not grasp its true import and inwardness at one hearing, or even the two which it received at its first performance—Varese is such a fine musician, so steeped in the best traditions of his art, and so sane and simply honest in all his relations with others, that one must give him credit not only for sincerity but also for talent of a fine order, maybe even genius. Time will tell.

Meanwhile, he has completed the score of a new work, Americques, which competent judges who have perused it regard as a remarkable example of his command of orchestral expression and architectonics. Personally we have only glanced thru this score, which struck us as an astounding example of absolute freedom from ancient restrictions in the matter of orchestral color-bar division, and chordal construction. If it sounds as beautifully as it looks, then it will indeed be a masterpiece. Varese is also working on two other orchestral works of major importance, so it will be seen that the leader of the moderns in New York is extremely busy.

He has an enthusiastic co-worker and ally in Carlos Salzedo, in whom we have the combination of brilliant harpist and pianist—one who has almost immeasurably extended, by his inventiveness and technique, the resources of the former instrument, and who, at the same time, is a composer of rare talent and originality. It is utterly impossible to believe that such men are other than sincere in their devotion to the new school of composition, and therefore one must listen to them with respect, hoping that fuller appreciation and understanding may follow.

The summer season of Stadium Concerts given by an orchestra selected from Philharmonic and City Symphony players to the number of over one hundred will have commenced by the time this is in print. They are an immense boon to music lovers who are compelled to stay in the metropolis during the sweltering summer evenings; and, given fine weather, the attendance should be larger than ever before. The musicians are accommodated in a new stand which has been removed thirty feet farther back than the old one, thus allowing several more tables and chairs for those who prefer to sit in the field. There is a sounding board, with an air space between it and the roof, the effect of which is eminently satisfactory according to those who have heard it tried out. The lighting of the orchestra is also vastly improved, as sunken and concealed lights give plenty of illumination to the players, while not a glimmer escapes beyond the stand.

While Willem van Hoogstraten, who conducts the entire series this year, will give many of the standard classical works, several new compositions will be heard, some for the first time, including works of American composers. At the same time it could have been wished that an American conductor had been given the opportunity of controlling the orchestra, for a part of the season at any rate. Let us be specific and say that Henry Hadley should have had another chance. He may not be an ideal, much less a sensational conductor, but he is a first-rate musician; his readings are sound and his beat significant and decisive. If he was good enough to conduct leading orchestras in Central Europe, he is surely good enough to conduct the Stadium concerts in New York.

Speaking of Hadley, I had a short talk with him in the Philharmonic offices the other day, just as he was rushing (Continued on page 72)
LUCILLE LA VERNE

Who gives a magnificent interpretation of a North Carolina mountain woman, the Widow Cagle, in Lulu Vollmer's play, Sun Up. Miss La Verne is well known to film fans as well as theater-goers. Perhaps her best-remembered screen characterization is Mother Frochard in D. W. Griffith's production of The Two Orphans.
Curtain People of Importance

We present the distinguished cast of Sheridan's time-honored comedy, The Rivals, produced in New York this past season by the Equity Players.

All photographs by Frank-Bernay

McKay Morris as Captain Absolute

John Craig as Fag

Francis Wilson as Bob Acres

Mary Shaw as Mrs. Malaprop

J. M. Kerrigan as Sir Lucius O'Trigger

Violet Heming as Lydia Languish

Henry Hull as Faulkland

Eva Le Gallienne as Julia

Maclyn Arbuckle as Sir Anthony Absolute
Side-Shows on the Other Side
II: VIENNA, THE CITY OF BEAUTIFUL PATHOS
By Henry Albert Phillips

Vienna cannot be entertained. Vienna is bankrupt. Vienna is inconsolable. Thus I reflected on my way to this city. But I soon learned that I had reckoned without my hosts—the Viennese. For Vienna has a merry-making complex that the war could suppress only temporarily.

The royal palace on the Ring is thrown open to the hoi polloi, and they stride thru the Queen's Bedchamber with their hats on at an insolent angle, but with a vague feeling of abjection in their hearts at the thought that simple old Franz Joseph no longer fathers them, that they are at the mercy of plain men, no bigger and no better than themselves.

One night I went with some American friends to the Schriftstellers' Ball, held in the ceremonial salons of the Old Palace. One small grilled gate in one of the finest royal entrances in the world was open. Two soldiers of the Republic examined our tickets, and we went thru the dimly lighted cave of sculptured stone and emerged into the Hof, or inner court. A few automobiles were assembled, otherwise we were surrounded by frowning walls that had sheltered the proud Hapsburgs for centuries. No but a conqueror or a spying enemy could have approached this inner precinct with so little ceremony. Up the wide marble staircase... and soon American jazz seeped, like a bad odor, down into the rotunda. It seemed altogether righteous and appropriate to pray for the shade of Maria Theresa to rise and smite these musical assassins.

Within the great and gorgeous rooms were thousands of Austrians entertaining themselves by dancing. There were a few monocles and a few haughty and vacant stares, but in the main the dancers were of the Four Million who had bought their tickets and had dropped in to hobnail the polished floors of their palace, and were trying their best to appear at home. The favorite terpsichorean exercise seemed to be the "Jimmy," less modestly known on this side of the water as the "Shimmy." One of the large chambers, however, was given over altogether to the Viennese waltz, which bears a startling resemblance to the gyrations of the Dancing Dervish. Partners whirled round and round, never reversing, within a six-foot circle.

I left these frenzied dancers and strolled into the Presence Chamber. On the dais, where formerly both Franz Joseph and Carl had sat with their Queens and received the homage of the Elect on bended knee, there now sat two very stout middle-class persons. What does it matter if they were Herr and Frau Delicatessen or Herr and Frau Arbeiter? They had caught the ruling gesture, and there was something in them that spelled power... and they were in the King's seat!

I went to the Palace on another evening to hear The Marriage of Figaro, given by the old Royal Opera Company in the exquisite Redoutensaal in the Hofburg. It was in this chamber that the Royal Redout—or Rout, as they called it in plain English in the time of Good Queen Bess—was held. The raised platform, where the Emperor and Empress used to sit, is now a stage. Two curtains slide from the sides, and the scenery remains practically unchanged. There was a promise of charm in this particular opera presented amid these gracious surroundings that it would seem difficult to enhance, but the appearance of Richard Strauss as Conductor brimmed the cup. Strauss is almost militaristic in his method of conducting. He plays the opening bars on a harp and sings. The composer of Electra will take but one encore, and the whole house can rise and shout "Noch ein mal!" until the rafters fall, and he will merely frown and turn his back.

Money has become at once the ludicrous and the tragic side of Vienna—ludicrous to us Dollar Foreigners, and tragic to those old régime Austrians. My landlady's father had died happy in the knowledge that he had left his unmarried daughter comfortably well-off for life. Her income was eight thousand kronen a year—two thousand dollars. But eight thousand kronen are now worth less than eleven cents! And those plutocrats whose income was nearly a quarter of a million dollars a year may now draw the lordly sum of twelve dollars or so. The laboring man with a job is a swaggering kronen millionaire.

But the former aristocrats

From an etching by Schindler

The spire of St. Stefan's dominates the city
are surely good sports. A baroness who had turned
servantress amused us with stories of how two great
houses had become a liability and forced her to go out
to work at fifty cents a day. The slogan of the competing
steamship companies should be: “Go to Austria
and become a multi-millionaire!” But don’t forget that you
will have to begin the day
with a breakfast that costs
thirty thousand kronen or
more, and as you step out
of your hotel a blouse
marked down to two and
one-half kronen
may catch your wife’s
eye from a shop window
across the way. Yes, it
is all very entertaining—
to us.

**Grand Opera is so-so
everywhere—except in Vienna.** I tried all
winter to secure the ex-
Royal Box for a single
evening’s performance.
But it seemed there was a
long waiting list of
Communists or Bolshevists, or some other-ists
not believing in kings, who
wanted to sit there. Per-
haps the old Emperor in
his mutton-chop whiskers
would have looked just as
commonplace as the pres-
ent nightly occupants of
the Royal Loge, with their
mreek mustaches and fierce
pompadours — if His
Majesty had appeared
sans majesté.

Another baroness, who
managed to keep her state-
ly head above the pecu-
niary tides by parting with
a pearl or a picture at
regular intervals, spoke to
me of her annoyance
when she went to the
opera and was obliged to sit in the orchestra with good
gracious-only-knows-who-ack! The climax was capped
when she turned to squelch a most annoying person, who
kept up an irritating tapping on the back of her stall,
and found him to be a kind-faced man, who smiled apolo-
getically at her show of attention. He had simply been
cracking the shells of hard-boiled eggs, and was most
courteously handing one to each member of his hungry
and numerous family.

Now we have inadvertently trespass on Vienna’s
chief form of entertainment—eating. All of us have
heard a great deal of “hungry Austria.” It was a source
of distress to me, before going there. But I soon
found that to be hungry is Austria’s fondest and favorite
in-and-outdoor sport! She wants to be hungry! For when
one is hungry then one can eat—eat with gusto, with
vision, with flair!

Let us saunter into one of the Kaffees. There are
times when Vienna seems to out-Paris Paris—and this
is one of them. It is early summer. We sit at a painted
iron table on the terrace in the Stadt Park. The orchestra
is playing—as only a Viennese orchestra can play—out
yonder in the music-stand. It is a Hungarian Rhapsody.
We see wistfulness touching the faces of hundreds of the
listeners. Hungary! But a few short years ago Hungary
was a part of the Dual Monarchy—the Empire. How
bravely that grand movement swung the pendulum to
the Austrian heart to think of those days....

With a sigh, we look beyond the music-stand, over
the gardens of bright blooms planted in French taste,
and see the white marble
monument to Johann
Strauss. In fancy we can
see his effigy smile as the
orchestra bursts into The
Beautiful Blue Danube
Waltz. We recall the last time
we heard that played here.
Everywhere were gay
uniforms; barons and
baronesses smiled over
their afternoon tea; the
tinsel of monarchy shone
brazenly in the sun at
ever every turn. Every man
and woman in the then
dazzling Empire of sixty
million souls knew his
place—and kept it! Now
nobody has a place to
know. The Empire has
shrunk to six millions of
dissatisfied, impoverished
people. The old
Emperor is long departed,
and his successor dead and
buried in exile. The
gay soldiers lie in sod-
covered Russian and
Italian trenches...

The music stops; the
spell is over. Everybody
bursts into laughter and
sprightly conversation.
Cups and glasses are
drained; men light the
ladies’ cigarettes, and Viennese
confections are
passed around.

We pay our bill, leave a
thousand kronen for
pourboire, and stroll on
down the Ring to Schwarzenbergplatz. On every side
is a white capped sea of tables with the same gay crowd.
Snatches of music drift from every bow. We pause
a moment to bow in all but worship before the Karlskirche,
with its mighty oval dome and its two imperial columns.
We give a sidelong glance at the Belvedere—the former
pleasure ground of the vanished Grand Dukes—and then
hasten on again into the Kärntner Ring, thru the thronged
tables in front of The Imperial, Grand, and Bristol
Hotels. The babel of light chatter in various tongues
almost convinces us that the world is rehearsing for a
hymn of mutual praise and peace, until our glance hap-
pens to fall upon one of the many sad or frowning
visages in the crowd....

**Vienna** is a little of nearly everything nice and very
little disagreeable, except the smells—and one even
develops a fondness for them. One of the best side-
shows in Vienna is Kärntnerstrasse, and that’s Paris all
over. Any normal woman will lose her head on the
Kärntnerstrasse, somewhere between Stefansplatz and
Opernring, and if her husband is with her his losses will
be appreciable too. St. Stefan’s—the Cathedral—just
(Continued on page 74)
Mercutio challenges Tybalt:

"And but one word with one of us? Couple it with something; make it a word and a blow"

—Romeo and Juliet—Act III., Scene I.
New York Interpreted
By Helen Appleton Read

NEW YORK, considered pictorially, has been an increasingly popular subject with artists for the last quarter of a century. The majority of our painters have had at least a try at putting down, on canvas or on paper, their interpretations of her elusive spirit. Of late this has become almost an obsession.

Our younger artists, true to the spirit of the times they live in, have forsaken the farm and countryside ( pictorially speaking), and have come to the city for subject matter. The walls of any exhibition will tell you this. The terms "Snow Trust" and "Autumn Trust"—given to the large group of painters who have achieved fame and financial success by repeating either one of these popular subjects—have been changed to "East Side Trust" and "High Building Trust."

It was a brilliant idea to arrange a picture exhibition representing New York's past and present, as interpreted by her artists, just when New York was celebrating her Silver Jubilee. This unique exhibition was held at the Belmanson Galleries in Wannamaker's during the month of June, and contained one hundred and sixty-six pictures. The city's past was represented by a delightful collection of old prints; its present, by a much larger collection of all types of modern painting and black and white studies.

Seen side by side, one is immediately impressed by the psychological change that has come over our artists. In the old days the painter of New York scenes thought it was sufficient to give an accurate rendition of a subject, its relative size, its position, etc. There was no attempt made by these old-timers to give New York's soul and spirit. Neither did they use New York as a medium thru which to expound certain artistic theories. These old prints are simply straight-forward portraits of places, in which the sordid and the disagreeable have been politely left out or glossed over.

I don't suppose it occurred to the artists of the early part of the last century that New York had a soul which could be expressed in terms of painting. Venice and Rome, the obviously picturesque, might possibly have an aura of romance or a mysterious soul. This was the type of city to perpetuate on canvas. But certainly not a new crude city devoted to commercial ideals. And yet in their pictures they left us an accurate record of their opinions on art, if not of actual conditions. Which only bears out the theory that, if you do not want people to know what you are thinking about, don't commit yourself in print. A picture is always self-revealing.

These pictures show us primarily that the artists believed that art should be a thing apart from life. Portraits of people and places should be painted as if life were an impossible Utopia—"Men like Gods" and places like "Spotless Town." That a place could be painted so that it might be a screaming accusation of existing conditions did not occur to them. Expressionistic art, as well as expressionistic literature, was still to be born.

All of the artists who make up the modern group seem to have some thesis to prove. One group confines itself to an arrangement of the social conditions. Their pictures show huddled groups of humanity in dark side-streets, or starved and stunted creatures who dance to the music of hand-organs in dirty alley-ways or find a few hours' pleasure in the board-walks and shooting alleys of the beaches. Then there is the other group who sees New York as a cubist picture on a huge scale. New York, with its perpendicular lines and geometrical arrangements, cannot help impressing even the layman as something entirely new in visual experience. To the painter, however, with cubistic memories in the back of his mind, it lends itself perfectly. The reviled gas-tank and factory chimney are no longer an eyesore. The modern painter has seen them pictorially, and as pure form. He makes an arrangement of forms out of them that is truly beautiful. He does not have to resort to Whistlerian tactics. He has not veiled this supposed ugliness in violet mists. He hasn't made camouflages out of loft buildings and chimneys, or fooled us into thinking that downtown New York is a fairy castle with golden lights. The modern painter is very anxious to call a spade a spade. A gas-tank is a gas-tank, and if you cannot see the beauty of form in it, when interpreted by the modern artists, so much the worse for you. This group of painters has, of course, no human thesis to prove. Their pictures are singularly lacking in human element. Their streets are empty of humanity, and their buildings merely interesting arrangements of shapes. The human element is left for the other groups of moderns who may be classed as realists.

It is interesting to trace the beginnings of New York Interpreted. The first attempt to give expression to the spirit of New York was made by Walt Whitman, and that of course in verse. His poems My Manhattan and On Crossing Brooklyn Ferry were directly responsible for the attitude assumed by artists who chose to interpret New York City. If a poet got the spirit of a city in verse, they argued, it was possible to do so in paint. Whitman had shown that New York had romance and beauty quite apart from the traditional sort of things.

It was in the famous Henri composition class that the majority of our well-known painters of New York scenes (Continued on page 76)
A Summary of Shows

(Drama—Major and Melo-

The Devil's Disciple. Garrick.—The Theatre Guild's production of Shaw's play, with Basil Sydney in the title rôle and Roland Young as General Burgoyne.

The Fool. Times Square.—Charming Pollock's play of an idealistic young minister who tries to live the life that Christ would lead if He were on earth today.

Icebound. Sam H. Harris.—Unusually well-written and well-acted play of New England life.

Rain. Maxine Elliott's.—A bitter tragedy. One of the season's great successes, with Jeanne Eagels doing some remarkable acting.


Sun Up. Provincetown.—A passionate tragedy of the North Carolina mountain folk, with Lucille La Verne as the Widow Cagle.

Humor and Human Interest

Abie's Irish Rose. Republic.—Jewish-Irish comedy written and played in farcical spirit.

Aren't We All? Gaiety.—An interesting light comedy which revolves around a philandering husband and wife. Cyril Maude is featured.

Give and Take. Central.—Laughable play by Aaron Hoffman, with Louis Mann and George Sidney in typical rôles.

Mary the Third. Thirty-ninth Street.—Rachel Crothers' play of love and romance plus gentle satire.

Merton of the Movies. Cort.—Mirthful and occasionally moving travesty of the movie hero.

Not So Fast. Morosco.—Taylor Holmes' return to Broadway in a clever rôle.

Polly Preferred. Little.—Another amusing skit on the movies, in which Genevieve Tobin does some excellent acting.

So This Is London! Hudson.—Most amusing Anglo-American farcical comedy.

Uptown, West. Bijou.—A realistic drama of racial intermarriage.

You and I. Belmont.—Harvard prize play, with H. B. Warner and Lucile Watson as the stars of the cast.

Zander the Great. Empire.—Alice Brady in a dramatic comedy, centering about a child and its lost father.

Melody and Maidens

Adrienne. Cohan.—A tuneful production in two acts. The cast boasts a long list of principals.

Dew Drop Inn. Astor.—James Barton in a lively musical play.


Go-Go. Dally's Sixty-third Street.—Catty music and funny lines.

Helen of Troy. New York. Selwyn.—With a distinct cast and a score of picturesque beauties.

Little Nellie Kelly. Liberty.—George M. Cohan's comedians in a typical show.

Music Box Revue. Music Box.—One of the best revues in the city.

The Passing Show of 1923. Winter Garden.—A superb revue with good music and dancing.

Vanities of 1923. Carroll.—A good musical revue with Peggy Hopkins Joyce.

Wildflower. Casino.—Winsome Edith Day in a perfect musical rôle.

Ziegfeld Follies. New Amsterdam.—A national institution, glorifying the American girl, and introducing several new numbers for the summer run.

—F. R. C.
New Books in Brief Review

SINCE Mrs. Clare Sheridan succeeded in flitting the social dovecotes of New York with her somewhat unannounced straitjacket upon those who had admitted her to the hospitality and intimacy of their homes, she has been a sort of literary enfant terrible, and there was no guessing what she might say or do next. Mr. Herbert Swope, editor of the World, for some time at least one of her most intimate friends, found an outlet for her unbounded energies and somewhat more limited literary abilities by sending her to Europe as special correspondent of his paper. Doubtless she felt that, apart from the accuracy of her observations of conditions as she might find them, she could scarcely fail to be interesting and occasionally sensational. He should certainly not have been disappointed, for in her very first article she described her interview with Rudyard Kipling, in which he was alleged to have indulged in some astounding remarks about America and its post-war policies. The interview was repudiated by Kipling, but the blonde interviewer stuck to her guns, and a little additional international ill-feeling was the result.

Her articles have now been brought together in book form by Boni and Liveright, and many of those who failed to see them in the newspapers will doubtless take the opportunity of reading them in the volume before us, which is amusingly illustrated with sketches of well-known figures in European politics, and “end papers” depicting the author dancing a “Red Dance” with Tschicherin while Trotsky supplies the music. Nevertheless Mrs. Sheridan does not seem to be quite so cordial with her friends, the Bolshevies, as of yore. She met Tschicherin in Berlin, who casually or cautiously said to her, “I think I met you in Paris in Moscow.” But later they became a little more intimate, and she was able to tell him that the Russians who were not Bolshevists boycotted her. Whether she did this complacently or complainingly is not quite clear. She evidently does not think much of Mussolinii, who having yielded to her solicitations to give her a sitting for his bust, countermanded the engagement because he happened to have heard that she was a Russian spy.

In the course of her newspaper mission she visited Ireland during the heavy fighting between Free State and Republican troops, which resulted in the destruction of the Four Courts in Dublin, where she personally interviewed the Republican general, Rory O’Connor, shortly before his capture, while she also had an interview with another of the leaders, with De Valera, who, she said, “looked like a great bird of prey and had a great flow of rapid talk.” From Ireland she passed to Paris, which for a while of rest of France, receives scanty and unsympathetic notice. But she has many words of sympathy for Germany, whence she proceeded to Danzig, Geneva—during a meeting of the League of Nations—Constantinople, Smyrna—where she interviewed Kemal Paşa, for whom she has a warmly expressed admiration—and saw the terrible sufferings of the refugee Greeks and other Christians, which she describes for the most part with a wealth of detached if not unsympathetic detail. From Turkey she passed to Bulgaria, and then Roumania. Here she saw Queen Marie, who did not hesitate to give her a good “talking to” on account of her obvious reasons of probability Mr. Fitzgerald has been obliged to make this incident a part of Mr. Barton's Cotton Mr. Frost's unconscious estimate of himself and his incompetence. Consequently the incidents in the scene hardly represent the outward action of society. The book is, however, as absorbing as a novel.

With a gullible humanity making an all-year-round festa of patent-medicine swallowing, The Wrong Shadow has been written by Mr. Brighouse (Robert M. McBride & Co.), written from an original prescription by that excellent mental tonic with a chuckle in every spoonful. The plot of the story hinges on a patent-medicine formula, thrown into the ashes because of a possible policy gone wrong. It revolves about two young dispensing-clerks, who have sold a large pharmaceutical in London, who make a pact to enter the producing field of patent medicine. Wyler, the better of the two, is to produce a harmless and inexpensive formula, while Bassett is to furnish the money for the purpose. Mr. Wyler writes the aforesaid formula and disappears after a quarrel with Bassett, believing the formula will be successful. But Mr. Bassett retrieves it and makes millions on the resulting “Bassett’s Tonic.”

The fly in the cure-all totally, however, is Bassett’s conscience, an old-fashioned malady. He cannot reconcile himself to accept the millions derived from his evaporated partner’s formula without sharing the gains with him. He believes Wyler dead, but he still devises various means of saving his own conscience, even going to the length of having a mourning welfare canteen dedicated to his lost friend. But each time he thinks he has stilled the ghost, he finds it awaiting him on a hidden path, chilling the kiss he is about to deliver to the girl he loves, and dulling the glare of his vain-glory plans.

From the last page of the entire book. It is the trifles that are played upon, the human foibles that paint the characters—and the result is revolting. The subtitle tragic vein in the commonplace. Mr. Brighouse has had the temerity to revert to the sentimental style, telling his story, and this has made his quips and quarks and twists of humor particularly refreshing.

F. Scott Fitzgerald, author of The Vegetable

Bolshevist sympathies and affiliations. Mrs. Sheridan gets "a lot of her own back" by saying of her majesty that "she is clever but not deep; arrogant and yet attractive, self-absorbed and vain," and calls her "a violent reactionary." Altogether this book is just what might have been expected from a woman than whom no one seems to have more carefully cultivated "the gentle art of making enemies."

F. Scott Fitzgerald, in his new book, the Vegetable ( Scribner's ), has poised his steady rapier against the heart of America's fetch—ambition, but this time he seems to have missed his delicate thrust and resorted to the doubtful expedient of lashing the air, with the hilt as an indiscernmate bludgeon. His play is a prolonged jester at the following sentiment expressed in one of the hundred-per-cent magazines: "Any man who doesn't want to get on in the world, to make a million dollars, and maybe even park his toothbrush in the White House, hasn't got as much to him as a good dog has—he's nothing more or less than a vegetable."

Here, certainly, is a fine target, and Mr. Fitzgerald has given us every reason to believe him a splendid marksman. He has, however, chosen the play-form, and his aim may have been impaired by the uncertainty of his new weapon. The satire is not clear cut and is too often dissipated by mere burlesque and bad jokes. Vegetables undoubtedly make bad jokes, when they indulge the temptation to make the obvious a part of Mr. Fitzgerald need not descend to their level even for the purpose of caricature.

Where the piece breaks down is in the White House, because for obvious reasons of probability Mr. Fitzgerald has been obliged to make this incident a part of his book. At the same time, however, he has apparently overlooked the fact that, being a dream, it becomes in vogue. Mr. Frost's unconscious estimate of himself and his incompetence.

(Continued on page 72)

Page Sixty-Seven
EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

This bust of the young American poet was made in Paris recently by the Polish sculptor, Baron Louis du Puget, and exhibited there at the Salon des Tuileries.

acrost. Now, the way it was with me, I was wise from the start, see?

MARGIE: Yeah, . . .

BESS: I see that we were getting no-where. Just goin' out with a guy don't get a girl nothin'. So I started makin' him jealous.

MARGIE: Makin' him jealous?

BESS: Sure! There was a pretty good-lookin' fellar on the same floor where our office is an' I smiled at him sorta cardless-like one day. . . . Well, we got friendly and soon the boss says somethin' about him an' me runnin' over to a show that night, I says: "I'm terrible sorry, but I made a date with a gent'man friend." Like that, get me? You shoulda seen his face drop.

MARGIE: Makin' a week, an' all the time I had the other guy call me on the phone, purpose an' makin' dates with him out loud.

BESS: Gee, you had your nerves with you!

MARGIE: What have I got to learn?

BESS (Really, she hadn't intended to tell this, but): Now, for instance, take this: Do you suppose that just because a man is a dilly about you, right away he's gonna pop the question of marriage?

MARGIE (Vaguely she fears what is to follow): No-o! I know it don't go that quick.

BESS: You bet it don't! You gotta make 'em do it. You gotta make 'em come why Jack is different, an' I told 'im I wasn't steady with Jack now.

MARGIE: But you wasn't goin' steady.

BESS: Sure not. Jack didn't mean nothin' in my young life. But that's what I told 'im. He says: "Don't you like me no more?" So I says: "Sure, I like you, all right, but you know how it is." "Forget about Jack," he tells me, "an' come with me this evenin'!" Then he says he's hire a car an' he knows a nice road-house on Long Island where we can have good eats.

MARGIE (She is genuinely shocked): That terrible, baseless lie! I'm goin' to a road-house like that. You didn't go?

BESS: You bet I didn't! What you think I am, eh? I told 'im I don't go to no road-house with no man, not unless I'm engaged to him.

MARGIE (Satisfied that this, at least, was done correctly): That's right. Well? BESS: Well, he kept pretty quiet. So I laughs: "That sorta scared you, eh?" "What?" he asks. "My speakin' of an engagement," I come back. "Don't worry, I was only kiddin'." He looks at me questionin'ly up: "Oh, I know it. You wouldn't want to marry an old man like me." There! That was my chance to say quick: "You ain't so old. I don't like kids."
Our Contributors

SEBASTIEN DUDON is a sparkling columnist, who is considered the popular partner of the Conftinent. Writing under a dozen noms de plume, he has made under each a reputation which the average satirist well might envy. He is a great admirer of the modern iconoclasts, of whom he is one of the most effective spokespersons. ** He is a fiction writer and journalist residing in Paris, who acts as translator for Madame Dudon. ** William McFee evidently enjoyed his “Day in Town,” for he has decided to stay ashore for a time, and has taken, a permanent berth at Westport, Connecticut, consisting of a five-room bungalow. Altogether it was Mr. McFee’s avowed intention to retire to this calm, sylvan spot and work on his new novel, so far he has merely been first assistant to the carpenter in helping to make his rented acquired possession ship-shape. ** * 

Dwight Taylor, whose caricatures decorate Mr. McFee’s article, is a writer as well as a cartoonist; his work has appeared in various newspapers and periodicals. ** Do you believe in fairies? If you don’t, visit the Children’s Theater of the Heckscher Foundation and you will be convinced by Willy Pogany’s fascinating murals of your childhood favorites. But perhaps you already know his work from the illustrations of your own Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, Taras Shevchenko, John Keats, and the like. ** * Mr. Pogany’s wanderings thru Germany, Austria, France and England have added a picturesque quality to his work. He is at present engaged on mural paintings for a New York high school. ** Helen Appleton Read is the Art Critic of the Brooklyn Eagle. She has traveled much and studied with famous artists, gaining particular thought to the modern movement. ** * Louis Bromfield is one of the Babbitts from Ohio, to be exact—who grew Main Street. He has traveled degree at Columbia University and served as an attaché to the French army. He has also written for the Associated Press, done critical articles on music and books for American and British journals, and assisted Brock Pemberton in New York. ** * Georges Enesco is a well-known European composer, conductor and violinist. He has been engaged for three appearances next season with the New York Symphony Orchestra, beginning in January. ** Witter Byner and Kiang Kang-hu, occidental and oriental poets, met as members of the faculty of the University of California. Thereupon they began their collaboration in translating verse from the Golden Age of Chinese Literature, A.D. 600-900. Since then, Mr. Byner has spent a year in China with Kiang, continuing the work. Their volume of translations, to be called The Jade Mountain, will probably be issued next year.

Greville Rickard is a Yale man. For a decade he has been associated with many architectural offices of New York City and is now practising architecture independently. He was with the Camouflage Section of the A. E. F. during the war. This glimpse of Old World architecture inspired him to return later for observation and study. ** With Omaha as a starting-point, Charlton Lawrence Edholm, after growing up all the way from the West to the East Coast, studied art for five years in the German academies. Then he came back to show America what he had accomplished but as Americans didn’t stop to look, he started writing. Thenceforth he has spent his time editing, writing and painting. At present he is on an editorial desk job.

Harriet Henry is a youthful fiction writer, and if you read her Mrs. Byrnes’ Fables in the July issue, and this month’s follow-up, you know that her satirical humor does not require the use of field-glasses. ** * Stuart Davis is primarily an artist whose work falls into that category labeled “Ultra-Modern Painting.” ** * Francis Edwards Faragoh, by nativity a Hungarian, is educationally a product of the College of the City of New York and Columbia University. He has tried newspaper reporting, and acting, and has now found his niche as a writer of short stories which appear in various popular magazines, and of playlets which have been acted by Little Theater groups. ** * Hunt Diederich is at present working in Austria, in the studio of a castle that he bought for two hundred and fifty American dollars. He says: “There is more art in the handle of an axe or the back of a chair than in political movements, bank entrances or the portrait of a millionaire debarmite.” ** * Allan Ross MacDougall was born in Dundee, Scotland, near Barrie’s “Thrums.” At seventeen he ran away from home to London—his City of Literature. Later he reached Canada, and the United States, and then entered varied lanes: advertising, billing, acting, secretarial work, ambulance service. At present he is in France. ** William Gropper is not only a caricaturist, but an artist of

(Continued on page 76)
NEW YORK CITY is to have a sequoia (redwood) tree from the "petrified forest" of Sonoma County, California. It is to be made a permanent exhibit in Central Park. The specimen weighs nearly six thousand pounds and was brought to San Francisco on a heavy truck under the supervision of Harold Bochee, the son of Mrs. Olie Bochee, the owner of the forest.

A few big sequoias still are found growing in California. They are regarded by scientists as the scantly and sole survivors, with but slight variation, of an ancient order of forest trees which flourished extensively during the Cretaceous and Tertiary periods of the earth's life, and which were contemporaneous with such huge animals as the mammoth and ichthyosaurus.

Agatized or jasperized wood in small specimens has long been popular with collectors.

There are in Zanzibar certain copals that enter into the manufacture of varnishes, that contain insects. These make highly interesting collecting objects. These insects were submerged when the copals were merely liquid exudations from native trees which flowed over them as they rested or crawled upon the bark. Many of the imprisoned insects are now extinct, which adds to the interest in collecting them.

Such copals with insect inclusions, may sometimes be obtained from dealers in shellacs and varnishes. The substance is easily polished and the insects look very beautiful in their amber-like setting. Sometimes other objects have found their way into the copals. Bits of bark, leaves, hairs, and even small fish have had copal tumahs.

Amber is similar in origin to copal but has the advantage of being harder and of taking a higher polish in consequence; it, too, sometimes contains flies and other insects.

The collection of whole suit armor is not always practical for the ordinary collector because of the amount of space required for its storage, even if the matter of expense for the individual pieces is unconsidered. But it is easily possible to collect books on armor, prints relating to armor, and even coins carrying the effigies of plumed knights, tournaments etc. Now and then it is possible to pick up a sheet or two of the monkish illuminations that dealt quaintly with armored warriors in and out of combat. Given the desire, the true collector will sooner or later find the way to gratify his taste.

The sewing birds of our grandmothers and great-grandmothers make lovely collecting objects that are decorative in high degree. They may be found in the hands of families and with the dealers. They are not so tremendously expensive and if placed upon a small bracket they may be fastened to the wall in a very pleasing manner. The older ones were of course birds were in frequent use as aids for sewing long seams. Their beaks could be opened, but were kept in place with a strong steel spring. They were screwed to the work-table and the material inserted into the beak, which held it firmly until the spring was released. Some of the birds had little cushions on their backs into which pins and needles could be thrust when in use, and some had hollow backs — a place for the thimble.

RESIDENTS in the larger cities which are publishing centers will often have opportunities to acquire original drawings by well-known artists and cartoonists. The magazines accumulate these drawings in considerable numbers in the course of years and they must dispose of them sooner or later. Sometimes they sell them themselves, and at other times they are sold to dealers who offer them at graduated prices. There are certain stores in New York City where original drawings may be had from twenty-five cents up, and the same thing is doubtless true in other large cities. These drawings also drift into the second-hand book stores where they may be bought at bargain prices. In this, as in other branches of collecting, a little patience coupled with some knowledge will result in the acquisition of many unexpected treasures.

A MAN in London adopted a curious collecting fad that had for its object the assembling of used railway tickets. He saved all of his own tickets and extended his operations into the securing of tickets used by others. The result was a conglomeratum, of course, but he had managed to secure much variety and his collection in time will have an historical value of no mean importance.

PERSONS living in the neighborhood of coastal districts will find the collection and preservation of marine algae (seaweed) very fascinating. It is to be found in three colors: olive, red, and green.
Day in Town

(Continued from page 15)

thinks of his time behind the bars, which would ruin picture. Prefer Charlie’s way. Great Man! Emerge, and get into car.

Question of technique baffling. All very well for Hergesheimer to say pictures are driving out novels. But did he do it to say it. Doubt it. Certainly, his own work has that clear articulated melodrama most adaptable to a picture. Recall the descriptions of dress and furniture in Three Black Pennies. Sumptuous fellow. I’d give the Habana book for all his cocktails and legs exposed in country clubs.

Which reminds one, going downtown to dinner, much modern literature panders to those instincts kept under in the home town. Take Cytherea, for example. Nothing in it, to a seaman. Pity, fine writers like these modern men messing round in the mud. Same in Babbitt. Can confirm Babbitt as authentic. Have seen him in his home town. Picture of Babbitt going on the loose is magnificent, very like, as seen about two A. M. Propound cure at dinner, but am voted down. Literature would vanish, says one, if Freud is abolished. Doubt this. Nordau was the Freud of my young days, and we survived him. Trouble is, authors find it easier to read Freud than create characters out of themselves. This is passed unanimously. Friend adds, slyly, Freud need never bother an artist. Novelist who reads Freud, he says, is like a man who takes furniture by boring it full of worm-holes. Makes it appear to be rotten. Which, he adds, is unnecessary, once you look at the stuff.

Ten minutes to get to Grand Central. We arrive with a minute to spare.

The Swan

(Continued from page 21)
aloud some more of his poems in my warm room. We made our way out, between crowded tables where the low-toned chatter of the girls and the pipe-smoking youngsters was broken by an occasional high-pitched laugh.

At the door we paused. There was the bloated old woman, snoring away with her nose buried in her crossed arms. The rusty bonnet was half fallen from her grey head, partly bald, and streaked with strands of faded yellow. From her dirty black garments, bunched and ill-fitting, was exhaled the odor of gin and yellow soap. She was some wretched scrubwoman who had drifted in here by accident, to warm her old bones and drink a cup of coffee.

I fled away from her in disgust, longing for the fresh, keen winter air outdoors, but Garrick seized my arm and stared at the sodden wreck as if fascinated.

“How beautiful!” he whispered. “I can see her dream. She is a girl again. A flaxen-haired little maid, walking timidly down an English lane in the twilight. She wears a dress of white muslin, with little flounces, and she is very proud of it. She is a little frightened, too, for at the stile, half seen, half imagined in the shadow, her lover is waiting for her. There. He has just whistled—a soft, soft call. All around in the warm spring air is the faint scent of primroses, pale and pure as her hair... The happy, happy little maid!”

In my room that night Garrick wrote The Dream. Once more the swan was floating on the dusky pool where lilies lay like ivory lamps.

Living!

—for those who live!

It is life itself, Mademoiselle, this tantalizing fragrance of living flowers that is sweeping the world like a happy bon mot, overwhelming the artificiality of perfumery.

Vivante

A single drop, an ephemeral fragrance, and Voila!—one’s thoughts are of Paris in the Springtime, with every blossom-scented breeze a temptation, the very cobblestones whispering messages of love.

As chaste as sixteen!
As discreet as thirty!
As sophisticated as forty!

Lournay

PARIS 7 Rue de l’Ital
NEW YORK 365 Fifth Avenue

You may obtain a small vial of Lournay Vivante by sending 15 cents to our American address 2048
off to the Coast. He was going there to conduct his setting of the Bohemians’ annual High Jinks production, the title of which is Semper Vires. It is not the first time that Mr. Hadley has composed the music for this famous sylvan spree, which has an ideal setting amid the giant sequoias.

I also had a chat with that very busy but always equable and amiable big gun among musical managers, Arthur Judson, who controls the business end of the Philadelphia, Cincinnati and Philharmonic orchestras (how does he do it?), and at the same time looks after the professional affairs of several eminent artists. He was very sanguine with regard to the Stadium concerts and the future of the reconstructed Philharmonic orchestra, while he considers the outlook for the next musical season is most encouraging. He is of opinion that New York audiences are becoming less critical; that they are merely sentimental in music, especially as regards the tricks of virtuosi, and attach major importance to sound and serious musicianship.

Nevertheless I hear a great deal of a new artist—new, that is, to this country, who are likely to attract a good deal of notoriety and reach their exceptional virtuosity. One of these is Mortiz Rosenthal, the pianist, who, personally, I consider a good deal more than a virtuoso, in fact he is among the truly great masters of the keyboard. The last time I heard him was shortly before the war, at the Norwich (England) Music Festival. His musicianship is, to my mind, as at least as striking as his colorful technique, and at times he leaves one almost breathless with astonishment. Another eminent pianist who is coming to this country after an absence of many years is the freakish and eccentric but exquisitely artistic interpreter of Chopin, Vladimir de Pachmann. He is an old man now—over seventy-five—but my English correspondence tells me that he has lost none of his power to play upon the softer emotions of his audience, as well as to amuse them with his quaint remarks uttered by way of comment on his own playing.

Then there is young Claudio Arrau, who hails from Santiago, and who has captured European audiences by proving himself a pianist who rivals the younger pianists. Only ninety, romantically good-looking and with a winning personality, he is doing so much to captivate the feminine section of his hearers, while his musicianship has already won him the respect of sterner critics. Finally there is Cecilia Hansen, the pupil of Fauer. She, too, begins a first American tour in October after more than merely satisfying the exigent tastes of the leading critics of Central Europe.

New Books in Brief Review

(Continued from page 67)

A ll over America are to be found young women who, having had a few lessons in singing and been complimented by admiring relatives and friends, believe that they are budding Melbras or Mary Gardens or Geraldine Farrars, and aspire to the operatic career. Mr. Jessup, in his free and all read Our Little Girl, by Robert A. Simon, for it graphically portrays the career of a girl who essayed to take the musical world of New York by storm; the means, most of them mistaken, by which she seeks to attain her end; the queer and sometimes questionable methods of a certain class of teachers and publicity-mongers; and how, in the end, the ambitious young woman finds her level. Incidentally, Mr. Simon’s book (published by Boni and Liveright), is a study of selfishness as well as self-will, and there is an undercurrent of good-humor as well as satire, which makes it very pleasant reading. No one should know that of which he writes better than the author, for he is a prominent figure in the musical world of New York.

J essup, by Newton Fuesle (Boni and Liveright), is the story of a nameless girl who comes to New York to seek the stage as a medium of self-expression, and also to bury all evidence of her clouted birth. Conscious of the unrestrained passions which are her heritage, Jessup sets a higher standard for herself than is considered necessary by most of her associates—girls who dance with her in the chorus of a Broadway musical comedy. Combined with charm and talent, Jessup possesses brains and a level head. She dances in the chorus by night and attends art school during the day, which leaves her little time to indulge in much gaiety. Then, into her life comes Ivan Banning, an architect, whose social background Jessup longs to make her own. Here had she intended never to marry, her love for this man, his constant persuasions for her to become his wife, and the knowledge that security and respectability will be hers, gradually influence Jessup to take the step. No one knows of the circumstances surrounding her birth, not even Ivan, who is a stickler for good breeding. Then the pendulum of fate swings back and Jessup sees her carefully laid plans demolished.

How she meets and stands up under the strain of the inevitable makes absorbing reading. The book is realistic in style, without a morbid note, and is an excellent portrayal of the struggle of a girl to maintain a foothold in New York. The story is simply but vividly told; the characterization exceptionally well done; the plot construction executed with perfect finesse; and the ending—the high point of the book—convincing in its reality. This ending is neither sentimental nor “tacked on”; it is merely a logical conclusion for this particular type of story.
New Motifs for Old

(Continued from page 43)

noteworthy that his own development as a composer goes steadily on.

In conclusion, I should like to say just a word about the music of my own country. The serenity of it, its seductiveness of it, the incomprehensibleness of it! What does that smile mean, ask the critics? Shall I tell you? While painting me, Leonard would subtly, suavely, and most charmingly assure me that he was a much handsomer man than my husband, Giocondo. On the particular day that he caught so well that enigmatic smile of mine, he had ecstatically swept a fly from his nose with a wet paintbrush, and a jagged smudgy streak of black decorated its former resting-place.

"There is something markedly unusual about my features," he was assuring me, "something no one could help noticing..."

"Yes," replied I with grave emphasis, "something truly remarkable, Leo." And my smile of the moment has gone down in the history of Art.

ALICE IN WONDERLAND

I hate thrashing myself in among these old fogy's. I do indeed, but for a long time I've had a dreadful urge to absorb its energies, that it has hitherto found little leisure for the cultivation of the arts. Most of the creative work by Roumanians has been done within the past fifteen years. Our music, curiously enough, is influenced not by the neighboring Slav, but by the Indian and Egyptian folklore introduced by the members of these remote races, now classed as Gypsies, brought to Roumania as servants of the Roman conquerors. The deeply Oriental character of our own folk-music derives from these sources, and possesses a flavor as singular as it is beautiful.

The Other Side of It

(Continued from page 46)

It was probably that smile that permits me to hang now in the Louvre with such a face. The serenity of it, the seductiveness of it, the incomprehensibleness of it! What does that smile mean, ask the critics? Shall I tell you? While painting me, Leonard would subtly, suavely, and most charmingly assure me that he was a much handsomer man than my husband, Giocondo. On the particular day that he caught so well that enigmatic smile of mine, he had ecstatically swept a fly from his nose with a wet paintbrush, and a jagged smudgy streak of black decorated its former resting-place.

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"Yes," replied I with grave emphasis, "something truly remarkable, Leo." And my smile of the moment has gone down in the history of Art.

ALICE IN WONDERLAND

I hate thrashing myself in among these old fogy's. I do indeed, but for a long time I've had a dreadful urge to really explain myself. Mr. Carroll was so nice about fixing me up in such a beautiful and whimsical fairy story, that I've always been quite a little bit uncomfortable about it.

Of course it was true that I fell asleep, and dreamed myself down the rabbit-holes, and tiny one minute and overgrown the next according to those bottles I drank marked poison. I did in my dreams run across the Mad Hatter, and the March Hare, the Queen of Hearts, and the Cheshire Cat, the Walrus, and the Carpenter. There was Bill the Lizard, and the White Knight, the Jabberwocky, and the Red Queen—Mr. Carroll was quite right about all that.

But tell me this: Doesn't such a panorama of characters seem pretty funny for a little girl to dream of? Did you ever wonder about that? As a matter of fact, I was a very naughty, little nineteenth-century flapper—that's what you call them nowadays, don't you, flappers?—and Jerry Jones and I had imbibed entirely too freely of father's old Madeira. Quaint of us, wasn't it?

Delirium Tremens the doctor called it!

Actor and Demon

(Continued from page 49)

Not so rollicking and not quite so black was the brief attempt of the Ethiopian Art Theater of Chicago, Philadelphia, Washington, and Harlem to present The Comedy of Errors à la jazz. An amusing idea, promising much—this jazzing up of the classics by a company of negroes which a white director, Raymond O'Neil, gathered together. A tent for a background on the stage; clowns dancing little bits of scenery into place, while a ringmaster cracked his whip; and the Drama played by a cabaret dancer who waltzed thru his more monotonous speeches. But the thing lacked finish; the players hadn't quite the sharp distinction necessary to put the conception over. Shakespeare at his dulllest seemed even dullest than before. And Salome, done by these same mulattoes in a reverentially white spirit, likewise showed its worst side. It was only in a little comedy of negro life, The Chip Woman's Fortune, that the true dramatic flair of the race came out sure and striking.

Which leaves us facing the last production of the first season of the Equity Players, a revival of a commonplace piece of fustian called Sweet Nell of Old Drury. Twenty-three years ago it was learnedly in fashion; yet even then the expert occupations of Ada Rehan could not win more than seventeen performances for it, against the hundred and forty-four of Mrs. Nell with Harlequin Crossan. Perhaps this means that it was much the better of the two; but the frivously ministrations of Hartley Manners and the capital acting of Laurette Taylor as Nell Gwyn cannot cheer up Paul Kester's old narrative into more than a passing curiosity. The Equity Players cleverly insist that this was all they expected of the play—this and a few thousand dollars in the till. A modest thing to ask of the divine theater.
Cizék, Advocate of Self-Expression

Dorothy Donnell Calhoun who spent several days visiting the school of Cizék, the famous painter and revolutionary pedagogue, writes of what this unusual teacher has accomplished in his instruction by allowing pupils to work out their own ideas. The recognition accorded them both at home and abroad is sufficient proof that Cizék's method is successful.

When Harris Met Gorky

The story of a frustrated "portrait" is given in an account by Herman George Scheffauer of the time when Fredrik Harris attempted to interview the great Maxim Gorky. That Mr. Scheffauer fully appreciated the surprising turn of events is shown in the manner in which he tells of what he saw and heard on this momentous occasion.

Play-Going Pests in Paris

George Middleton writes humorously of the difficulties encountered by the average American who attempts to visit the theater in Paris. What with the many combats to that arise, going to the theater becomes almost an occupation. The author knows whereof he writes, having lived thru many of the experiences which he relates.

Making and Breaking Laws

Why do we behave? Why do we misbehave? What marks the boundary line of resistance to temptation, be it by law or custom? What impels people to cross this line? Is there more lawlessness than there used to be because there are more laws and easier ways to break them? These are some of the questions discussed by John H. Anderson in his article.

Princess Olga at the Funeral

Franz Molnar has written a short story that will linger in the mind of the reader a long time. It concerns a young princess who decides to walk among the people. That tragedy disregards class is plainly shown in the incidents that follow.

Shadowland Will Also Contain—

Paragraphs gleaned from the writings of the French columnist, Sebastien Douden; extracts from "The Diary of a Small Boy," by Lynde Steppe; a discussion of the works of Leon Gaspard, by Edgar Cahill, with a reproduction in full color of one of his paintings; a one-act play, "Red Hair," by Helen Wojeiska; and two pages of humorous sketches by August Henkel.

Shadowland for SEPTEMBER

Cizék, the frustrated visualizer do happen? "Red of News-stands for Advocate SEPTEMBER of "The Breaking Pests in	The Hand of the Master  

(Continued from page 39)  

The three secretaries appeared. They expressed delight at their chief's return. Then they spoke briefly of business conditions. Everything had gone along smoothly. Orders had been filled on schedule time; the correspondence was up to date. M. Vagallon, learning these things, had very mixed emotions—surprise, pleasure, certainly, that his business had been safeguarded and as flourishing as ever, but also profound amaze-  

ment.

"How did it happen?" he stammered in his confusion. "How did it happen?"

"Well, my dear, I will try to explain it to you," said Mme. Vagallon. "Every day I spent a few hours here. With these gentlemen, who are familiar with the business, and with mademoiselle, who knows all about the correspondence—we received all the orders. The work was done. I signed the letters. I took it upon myself to deal with urgent matters—"

She stopped. M. Vagallon's face was the very image of distress and horror. He made no reply. The secretaries filed out, followed by the stenographer. M. Vagallon, glued to the directorial chair, remained silent.

Suddenly Mme. Vagallon noticed that there were tears in his eyes. She under- stood, and pitied him.

"You see," she said gently, "you created a machine so well organized that it runs itself."

"And has no more need of me," he groaned feebly, confessing in his weakness the torments of frustrated vanity.

Mme. Vagallon laughed and began to lie.

"All the same," she said, "it was time you came back here to take charge of things. We were beginning to lose our grip."

"I am tired," said M. Vagallon bitterly. "I shall go home and go to bed."

Up to this day M. Vagallon had enjoyed the most robust health. Now that he realized that he was ill, and seriously ill, and the physician who had been called told him that an immediate operation was necessary and had him carried to the hospital, a terrible fear possessed his soul and drove out all other feelings. Horrible sufferings, the pangs of bodily anguish and fever, preceded the operation, and followed it for many days. Then M. Vagallon learned that his life was saved, and the simple joy of being still in the world absorbed him for many other days.

He experienced all the animal satisfac- tions of convalescence. The mere fact of breathing pure air, of feeling sleepy and of falling asleep without terror, was a happiness in itself. The food which they served him was exquisite to a degree that he had never suspected. With the languor of a sick child, a touching thing in this colossus, he stretched out his big hand to grasp the hand of his wife, who spent hours seated at his bedside.

Then M. Vagallon came suddenly to life and to himself. He was again the Vagallon of former days. His old ambi- tions took hold of him. He thought of his business, his factory, of his life work, the burden of which rested on him alone. An atrocious fear tortured him. What has happened to all these during his illness? What catastrophes had occurred while he lay helpless in bed?

He left the hospital one afternoon and drove to the factory, where nobody expected him.

"I will go with you, my dear," said Mme. Vagallon.

"I'll be glad to have you go," he answered condescendingly.

They arrived at the factory. Every- where there were evidences of normal ac- tivity. M. Vagallon, followed by his wife, entered the private office. The steno- grapher was typewriting letters.
Dull Hair

Noted actresses all abhor dull hair—they can’t afford to have it. They have no more choice in the color of their hair than you have. Their hair is more beautiful, because their profession—their very environment—soon teaches them how to make the best of what nature has given them.

Practically every woman has reasonably good hair—satisfactory in quantity, texture and color. So-called dull hair is the result of improper care. Ordinary shampooing is not enough; just washing cannot sufficiently improve dull, drab hair. Only a shampoo that adds “that little something” dull hair lacks can really improve it.

Whether your hair is light, medium or dark, it is only necessary to supply this elusive little something to make it beautiful. This can be done. If your hair lacks lustre—if it is not quite as rich in tone as you would like to have it—you can easily give it that little something it lacks. No ordinary shampoo will do this, for ordinary shampoos do nothing but clean the hair. Golden Glint Shampoo is NOT an ordinary shampoo. It does more than merely clean. It adds that little something which distinguishes really pretty hair from that which is dull and ordinary.

Have a Golden Glint Shampoo today and give your hair this special treatment which it all needs to make it as beautiful as you desire it. 25 cents a package at drug counters or postpaid direct, J. W. Kobi Co., 111 Spring St., Seattle, Wash.

One’s Eyes Never Have a Vacation

Vacation-time brings needed rest and relaxation—except to your EYES. Not only does travel expose them to clinders, smoke and coal gas, but days spent in the open results in irritation by sun, wind and dust. Protect and rest your EYES this summer with Murine. This harmless lotion instantly soothes, refreshes and beautifies irritated EYES.

Send for Free Eye Care Book

Murine Eye Remedy Book

Dept. 21, Chicago

THE SPORT OF KINGS AND MOVIE STARS

However great the heat may be when you open the September number of Classic, you will forget about it when your eye falls upon the picture display of yachts and motor-boats owned by movie stars. You will enjoy seeing how your favorite actors spend their leisure hours.

NEPTUNE’S SONS AND DAUGHTERS

A double-page spread of pictures showing many prominent motion-picture people sporting along the beach in fascinating bathing suits will interest you greatly.

IMPRESSIONS BY LOUISE FAZENDA

Louise Fazenda, one of the most amusing comedians of the silver sheet, gives some remarkably clever impressions regarding the salient characteristics of certain famous movie folk. These impressions truly serve to delineate the versatility of Miss Fazenda.
Why Not Let The Treasure Chest Solve Your Clothes Problem

One thing that members of our club will not worry about this summer, is money for clothes.

Oh yes, our members will need clothes—lots of them. And they are going to buy them too, with money which they themselves have earned.

On the list will be hats, shoes, dresses and oh, the most gorgeous array of finery that your eyes could wish to see. Can't you just picture the things you would choose if you were a member of our Club, privileged to draw from the Treasure Chest until your heart's desires were fulfilled?

NO MORE WISHING OR WINDOW SHOPPING

For those who elect to join us, the days of wishing and window shopping, will soon be memories of the past. We now cordially invite you to become a member of our club where you will be initiated into the “Order of Money Makers.”

Yes, indeed there is work to be done before you may become the possessor of the good things in store for you. But if you are an ambitious girl or woman, you will quickly “catch on” and will soon be making money like the rest of us.

Now Is The Best Time

of all the year to join our club. Women all around you are more interested at this season than ever, in enhancing their personal attractiveness. And as our work is securing subscribers for Beauty, the magazine of beauty secrets for every woman, you will readily see how perfectly conditions have shaped themselves to your advantage.

If you are interested in having more money, by all means write at once for further particulars of our plan. Send a letter, postcard or the handy coupon below to

Katharine Lambert
Secretary, The Treasure Chest

--- Cut Here ---

KATHARINE LAMBERT, Secretary, The Treasure Chest.
BEAUTY, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Please tell me how I can make money thru the Treasure Chest.

Name__________________________
St. and No.______________________
City____________________________ State______________________

Page Seventy-Six
In the Laboratory of the Theater

(Continued from page 23)

The play of M. de Bouheller, a curious melange of realistic and symbolistic drama, was first produced at the Théâtre de l'Odeon in 1908. In 1916 it was reproduced at the Théâtre des Arts, and this year was adopted into the repertoire of the Comédie Française. Admirably directed by Léon Bernhard, it was given the benefit of an excellent company of interpreters, including Bernhard himself, Mesdames Ventura and Bovy, Messieurs Fresnay, André Brunot, and others.

All thru the opening act, during which a poverty-stricken keeper of a little draper's shop is dying in the back room attended by her brother and her two daughters, there was a glacial silence. In the course of the second act, during the heart-rending scene where her two hard-faced spinster sisters uncover with unbearable and triumphant truth her malicious secrets of her intimate life and the paternity of the two children, murmurrs began to be heard in the audience. Then someone in the orchestra seats began to whistle with the aid of a key, Up! "Sortez!" cried some. "Au rideau!" cried others. "Silence" "Bravo!" "Bravo!" "Continue!" "Continue!"

On the stage, at a sign from Léon Bernhard, the white-faced actors had remained dumb.

Silence having been restored in the audience, the actors continued without interruption till the moment when Celine dies, and the masked and costumed figures of the carnival merry-makers come dancing in thru the open door of the shop. Once again the man with the whistle expressed his discontent, and turmoil was set agog. From the galleries and the parterre came the shouts: "Sortez-le!" "Bravo pour les acteurs!" "Haut! C'est bonne!" "Respectez au moins les acteurs!" So the act finished amid the storm, and the curtain rose and fell accompanied by the most frantic waves of cheers and yells and general applause it has ever been my fortune to hear in a theater. On the stage the actors bowed their thanks for the appreciation, all save Madame Ventura, who had risen from her death-bed and was gesticulating furiously in the direction of the man with the whistle!

During the intermission there was eager and feverish discussion in the lobbies and the foyer. The little man who had started all the commotion was pushed and pinched and called imbecile and other piquant names less printable. Old-timers recalled that, among others, Hugo's Hernani and Becque's La Parigienne, two pieces seen firmly established in the affections of the public attending the Comédie Française, were, in their debut, received by a house vigorously vocal with disapproval.

The last act was but a repetition of the second, save that one man who cried out something discourseful to Léon Bernhard had his face slapped by a neighbor and retired nursing his cheek. When the final curtain descended, it was to torrential applause, not only for the actors but also for the play, and it rose and fell to satisfy the audience that cheered itself hoarse. A most exciting evening, and one difficult to imagine having happened anywhere but in Paris.

In an enchanting package for your dressing table

Swimset containing WINX and PERT the waterproof rouge

In this wave-colored box, cool-gleaming as only the freshest of greens and blues could make it, you will find the regular full-size packages of PERT and WINX, together with an eyebrow brush. Think of the added pleasure of using them from such a box!

PERT is a cream rouge, orange-colored in the jar, but a natural pink when applied. It lasts until you yourself remove it with cold cream or soap and water.

WINX is a waterproof liquid for darkening the lashes and making them appear heavier. Apply it with the glass rod attached to the stopper. Unaffected by swimming or tears.

SWIMSET, at drug or department stores, or by mail, $1.50. Samples of Pert and Winx are 1 dime each. Send for them—enclose coin.

ROSS COMPANY
70 Grand Street New York
107 Duke Street, Toronto, Ont., Canada

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The Generosity of Movie Stars

Personal contact with motion picture celebrities is the medium by which Adele Whitely Fletcher accumulated a group of short stories delineating the generosity of movie people. They do not stop with merely giving money, but continue to give themselves to those who are less fortunate than they are. "Human Hearts" will remain in your mind a long time.

Mary Pickford in "The Street Singer"

There will be a fascinating display of Mary's latest photoplay. It is her first production by Ernst Lubitsch and shows her in an entirely new rôle.

A Good Way To Waste Advice

Harry Carr, from the depth of his vast experience, tells of the thankless job he has had in giving advice to movie people. His tone of mock tragedy is irresistible and will provoke much laughter.
Could You Do This?

Masquerade as a famous movie star if you were being paid to play the part?

To continue the pose after a man with whom you were once associated appeared in your new life?

To refrain from revealing your true identity when you found yourself falling in love with this man who failed to recognize you?

Unknown Quantities

Problem after problem has to be solved by Susie, an obscure young girl who comes to New York in search of adventure. Some are tangible but the majority are elusive and Susie finds that adventure with a vengeance has been thrust upon her.

Susie Takes a Chance

An Absorbing Story by Lucian Cary

From beginning to end it is full of thrills, mystery and suspense. Compromising situations, perplexing problems and whirl-wind escapades are at your command.

How Susie copes with every daring incident will hold your interest until the last page is read.

You Cannot Afford to Miss It

in the

September Motion Picture Magazine

On the news-stand August first
How a double chin can be reduced or prevented

The New Way To Remove Double Chin

with the

DAVIS CHIN STRAP,

DAVIS CHIN REDUCING CREAM

and DAVIS SPECIAL ASTRINGENT

Everyone knows the Davis Chin Strap. Thousands of women recognize it as the most effective way in general use of reducing double chin and bringing back the lovelier contours of earlier years.

After many months of investigation in co-operation with a famous New York chemist, I have now improved and enlarged the usefulness of the Davis Chin Strap by adding to it a new reducing cream and a special astringent or skintightener.

The Davis Chin Reducing Cream is to be applied to the chin, face and neck at night before you adjust the strap. The strap protects the cream from your pillow, gently but firmly holds this wonderful new cream against the skin until the pores thoroughly absorb it. This new cream acts agreeably, harmlessly, naturally. It merely seeps through into underlying fatty tissues and melts them away. But thereby it enables the chin strap to give you quicker results than ordinarily. This new Davis Chin Reducing Cream may be had in jars of generous size for $1.00.

The Davis Special Astringent is to be applied in the morning. After you remove the strap, smooth this cooling new liquid over your chin and neck, or, for that matter, over your face as well. The Davis Special Astringent tightens the skin, tones up the tissues and effectually prevents the flabbiness that often follows the reduction of double chin. It completes the new Davis treatment. It is wonderfully refreshing to start the day with. The Davis Special Astringent is put up in attractive bottles at only $1.00 each.

It is my sincere desire that as many women as possible shall derive the utmost and speediest benefits from use of the Davis Chin Strap. This is why I have spent so much of my time and money in research to improve its usefulness. If you will fill out the coupon at the right, I will personally see that you are supplied by return mail.

CORA M. DAVIS
Dept. S 5, 507 Fifth Avenue
New York City

Drug Stores, Department Stores and Beauty Parlors—The Davis products are well advertised and sell rapidly.

Write for wholesale prices.

The Davis Chin Strap gives gentle, constant support to facial muscles while you sleep and when they are inclined to sag. It not only regains the beautiful outline of youth, but it also prevents mouth-breathing. It is the only chin strap having a circular non-slip headpiece. Made of cotton, it fits like a glove and washes as easily as a handkerchief. It may be had at the better class drug and department stores or direct by mail. Fill out the coupon now.

CORA M. DAVIS,
Dept. S 5, 507 Fifth Ave., New York City.
For the enclosed check or money order please send me at once the goods checked below.

☐ Davis Chin Strap........ $2.00
☐ Davis Chin Reducing Cream... 1.00
☐ Davis Special Astringent...... 1.00

☐ Combination Special Offer of all three above........ $3.50

Name..............................................
Street..............................................
City..............................................State..............
From Deauville
News of the Day's
"Mode de Toilette"

Deauville! That French seaside village which becomes for a few short weeks the rendezvous of les élégantes from all the world. Deauville! There one naturally looks for the day's mode in the intimate affairs of the toilette. What, then, is that mode?

Ah! Madame, it is so simple! In the very words of France, it is this: "On ne mélange jamais les parfums," (one should never mingle varying scents). Rather should one choose a subtle French odeur which will lend its fragrance to each article of the toilet table.

What, then, will Madame choose but Djer-Kiss, supreme creation of Monsieur Kerkoff, which brings to America the very spirit of Paris herself. Djer-Kiss—that alluring French parfum which graces with its fragrance each Djer-Kiss spécialité — Parfum, Toilet Water, Vegetale, Face Powder, Talc, Sacher, Soap, Rouges, Compacts and Creams.

If Madame knows not the charm of Djer-Kiss, may we suggest that she visit to-day her favorite shop and learn through the purchase of the Djer-Kiss spécialités the joy of a perfect harmony of the toilette.

SPECIAL SAMPLE OFFER

In return for the Monsieur Kerkoff's Importateurs will send to Madame their Parisian Paquet containing dainty samples of Djer-Kiss Parfum, Face Powder and Sacher. Address Alfred H. Smith Company, 24 West 34th Street, New York City.