SOMETHING NEW UNDER THE SUN

A Magazine of Beauty Secrets for Every Woman

A MAGAZINE to help every woman to be more beautiful than she is and then help her to preserve that beauty. Every woman wants beauty: a strong, healthy body; grace; charm; a spirited, active mind. She knows that some are born beauties—others have it thrust upon them. What she does not know is that all may attain it if they will. A few years ago, those who used cosmetics in any form were called "painted ladies." Those who went systematically thru forms of exercise to improve their figures were "vain." Now, the use of cosmetics is universal. Physical culture is a habit. Every woman knows that she must look her best. She not only tries to assist nature, but to improve it. This is where the new magazine Beauty comes in.

LILLIAN MONTANYE,
Editor

Elzie Ferguson
Corliss Palmer
Pauline Frederick
Alla Nazimova
Jeanette Pinaud

Beauty magazine is the modern Pandora's Box

We have gathered about us some of the world's greatest authorities, and are supplying our readers with the best and most authoritative information on all subjects that pertain to personal beauty. Famous beauties of stage and screen, society beauties, beauty parlor experts, celebrated dermatologists, many well-known notables are contributing to its pages. A special feature is

The Beauty Box conducted by Corliss Palmer who, as winner of the 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest, was adjudged the most beautiful girl in America. This is an Answer Man department in which Miss Palmer answers all questions on the proper use of cosmetics and on everything pertaining to beautifying the human face and form divine. She also makes a special plea for

Physical Beauty

the importance of the care of the body itself; the significance of health; the wholesome charm of a strong, well-poised body. Each issue contains a hundred aids to grace and beauty—innumerable little "nothings" that count greatly in the end. Beauty is the Open Sesame to love, joy, life and all the dear emotions that so many have to pass by because they have not discovered the sweet secret of pleasing. Beauty is—in itself—

A Thing of Beauty

a second SHADOWLAND in its artistry. It contains reproductions of famous paintings in all their original colors, suitable for framing; beautiful photographs, in color, of famous beauties of this and other lands which make charmingly decorative pictures for the boudoir. From cover to cover Beauty is picturesque, artistic, colorful. It is

A Magazine That Every Woman Wants and that every man wants his wife, daughter, sister or sweetheart to have. There are magazines of fashion, art, fiction, politics, homes and gardens—but until a few months ago no one had thought of devoting a whole magazine to beauty.

Don't Forget to Order from Your Dealer There is always a rush—sometimes a real scrimmage when Beauty comes out. The price is only 25 cents a copy or you may subscribe at the rate of $2.50 a year. Beauty is on the stands the 8th of each month.

BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS, INC. - Brewster Buildings, Brooklyn, N. Y.
TO MOHAMMED, life was a waiting game. Time lifted him from poverty to power. Like Caesar, he sensed Time's value to the full, but for the Roman's whirlwind dispatch he substituted the patience of the Orient. "Now!" was Caesar's watchword. "Wait!" was Mohammed's.

An Arab rival ridiculed Mohammed’s prophecy of the end of Persian domination. "Master," cried Abu, the Prophet’s zealous bodyguard, spurring hotly through the gates of Mecca, "I have wagered him ten camels that it will come true within three years!"

"Increase the wager," came the Prophet’s crafty whisper, "but lengthen the Time!" Abu promptly trebled the Time and staked one hundred camels—and won!

The flight of thirteen centuries—which has increased Mohammed’s following to three hundred million souls—has brought to the world a steadily deepening sense of the Value of Time, and of the responsibility which rests on those matchless guardians of the priceless minutes of our day—
The American Beauty Contest

"Mirror, mirror, on the wall, Am I the fairest of them all?"

We all know the famous fairy story of the Queen who thus addressed her mirror—and now there is a real and an opportunity why every woman should seek similar counsel from her mirror.

Then—if her mirror is encouraging—she should send us her photo at once.

We are looking for beauty and only beauty. This is NOT a movie contest.

These Will Be the Rewards of America's Beauty:

1. A trip to New York, properly chaperoned, and a chance to take in the pleasures which only that great city affords: the opera; the theaters; our wonderful library; the famous East Side; great museums; the celebrated Greenwich Village; all the luxurious and beautiful shops on the most luxurious and beautiful street in the world, Fifth Avenue; and so on.
2. A well-known American artist will paint her portrait.
3. A representative American sculptor will model her head.
4. These works of art will be exhibited in one of the leading art galleries of New York City and elsewhere.
5. She will have her picture on the cover of BEAUTY.

There will be a second prize and a third prize, and possibly more. These will be announced later. In view of the fact that the American Beauty may be found in New York City, or its immediate vicinity, the prize in her case will be $1,000, instead of the visit to New York. Just think of that—

One Thousand Dollars! ($1,000)

This is an unprecedented offer. Do not fail to take advantage of it. Send us your photograph. That is all that is required of you. Think what you may win—just because you happened to be born beautiful. Scrupulous care will be taken of every picture received. ALL of them will be examined by the contest judges.

Notice

Photographs that are submitted to us in our Beauty Contest will be turned over to the Metropolitan Magazine, from which they will select photographs to be used on the Metropolitan Cover Contest.

The Rules

1. No photographs will be returned.
2. No exceptions will be made to this rule. Winners will be notified.
3. Snapshots, strip pictures, or colored photographs will not be considered. Outside of these, any kind of picture will be accepted; full length or bust, full face or profile, sepia or black. You may submit as many photographs as you wish. Photographers, artists, friends and admirers may enter pictures of their favorites. Credit will be given photographers whenever possible.
4. Do not ask the contest manager to discuss your chances. He has nothing to do with that end of it.
5. You must write letters. The close of the contest will be announced in three months in advance. There will be a contest story every month in all four magazines, with all necessary news and information. Each beautiful picture received each month throughout the operation contest, will be published in a monthly Honor Roll in all four magazines. These girls will be notified when, and in which magazine they will appear. This does not mean that they have necessarily failed. The winner will not be decided upon until the contest.

The Loveliest Woman in America

You may think it's a tall order to find her among so many beautiful women. But the Brewster Publications, read through the length and breadth of the land, are determined to find her—and find her they will!

Somewhere, as you read this page, that fortunate young woman may be reading the same page, unconscious of the fame and rewards that await her.

Is it you? Is it the girl next door? Is it that lovely girl you met last summer?

Read the simple rules, and the splendid rewards that await America's loveliest girl!

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Expressing the Arts

SHADOWLAND
The Magazine of Magazines
SEPTEMBER, 1922

Important Features in this Issue:

JOHN COSTIGAN ............. Edgar Holger Cahill
An appreciation of one of the most noteworthy figures among the
younger men in the world of painting

WHEN DOCTORS DISAGREE ...... Roscoe Ashworth
The story of James Joyce and his famous book, "Ulysses"

REGINALD MARSH VISITS BROADWAY
A clever artist wields a wicked pencil at the plays along the Great
White Way

DAUGHTERS OF HETH .............. Harry Kemp
Original verses from the pen of a real poet, with an appreciation
of his work by Gladys Hall

GRAND OPERA SUB CONSULE GIULIO ............ Jerome Hart
A peep behind the scenes in New York's great opera house, reveal-
ing certain interesting facts

A THRESHOLD OF THE LONG AGO IS BATH
Edward Hungerford
The author of "The Personality of American Cities" discusses
the charm of England's most famous spa

CUP PLATES OF OLDEN TIMES .... W. G. Bowdoin
A wealth of information about a favorite collecting hobby

THE EXACTING ART OF CARICATURE ............ Willard Huntington Wright
Demonstrating with lucid text and clever examples the leading
exponents of the art in many lands

A VETERAN POINTS THE WAY ...... Frank Harris
When Anatole France, Nobel Prize winner, dared to justify the
ways of God to man

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Up In the Country

By Susan Myra Gregory

Up in the country now I know,
Soft winds among the grasses go.
The pussy-willows in the woods
Have thrown away their winter hoods,
And if you know just where to look
Among the ferns that fringe the brook,
Deep-hidden buds will promise you
March violets, frail and sweet and blue.

Beyond the hills a murmuringsound
Tells where the questing bees have found
A clump of manzanita flowers
Stored with the honey of spring showers.
Under the great oak's leafy mold,
(Where fairy misers hide their gold)
A slender lady's-smock has sprung,
Lured by the first lark's silver tongue.

Up in the country now I know
Whose eager feet are fain to go
Where pebbled waters shine and sing,
And golden bees are drunk with spring.

Up in the country now I know
Whose dreams along the soft winds blow—
BEHIND THE SCENES
An Original Poster by Albert Vargas
Posed by Miami
BETTY COMPSON
Painted by Ann Brockman
From an Edwin Bower Hesser photograph
RICHARD BARTHELMESS
As interpreted by Wynn, of Paris
LAST PART OF WINTER
From an original painting by John Costigan, which demonstrates that he derives mainly from the Impressionist tradition which has given so much vitality to painting in our day, particularly to the painting of landscape. Within the shimmering mysteries of light and atmosphere that envelop his pictures, we feel the planes and dimensions of a solid, honest earth.

GIRL WITH SHEEP
Illustrating Costigan's concern with atmospheric effect. There is a fine treatment of the girl's figure beneath the revealing folds of dress. This interesting use of the human figure, and of animals, appears in many of Costigan's canvases.

Original paintings loaned thru the courtesy of Babcock Galleries, New York.
John Costigan Carries the Flame

By Edgar Holger Cahill

MUCH ink has been spilled in recent years in the mildly momentous task of comparing the state of the arts in America with the state of the arts in Europe and elsewhere. Are our writers as good as the English? Our painters up to the French? Opinion varies. These are, after all, sub-academic questions. They do not demand answers. There is another question of the same type which interests me much more at the moment. It is this: in which of the arts is the America of our day finding its best expression? Is it in poetry, in the novel, in the drama, painting, sculpture, or architecture? I have an opinion immediately handy. It is a purely personal opinion, of course, without a complete armory of standards and critical clichés to back it up. Nevertheless, I venture to send it forth into the world. It is that the finest expression of the American creative spirit in our generation has come, and is coming, from the painters.

In the aesthetic significance of their work, in that elusive but all important thing called talent, and in the technical mastery of their medium, the painters, I believe, can give all our other practitioners of the arts cards and spades. There is a logical growth and continuity in the American tradition in painting (tho, of course, it leans heavily on Europe) which seems to be missing in the other arts. They ebb and flow and fluctuate. Painting sweeps upward in an assured crescendo. Younger artists carry forward and expand the work of their forbears. The flame is carried on and grows from decade to decade.

One of the significant younger men of our day who carries the authentic flame is John Costigan. He cannot be called a Modern in the sense that he belongs to the Modernist group. But he is modern in that he deals in his own way with certain specific problems of today. John Costigan was born in Providence, Rhode Island, February 29, 1888. When he was sixteen he came to New York. His art education was, as he himself says, acquired in two years of on and off study at the Art Students' League, and in the Kit Kat Club's night classes and summer sketch club. But true education is largely a matter of educating one's self. Costigan's work shows that he has passed thru a careful training in that school.

There is evident in his work technical proficiency of a high order. But this (Cont'd on page 71)
GARETH HUGHES

As Robert James Malone sees the popular screen star, who has just completed a new picture, entitled "Forget Me Not"
ERNESTINE MYERS

A dancer whose exceeding grace has contributed in no small measure to the constantly growing importance of the art in connection with all theatrical productions.
It is not difficult to understand the general enthusiasm for the Ziegfeld "Follies" when it is devoted to the glorification of feminine charm like this.
More varied, more amusing, even more beautiful, is what they say of the "Follies of 1922." Eleanor Dell's many admirers will echo the verdict with fervor.
MARTHA GRAHAM

A classic dancer of proved ability, who is a graduate of the Denishawn School.
LAURENT NOVIKOFF

A vivid personality lends much to the interpretative quality of his subtle art
ANATOLE FRANCE

Sketch by Wynn
A Veteran Points the Way  
When Anatole France, Nobel Prize Winner, Dared to Justify the Ways of God to Men

By Frank Harris

It was put about a short time ago that Anatole France was down and out; his marriage had finished him off, men said, and his age made the condemnation seem probable.

Then the Nobel prize for literature was accorded him and the "League of the Rights of the Individual" (Ligue des Droits de l'Homme) gave a banquet in his honor. He might have been content at seventy-seven to accept the tribute and prudently avoid controversy.

Instead of that he got up, talked simply from the heart and made the speech of his life. Time and again he was interrupted by rounds of cheers. Before he sat down there were many wet eyes among his auditors. It was altogether the bravest and noblest speech I have ever heard. For the first time in my experience a man of letters rose to the height of the great argument and dared to justify the ways of God to men, and the response was immediate and passionately enthusiastic.

Anatole France began by speaking in favor of those whom he called "the innocent victims of courts-martial." He pleaded for the immediate suppression of all such military courts. In particular he mentioned Jean Goldsky, a well-known journalist who was sentenced to eight years' hard labor in 1918; he declared simply that Goldsky was innocent, that everyone knew it, that he was "condemned only because the government dreaded his influence." A good many of us had never heard of Goldsky, but it was impossible to doubt Anatole France's quiet testimony.

He then proceeded to praise the mutineers of the Black Sea fleet, which caused a sort of gasp from his audience. "Their story is ever famous," he declared, "and I wish to recall it briefly so that it may add dignity to my speech. In 1919 André Marty and Louis Badina refused to bear arms against Russia as France had not declared war with her, and Russia had given no offense. They were both tried by court-martial and sentenced to twenty years' hard labor. But two municipal constituencies of Paris had since awarded them municipal honors, deeming that they had acted rightly."

An American Analogy

I could not help contrasting this experience with the analogous case of poor Molly Steiner in the United States. She was not a sailor disobeying orders, but a Russian girl in her teens who asserted that as war had not been declared against Russia, President Wilson was acting ultra vires and unconstitutionally in making war upon that country. Molly Steiner was sentenced to fifteen years' hard labor and only recently released from prison. No municipal constituency has shown her any honor; no public body of any kind in the States has exerted itself on her behalf, and the Bernard Shaw and others of us have spoken and written in her defense, this brainless, soulless American administration persisted in keeping that noble-hearted girl in prison for years, and when they finally did release her by way of kindly atonement, they deported her to Russia.

There is no doubt that Anatole France's advocacy will soon bring about the release of Marty and Badina. But to speak in favor of mutineers did not give the full measure of France's courage; he would also defend, he said, some so-called traitors, roundly adding that the Malvy and Caillaux trials were "judicial monstrosities."

Two years after the disgraceful Malvy trial, he went on, "the High Court returned to its vomit again and tried M. Caillaux. This time the judicial crime had been prepared at length and carefully. M. Caillaux was sentenced on the order of the Government, by magistrates and politicians, who thus gave an example of equivocation which is practically unheard of in the history of political assemblies. For the honor of mankind, that sentence must be torn up."

After expressing his belief and certainty that "justice will triumph some day in the Caillaux case as it did in the Dreyfus case," Anatole France complained that "the spirit of war outlasts war itself."

A Passionate Response

He criticized the Government, the Parliament and the press of France and asserted that nowadays "all wars are civil wars, and since the victors are as badly off as the vanquished, let us repair our ruins together, and if possible let us take pity of our common weakness."

With ever-increasing boldness, he went on to warn his hearers. "Up to now," he said, "we have not known how to make peace. It is a difficult but necessary art for all peoples. We must re-make Europe; our very existence depends upon it."

The close of his address drew the entire audience to its feet. "For pity's sake, if we love glory, if we wish to be the first nation of the world, let it be our reason, our wisdom, by a just understanding of what is possible, of what is kind, by a calm view of humankind, and finally by following Goethe's advice: 'Let us be good Europeans.'"

I have never heard such cheers as greeted this appeal to the highest impulses of our humanity. At long last someone has come who speaks to the God in us and not to the brute. And how passionately those fine Frenchmen responded!

The banquet was held at the Restaurant Universitaires; some three hundred of the first minds in France had come together to do honor to the first of living writers. Ferdinand Buisson was in the chair, and among the speakers were Paul Painlevé, ex-Prime Minister and Madame Severine. Among the audience, too, I saw still more famous persons; but no one paid any attention to them, it was Anatole France's night and he had risen to the occasion if ever man did, and justified our love and reverence for him by his pure sincerity and nobly unselfish courage. But alas! the fateful years have left their marks upon his face and figure; eight years ago when I saw him just before the war, he carried himself gaily erect, now he is a little stooped; the face then, tho framed in silver hair and beard, had a look of health. Now the lines everywhere, like cracks in old masonry, cry weakness and the brown eyes that were so bright are now grown smaller and are in the shade, so to speak; but just because of his weakness and apparent age it was inspiring to hear him defending the despised of men and those persecuted for conscience sake—to the end "a brave soldier in the Liberation War of Humanity."
"Nothing nearer than the sixteenth row," is what they've said to us several times at the Eltinge Theater, where Miss Wayne has been playing in "The Demi-Virgin." We are not surprised.
MARJORIE RAMBEAU

In "The Goldfish," which survived most of the summer on Broadway, Marjorie Rambeau begins her career in a bargain-basement, continues it on Riverside Drive, and rounds it out as a society woman in a Park Avenue home.
Paul Swan, Artist
The Well-Known Dancer Who is Also a Poet, a Sculptor of Talent, and a Painter Represented at the Paris Salon

By Arthur H. Moss

THOUSANDS of people have seen Paul Swan dance. Many thousands have read or heard something about him. He has furnished columns upon columns of sensational copy for the sloppy press. But how many Americans know that Paul Swan is a painter of distinction and has exhibited in the Paris Salon? How many know that he is a sculptor of great talent? Or that he is a poet?

From time to time we had encountered intimate friends of Paul Swan's who resented the fact that whenever his name was mentioned, something was said about "male dancer," and nothing more. They insisted that he was an artist of amazing versatility. And so our curiosity was aroused and we determined to trail this extraordinary being.

On the outskirts of Paris, facing the fortifications, Paul Swan has his studio. It is a large, beautifully decorated place, but essen-

Photo by Benneffe-Moore

Paul Swan in one of his newest dances, which he calls "Egyptian Fantasie"
is his enthusiasm, his vitality that impresses one most.

Our third surprise came when he started to talk. He immediately plunged into humorous comment upon what he called the “Paul Swan Myth.” “You know,” he laughed, “the Paul Swan myth resulting from circus advertising and superlative adjectives, is the worst portrait of me now in existence. I am really a fraternally inclined person. The worst thing that can be truly hurled at me, is that I have the Narcissus complex. That I fully realize, and I defend it as my chief refuge from an unsympathetic world. Of course you know that I started out as a ploughboy on a Nebraska farm. This Greek idea is not a pose. I simply discovered something in myself, and attempted to adjust it to modern life and make it normal. I really believe that I should have lived about 350 B.C. When I went to Athens, it felt like a home-coming.”

The versatile Paul Swan at work in his studio as a sculptor, and a reproduction of Paul Swan’s drawing of his little daughter, Flora

Photo by White

Paul Swan’s series of dance matinées in the Greek capital were a series of triumphs. From the enthusiastic notices in the Hellenic press, one feels that no foreigner since Byron’s day had had such public acclaim.

The Swan is devoted to his painting and sculpture, he feels that the dance is his best medium. He says that he himself is the best medium for expressing himself. Thru the dance he can reach his widest public.

AS AN ARTIST

In painting, Paul Swan is by no means a modernist. The Greek love of form predominates. He does not believe in “art for art’s sake,” but that art should be the expression of life and experience. “I confine myself to portrait work,” he said, “but I have a keen feeling for landscapes and wish I could set them on canvas. If ever I am rich enough to enjoy being a patron of the arts, I shall purchase nothing but landscapes.”

We turned the talk to poetry, and here again we found him decidedly arrayed against the modernists. His own work is all of the classical order, and shows considerable technical skill. Here is one that appeared in a current magazine:

(Continued on page 70)
Jean Cocteau, French poet. His recently published volume of verse, "Vocabulaire" (La Sirene) is commanding the attention of the literary world.

Artistic Parisian Personalities

Photographs by Man Ray

Jules Pascin, the painter who has become an American citizen, but cannot avoid the cafés of Montmartre and Montparnasse.

Georges Auric, one of the younger French composers, whose music is often heard at current recitals.

Gertrude Stein, the American writer in France, among her Braques and Picassos. Miss Stein is also about to issue a new volume from her pen.
MILES AND JACK MARCHON

Their Japanese and Javanese Dances are marked for both grace and authenticity. Following their professional début with Ruth St. Denis, they attracted favorable attention at the Winter Garden in New York, and are well known in vaudeville. A return to New York is planned for the coming season, with an Indonesian Ballet of their own creation.
Grand Opera sub Console Giulio

Or, Is the Metropolitan Becoming Germanized?

By Jerome Hart

If there be any more difficult job on earth than running a grand opera company, I do not know it. An operatic impresario should have sound musical and artistic taste; he should be a good judge of what the public wants and able to keep his finger on the popular pulse. Added to this, he should be a practical business man. Above all, he should be able to manage his artists, and, needless to say, there is no body of individuals so difficult to control as a number of operatic singers, more often than not obsessed by an inordinate sense of their own merits and importance, and richly endowed with what is euphuistically called the artistic temperament.

Signor Giulio Gatti-Casazza, General Director of the Metropolitan Opera, and formerly head of La Scala, Milan, is a distinguished personage by descent as well as by reason of the titular honors conferred upon him by his king. In appearance he is the ideal impresario. Finely featured, trimly bearded, carefully dressed, and looking almost as if he had stepped from a Titian picture of a doge of Venice; of dignified deportment and deliberates speech—which does not include the language of the country where he has lived and prospered for more than a dozen years—one instinctively feels that he is not the sort of man to be trifled with. An aristocrat, in fact, au bout des ongles, I have, in the course of several conversations with him, heard him profess democratic theories. But like many other theoretical radicals of aristocratic lineage, he thinks all men are on an equality—except with himself.

Gatti-Casazza is, in fact, an autocrat, and does not brook interference, much less dictation, from anyone—not even from the august and opulent committee of the Metropolitan Opera, which decides whether or not his contract shall be extended or his salary increased. It is, in fact, rumored that recently he had some warm passages at arms with the chairman of the committee, who is regarded as the financial alpha and omega of grand opera in New York.

Last season, after his own contract had been renewed for three years, Gatti-Casazza would not renew that of Geraldine Farrar on the old terms of $1,800 a night—despite the fact that she almost invariably crowds the house—but offered her a contract with her guaranteed number of appearances cut down by just one half. This the popular and independent cantatrice at once refused. Opera patrons were greatly exercised and divided over the matter. So, too, were leading members of the opera committee, and the incident found those affluent musical amateurs and authorities, Otto Kahn and Clarence Mackay, in opposite camps.

The fact that Marie Jeritza, a Teutonic cantatrice, had been permitted to usurp the position occupied for many years by an American singer, who had become the most popular prima donna in the company, is not pleasing to patriotic patrons of opera in New York. Moreover, opinion is divided as to the vocal and histrionic merits of the blonde and more or less beautiful Jeritza.

Speaking for myself, I regard her as distinctly in the second rank. Her Tosca is, like the curate's egg, good in parts. Her Santuzza is no more Sicilian than Calvé's is Chinese, and in both parts she tears her passion to tatters, without ever becoming really impressive. There is no more reason why she should grovel on her knees when singing "Vissi d'arte" than that she should crawl on her abdomen. It is not impressive, and least of all is it art. In the cathedral scene, hatless, which no Italian woman would ever be in church—she was more like a German (Continued on page 77)

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Signor Giulio Gatti-Casazza, General Director of the Metropolitan Opera and formerly head of La Scala, is a distinguished personage on many counts.
Interpreting La Tosca

Geraldine Farrar, American prima donna, whose Tosca has been a favorite with opera-goers for a decade. She sang remarkably well last season, and the farewell demonstrations in her honor, when she announced her intention of leaving the operatic stage for the theatrical, were extraordinary in their fervor.

Photos by Mishkin

Marie Jeritza, famous Austrian cantatrice, brought a new interpretation to the popular role of La Tosca that set all New York a-talking last winter. While some folk were not pleased with the innovations she introduced, there are many who acclaim her the world's greatest soprano.
Foreign Applied Arts

Glass by Lobmeyer, Vienna. The Lobmeys make traditional Bohemian glass, as well as glass pieces of modern designs. Flowers for hats, made of ribbon by Gertrud Goehrke, of Hamburg.

Porcelain and wood tray by Deutsche Werkstetten, Dresden, a firm of world-wide fame, which employs among its art directors Prof. Richard Riemschmidt, president of the German Werkbund.

Porcelain figures by Gmundener Keramik, one of the largest German-Austrian ceramic factories. Gmunden is the center of the ceramic industry. Deutsche Werkstetten, Dresden. Blown glass animals: these animals are blown in one piece of glass, including the stand, by R. L. F. Schulz, of Berlin. Ivory lockets by Fritz Schmoll.

Porcelains by Royal Manufactory, Meissen. Decorated earthenware vase by Keramische Werkstatten Schleiss, Gmunden. This manufactory was established in 1710 by Bottcher, discoverer of kaolin. It retains the original rococo style in its work, and employs also such well-known modern artists as Paul Scheurich and Gerhard Marx.

Right: Art Pottery and majolica from Karlsruhe.

Page Twenty-Eight
From Moscow Cellar to New York Roof

In Its New Home Atop the Century Theater the Chauve-Souris Continues to be Broadway’s Premiere Performance

By Ernest Jerome

Gazing over the wonderful panorama of New York by night from the roof of the Century Theater, where the Chauve-Souris has its new home and is giving its second program, my thoughts went back to a night, now seven years ago, when I first saw Petrograd by night from the roof garden of the Hotel Europieski.

The city created by Peter the Great was aflame with martial ardor; the blare of bands, the splendid songs of marching soldiers, and the shouts of cheering crowds on the Nevski Prospekt were wafted by the summer breezes on one of those wonderful nuits blanches which make the Russian capital a city of rare mystery and haunting beauty. In late May and June there is practically no night in Northern Russia, but an exquisitely mysterious and lovely twilight prevails. It was an unforgettable delight to motor out in the soft, hazy half-light of midnight to the Islands, thru the brawny boulevards, lined on either side by beautiful gardens and palatial mansions, which lead out of Petrograd to the shores of the Gulf of Finland.

We visited cabarets not unlike the Chauve-Souris, but, in those distant and feverish days, less restrained, less artistic, and more remiscent of Paris or Berlin. Every man, with the exception of the Tartar waiters, with shaven heads and in spotless white, seemed to wear a uniform, and every woman wore a smile, and on the stage often little more. The sweet champagne and heavy red wines of the Crimea and Caucasus and the finer vintages of France flowed like water, and aloft here and there one saw a wounded officer limping to his seat, with the assistance of a solicitous female friend, there were few signs of the dread conflict which was then being waged from the Masurian marshes to the Galician border, and which was daily claiming its thousands of lives.

Photograph by Abbe

Nikita Balieff, described in the program as “Director and Stage Autocrat.” Ever and anon, he emerges from behind the curtains and converses with a delighted audience in an extraordinary jargon

A little later I was in Moscow, which was even gayer than Petrograd; its open air restaurants and cabarets being even more unrestrained if possible. Balieff and his clever companions were there, singing, dancing and clowning as much for their own pleasure as for that of a curious public. It was considered chic by aristocratic official and military society to visit the dug-out or cellar of the Chauve-Souris, just as it used to be the thing to do to go the rounds of the old cafés and cabarets of Montmartre. Important folk went even at the risk of

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The Talmadge sisters joined the hejira to Europe in August, but not before Constance had completed the screen version of "East Is West," soon to be released.

No less than two famous tales have claimed the recent attention of Norma, both with an Oriental background. Her many friends will have an opportunity to see "The Voice from the Minaret" and "The Garden of Allah" before long.

Photos by Abbe
MABEL BALLIN

"Married People" is a new screen production soon to be released by the Hugo Ballin Productions, in which Mabel Ballin will have the leading role, with Percy Marmont playing opposite her. Mr. and Mrs. Ballin are looking for an interesting screen story, and may go to Italy in search of it.
Introducing
Fania
Marinoff

Versatile is the only proper adjective to apply to this popular actress of Russian birth but American schooling. It was a big jump from playing a little boy in "Cyrano de Bergerac," at the age of nine, to Marthe Roché in "The Hero," and then to a comedy part in Frank Fay's "Fables," but Miss Marinoff accomplished it with apparent ease.
When Doctors Disagree

James Joyce and His Book, "Ulysses," Which Has Become An International Literary Sensation

By Roscoe Ashworth

There are three geniuses of the New Dispensation who have successfully vied with bootleggers, flappers and reconstructionist politicians in compelling the attention of a world distracted. Freud and Einstein are two. The third is James Joyce, least discussed, perhaps, but indubitably the most intriguing personality in the iconoclastic triumvirate.

As cunning a diagnostician of the genus homo as the psychologist Freud, Mr. Joyce, man of letters, at the same time reveals a precise, impartial, unemotional mental equipment comparable to that of the man of science, Einstein. To a greater degree than either, he possesses an intuitive faculty, which gives to his genius superiority over that of his contemporaries. Of this genius his monumental epic in varicolored prose, entitled "Ulysses," recently off the press at Dijon, France, is the hallmark.

The intellectual elite of France, America and England have hailed the publication of the Joyce opus as the most sensational literary event of the year, of the decade, of any time within living memory. Whatever else has been said of its permanent opinion is agreed that the book is an achievement stupendous in effort, staggering in the detail, and a little baffling in the contents.

The tome—732 pages of more than octavo size—is unique among books. Nothing half-way resembling it has been done before in any language, and it is unlikely that anything equaling it will be accomplished in future, however talented or ingenious the imitator. Only James Joyce could have written "Ulysses," which is the kind of a man does not perform twice in a lifetime.

Tho the book was germinating as far back as the Huck Finn stage of the writer's development, the actual job of getting it on paper was not begun until the first year of the war. The writing continued uninterruptedly in Paris, Zurich and Trieste for seven years. They were seven years of strenuous labor, requiring prodigious imaginative effort. You will not be surprised to learn, then, that when Mr. Joyce had finished correcting the last proof in February of this year he was ready to take his ease.

Limited to a thousand copies, the edition was subscribed virtually in its entirety before the ink was dry. Only a few of the more expensive copies are now available. In America the book is scarce and is fetching enormous prices when it is privately sold. The tremendous interest felt at present in the Joyce masterpiece has created a demand which is almost certain to result in a new and cheaper edition in the not far distant future. Tho such things cannot be positively stated, it would not be amiss to assume that some diligent publisher is eagerly awaiting the opportune moment for making the book accessible to a wider public. Curiously enough, it was an American and a woman who had the courage to undertake for the first time to embalm, "Ulysses" between two covers. It will be interesting to observe for whom she has paved the way. It is well known that American publishers are very much awake in these matters. The reception of the book since its appearance in April—the first copies were ready on Mr. Joyce's thirtyninth birthday—has been varied, not to say, diverting.

The London Sporting Times, whose readers boast an aesthetic taste equal to that of Police Gazette patrons, by flamboyant posters announced, ironically enough, that "Ulysses" would be reviewed in its columns as the most lurid piece of pornography that had come Londonwards in many a day. George Bernard Shaw, when asked if he wanted a copy, expressed his surprise that anyone could possibly imagine an Irishman (5) paying three guineas for a book written by another Irishman.

Most of the staid and stolid English reviewers have so far refused even to open the enticing blue covers of the book. The outstanding exception in the conservative ranks is

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MADGE KENNEDY

Her winsome beauty and histrionic ability will soon be seen in the screen version of "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall." The medieval romance which had many admirers, both as a novel and on the stage, will doubtless be equally popular with silversheet enthusiasts.
The astute Dion Boucicault once said that "successful plays are not written; they are rewritten." Boucicault's name appeared on many plays, but in point of fact, all of them, like Shakespeare's, were old plays rewritten. Boucicault was a masterly Play-Doctor.

It has been said that "The Play-Doctor is the accoucheur of the drama." It seems to me that this is a misleading metaphor. The Play-Doctor, to achieve anything worth while with the dramatist's bairn, must have it come to him a full-grown, healthy individual. It is, then, as the family physician, that he must begin to watch over the off-spring till it reach a ripe and healthy maturity.

Who was William Shakespeare? He was the rewrite man—the Play-Doctor, of the Globe Theater, Bankside, London.

Now along comes Keble Howard, the English dramatist, who states that "A well-constructed and well-written play is like a house of cards. Pull one card away, and down comes the whole fabric. That is a thing nobody understands except the dramatist. Over and over again it has happened that the dramatist, with minute care and extraordinary patience, has built his card-house. It is complete. It is presented—not perfect, perhaps, but as complete as skill can contrive. Then somebody thinks to improve it by pulling out a card or two, and showing in something foreign to the structure. Down comes the whole affair, and the first-night audience sees merely the wreckage of what the dramatist so patiently and carefully built."

Play-Doctors of a high order of intelligence do not "shove in something foreign to the structure." That is the work of a deplorable bungler. The picture drawn by Keble Howard presupposes a dramatist who is amazingly expert. To meddle with such a play would be in the nature of a crime. Unless, however, the dramatist is so skilful that he has been able to provide a perfect product, thru a transcendent knowledge of the theater—a rare craftsman by the way—his play, without ministrations, would be a sorry business.

There are two dramatists of the English stage of today who refuse to allow any changes whatever to be made in the text of their plays. They are Arthur Wing Pinero and George Bernard Shaw. It is pretty much a matter of egotism, I would say, that causes Mr. Shaw to put this incubus on plays from his pen. It will hardly be denied that many of them would have proved very much more acceptable for the theater had he permitted the assistance of an expert Play-Doctor. Mr. Pinero, on the other hand, is not only able to devise highly interesting stories, but his knowledge as an actor fits him to produce them adroitly, efficiently, scientifically.

In the same class with Pinero are David Belasco and the late Clyde Fitch. Mr. Fitch, like Mr. Belasco, rewrote his plays at rehearsals. He was in thorough accord with the Dion Boucicault dictum. Those who were present at a Clyde Fitch rehearsal soon became aware that he did not lay any great store on anything he had written before producing. It was his custom, not only to ask the actors how they felt about a scene, but also anybody who happened to be present. If anyone could give a good reason for any new piece of business or any change in business, Fitch at once accepted the idea and then there rewrote the scene. Mr. Belasco does the same thing.

There is no more expert reviser of a play during rehearsal than George M. Cohan. I have happened to be in the theater when Mr. Cohan was either rehearsing a play or revising it during production out-of-town. I have seen him at performance after performance with a note-book in his hand and have seen him the following day make change after change in lines and situations. One of the most remarkable examples of play-doctoring was that by Mr. Cohan in remodeling "A Prince There Was." The play was produced and failed.

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Specimen of the recent work of Massaguer, the best known of Cuban caricaturists

(Left) Don Ramon Inclan, by Sirio, the foremost caricaturist of South America

Caricature of Wilson, by the German, Thony, leader of the "Simplicissimus" group

(Right) Sketch by Gulbransen, of Norway, the greatest modern master of caricature

Enrique Camargo, by Tovar, Spain's most proficient and prolific caricaturist

(Right) An unfamiliar self-portrait by Max Beerbohm, reproduced from the "Chap-Book"

Caricature of the Kaiser, by Tirelli, an Italian master of the grotesque
The Exacting Art of Caricature

Depending on the Creator's Understanding of Motives, a Caricature Assumes Qualities Unnecessary to a Cartoon

By Willard Huntington Wright

THE word caricature—like the word artistic—has almost completely lost its significance through licentious and loose usage. Any schoolgirl with a slight talent for sketching likenesses, who draws a ludicrous picture of her teacher, has achieved a "caricature"; and any journeyman newspaper cartoonist who makes a series of spurious pen-portraits of "leading citizens" or local politicians, is likewise set down as a "caricaturist." There are even correspondence schools of art which guarantee to metamorphose rising young clerks into "caricaturists" in a brief course of easy lessons which can be mastered between dinner and bedtime.

Caricature in the true sense, however, is something of an entirely different nature. It is a highly specialized and sophisticated art which appears only during a nation's prolific maturity, when intellectual values have been established, when the tools of art have been keenly sharpened, and when the creative mind has attained a philosophic insight. In fact, a good caricature is as much a matter of intellectual penetration and analytical acumen as it is of craftsmanship and technique.

It is erroneous to regard a mere distorted and burlesqued likeness of a type of an individual—however fluent or masterly it may be—as a caricature. Such work, properly speaking, is a caricature for, in order to achieve success, it need be neither critical nor analytical; it need not penetrate beneath the surface, or even concern itself with the inner truth of its subject.

Caricature, on the other hand, is a thing of internal values, dependent upon its creator's understanding of motives and causes. It deals with the subterranean implications of visual form, and is at once revelatory and instructive. A caricature is possible only when the artist knows his subject thoroughly, and has grasped the hidden salients of mind and character. Whereas cartooning is the parody of the graphic art, caricature has its literary counterpart in satire; but the caricature embodies—in addition to the outer aspect—an accurate interpretation and a vivid appraisement of its theme. Caricature, in fine, is psychological analysis in terms of visual life, and requires, for its prosecution, a scholarly and analytical mind closely and almost instinctively synthesized with a highly developed and sensitively refined technique.

Far from being a mere meteoric ephemera, the art of caricature possesses an evolution of accumulative experimentation and slow logical development such as marks the progress and growth of all the other and higher arts. It began merely as pictorial comedy and burlesque—a handmaiden to literary humor. Then it became fantastic and grotesque, the still purely visual in conception and appeal, and without animating purpose. Gradually it came to be used as a weapon and as a means of propaganda. Later still, taking on an interpretative quality, it drifted into vicious grotesqueries and delirious imaginings. Emerging from this stage, it allied itself with contemporary life, growing more and more personal and specific. Then, having reached a certain documentary profundity, it dealt with ideas and principles—with politics, religion, and human psychology. Finally, it became philosophical, and was able to penetrate to hidden causes and to grapple with the deeper concerns of humanity, both individual and typical.

The word caricature, as a distinguishing term, did not come into existence or possess its present connotation until toward the close of the eighteenth century, at which time the practice of caricature, having divorced itself from mere visual humor, had developed its own medium and had come to be recognized as a distinct art form.

Despite the fact that the early Romans practised a limited and superficial type of pictorial caricature, comic artists were not held in high repute; and the real caricaturists of the ancients were writers such as Martial and Aristophanes. However, the spirit of comedy in graphic art persisted; and in the Middle Ages there was a veritable saturnalia of fantastic and outré pictures, designs and images.

During this epoch the artistic imagination ran wild, projecting itself into every type of obscene and grotesque conception; and all manner of grim and bizarre diableries abounded. Out of this wild and prolific debauch of the imagination came the gargoyle, which alone has survived with any degree of permanent artistic interest; altho our popular conception of the devil as a tall, sardonic gentleman with cloven feet, spiked tail and satyr's horns—as well as our conception of death as a sinister animated skeleton—are heritages from this period.

The age culminated in Holbein's "Dance Macabre" at the beginning of the sixteenth century.

The earliest indication of the modern spirit of caricature occurred during the Renaissance—an epoch abounding in travesty in comic art, and numbering Leonardo and Michelangelo among its practitioners. The impetus toward graphic irony seems not to have grown sufficiently strong to override all opposition; for the Restoration proved richer than the Renaissance in pictorial satire.

Callot, early in the seventeenth century, produced his famous grotesqueries—"Caprices"—and foreshadowed the advent of Hogarth and Goya. The Dutch became...
masters of this new medium, and their caricatures were disseminated over all Europe. Pieter Breughel and later, De Hooch—a disciple of Callot's—were the leaders of this florescence; and—with the notable exception of France, where caricature had been placed under the ban—nearly every European nation contributed to this newly developed art type.

The Prolific Eighteenth Century

The eighteenth century, also, proved a prolific age in caricature, both graphic and literary. In pictorial art it gave us such widely dissimilar men as Gillray, Hogarth, Rowlandson, Sandy, Collet, Cochin, Vernet, Saint-Aubin, Bosio, Boilly, Isabey and Goya. And during the first half of the nineteenth century, we find men like Cruikshank, Charlet, Grandville, Raffet, Decamps, Pigal, Trévès, Monnier, Hassendeveer and Richter engaged in various styles of caricaturistic art.

But modern caricature, as we know it today—highly specialized and definitely circumscribed—began with Daumier, the greatest of all modern masters of graphic satire. With his surpassing talent for pictorial analysis he could convey the sensitive meaning of the profoundest creative artist; and his reputation rests even more on his contributions to the evolution of modern aesthetic means, than on his capabilities as a satiric draughtsman. Philipon, "the father of comic journalism," founded La Caricature in 1831, and after its suppression four years later, Le Charivari; and it was thru these publications that the genius of Daumier—as well as that of Gavarni, Grandville and Cham—was given to the world.

Gavarni ranks second to Daumier among the early masters of modern pictorial portraiture. Grandville was less mordant and less exaggerated, the always penetrating and scholarly; and Cham, who worked with great freedom of technique in pen-and-ink, adhered to a kind of Zolaesque naturalism of theme and execution. These four men established the terrain of the art of contemporary caricature.

No precise mental attitude or specific stylistic method, however, can be traced in the modern development of caricature. In fact, the very nature of caricature precludes any such unity of spirit or form; for, of all the lesser arts, it is perhaps the most intensely personal. Moreover, national influences affect it; it is fashioned by the existing temper of society; and it reflects the conscious or unconscious of the times in which it is conceived.

For instance, in England in the nineteenth century we find Pellegrini ("Ape") doing his great series of modern mimetic portraits in Vanity Fair; Leech making genre pictures on homely, genial themes; Caldecott sketching his whimsical and mildly humorous oddities, the grackle and somewhat dignified Crane doing bizarre illustrations for fairy tales; DuMaurier and Keene engaged in intimately human studies and sympathetic social par­qumdes; Tenniel executing full-page political cartoons in Punch; Reed dealing in drolleries and whimsicalities; Baxter playing the buffoon and farcicist; and Phil May combining the jester's wit with the humanitarian's sense of pity.

Characteristics of the French Art

In France we discover a decidedly different national influence at work. André Gill, vigorous and original, sought the spirit rather than the image; and tho he devoted much of his time to being a political agitator, he also gave us many memorable drawings of human generalities. Willette, an illustrator and poster artist of the Chirbet type, was a delicate, whimsical draughtsman of travesties, at times sentimental, at others piquant, but always adhering closely to reality. Grevin was a high-class comic-paper illustrator, with deftness of line, who only occasionally indulged in personalities. Leandre's talent lay in his ability to exaggerate facial characteristics until they were almost monstrous, and still to retain an exact likeness of his subjects. And Caran d'Ache was a witty and ludicrous pictorial story-teller, with a simple, unencumbered technique.

Toulouse-Lautrec, Forain, and Louis Legrand represent the height of modern French caricature. All were profound students of life and humanity; and all were technical experts. Lautrec's search was for character, and in the faces of his subjects we can read their innermost secrets, and reconstruct their entire day's activities. Legrand, who illustrated Edgar Allan Poe's tales, glories in grotesqueries, and depicted the moral decay of his characters with neither sympathy nor disgust. Forain's work is characterized by an iconoclastic and acidulous cynicism. He possesses shrewd analytical powers, coupled with an almost miraculous ability to snatch aside the curtain from worldly hypocrisy. His drawings have touched caustically upon nearly every phase of contemporary life. Forain is one of the world's few great masters of caricature. Without him, it is problematical whether the work of Steinlen or Herrmann Paul would exist in its present form; for both these eminent draughtsmen owe much to the influence of Forain's genius.

Germany during the nineteenth century gave us Wilhelm Busch, one of the nation's most brilliant comic technicians. He produced his effects with the most rigid economy of means; and this skill, coupled with his intellectual insight, gave him a place of pre-eminence among German caricaturists. Obelander was a caricaturist in the true sense of the word, and a dexterous technician as well, altho of a less trenchant type than Busch. Reimike possessed much of the comic modern spirit of Punch and many of his illustrations could be reproduced in that journal today without creating the effect of anachronism. Hengler was less dexterous, but his humor was more biting and cynical than either Busch's or Reimike's.

The Work of Contemporary Artists

Before coming to the more modern and contemporary men a word should be said of Félicien Rops, the Flemish artist. Rops's imagination was an atavistic heritage from the Middle Ages, and his illustrations for Till Eulenspiegel, as well as numerous of his other drawings, may best be described as an art of satanism. His successors today are men of the Heinich Kley type. But, despite his frenzied extravaganzas, his technical influence was tremendous; and he colored much of the fantastic art which came after him.

Briefly, then, these are the foundations on which the art of contemporary caricature has been built. Today, however, it is a definite and restricted craft, highly concentrated and painstakingly perfected. It has divorced itself from mere humor and burlesque, and from literary and documentary inspirations. In its purest manifestations it is unembellished philosophic portraiture.

The finest examples of caricature are to be found in Fliegende Blätter, Jugends, Das Narrenschiff, and Simplicissimus. Heine is perhaps the most prolific and diverse of the modern Germans. He works in many styles, and in each he exhibits a rare mastery. His field of subjects is also a broad one, the intellectually he always remains the energetic doctrinaire. Thöny bases his technique on old wood-cuts, and largely thru his influence a new and popular type of graphic execution was evolved. Thöny's mannerism has become so perfectly assimilated that it expresses his ideas with amazing fluency. His caricatures are bitter and cruel, yet they rarely deviate from the truth. Von Blix is of the same uncompromising temper; but his dexterity is of a lesser strength, and his

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Shown at the Southampton Exhibition

"Crowded Harbor," by Felice Waldo Howell

"Flower Arrangement" by Maud M. Mason

"Cloud and Shadow," by Lucile Howard

The canvases represent a delightful group of paintings by distinguished women artists, all members of the National Association of Women Painters and Sculptors, of which Mrs. Emily Nichols Hatch is president, and Mrs. Joseph H. Choate, Mrs. John Henry Hammond, Mrs. Charlotte Coman and Mrs. H. Van Buren Magonigle are honorary vice-presidents. The exhibition was held in the Memorial Hall of the Parrish Art Museum.
JOSEPHINE MacNicol.

Whose graceful dancing is one all-sufficient reason for the success of the fourth annual production of the "Greenwich Village Follies"
Cup Plates of Olden Times as Collection Objects

By W. G. Bowdoin

The first tea was brought into Europe in 1610. It was known in France in 1636, and reached Russia two years later. England welcomed it in 1650, and spoke of it as "the best and most excellent, and by all physicians approved. China drink, called by the Sloaneans Tcha, and by other nations, Tay, alias Tce."

Like all the good things of the world, the propaganda of tea met with opposition. Heretics like Henry Saville (1678) denounced drinking it, as a filthy custom. Jonas Hanway (Essay on Tea, 1756) said that men seemed to lose their stature and comeliness, women their beauty, thru the use of tea.

Something of this is reflected in a drinking song of the period—

To drink is a Christian diversion,
Unfit for your Turk or your Persian;
Let Mohammedan folks live by heathenish rules,
And get drunk over teacups and coffee;
But let British lads sing, give a rouse for the King,
A fig for your Turk and your Sophi.

Yet in spite of such handicaps, tea-drinking spread with marvulous rapidity. The coffee-houses of London in the early half of the eighteenth century became in fact tea-houses, the resort of wits like Addison and Steele, who bungled themselves over their dish of tea.

The beverage soon became a necessity of life—a taxable commodity. It led to the revolt of the American Colonies because of the heavy duties laid upon tea.

The Boston Tea Party was the logical result.

Meanwhile the drinking of tea had exercised a powerful influence upon table furnishings, and the teacups and saucers, as well as the teapots, showed this influence in the continued improvement in the delicate designs that obtained.

Our ancestors in England, and later in this country, in their tea-drinking habits, had no traditions to live down, or to destroy. They poured their tea into their saucers, and then drank therefrom shamelessly, and even with bravado. When they did this, they had no place to put the cups, and our ancestral housekeepers could not stand the marking of their snowy linen or the polished San Domingo mahogany, with the rims of the moist teacups, and so cup plates originated to fill a long felt want.

The collecting of cup plates nowadays is beset with many difficulties. All the pieces of historic sets appear to have survived, except these miniature plates.

Some writers try to explain this by suggesting that the cup plates ultimately found their way into the hands of destructive children with tremendous mortality, on the part of the said plates. This may be one reason for their scarcity. They surely are scarce.

In spite of their scarcity, however, the late Miss Clark of South Framington, Mass., specialized on collecting these cup plates, and succeeded in assembling over 400 pieces, which were shown at The Boston Museum of Fine Arts in August, 1916. Among these was a rare "Beauties of America" cup plate, which had on it a picture of the Baltimore Exchange. Other notable exhibits in this collection were a "Stoughton Church, Philadelphia," with the acorn border, "Mendenhall Ferry," "Savannah Bank," and the "Pittsfield Elm."

"Mendenhall Ferry" is quite unusual on a cup plate, yet two five-and one-half-inch plates, with this rare view upon them, have come to light in a negro cabin.

"The Savannah Bank" is more unusual still. Other rare plates in the A. Josephine Clark collection, were the Syntax, Wilkie and Don Quixote designs. The collection was dispersed before the death of the owner.

The popularity of these cup plates was very great. They ranged in size from three to four and a half, or even five inches, in diameter.

There were two kinds of cup plates. One of pressed glass and the other of pottery forms, as produced by the Staffordshire potters, for the American market, and plates turned out by American manufacturers.

The pressed glass varieties carried such subjects as Bunker Hill Monument, The Frigate Constitution, The American Eagle, the portrait of Henry Clay, geometrical designs and decorative devices. At least one grotesque design was used.

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“Tosca,” a la Winter Garden.
James Watts and Aronau Kaliz

Raymond Hitchcock, the inimitable—to judge by the numerous imitations we’ve seen

If you only give him enough rope, he’ll amuse you. Will Rogers in the “Ziegfeld Follies”

Michio Itone—several of him, apparently—in “The Pin Wheel”

After the Smith Brothers, the two best-known men in America. Messrs. Gallagher and Shean. In the “Follies”

Reginald Marsh Visits Broadway and Wields a Wicked Pencil
Dada and the Dadas
By Alfred Kreymborg

WHEN Paris is bored, sad, weary, Paris takes to the latest fad. There is always something perennial about the old lady who has lived through so many centuries of war, foreign wars, civil wars, religious and revolutionary, and who still moves slowly and painfully, as with a crutch, to the millions of memories—one sees deep mourning everywhere—of the late world war. And so, Paris linked her ancient arm, which has graciously and gaily accepted so many advances heretofore, with the very newest of brazen youths: the Dadas. That is why the city on the Seine is still the wisest as well as the loveliest of cities, and the most civilized. For only when one has achieved civilization, can one afford to be foolish, absurd, nonsensical. If it has any meaning at all, Dada means nonsense. Francis Picabia, one of its leaders—whom I first encountered in New York ten years ago—defines Dada thus:

Dada smells of nothing, it is nothing, nothing, nothing
It is like your hopes: nothing
like your paradise: nothing
like your idols: nothing
like your politicians: nothing
like your heroes: nothing
like your artists: nothing
like your religions: nothing

Dada, in short, expresses the disillusionment of youth, of adolescence. Those who went into the war penetrated it with a complete illusion of some sort, only to come out with nothing more tangible than utter disillusionment. Dada is the result. Dada is the tragedy of disappointment, and like so many tragedies, lest it go mad or commit suicide, wears the mask of comedy, buffoonery, farce. Farce is what Dada wears most of the time.

I have met many of the Dadas. They are charming fellows. I like especially one of the Daddies of Dada—a Roumanian—with the picturesque name, Tristan Tzara. We have had several seances. He is small, and like most small men, patient. He is hardly bigger than Napoleon, and like Napoleon, plans the campaigns of Dada, and like Napoleonic campaigns, Dadaist campaigns come to nothing. Small men have farther to go than tall, and so they are patient, as Tzara was patient elucidating the manifold mysteries of Dada. He is the spokesman of Dada, has drawn up many of its engaging manifestos, which are printed on broadsheets and billboards and distributed to the four winds. He is, as Marcel Duchamp expresses it, the “traveling salesman” of Dada, its press agent everywhere. The publicity campaign would stagger the mightiest American drummer. Heinz’s 37 Varieties, Smith Brothers’ Cough Drops, Carter’s Little Liver Pills, The Ingersoll Watch—these and our other countless familiar might learn much from Dada. There have been no less, Tzara tells me, than twelve thousand articles about Dada, articles which have appeared in France, England, Italy, Switzerland, Germany, Russia and the Balkans. Dada is almost universal. There are Dada movements in the shape of magazines, art galleries, theaters or concert halls in all of these countries. Even New York has a modest little group, led by the painters, Man Ray and Joseph Stella, and Edgar Varèse, French conductor of the late New Symphony Orchestra.

Dada was born during the year 1916 in the Cabaret Voltaire in Zurich, Switzerland. It was founded by men of different nationalities, Tzara, a Roumanian; Arp, a Swiss, and Huelsenbeck, a German, in all the innocence of men foregathering in a neutral café for discussion of the relative merits of the particular art movement to which they belonged: Tzara to the Expressionists, Arp to the Futurists, Huelsenbeck to the Cubists. Each decided to lay down the arms of his own creed in behalf of a broader platform of internationalism in art in which there must be no recognized language or symbol. To Tzara belongs the credit of finding the name for the movement, Dada, which derives from the French word for hobby-horse. “All is Dada,” writes Paul Dermece, “everyone has his hobby-horse. You worship your Dadas, of which you have made gods. The Dadaists know their Dadas and laugh at them. It is their great superiority over you.” There was no expectation on the part of the three conspirators that, from the privacy of café gossip, Dada would break out into a European disease. Each man was to do his work in his own way: the old song of the individual evolving his own salvation. Nevertheless, Dada soon spread to a brotherhood which denied all isms.

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BLANCHE YURKA

Distinguished actress, and entrant in the beauty contest, who plans, among other interesting things, to do a series of special matinées next winter of Maeterlinck's "Mona Vanna"
Of Which Song Is Made
By Gladys Hall

"Still loving song, but loving more
Life, of which song is none . . ."

These words are Harry Kemp's autobiography. They tell the whole of him. They tell him so valiantly and so well that to attempt further delineation seems to profane something simply and exquisitely executed. To go on makes for mere words . . . For, unwittingly, perhaps; felicitously, certainly, he has summed up his existence and his philosophy in a phrase.

He has been called "The Tramp Poet." Perhaps he is as well known by that name as his own. Once I said to him, "Did you come by the title vicariously or actually? Of course I have heard of adventures here and there, but between what one hears and what is true . . ."

"Oh, actually," he said, "actually and honestly, I was a tramp. It couldn't be better earned than that. A regular hobo of the road. There was a time when I camped beside a little lake in Jersey with about five pennies and some raw whole wheat between me and what is known as starvation." He added reminiscently, "I worked for twenty cents a day."

Which brought to me, irresistibly, some words of Richard Le Gallienne's, written in a preface to Mr. Kemp's volume of verse, The Passing God: "You will seek in vain," Mr. Le Gallienne says, "for the tramp, but there is not a page on which you will not find the poet."

There is about Harry Kemp something more vital than I have ever encountered before. There is an earnestness; an interest; a joy of living keen and ingenious. He loves the days and the nights; he loves sorrow and joy because they, each of them, are a part of life, and every part of life he finds infinitely worth while. He loves the things he does, the people he meets, the past, the present and the future. He is never bored. The word ennui is probably the one word his vocabulary does not embrace. He has no understanding of people who, idly embittered, wonder what it is all about. Stale moments are not his.

In his preface to Chantey's and Ballads, he says: the unimportant has been lost; the everlasting aspects remain . . . and it is that quality of the everlasting aspects one senses in him. A something broad and sweeping and tremendous and deep. He has, somehow or other, got down to the throbbing fundamentals of human consciousness and has been able to retain there. He has known what he wanted. He has never lost his way.

"I always knew what I wanted," he said, "even when, as a boy, I ran away from home so that I might be free."

"Home," with the Tramp Poet means, literally, his birthplace, and that was Youngstown, Ohio. The date of his birth being December 15th, 1883. His mother was an Englishwoman, and it is to her that he attributes much of his sensitive response to song. His father's forebears were Pennsylvania Dutch.

He was twelve when he definitely severed his connections with the halls of learning, and until he was sixteen he worked in a celuloid factory and, undoubtedly, carved out the restless road of his heart move as he worked. At sixteen he ran away to sea, shipping as cattle man on board a German ship bound for Australia. He appeared in China during the Boxer rebellion. Then he returned to this country and took a turn at high school. But the high sea and the high road had blended with his blood. He could learn more where no walls hemmed him in, and so, with a volume of Christina Rossetti and a copy of the Bible in his pocket he tramped the Genesee Valley. He went to jail in Texas ("hurricanes always happen, but what does that matter?"") he informed me, and then he dropt in for a brief visit with Elbert Hubbard at his Roycroft Shop in East Aurora. There were various other brief sojourns in schools and colleges, and here and there he managed to acquire a reading knowledge of Latin and Greek.

The great English poets have been Mr. Kemp's chief influences and masters, and to visit their homes and their final resting places inspired, not long ago, his stowaway trip abroad. He had to go to jail again, too, but he did get to Westminster, Stratford-on-Avon, the Cheshire Cheese and others. So what (Continued on Page 67)
INTERPRETING WALT WHITMAN

Ian Maclean, as the good grey poet, in the festival based on the Whitman poem, "Salut du Monde," which was a unique contribution to the theater of the season because of the unusual and beautiful effects of the combination of dancing, music and choral speech.
BASIL SYDNEY

A character study of the man who has brought another vivid interpretation to the role of the hero-clown in the Theatre Guild's production of Andreyev's tragedy of the circus, "He Who Gets Slapped"
Thomas Meighan, who has a wonderful part in the relentless district attorney who sends the woman he loves to the penitentiary

Leartrice Joy, who plays the patriarchal Lydie in Paramount's version of Alice Duer Miller's widely read novel

This looks like a variation of "Civic Virtue," but actually it is symbolical of a theme in the story, so Cecil B. de Mille assures us

"Manslaughter"
American Audiences and European Plays

What of O'Neill and Akins, in the face of the increasing popularity of Maugham, Bahr, Ervine and Other Continentals?

By Louis Raymond Reid

The New York theater audience has become continentalized. It accepts—and more, it seeks—in its plays the cynical philosophy, the supersophistication that are part and parcel of the European theater. This opinion is not merely held by actors, managers and critics, all of whom are in close touch with all phases of the playhouse, but it is voiced by theatergoers themselves who profess to be observant of amusement tendencies. Indeed, the Continental viewpoint is being exerted more and more by New York audiences, particularly by those that assemble at the premieres of plays.

Such authors as Molnar, Maugham, Schnitzler, Bahr, Ervine and Galsworthy are finding increasing favor here, while Ibsen and Shaw continue to hold their long prestige. The Continental vogue really started with Ibsen. A great dramatist, a great thinker, an unyielding realist, he was placed among the supermen of the theater by the New York public quite as readily and quickly as by the cultured Europeans. Mrs. Fiske broke a lance for him in the dim past of a generation ago. Since then he has been played at intervals by such actresses as Nazimova, Mary Shaw and Madame Kalich. With Ibsen as the torch-bearer, other dramatists of Europe have descended upon New York with plays of bitter realism and scorching truth-seeking in the one hand and clever sophisticated comedies in the other. And they have conquered. They have left their impress upon our own dramatists, especially upon the work of Eugene O'Neill and Zoe Akins.

Close after Ibsen came Shaw, bringing a new manner, a new technique. A follower of Ibsen, he said unpleasant things in a pleasant way. He found an eager and appreciative public which preferred his style to that of the relentless Norwegian. He fed his audience, like Ibsen, with bitter pills, but he took care to coat them with sugar.

In a large measure he is responsible for the vogue of the Continental playwright who has cynicism and cleverness on his side. Shaw was the pioneer. And now Molnar, Galsworthy, Maugham (not the amiable Maugham of the Charles Frohman days, but the merciless and ironic critic of society), Brieux, Ervine, Berger, Andreyev and others are reaping the benefits, tho none of these has the Shavian facility—perhaps it is desire—to say unpleasant things pleasantly.

During the current season, the foreign playwright has been especially conspicuous on the New York stage. A large number of their works, it is obvious, would find but little welcome outside of New York. Here, however, there is a great and increasing audience for them. Such plays as “The Nest,” by Geraldy, and “Madame Pierre,” by Brieux, and the Russian supervaudeville, “Chauve-Souris,” require discriminating, cultured audiences. It is a fine testimonial to the development of New York’s theatrical taste that all of these attractions are prospering here. The first audience at “Chauve-Souris” was overwhelmingly cosmopolitan. And it is this cosmopolitan character of New York’s population that has made the city the haven for the best—and occasionally the worst—of European drama.

Molnar’s diabolical whimsicality was not accepted here at first. His “If Ignorance is Bliss,” one of the finest comedies ever to have reached the New York stage, was a failure when presented. Since then he has grown more and more in favor, and now the public raises such a work as “Liliom” to the gallery of pronounced financial successes. Maugham’s “Our Betters” drew a small public, but Maugham’s “The Circle” was hailed as a brilliant comedy and had a run of several months.

(Continued on page 78)
After a summer presentation of "Lawful Larceny," in London, Miss Frederick will return to the New York speaking stage this season after an absence of eight years. Her new offering is a play entitled "By Right of Conquest." It is from the pen of Michael Morton, and will be produced by Arthur Wood.
With a small company, Miss Humphrey is presenting a series of artistic Terpsichorean divertissements in the vaudeville theaters of the Orpheum Circuit.
A Threshold of the Long Ago is Bath
Her Very Sedateness and Serenity Bespeak Generations of British Taste and Tradition

By Edward Hungerford

Of all the cities in Britain there is, in my opinion, not one quite to be compared with Bath. There are lordlier towns—yes, others even aside from great London, itself—there are more wildly picturesque towns—if you demand a definite instance, Edinburgh—there are far gayer spas—Harrogate and Brighton—seemingly a thousand British towns, brisker in their commercial endeavors. Yet in Bath you have all these qualities—all save that of the rush and roar of business. Business and Bath do not seem to go together. It is far better so.

For all else Bath has. Antiquity—the lovely traditions that these many years have woven themselves into a fine web of romance over the old city, the rare charm of a truly beautiful location; these things certainly has this most historic of all English watering-places. Then, to her site amidst the high hills of Somerset, to her astonishing juxta-position of houses and parks and tantalizing streets and open places comes her final added charm of good architecture. Here was almost the very birthplace of the Georgian style—we Americans do so delight in calling it the “Colonial.” In Pulteney Street and the other thoroughfares of the old town, the brothers Adam and the Woods—father and son—wrought some of their finest creations; houses that have left their definite impress not alone upon England but upon our own great republic three thousand miles away. One could easily write a whole book upon the fireplaces of Bath. And another upon its ceilings.

* * * * *

If you go by rail from London down the one hundred and seven miles to Bath (in England one always goes “down” from London, whether he goes north, south, east or west) you will have a rather dreary two hours—yet two hours aboard a train of astounding swiftness. The first time that I went down there from Paddington Station (in the west of London) I was rather astonished when the booking-agent told me that there would be no dining-car upon the train; even tho it was advertised as an express and made its journey thru the noon-tide period. What a stupid, stodgy, old-fashioned railroad, this non-competitive Great Western! And what a stupid, stodgy station-agent to tell me that whopper about the dining-car! For here, under the smoky roof of old Paddington was a restaurant-car upon my train—all bright and red and gold with its spick-and-span steward, all blue and gold, and

Page Fifty-Two
smiling to take my orders... But not if I was going to Bath. He would receive me in his itinerant restaurant if I were going to Bristol... But not to Bath... Why not? I gave vent to a reportorial curiosity:

“You’re in a slip-carriage, sir,” said he. Of which at the moment I knew nothing whatsoever...

Two hours later we had crawled thru the tremendously long bore of Box tunnel and, emerging, were scurrying down a railway grade into the old spa of Bath itself...

The entire quality of the country had been transformed—instantly. Gone was the dreaminess of the high and sandy plateau which we had been traversing ever since we had left the Thames side, nearly an hour ago. In its place was come the vista of a deep valley—a valley in whose heart ran the silver Avon on its way to the sea. From the sheen of the river the uplands rose, open fields and many a close copse, all fresh and verdant as only an English countryside in the spring may ever be. (A little later the Bath-folk were to tell me, that by some strangely paradoxical local traditions, these same uplands were called the downs. These English have such fanciful ways in their nomenclature),... But never mind that. You are now looking with me for the first time down into the lovely Warleigh valley; rising on either side from the Somerset River Avon... A valley for romance. Such a valley to which Robin Hood might have blown his horn or Pan his pipes. You could have staged “Midsummer Night’s Dream” upon its breasts—and suffered no incongruities. An amphitheater for chivalry. And indeed upon the morrow when I was to venture forth to see the ruins of an ancient castle, which for me forever holds a peculiar and a poignant interest, I was to see in each nook and cranny of the battered walls—which time and battle had permitted to remain, how hard had once fought the doughty Cromwellians and their equally doughty antagonists—in this very valley, which now sleeps so peacefully.

* * *

Bath is seated upon the steepest slopes of the narrowest part of this valley of the Avon—it is so narrow that it comes near to being an absolute impasse. When first the town confronts you from your car window, you will be sure to note the great regularity of its terraced rows of grey-stone...
houses — in the distance they look like the handiwork of some small boy, exquisitely neat with all his toys... Grey houses and the deep, dark greens of English foliage... Grey houses and amidst them, church-spires... Church-spires, yet not one amongst them half so impressive as the solid square Gothic tower of Bath Abbey, of which more in good time...

A terraced town upon the opposite side, up to the very top of the down, more than seven hundred feet above the river. Our side is lost. We catch a vista here, a vista there of an ancient and lovely canal, then the light itself comes in blotches and in intervals. Our railway car is threading a series of small tunnels under one of the town-parks ("tunnelettes," a track repairer called them to me two or three days later, in all seriousness). We cross the Avon and pull into the unpretentious railway-station of Bath... There ensues the hectic business of gathering the hand-baggage together... A station-porter thrusts his head into the open window of the carriage...

“...No hurry, sir,” says he. “This carriage goes no farther.”

When we emerge upon the station-platform we find that the car (the English always call it a “carriage”) stands all alone upon the track. We make a friendly enquiry as to the whereabouts of our nice, swift train. “It’s halfway to Bristol by this time, sir,” says the porter.

Now we know the meaning of a slip-carriage upon a British railway. We also know why we could not lunch in the restaurant-car. There are no passageways between the slip-carriages and the rest of the train.

* * * * * * *

But why worry about lunch? Twenty minutes later we are seated in the dining-room of one of the most charming hotels that one might hope to find in the entire length and breadth of Great Britain... We had started forth for Bath, nursing a secret hope that we might be domiciled there in the White Hart—our memories of the Pickwick Papers are pretty active, even after all these years... But alas, there no longer is a White Hart. In its honored place there arose, more than half a century ago, the Grand Pump Room Hotel. There are other hotels in Bath, and good ones, too. But, for ourselves, we could never, never pass over the door of a hostelry that boasted so mellifluous a name as the Grand Pump Room. It might have been the worst hotel in the town and we still should have gone there. But it is not the worst. I honestly think, altho never having tried another, that it is the best. It certainly is as good a tavern as any way-farer might seek as a haven and a roof over his head. More than this he has no business to ask.

Across from its door is the Pump Room—a two storied stone structure, of a rather simple classic type, which altho built more than a century ago has in recent years been improved by the Corporation of Bath—at a cost of some two hundred thousand dollars. It contains in its basement and lower floor not only the ruins of the superb bath-house which the Romans built more than two thousand years ago, but an elaborate and modern bathing equipment of a most varied sort. The warm, healing waters of Bath are in no way disagreeable; neither to the smell nor to the taste. The dictum of the local physician who looks at your little finger and says that you have the gout (if he had had a chance to look at your big toe, he might have pronounced it something quite different) and that in addition to bathing in the waters twice a day you shall drink forty-eight quarts of them a week, therefore brings no great hardness nor physical discomfort in its train. On the contrary it gives you something quite definite to do. Which, upon an extended vacation, is almost always quite amusing. I desist. This is no guide-book. We are talking of the external charms of Bath, and not the internal ones. And so we shall pass the bathing establishment by taking one final look, however, at the Pump Room itself—the holy of holies of the place. It is a well proportioned apartment, high-ceilinged and room sixty by one hundred feet in its dimensions. There is a bar along a broad alcove on one side where you may go to work at your forty-eight quarts in every possible interval. But the lion of this ample and altogether charming room is a huge statue of Beau Nash.

Beau Nash! Shades of Monsieur Becassine! What a man this was—this dandy of nearly two centuries ago, fop, arbiter of social destinies, feared, hated and—once or twice—loved. This Ward McAllister of old Bath was no fool. Trained at Oxford, in the Army and in the shadowy Inner Temple of legal London, he possessed rare qualities of real executiveness. Without them he never could have risen to his years of social domination in one of the most socially brilliant communities that the world has ever known. Without them—and a quick and ready wit. It is related of him that once at one of the Formal Assemblies

(Continued on page 72)
Vanni Marcoux of the Opéra Comique

All photos by Paul Meijat, Paris

Very young, very brilliant, and very popular with his Parisian public, is this artist with the lovely baritone voice.

While the photographs depict him as Lorenzaccio, M. Marcoux is no less popular in the baritone parts of "Carmen," "Manon," "Otello," "Tosca" and other roles of a long repertoire.
Shadowland Goes to "The Follies"

Sketches by Wesley Morse
IN YORK COUNTY

By William Elbert Macnaughton

First Prize
Camera Contest
Winners

On this and the opposite page are the successful competitors of this month's contest. On the following page, the second prize winning picture. Full details of the contest will be found on page seventy-eight.

THE TENDER BUDS OF SPRING
By Josephine M. Wallace
Honorable Mention

(Above)
THE COOLIE
By Arthur D. Chapman
Third Prize

(Above)
THE BOAT HOUSE
By F. Detlefsen
Honorable Mention

(Left)
STILL LIFE
By William Jordan, Jr.
Honorable Mention

Page Fifty-Nine
Life Gives Us These
By Charles Divine

Life gives the shepherd a star to watch
The long, dim night on the lonely hill;
The dreamer, a house with a little gate
And an easy chair on the silent sill.

Life gives the lover the crescent moon
To hang on his eyelids and finger-tips;
And poets, the songs that stir in their hearts
Forever to madden their restless lips.

Life gives the rover a sea and a sail;
The peasant, a meadow and furrows of sod,
And gardens where often the hawthorn blooms,
And churches wherein he may worship God;

The streets of a village, a blacksmith's shop
That echoes the anvil the livelong day,
And merry-go-rounds and country fairs,
And lilac bushes and kisses in May;

The curved roads of summer, tree-fringed and cool,
And walls with wistaria, mystery, song,
A cottage whose windows are golden at eve,
And corners where candles are guttering long;

A red-striped table-cloth, odors of roasts,
a kitchen with copper kettles a-gleam,
And bright, clean pans in a rack on the wall,
And white wine under an oaken beam.

Life gives us these, nor haggles for price,
Except that we see and, seeking, we find,
And whether life comes to us once or twice—
That, too, is a question to twitter the mind.

An open fire in a darkened room,
The night outside on the window-ledge.
The crackling logs and cravens of light,
And the sound of the wind in the tumbling hedge:

The lazy patter of rain on the roof,
Singing a lullaby over your bed,
A night of soft airs and murmuring leaves,
And a pillow of dreams for a weary head.

There are books to read when the world is dull,
There are roads to walk when the books are dry,
There are sunsets to follow when roads are long,
And dawns that even a fool can buy.

A salt wind blowing, and far-away lands,
Frances and shillings and nickles and dimes,
Carnivals, gondolas, whispering nights,
Japanese lanterns and rivers and rhymes.

An open cab with a loitering horse,
The harness a-tingle with cow-bells light,
And city streets where the faces pass,
And towers that loom on a moonlit night.

A woman's love and a mother's pride,
A coming-back-home from the wandering tours,
The sight of a doorway known to the heart,
The grip of an old friend's hand in yours.

Oh, write it down in a thousand books,
And carve it deep where the winds will sigh,
And weave it into the singing brooks:
Life gives us these, before we die.
There are rumors that the author of "If Winter Comes" will visit America this fall, when his new novel, "This Freedom," is published. Cyril Maude will have the role of Mark Sabre, when the dramatic version of the earlier romance is presented to New York next winter, while the film rights have been acquired by the Fox corporation.

A. A. MILNE
Who has followed his successful comedies, "Mr. Pim Passes By," "The Dover Road," and "The Truth About Blayds," with an equally popular book, "The Red House Mystery." Writing of the latter, he says: "I have always adored detective stories. One day about three years ago, I thought of rather a good way of murdering somebody, so I began to write the first chapter and left the rest of the story to take care of itself."
Focus
Personalities

F. FABIANO
We learn with pleasure of the recent arrival in America of the clever foreign artist whose work is endowed with the inimitable grace of French art. His feminine types have long charmed the readers of the gay Parisian publications, "La Vie Parisienne," "Le Rire," and "Fantasio"

HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON
Recently awarded the first John Newbery medal by the American Library Association for the most distinguished contribution to American literature for children, "The Story of Mankind." Few people will quarrel with the award to a history that has taken rank with the best of best-selling novels and has fascinated grown-ups even more than the younger generation for whom it was intended.
Double faulting becomes excessively monotonous as the minutes wear by, but Lucile persists. "My dear little dynamo," perspires Henry, in the vernacular of his profession, and so sustains her to the end. "My dear little pet dynamo," it will be yet more intimately over the teacups. Oh, what more lovely in her mind than to be condoned for the very faults she is inclined in more lucid moments of play with her own sex to despise.

Hardly to outstroke the Indefatigable Male would an all night flapper rise at 6 A.M. We expect a reaction to Lucile's essential feminism which nowadays she affects to disdain. "I wonder," so she communes, swinging a wicked iron, "whether Henry would still adore me as a devotee of his favorite game if he knew that the only real argument I have for golf is its positively radical effect on the complexion."

Lucile Goes in For Sports

Thereupon we reveal Ulterior Motives for her Athletic Foibles

Sketches by Olive Butler
The delicate hobbies of her forbears would scarcely have embraced creatures of low biological import such as Donald impales upon her hook. Free from the grosser brutalities of the sport, Lucile should blossom into sustained and rosier vigor. "But," she exasperates, "if only Henry had not bragged that I was the best little angler this side of the Alleghanies, I might drop this farce and save his pet rod from absolute ruination!"

The pitiful withdrawal of Lucile to the onslaughts of ants-variegated, and spiders-hairy, as she has them cataloged in her own peculiar lexicon, are lost on a brute like Henry, to whom the sizzling of bacon over a fire is panacea for any discomfort endured in the open. "I should say," palpitates Lucile, "that Henry has rather a flair for domesticity," and folds the revelation compactly away for later use.

As a method of bathing, porcelain plumbing is assuredly less hazardous than a leap into the bosom of the sea, when thoughts of heaped jellyfish and oyster shells supine, swamp her timid brain afresh at every dive. "I would almost rather be laughed at for doing a perfectly safe and some Daily Dozen in my room," mutinies Lucile, "than to be adored as a picture of unconscious grace—but," she adds, "not quite."
Based on an old Irish legend told to them by Padraic Colum, the pupils of the Children's School, of New York, recently not only wrote but produced "The Tooth of Knowledge," without the aid of a single grown-up.

To design costumes, furniture, drop curtains, and arrange the program were only a few of the details of the work assumed by the aspiring Thespians, whose ages ranged from ten to twelve years.

Page Sixty-Six
Of Which Song is Made  
(Continued from page 45)
did that matter? But it would seem that he has walked exhaustively through the utmost realms of all poetry. Nothing has escaped him. Poetry, the love of poetry, the living of it and the writing of it, has been the passion of his life. He knew it almost as soon as he could consciously know anything and the loyalty to it and the desire for it has never departed from him.

"If I seem to have achieved freedom and content," he said to me, "and I have, it is because I was fortunate enough to know myself from the very beginning. I have never had any doubts."

Apart from his philosophy of life, which is sharp with the tang of interest and enthusiasm, there is his poetry with which I hesitate to deal too explicitly. The faces of women are in it, and the rapturous love of women. God is in it and the solemnity of the old religion—the old Scriptures. Spiritism is in it, and the belief which has, of late years, been touching the world with hope. Red blood is in it, and the sea and the camaraderie of the open road. Rearguard hope is always in it. There is nothing immoral, nothing involved, nothing artificial or pretentious. One reads and, perfectly, with a quickened heart-best and a quickened spirit, one understands what he means and, beautifully, why he means it.

He says, also, in his preface to "Chantey and Ballads," and referring to his reading of the Bible while he was in the Texan jail:

"And Christ walking about Judea, along the roads and from inn to inn, somehow, got into my soul...

These are beautiful words. They are the more beautiful because they have been said with meaning. The deep and true meaning that comes from the heart of a man who has met death and tragedy, head high. Who has sought out high romance, high adventure. Who has faced hunger, jail, exile and warfare, and still and always, high above his head, maintained, triumphant, the shining sword of song.

His own "Farewell" makes further mock of further words:

"Tell them, O Sky-born, when I die, With high romance to wife, That I went out, as I had lived, Drunk with the joy of life.

Yea, say that I went down to death Serene and unafraid, Still loving Song, but loving more Life, of which Song is made."

———

MOON WORSHIP

By Elliott W. Hough

O moon—  
Because you create not  
But reflect,  
Because you are passionate  
But still recessive,  
Because you are a thing of beauty  
Loved by lovers,  
Because you ask only admiration  
Which can be freely given,  
Because you sing of love  
And unfilled desire—  
You, emotional Queen,  
I defy.  
Help me, voluptuous One,  
To avoid truth  
And reality,  
Deliver me from rationality,  
In whose foul clutches  
I write.  
With illusion and mysticism  
Fill my heart,  
That I may live.

Teeth You Envy

Are brushed in this new way

Millions of people daily now combat the film on teeth. This method is fast spreading all the world over, largely by dental advice.

You see the results in every circle. Teeth once dingy now glisten as they should. Teeth once concealed now show in smiles. This is to offer a ten-day test to prove the benefits to you.

That cloudy film

A dingy film accumulates on teeth. When fresh it is viscous—you can feel it. Film clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. It forms the basis of cloudy coats.

Film is what discolors—not the teeth. Tartar is based on film. Film holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to film, and very few escape them.

Must be combated

Film has formed a great tooth problem. No ordinary tooth paste can effectively combat it. So dental science has for years sought ways to fight this film.

Two ways have now been found. Able authorities have proved them by many careful tests. A new tooth paste has been perfected, to comply with modern requirements. And these two film combatants are embodied in it.

This tooth paste is Pepsodent, now employed by forty races, largely by dental advice.

Other tooth enemies

Starch is another tooth enemy. It gums the teeth, gets between the teeth, and often ferments and forms acid.

Nature puts a starch digestant in the saliva to digest those starch deposits, but with modern diet it is often too weak.

Pepsodent multiplies that starch digestant with every application. It also multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is Nature’s neutralizer for acids which cause decay.

Thus Pepsodent brings effects which modern authorities desire. They are bringing to millions a new dental era. Now we ask you to watch those effects for a few days and learn what they mean to you.

The facts are most important to you. Cut out the coupon now.

———

Pepsodent

The New-Day Dentifrice

Endorsed by modern authorities and now advised by leading dentists nearly all the world over. All druggists supply the large tubes.

10-Day Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,  
Dept. 177, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,  
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Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family
Belasco.—Lenore Ulric in “Kiki.” David Belasco’s production of his own piquant adaptation of André Picard’s French farce. Miss Ulric scores one of the big hits of the season with her brilliant playing of a little gamin of the Paris music halls. You will love Kiki—just differently. A typically excellent Belasco cast.

Belmont Theater.—“Kempy.” While embracing many characteristics that recall “The First Year,” of blessed memory, this very human domestic comedy is no less welcome because of that. Demonstrating as well the versatility of the Nugent family, son and daughter are featured in the playwriting, and fill two of the chief roles on the stage, with mother and daughter supplementing with two others. Truly a family affair, but a delightful one, with an abundance of refreshing fun and an absence of domestic scandal.

Bijou Theater.—“The Dover Road.” A simple little romance of a crusty bachelor in the guise of a dens ex machina. He delights to set right the affairs of hasty couples who are traveling the English equivalent of the road to Reno. He literally intercepts them en route, and of course becomes caught in his own net. Charles Cherry and an unusually able English company give a most finished performance. A. A. Milne is the author.

Century Roof.—The “Chauve-Souris” of Nikita Balieff and his Russian entertainers from Moscow. Second bill. Superb aesthetic vaudeville done with a touch of genius. Be sure to see this. Morris Gest deserves a laurel wreath for bringing Balieff and his fellow-entertainers across the ocean. You will fall in love with the superbly perfect “Parade of the Woodland Fairy,” the stirring music-box polka, “Kasinka,” and the haunting melodies of the gypsies in “A Night at Yard’s.”

Cort.—“Captain Applejack,” a pleasing melodrama delightfully done.

Loew’s N. Y. and Loew’s American Roof.—Photo plays; first runs. Daily program. Loew’s Metropolitan, Brooklyn.—Feature photo plays and vaudeville. Capitol.—Photo-play features plus a de luxe program. Superb theater.

The Exacting Art of Caricature

(Continued from page 38)

ideas are not so penetrating. Of all the newer Germans, however, Arnold shows the greatest promise in being willing to believe in the most finished technique. Few modern caricaturists have probed so deeply into character, or stated their findings with such poignant and ruthless accuracy.

Associated with the German school of realistic pictorial portraiture is the Scandinavian school, which, for want of a better term, professes solidity of effect, and mordant characterization, has no superiors and few, if any, peers. His satirical portraits are perfect examples of the true caricature—simple, yet masterly in statement, and conceived with a brilliant clarity of vision. He expresses all his countrymen, from Tegner and Jürgenssen to Schmidt and Kittelsen; and, indeed, marks the height to which modern caricature has attained.

The French and English Schools

None of the more recent Frenchmen have approached the genius of Forain and Lautrec. Score, however, has done more for search- ing caricatures; and among the younger men “Mich” also may be mentioned as characteristic of the school of pictorial irony and reality. In England caricature has not entirely freed itself from literature and document. Beer-hum (“Max”) is an excellent example of this retarded development. The skillful hand and, in many respects, the best of England’s caricaturists, he constantly depends on ideas for his effects. He is unbiased in character analysis; and his technique, compared with that of Thöny, Arnold and Gullbransen, is almost amateurish. Both Mich’s whiplash wit and his technical finish often save an inherently banal and poorly executed picture from complete disinterest. Simpson is without “Max’s” whimsicality and carping; while the sometimes posed of simple free lines in the Busch tradition—is adequate to its purpose, its exaggerations and distortions of facial expression are not of a sufficiently penetrating nature to lift him very far above the level of “clever cartoonist.” “Spy” (Leslie Ward), another English caricaturist, suffers from this same deficiency in critical observation. He is, in fact, merely a more genial and tolerant “Ape.” In Italy and the other Latin Countries supply a more sympathetic milieu than England and America for the development of caricature. The imagination is less restricted; sentimental ethics are less dominant; and originality has a freer rein. We find, therefore, many interesting graphic talents in these nations.

Caricature in the Latin Countries

Tovar represents the best in Spanish caricature, and occasionally achieves an effective and impelling work. In Buenos Ayres, Sirio—influenced by the Germans of the “wooden school”—and Alvarez, a portraitist of featural exaggerations, lead the field; and in Cuba, Mas- saguier, so constantly varying his technique, has achieved a noteworthy proficiency.

Mexico has given birth to numerous caricaturists; and several competent craftsmen have been developed. De Zayas has insight and a markedly pronounced artistic sensibilité; and Cabral has carried distorsion to an unusual extreme without sacrificing the inner truth. Italy, likewise, has produced many caricaturists of varying personalities and techniques, and in Torelli possesses a master of the grotesque and marvelous. His war series—‘Pragognisti’—ranks high in its particular field.

In the United States there are a few men in whose spirit of caricature has taken lodgment. We are too young to have produced so mature and refined an art. Our cultural standards are not yet sufficiently fixed; and the conditions of institutionalism have not yet become assimilated. However, we have already evolved several individualistic craftsmen, all of whom are more than faint indications of the true instinct for caricature. Only Alfred

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From Moscow Cellar to New York Roof

(Continued from page 20)

being made a target for the shafts of wit of Baliff and his irreverent colleagues. In those days Nikita did not wear a faculty-issued dress suit and well-laundered linen. Jackets, blouses and loose flowing ties, or no ties at all, were the uniform of the better dressed members of the audience provoked impolite comment. But most of the visitors grinned and bore it, and the less-thinned mustache, and would sometimes retort with vigor and point.

Today, or rather tonight, the Chauve-Souris has emerged from its cellar and is perched on the top of a high roof of a beautiful building occupying one of the most commanding sites in New York, overlooking the park on one side and on the other the busiest and brightest part of the city. Baliff, as bland if not so agreeable as he was in his Rabelaisian tendency, carefully controlled, wears a beautiful dress suit and spotless white shirt and vest. He is described in the program as "Director and Stage Manager," for of course anything Russian must have its autocrat, and ever and anon he emerges from behind the curtains and converses with a delighted audience in an extraordinary jargon, and the more he contorts his phrases and distorts his words, the better everybody likes him; so why, it may be asked, should he seek to improve his English as the foreign resident is usually exhorted to do?

The Secret of the Charm

People go to the new show of the Chauve-Souris as they went to that which preceded it, largely to see and be seen at Baliff, to delight in his quaint, convoluted, monosyllabic speeches, and to watch that wonderful smile as it gradually spreads and illuminates the whole of his expressive countenance. As for the new entertainment, it has the true Russian spirit of naiveté. Episodes of boisterous humor and rollicking drollery are varied by others of quiet simplicity and beauty, with the occasional and inevitable undercurrent of sadness and tragedy. Delightfully tricked by no less a composer than Lindsay a musical mufi-box episode, in which the characters are caricatured, by a group of Balifff Hollands ("There are no-black-soldiers-today," remarks Baliff, "they-are-all-red")—the last word almost shouted) sing the somnous and gay regimental songs of the past ("They-didn't-do-it—any-more; they-converted"); another shout from Nikita). The soldiers are sitting in the dark shadows of a cellar again, and Baliff, as he smokes, with a strong blueish light outside—a finely composed picture by Remisoff, who is responsible for the set, which is enviably imaginative as well as humorous when needs be.

A New Program

The famous Wooden Soldiers have been kept in the new program, and march and counter march with unfaltering rigidity and an exquisitely bland vacuity. Spanish students sing an absurd mock serenade to the single word "Pepita," until an irate parent appears on the balcony and threatens them with a drenching. "Copenhagen Peredelni" takes the place of the Dresden or Willow Pattern plate with charming effect, and musically the episode is exquisite. There are broad Russian melodies like "Moscow Fiancés" and "The Three Huntsmen," and half a dozen other numbers, including, by request, the adorable but squawky "Katielka" and before one realizes it between two and three hours of unalloyed enjoyment have slipped by.

Russia's gifts to the world are great and numerous, especially in the forms of literature, music and art, and perhaps can never be adequately repaid, although America has something in that direction by feeding her starving people. She has added to our obligations by sending us the Chauve-Souris, and it is hoped that they will long remain to show American audiences how simplicity and rollicking drollery can be combined with the finest art.
Dada and the Dadas

(Continued from page 43)

The time will come when you will be sorry you have freckles.

The time will come when you will be sorry you have freckles. It may be at a party, a wedding, or with a man—when all eyes are turned on you and your beauty receives attention and admiration.

And Oh, how you will wish for a normal, flower-like face.

Freckles are not natural. You were not born with them.

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Paul Swan, Artist

(Continued from page 23)

PARDING

So thus have you passed upon your destined ward, who was—

You whom I loved!

Your going imaged not the parting I had dreamed!

There were no tears!

For you, a glad release,

For me, a vague and sullen dumbness;

And I had rather I knew you back, knowing not till now the voicelessness of love!

Despite the man's versatility, Paul Swan will always be known chiefly as a classic dancer, and back of this subject the conversation with Swan said, "People are forever trying to find the meaning of my different dances. That's rather absurd and unnecessary. I wish they'd try to enjoy them just for their beauty."

Dr. Rieder has said of Paul Swan's dancing: "It springs from a wealth of artistic experience. Its appeal therefore is of the very highest order, and it is not sensational or emotional, but largely intellectual. To appreciate him fully, requires a fine sense of beauty and a cultured mind."

Paul Swan's productivity and industry are rather overwhelming. Busy as he is with portrait commissions, he finds time to rehearse strenuously for a series of dance matings that will be given at the Théâtre Feminin in Paris. He also finds time to design his own costumes and settings.

We were very much impressed by Swan's keen sense of humor. He delighted in jibbing and bantering about the curious, sensational stories that had been circulated. He said the most acceptable tribute that had ever been paid him was that of Zoe Akins, the playwright. She wrote: "Nothing that Paul Swan himself will ever do, will be more interesting than what he himself is now."
proficiency does not make him academic. There is a solid, downright honesty in Costigan which saves him from the pitfalls of virtuosity. This honesty shows in everything he does.

Costigan derives mainly from the Impressionist tradition, which has given so much vitality to painting, particularly to the painting of landscape. He is concerned a good deal with the handling of light and atmosphere, but this concern of his does not lead him to forget that there is such a thing as solidity. Within the shimmering mysteries of light and atmosphere that envelope his pictures we feel the planes and dimensions of a solid, honest earth. It is an earth for walking and working on, as well as an earth to look at. His pictures are full of the gravity and depth of forms bending and projecting thru three dimensions.

A Fine Feeling for Dimensions

"I don't like a landscape unless I feel that I can walk into it," says Costigan. His painting, "Last Part of Winter," reproduced at the beginning of this article, might be called a plastic demonstration of that statement. "Girl With Sheep" illustrates his concern with atmospheric effect, but in it, too, there is the same feeling for gravity and dimensionality. There is a fine treatment of the girl's figure beneath the revealing folds of dress in this painting. This interesting use of the human figure, and of animals, appears in many of Costigan's canvases. Among them one may mention "April," a man among a flock of sheep in the trees against the sweep of a hill, the mottled April sunlight saturating woods and hillsides; "In the Autumn Woods," a figure bathed in the subdued rusdy glow of the woods in autumn.

In his landscapes the passage of light through the tree trunks and over the undulating earth increases the feeling of solidity and movement. Costigan studies the milieu, the surroundings and envelonments of his forms, but he never forgets form for its mere surroundings. In a picture like "Last Part of Winter," he makes us feel the depth of the woods, the strong life of the trees, the ever-renewed vitality of the earth breaking out of the grip of winter. One feels that the artist loves nature. That he is for him a renewer of sympathies, a never-failing source of inspiration.

A Nature Lover

This love of nature, with Costigan, is a very real thing. It is not simply that he finds her paintable, a pleasant model for an afternoon's sketching. Nature to him is more than model: she is the companion, the sustainer, the source of life and beauty. Looking at Costigan's paintings, one is never left to wonder that he lives on the land. He has a farm near Orangeburg, N. Y., where he stays all the year 'round, painting and looking after his sheep, cows, goats and chickens. Among these creatures of the earth, he finds plenty of material for his art.

Costigan's work was first exhibited at the MacDowell Club in 1915. Since that time it has been shown at the Corcoran Gallery in Washington, in the exhibitions of 1918, 1919 and 1921, and at a number of Academy shows. At the Academy show in Brooklyn, in 1920, he won the third Hallgarten prize, and in the same year he took the water-color prize at the Salmagundi Club. His painting shown at the 1921 exhibition in the Corcoran Gallery was sold to the Duncan Phillips Foundation, in Washington. Costigan's work is soon to be seen, I believe, in a one-man show in one of the New York art galleries.

Costigan's painting is winning his way among the critically minded lovers of American art. For a man in his middle thirties, he has already won a large measure of appreciation. It is, of course, impossible to predict what the future will bring to a painter as to any other mortal. But it is not too rash to predict that Costigan will go far if he lives up to the promise and the fulfillment of his early work.
A Threshold of the Long Ago is Bath

(Continued from page 54)

diant on the summit of old Bath he espied a gentleman who had insisted upon wearing his top-boots to the ball. Nash went over to him. He did not encourage innovations. He extinguished the light—a gesture that bespoke the entire assembly by asking him why he had omitted to bring in his horse.

Yet cities, like republics, are ungrateful things. And Nash had been the companion of royalty and the adored of all women, became inimic. He lost his high authority. Others, it seems, had taken up—fashion was he quickly forgotten. He died in poverty in a mean house of a street of old Bath... That brought him to attention again. The Corporation of Bath gave him a grand funeral. It erected a statue to his distinguished memory in the Pump Room. And frequently, in the Pump Room, one of the princes in Bath Abbey, with this single significant line upon his monument:

"Bathiniae elegantes atarbus."

A Gothic Church that Satisfies

Great is as the Pump Room, Bath Abbey, which stands check by jowl with it, is far greater still. Its high tower we have seen dominating the first view which one gets from the railway train. That tower, itself, arouses no high praises in the minds of the modernists. They are inclined to think that without the high spire of the new Roman Catholic church hard by, it would not give the proper emphasis to the skyline. With this view, I disagree. Bath Abbey, to me, is one of the most completely satisfactory churches that ever I have seen. In some ways it is like a handsome woman, whose features individually will not analyze satisfactorily, yet taken together produce an ensemble tremendously alluring.

So it is with Bath Abbey. Taken individually, its architectural features are not alluring. Frequently, they are not even good. The main western façade with its double rows of angels climbing heavenward on Jacob's Ladders excites one risibilities. They are fearfully fat little angels, who with four hundred years of steady climbing (but no arriving) ought to be as thin as athletes. Moreover, time has not dealt gently with these children. It takes a deal of imagination to see them as a real contribution to the artistic treasures of Great Britain.

Yet, do not make fun of Bath Abbey. Otherwise you shall have to eat your words once you have gone within the venerable edifice. There, surprise awaits you. One of the lightest, one of the most completely satisfactory Gothic churches that ever you have visited. This is bound to be your verdict. It is the verdict of generations. A church which in its details is generally unsatisfactory, in the mass is a rare triumph of light and beauty. They call it "the lantern of England," and well they may.

Analyzing the Quaint Charm

To me, however, the Bath that calls with irresistible appeal is the Bath of the high-reaching downs and of the lovely streets lined with lovelier houses, of the town itself. When I walk those streets, I realize that there is more in all this world a town quite like this. Modern conditions, chief amongst them the swift development of modern urban transport, will never again give us a strictly resort town of rows on rows of tightly built city houses. Even Bath is beginning to lose itself on the subjects of her own magnificence. There are too many house-agents signs upon these old houses. If you will closely observe, you will find that many of them are vacant, and have so been this long while. Dust gathers in their great rooms. The fireplaces upon which I should like to write histories, with their polished floors, while the lovely ceilings are faded and broken. The houses are far too many of them, deserted. Modern Bath, which does her best to hold presents the picture of an upstanding folk, is building its new houses detached and in fine lawns upon the hills.

Yet Bath is a city to conceal her scars, her visible hurts of time. She has an old maid's cunning in the thing. And an old maid's family pride in the brass plates upon the frontages of these houses—here Dickens lived, and here Oliver Goldsmith, and here Horace Walpole; here Sheridan, the dramatist; and Kantu, the musician John Wood, the architect; and Sir William Herschel, the astronomer. In fact, it was at his house at 19 New King Street, Bath, that Herschel discovered Uranus... The names multiply: Sir Thomas Lawrence, Gainsborough, Wordsworth, Richmond, Richardson, Louis Napoleon, Queen Charlotte, George IV—the list runs to a great length. You ought to know your English history well when you go down to Bath. Then if you can really walk its streets with the great figures of the long ago.

A Literary Background Desirable

And you ought to know English literature as well. Certainly, your Dickens. For what without M. Bath without Pickwick and every turn and corner; at the White Hart (as I have said on the precise site of the Grand Pump Room Hotel) we can see him again behind the window by Angelo Cyrus Bantan, Esqre., M. C. Here it was that Sam Weller performed, whilst an old gentleman sitting in the Institution Gardens but last year offered to show me the very house where the estimable Mr. Weller was entertained at a "friendly coffee, consisting of a boiled leg of mutton with the usual trimmings," by the most dignified flunkie, Mr. John Smacker and "a select company of Bath footmen." The little old gentleman averred it as his humble opinion that the old town one had held flunkie's clubs. But upon being pressed in the matter changed his opinion to the Prince of Wales—a most perplexing matter to the English.

If time but permitted, I should take you out into the lovely vicinage of Bath; to the old cathedral city, to one who gives me the opportunity, certainly to Castle Combe and Farleigh Castle. But I should never let you leave Bath without ascending at least to Camden Crescent. A steep climb, but very much worth while. It is up there that one goes to see the day die; the sun goes slowly over the western hills that send their half-day shadows down upon the Somerset Aven—slowing wending—the path to Bristol and the sea. As a result this view is at its best. Preferably in a sharp October day when a lifelessness, breathless air sends the thin gray smoke into the light upper air. The gray smoke士 into gray haze. The narrow streets and the irregular rows of roofs all lose their definition. Only the spire, the square tower of Bath Abbey, and the silhouetted rims of those hills render things outlined. Bath is falling to sleep. Never those twinkling lights that modernity has set into her streets and houses... Bath is falling to sleep, this dear old lady... Other towns, and newer and far less lovely ones, may prate of progress... Bath slumbers in her memories.
Call the Play-Doctor

(Continued from page 35)

Mr. Cohran took the ten characters of the play and constructed an entirely new story. It was then a bit. It would appear that even most adroit dramatists and those few who are acquainted with the theater, find it necessary to remodel either before or during production. It may be stated, then, that the dramatist who refuses to rewrite, is only one who has small acquaintance with the theater. Dion Boucicault not only rewrote old plays, but, in addition, introduced the limbs, during rehearsals, of rewriting scenes after the custom of Mr. Fitch, Mr. Belasco, and Mr. Cohran.

When we came to examine the history of very many successful plays, we discover, when we consider the manner of the dramatist is aided enormously by an expert producer, or "Play-Doctor," during rehearsals. Another point may be considered; a few number of plays which were failures when first produced, were rewritten and succeeded after their work had been changed. Performances, "Shore Acres," for example, was first presented under the name of "The Hawthorners," touched up by Mr. Herne and produced under "Shore Acres," and finally retouched and reproduced under the title "Shore Acres." "Hearts of Oak" was a failure under the name of "The Mariner's Compass," and, rewritten, was a success under the name "Hearts of Oak." The late A. M. Palmer produced success after success; he had predicted that these successes were due in great part to the fact that these plays were submitted to drastic revision either by Alfred R. Cazaun or Eugene P. Foster, who is said to have failed on try-out productions, and finally patched up by the Play-Doctor, one of the best-known examples was Bronson Howard's "Shenandoah." Mr. Harwood's rewriting and ultimate great success of this drama, is well known to playgoers. The only successful play of which I ever heard that was played exactly as written—not a syllable changed—was Booth Tarkington's "Clarence." During rehearsals Frederick Stanhope, the producer, suggested to Mr. Tarkington the transposition of a certain line. The change was made. It was rehearsed for several days. Came the dress rehearsal, when Mr. Stanhope discovered that he had been mistaken, apologized for the change, and it was then replaced as written. On the other hand, Mr. Tarkington, "The Country Cousin," was produced five times, and during each interval was rewritten by the author.

After many years around the theater I can state, truthfully, that I have never seen a play produced which was a success that wasn't given what might be called a drastic overhaul, either before or during production. I have had many plays brought to success which owed that success, in great part, to scenes which were introduced either at rehearsals or while it was being presented out-of-town.

Only lately I saw a play at Atlantic City. I asked the producer the next day how he had permitted certain things to happen in the play—things which were imitable to its success. He told me that the dramatist had had these various blotches pointed out, but had refused to allow any changes to be made at rehearsal. Now, that the play was produced, this author was most contrite and anxious to assist the producer in making necessary changes. I saw this play in New York some weeks later and was pleased that all the absurdities in the first performances had been eliminated.

Many a likely play has gone to the storehouse for the stubbornness of the dramatist who refused to have his manuscript tampered with.

Those of the theater know very well that what is really in a play cannot be discovered in the reading. Often a play which seems a good sound piece of workmanship, is put in rehearsal and on the boards, and it is found that it simply won't act. Without the actors—nobody can tell! The action and reaction, one character against the other, reveals the weakness which the Play-doctor must mend. Then, too, many plays intended as straight drama, but others not, are discovered the ludicrousness in them, have been played as farce. Some of these, of recent years were: "Officer 666," "The Red Man," "The Dog of Drummond," and "The Man of Manoeuvres of Jane." Let us take as examples two musical pieces in town to-day, which are hits. Both of these were presented out-of-town and both seemed hopeless. One of them was put in the hospital and underwent a major operation. The other enjoyed having two clever actors in the cast. One elaborated his part with considerable skill, while the other wrote in two important scenes. When the play was produced these two scenes were the high-light of the piece. But every musical piece cannot have a Charles Judels.

A producer's the Play-Doctor, or producer, has constantly to appreciate his importance to such an extent that he is able to exact a percentage of the profits, or a part of the author's royalties, if he may. In some, there are several specialists who will not undertake to produce a play under any other conditions. Outside of Mr. Belasco and Mr. Cohran, the best-known specialists of the time are: Sam Forrest, Frederick Stanhope, Max Marcin, John Harwood, Robert Milton, William Post, Roy Cooper McGee, Oscar Eagle, Hugh Ford and Walter Hackett. The tales these men could tell! There is, of course, another side to the picture. Owen Davis lately said: "Some plays are born rotten, others have rottenness thrust upon them."

The Exacting Art of Caricature

(Continued from page 68)

Frush and Ralph Barton have actually achieved any degree of proficiency in this field. Frush is European in manner, and at times bordering on impressionism. He leaves a few strokes of the pen—tell-likes in which the persons limned are revealed as embodiments of individuality. His pen is very delectable, however, tends to defeat his aim. His amazing adroitness far outstrips his analytic penetration. But the ability of his pen, that fascinating surface brilliancy—focuses attention on the externals of his subject, and detracts from a more leisurely contemplation of inner qualities. All this is opposed to the animating spirit of the best caricature.

Barton, on the other hand, excels in his intellectual qualities more than in his technique. One is attracted by his cultural attributes rather than by his manual dexterity. As yet his techniques are tentative—he is still searching for a personal means of pictorial speech. But even now he has succeeded in many instances in making his critical intelligence more lucidly articulate. All in all, he bears a closer relationship to the European masters of caricature than any of his contemporaries.
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When Doctors Disagree

(Continued from page 33)

Middleton Murry, dean of English critics, who gave a forthright appraisal, he let the cat out of the bag by saying that he understood only "four-dimension genius." Almost unwittingly he referred to Joyce as a "half-demented genius," and later regretted it. After a second reading, he expressed his regret, and declared that he would have to write a book about "Ulysses" to do it justice.

Arnold Bennett was restrainedly panegyric, greeted the book as the work of a high order of genius and as a literary landmark. He was constrained to mention, however, that he was not in a position to devote the rest of his life to a discovery of what "Ulysses" was all about.

A Parody Done in the Grand Manner

What is "Ulysses" about, and what sort of an ow is the author? Are two questions that are pressing hard for answers.

I was told by Mr. Joyce that the most satisfactory answer to the first question has been given by the Frenchmen, Valery Larbaud (a recent private lecture on "Ulysses" prior to its publication appeared in the Nouvelle Revue Francaise, the French literary reviews). Larbaud is the translator of the books of Samuel Butler, and has, for a foreigner, an uncanny understanding and appreciation of English literature. His lecture serves as an admirable and almost necessary preface to the book it treats.

As to the second question, every man will have to find his own answer. If you can read "Ulysses" intelligently, you will probably know as well as anyone else what is Joyce: for therein he has inscribed his heart and mind and soul.

To read "Ulysses" intelligently you will have to refresh your memory with the adventures of the great Greek hero, after whom the book is named. The key to the mystery is to be found, according to Homer's "Odyssey," of which "Ulysses" is a parody done in the grand manner.

The general scheme of the "Odyssey," or rather the author's idea of that scheme, is closely followed. The first three chapters in "Ulysses" correspond to the first three songs of the "Odyssey." Stephen Dedalus is the prototype of Talaenachus. You will recognize him as the hero in The Artist as a Young Man, as Joyce placed him in the literary firmament.

In the next eight songs of the "Odyssey," Joyce finds twelve distinct episodes, each one called Ulysses. So that in the fourth to the twelfth chapter, inclusive, of "Ulysses" you make the acquaintance of one Leopold Bloom, the spiritual descendant of Homer's hero. The last songs of the "Odyssey" tell of the return of Ulysses to Ithaca and Penelope, and find their counterpart in the last three chapters of "Ulysses," describing the return of Bloom to his wife, Molly.

Dublin is the Setting

The scene is laid in Dublin. The action takes place in the famous Gresham Hotel, four hours—to be present between eight o'clock of one morning and three o'clock of the next.

You follow Bloom as he gets out of bed; you accompany him to the bed-chamber, where he has just left his wife, to the kitchen, to the antichamber, then to the butcher, to a function of a newspaper, to a restaurant, public library, bar of a hotel, a bathing beach, a maternity hospital, the "red light" district; to a universe where remains almost a trifle too long. The last chapter is devoted to a transcription in unpublished prose of an interior soliloquy by Bloom. Nothing is left unrecorded of the life of these Dubliners. The round unvarnished tale is told with an overwhelming wealth of detail.

"Ulysses" is not merely a chronicle. Intertwoven into the action are veritable essays on philosophy, theology, literary criticism, politics and history. The latest scientific theories are discussed. The interludes and digressions are all of a piece with the action, and the comedy in eighteen episodes is a complete, carefully organized plan.

When you perceive the artistic unity of the book, all sorts of analogies and correspondences suggest themselves, and back of the brilliant meandres of words and deeds, profound observations, inconsequential drolleries and splendid images, you begin to realize there is a design far more complicated than you at first thought.

Each episode, indeed, has its esoteric significance, its particular symbol, representing an organ of the human body, and is composed in a distinctive style. For example, episode four of the adventures of Bloom. Its unwritten title is Aesopus. The scene is laid in the editorial rooms of a newspaper. The organ to which it corresponds is the lungs. The art of which it treats is rhetoric. Its color is red. The symbolic figure is the editor. Journalism is compared to incest. (Upton Sinclair take note.)

This plan Joyce has designed for himself, not for the reader. There is no preface, no chapter heading or subhead to reveal it. It was this omission of any clue to the cunningly concealed plan of the book that caused Arnold Bennett that he said Mr. Joyce had overstepped the bounds of courtesy to his readers. But courtesy is a relative thing after all, and the expected parts of much of the chapter of the book would be lost by aids to the understanding.

There is a fascination in solving mysteries.

Scholars have variously interpreted the character of Homer's hero, whom Joyce has attempted to modernize, so to speak, in the person of Bloom. We know that he is a very human man. He loves his country, his mother and father, his wife, his son and his friends. When confronted with the sufferings of others, he is sympathetic and benevolent. But linked with his virtues are also human weaknesses.

This is likewise true of Leopold Bloom. He is afraid of death. He dallys too long on Circe's Isle, as Bloom does at the brothel. In brief, Bloom is entirely human, no better and no worse than most of us. And the conditions of existence in the ancient world where Ulysses has his being are found to be negligibly different from those in modern Dublin.

About the Author

And now a few words concerning the author himself.

I first met Joyce in the cozy book shop of his publisher, Miss Sylvia Beach, an American, on the rue de l'Odeon, Paris. (Let it be said that the books are a monument to her therapeutical and courageous: for in view of its erstwhile suppression in the "Little Review" the chance of its success was not great, and the outlay was heavy. Joyce and his book have met the same fate accorded Baudelaire, Flaubert and Whitman.)

James Joyce was born in 1882 at Dublin. He comes of an old family, originating from the south and west of Ireland—that Ireland, which has its affinities with Greece and Italy, and to which England is a foreign country, notwithstanding the bond of a common language.

He was a pupil of the Jesuit Fathers, and was given a solid training in the classics. He expresses no opinion either way in regard to the Jesuits, tho he has told me that from the point of view of his intellectual development he owes them much.

His studies of the humanities concluded, Joyce devoted himself to the study of medi- cine, first at the University of Dublin, later in Paris. At the same time he studied music and philosophy, and retained his own pleasure and without any view to a career. Returning to Ireland, he married, soon expatriated himself, and lived in Zurich, Trieste and Rome, getting a livelihood by teaching. Meanwhile, he continued his philosophical and mathematical pursuits. Altogether he spent fourteen years in Italy, and it was in Italy...
that his two children were born. They speak Italian as their native tongue.

As an Irishman, Joyce took no effective part in the war. He feels little or no concern for Ireland's internal conflicts. "I don't give a d-n what they do there," he said recently, after his wife and children had left Paris for Dublin. "My only concern is for the safety of my family." He was worried to the point of despair that something might happen to them. His fears were not groundless: for in a few days he received a cable, saying that the train in which they were traveling to Dublin was bombed and they were forced to return to London.

So Irish That The Irish Hate Him

Joyce is disowned equally by the Nationalists and Unionists. He fights no cause, belongs to no faction, and in his remarks on the political situation in Ireland maintains an impartial attitude, looking at conditions from the point of view of a historian; and, while he is never personally involved with the interests of his country, he is, as James Huneker once said of him, so Irish that the Irish hate him. However, his books cannot help but enlarge the respect of the intellectuals of all nations for Ireland. What Ilse was to Norway, what Strindberg was to Sweden, what Nietzsche was to Germany, what Romain Rolland is to France, James Joyce is to Ireland. With the publication of "Ulysses," Ireland has made her entry into the great community of European letters.

In personal manner reserved and reticent, Joyce impressed me on first view as being what the French call difficult. On the occasion of further meetings, however, I learned that he is the most amiable of men. He is shy of curiosity-mongers. Devoted of pose or affectation of any kind, he knows his own worth, which he does not prize too highly; and he is irritated by those who show a deferential attitude in his presence.

Social rencontres and tea fights he religiously stays away from. He would far rather spend his time battling with the "devils of syntax and epithet." To all the literary or social élite he prefers for company a club-footed garçon, with whom I have sometimes seen him.

He is always thinking, always observing. "See if you can describe that woman's smile," he said to me one day over a cup of Bordeaux blanc in a café, where was seated an old woman, whose wrinkles and rouged nose were the emblems of decrepitude and impenance. Her smile over a jest made by the garçon was an accomplishment which did not escape the prying eye of Joyce.

Joyce knows little or nothing of modern literary currents. "It embarrasses me dreadfuly when people ask me if I have read so-and-so just out," he said. "I have read virtually nothing for the past seven years." Recently he ordered a copy of the "Arabian Nights' Entertainment."

In his nature there is a decided Greek strain. His extreme individualism is Greek, his non-moral attitude toward life is Greek, and the practice of his art in its purity and perfection is Greek. He has told me that of the Greeks Aristotle is his favorite, being the most modern. "Read Aristotle," he said, "then apply his reflections to the common daily life about you here, and see how pat they are."

There is too much hazy metaphysics in Plato. Homer, of course, he has read from boyhood, not for love of the author—Joyce says there is much in the "Odyssey" to prove Butler's contention that it was written by a woman—for love of Greek poetry, but primarily for his love of the hero.

When, as a schoolboy, his teacher asked the members of the class to name their favorite hero, and such names as Napoleon, Jesus, Saint Francis of Assisi and the national heroes of Ireland were given by his classmates, Joyce replied, "Ulysses." The psychogenesis of his great parody dates from this period.

Joyce gives me the impression of being continually deep in dreams. Yet, he can let himself go at any time, and in play he can go as far as who goes farthest and a little farther. He is a Celt of the Celts, and has that rare combination of seriousness and abandonment. He is a rare bon vivant and loves good wine and good cheer. Paris is Nirvana to his moral nature, for here he can do as he likes without interference from the "unco guid." His same disregard for literary conventions manifests itself in his daily life. He does what the Swedes do.

He is always a gentleman in his cups or out. Good manners are a religion with him. It is always the manner, whether in art or in life.

A Staunch Friend

Joyce's urbanity never descends to gregariousness. He has but few friends. Those few, however, are staunch. One of them is Adrienne Monnier, poetess and presiding genius at the Maison des Arts des Livres, a bookshop in Paris, where the foremost of the present generation of French littérateurs do congregate. She has just written for private circulation a lyric eulogy of Joyce, wherein she celebrates the allegiance certain women have given to Joyce and his art during the course of his life's work.

There is only one thing I would rather do occasionally than to get deep into a cup of Asti: and that is to get deep in that cup in the company of James Joyce and to listen meanwhile to his "wild wisdom" and his Irish mother wit. Of the tangled threads of discourse I don't remember much afterwards; but I have a residue of impression that seems, somehow, to take the edge off "life's more bitter flavor." What residue is a sweet cynicism which confidentially bids defiance to the serious-minded world about me, and enables me to lift my face with a smile on my lips and the tongue in my check to the Master-Dramatist of this great farce-comedy we call life.

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Allen Art Studios
4127 Broadway, Oakland, California U S A
Cup Plates of Olden Times as Collection Objects

(Continued from page 41)

The pottery forms were decorated with printed designs similar to those found on larger plates. Thus American historical subjects, English views, Franklin's maxims, Dr. Syntax, Don Quixote, the Willow pattern and a long train of other devices were used.

Cup plates do not seem to have been included in the black printed ware made by Saddler & Green at Liverpool, in the last part of the eighteenth century. But early in the nineteenth century dark blue printing was employed on pottery produced in large quantities at Staffordshire. Enoch Wood (1759-1840), who is thought by some to have made much of the unmarked dark blue ware bearing American devices, designed the well-known "Landing of the Pilgrims" series, the "Battery," and others with a border of seashells.

A Variety of Subjects Furnished Inspiration

Clews, who took over the Cobridge works from Stevenson in 1818, made the "States" series, "Landing of Lafayette," and others in blue, beside the "Picturesque Views" of places on the Hudson River and various colors. Don Quixote's adventures furnished subjects for a dozen or more designs printed by Clews; while the later Tours of Dr. Syntax after designs by T. Rowlandson, published from 1809 to 1821, are also by Clews. They are among the most sought after by collectors. To the first Tour belongs "Dr. Syntax and the Dairy Maid." The border of flowers and scrolls usually found on the larger plates, is often reduced materially in the cup plates or is altogether omitted entirely.

The " Beauties of America," by J. & W. Ridgway, had a border of oak-leaf medallions, and views of some of the then famous buildings in Boston, New York and other American cities. These date from 1814 to 1830, and seem to be, on the whole, the most well-known designs made by this firm. Later the brothers dissolved partnership, and various colors and other designs were used. Joseph Stubbs and Thomas Mayer, of Burslem, likewise made cup plates in dark blue. A view of Woodlands, near Philadelphia, is by the former, and the arms of South Carolina, one of a set of eleven, is by the latter.

R. S. W. (Ralph, Stephenson & Williams, of Cobridge) produced some of the best dark blue American scenes, with oak-leaf border, and those of the Boston State House by Rogers, are well known. But many of the best landscapes, and especially those with distingushing maker's mark, is it sometimes possible to identify them by the borders used, when they coincide with those on marked pieces, but other corner designs were often copied by one factory from another. The borders only seem to have been the exclusive property of the original designer.

Cup plates were much in favor about 1840, and included local souvenirs, like the Bunker Hill Monument, the heads of statesmen, and some were adorned with the political emblems of the 1840 campaign. Among other subjects found on these cup plates are the log cabin, Fort Meigs, President Harrison, the Benjamin Franklin steamboat, eagle and shield, etc.

A Well-Known Series

One of the best-known cup plate series is Hall's "Hampshire Scenery," with borders of various flowers, such as primroses, heptisca, etc., resembling many of the Clews borders. They are of a rich blue color. The "Quadrapeds Series" is another favorite for collectors. Other Staffordshire patterns produced cup plates for the American market. In such cases it was of course wise to select American subjects. A series that makes a strong appeal, contains, among other things, a view of the first United States Mint, Philadelphia. This has a characteristic border that introduces griffins, eagles and flowers. It bears the name of Joseph Stubbs.

The lovely dark blue Davenport ware, with designs in the Chinese style, are desirable, and when found are generally exceedingly interesting. There is a constantly growing appreciation of cup plates among sophisticated collectors. The majority of the glass cup plates were crystalline glass, some were colored green, brown, blue, yellow, amber, rose-purple, and other colors. There were many glass factories in this country in Colonial days, as well as later, and these supplied American housekeepers with cup plates, as well as other glass objects. Many of the cup plates of this period were not remarkable for their beauty of design. Certain cup plates bore mottoes and verses. Those made in Liverpool were among these. A Romance Series, originating in this city, contained some lines known as "Returning Hopes," as follows:

"When seamen to their homes return, And meet their wives or sweethearts dear, Each loyal lover sends a tear, To find her longest lover near."

The Willow Pattern Legend

The Willow pattern, used on cup plates as well as on the larger plates, has an interesting legend associated with it. A versified version is as follows:

"Two pigeons flying high, Chinese vessel sailing by, Weeping Willow hanging o'er, Bridge with three men—if not four— Chinese mustard and saffron, Seems to cover all the land; Apple tree with apple on, A pretty fence to end my song."

A prose version of this legend follows:

A Chinese mandarin had an only daughter, named Li Chi, who fell in love with Chang, a young man who lived in the island home represented at the top of the pattern, and who had been her father's secretary.

One day the father overheard them making vows of love under the orange tree, and he sternly forbade the unequal match; but the lovers contrived to elope, lay concealed for a while in the garden, and then made their escape in a boat to the island home of the young lover. The enraged mandarin pursued them, and a fight ensued. He then went on board the boat and seized them to death, and the gods rewarded their fidelity by changing them into turtle doves, as shown in the picture.

The design is called the Willow pattern, not only because it is a tale of disastrous love, but because the elopement occurred "when the willow begins to shed its leaves." The whole story is set forth in the pattern. To the right is the mandarin's country seat. It is two stories high, to show the rank and wealth of the possessor; in the foreground is a pavilion, in the background an orange tree, and to the right of the pavilion a peach tree, in full bearing. The whole is enclosed by an elegant wooden fence. At one end of the bridge is the famous willow tree, and at the other is the gardener's cottage, one story high, and so humble that the grounds are wholly uncultivated, the only green thing being a small shrub at the back. At the top of the pattern (left-hand side) is an island with a cottage; the grounds are highly cultivated, and much has been reclaimed from the water. The two birds of the picture are turtle doves. The three figures on the bridge are the mandarin's daughter, with a distaff; nearest the cottage, the lover with a box, and nearest the willow tree, the mandarin with the whip.
It Says So In 'Beauty'

That's what you hear on every side today, where matters in any way bearing on beauty are discussed—and it always clinches the argument.

Beauty aims to be authoritative. On every subject there is an acknowledged expert, and if you look thru our pages you will find that we have articles by those experts, written in the most fascinating manner, and wherever possible illustrated by the best artists or the most recent photographs.

Beauty aims to be the woman's magazine par excellence. It presents all the latest and most reliable information from the realms of society, fashion and the stage—but its scope is not confined to these. It appeals equally to every woman, no matter what her age or occupation—for what woman lives to whom beauty is not a subject of paramount importance?

In addition to these articles, there are hosts of fascinating features. There is the great American Beauty Contest, for instance—the nation-wide search for America's loveliest girl. There are short stories, serials, a monthly selection of the best beauty "secrets," contributed by our readers, for each of which a dollar is paid—and, as the auctioneers' catalogs say, other things too numerous to mention.

October Beauty will contain a beautifully illustrated article on Music as an Aid to Beauty by E. Jerome Hart; an interview with the great Nazimova on that subject dear to every woman's heart—charm; a cleverly written article on that interesting theme "The Modern Girl" by Laura Kent Mason. Barbara Burke continues her helpful talks on Scientific Grooming; and we are beginning a new series of articles on The Rejuvenation of the Middle-aged Woman by Mrs. E. Russell Jones.

Beauty is written, designed and printed for YOU, and when you have once read it, you will no sooner think of going without your copy on the sixth of every month than you would think of passing a mirror without glancing at yourself in it.

For Beauty is the Mirror of Beauty.
The New Corliss Palmer Preparations
The Best in Cosmetics is None Too Good

Infinite pains have been taken by Miss Palmer to perfect these preparations as to ingredients, which are of the best. Miss Palmer personally supervises the making of all her preparations and never allows anyone to supervise them without a long trial of it by herself. She is a severe critic on the art of make-up, and it is her constant watch that the use of her preparations a person shall not appear "made-up," but bring out the beauty and hide the blemishes.

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A $1.00

CORLIS PALMER FOUNDATION CREAM—A heavy, flesh-color cream that will hide all blemishes and make the powder stick on as will nothing else. To cover a pimple, or a red nose, or the whole face for an all-day make-up, there is nothing like it.

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CORLIS PALMER BEAUTIFIER—A lotion of the finest quality, to be used daily, by those who do not care for creams as a cleanser. An absolute correttol of an oil complex, a blancher, and an astrangent, healer of blemishes, and a very great enemy of wrinkles.

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The Camera Contest

"SHADOWLAND" Searches for Art Thru a Lens—and Finds It

As befits a magazine expressing the arts, "Shadowland" has prepared for the exquisite photography which is always a feature of its pages. No less beautiful than the works of the professional photographers is that of the amateur revealed every month by Shadowland in its Camera Contest, a national affair that is proving as stimulating as its results are successful.

In co-operation with the Pictorial Photographers of America, Shadowland conducts this contest in the fairest and most far-reaching manner, and we feel confident our readers will indorse the selections this month from the beautiful reproductions of the prize-winning efforts to be found on pages 58, 59, 60. They were selected this month by the following Judges: Mr. E. V. Brewster, Mr. John Wallace Gillesie, and Mr. William A. Alcock. A list of the prize winners follows:

First Prize.—"In New York County." William Elbert Macnaughtan, 253 Cumberland Street, Brooklyn.

Second Prize.—"Monk, Amerith, Italy." Myers R. Jones, 274 Henry Street, Brooklyn.

Third Prize.—"The Coolie." Arthur D. Chapman, 614 Lake Street, West Hoboken, N. J.

Honorable Mention.—"The Boat House," Dr. F. Detlefsen, 1846 Eddy Street, Chicago, Ill.; "The Tender Buds of Spring." Josephine M. Wallace, 176 16th Street, Des Moines, Iowa; "Self." S. D. Wallaun, Jr., 126 Atlantic Ave., Atlantic City, N. J.

Monthly prizes of at least $25, $15, and $10 are awarded in order of merit, together with three honorable mentions to "Shadowland" to give three honorary mentions. All prize-winning pictures will probably be published.

The committee of judges includes:

Joseph R. Mason, chairman of committee, Correspondence P. A.; Eugene Bausn, Editor and Publisher of Shadowland; Louis F. Buchar, Secretary Associated Camera Clubs of America; Dr. A. D. Chaffer, President of P. A.; Arthur D. Chapman, Advisory Committee P. A.; G. W. Harting, Advisory Committee P. A.; Dr. Charles H. Jaeger, contributing member Pittsburgh and Los Angeles Salons; Miss Sophie L. Laufer, Secretary Dept. of Photography, Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences; George L. Lemen, Member P. P. A. and Orange Camera Club; Nicholas Murray, portrait photographers; John A. Ten- nant, Edward and Joseph H. Marks; Miss Margaret Watkins, ex-Recording Secretary P. P. A.; Clarence H. White, ex-President P. P. A.

The jury of selection, to be announced each month with their selections, consists of three members, to be chosen from the committee or the membership, and it is the judgment of the jury thus chosen for any given month shall submit pictures for that month's contest.

Shadowland desires that every camera enthusiast benefit by 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.

Any print previously published is not eligible. No printing medium is debarded, 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.

Prints received on or prior to the first of each month to be considered entered in that month's contest.

Name and address of maker, title and number must be printed or plainly written upon the back of each print. Return address to be written plainly upon package.

Prints must be packed flat. A small mount makes for safety in handling but is not required. Every print sent will be acknowledged upon its 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 Bausner Publications nor the Pictorial Photographers of America assume responsibility in this connection.

All prints and all communications relative to the contest are to be sent to Joseph R. Mason, Art Center, 65 East 56th Street, New York City.

No prints will be considered if sent elsewhere than stated above.

Submissions of prints will imply acceptance of all conditions.

New York Theater Audience

(Continued from page 49)

The Theatre Guild established itself as a daring and successful producing organization by the presentation of Tyrone’s “John Fergus- son,” a grim study of primitive emotions and religious feeling, followed this with the same author’s “Jane Clegg.” Practically all of its productions have been of foreign plays, the few exceptions in favor of American authors being plays of tense realism. Thus it has aided materially in building up the Continental viewpoint. Guild is to be congratulated in New York. It failed on tour. O’Neill’s “Beyond the Horizon,” a vivid picture of melodramatic motion and emotional populacy here. It likewise failed to interest the enormous playgoing public outside of New York.

Seventeen plays from the French have been acted here this season. England, Russia and Hungary are well represented by Scandinavia, 141a Jersi’s "Ghislain" and Berger’s "The Deluge." Is it any wonder that the New York audience is becoming Europeanized?

It is said that if America is to build a school of drama that will be as vital as it is brilliant, it should cultivate the romance—without a tinge of sentimentality—of the “First Year,” rather than copy the style and methods of the European realists. George Ade was promising to be the principal factor in the development of such a school when he stopped short. George S. Kaufman and Marc Connelly, in following the early footsteps of Ade, appear to be headed in the right direction, along with Craven and Clare Kummer and Rachel Crothers, once she ceases preaching, and Zoe Akins and O’Neill, once they pay less attention to the ghory, morbidness of the Europeans.

After all, American civilization is markedly different from European. The latter comprises racial characteristics that have been in force for centuries. We have a new civilization and we should express it in our own way. We should not have to apply European standards of philosophy to American life. Let the treatment express the gusto, the sense of satire, the personal vigor and the zestousness of America. Then we may feel that we are producing American theater and that we are doing for American treatment what a play by “The Deluge” is doing for American treatment. Let the treatment express the gusto, the sense of satire, the personal vigor and the zestousness of the people and we will produce a literature that will compete with that of any race.

The European play is more and more welcome in New York. It may yet find a hearty reception in other parts of America. It has been of immense value in developing taste and discrimination in the American theater, and among our playwrights it should not be held too firmly as a pet theory. If we copy the methods and viewpoint of the Europeans in our dramas, we shall be only imitators of Europeans; we shall be continentalized not only in our outlook, but in the manner of expressing that outlook.
Corliss Palmer Powder

is the result of scientific research and experiment. Miss Palmer, by winning first prize in the 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest, was adjudged the Most Beautiful girl in America, and her Beauty articles in the Motion Picture Magazine and Beauty Magazine have attracted wide attention.

We have secured the exclusive American rights to Miss Palmer's Powder. We put it up in pretty boxes, which will be mailed to any address, postage prepaid, on receipt of price, $1.00 a box. It comes in only one shade and is equally desirable for blondes and brunettes.

Do not think of sitting for a portrait without first using this powder! And it is equally desirable for street use, in the Movies and everywhere. Send a One Dollar bill or 1-cent or 2-cent stamps and we will mail you a box of this exquisite powder. Remember that we have the exclusive selling rights to

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Extracts from Motion Picture Magazine

I am often asked what kind of face powder I use. I have received more letters asking this question than I could answer, so I had a little circular printed stating that I make my own powder. And now they are asking me to tell them how I make it. Well, I cant tell you how, but I can tell you why. I have tried about every powder on the market and have done considerable experimenting on myself and on others. There is no denying that there are several very fine powders on the market, but I felt that none just suited me, and so I determined to make one that did. You see, in the first place, I had some very peculiar ideas about the complexion and was very particular about its tolerating qualities, and I was using a powder that does not look like powder, that will not blow off in the least gust of wind, that is not too heavy nor too light, that will not injure the complexion, and that will not change color when it becomes moist from perspiration or from the natural oil that comes thru the pores of the skin. I also like a pleasant aroma to my powder, and that one lingers. After experimenting with powdered starch, French chalk, magnesia carbonate, powdered urrut rust, bismuth subcarbonate, precipitated chalk, zinc oxide, and other chemicals, and after consulting authorities as to the effects of each of these on the skin, I finally settled on a formula that has been tried out under all conditions and that suits me to a nicety. And, most important of all, perhaps, this powder when finally perfected had the remarkable quality of being equally good for the street, for evening dress and for motion pictures. I use the same powder before the camera for exterior and interiors, and for daily use in real life. So do many of my friends, and they say that I will use no other so long as they can get mine. As to the tint, it is a mixture of many colors. I learned from an artist years ago that there are no solid flat colors in nature. Look at anything you please and you will see every color there. Just so with the face. Any portrait painter will tell you that he uses nearly every color when painting flesh. Nothing is white—not even snow, because it reflects every color that is around it. White face powder is absurd. White is not a color. The general tone of my powder is something like that of a rose pink. I have made up a few boxes of it for my friends, and I feel justified in asking them to say what it costs me, which is about one dollar a box. I am not in business and do not want to make a profit. If any of my readers want to try this powder, I will try to accommodate them, but I cannot undertake to put this powder on the market in a business way—that is something for a regular dealer to do if there is enough demand for it.

Cut out and mail today

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For the enclosed One Dollar please send me a box of CORLISS PALMER POWDER.

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Moments Which Count

When you are conscious of the scrutiny of interested eyes which appraise every detail of your appearance, can you sit serene, secure in the consciousness that there is nothing to criticize but everything to admire?

Happy is the girl who can answer "yes" in these all important moments. She is the girl who knows that her fresh, clear skin and smooth, white neck and arms are sure to command admiration.

The girl who is not so sure of her personal attractiveness, who is conscious that complexion defects may affect her popularity, should waste no time remedying these conditions. The secret is cosmetic cleanliness, which keeps the skin free from clogging accumulations.

Once a day, do this

Once a day, preferably at bed-time, give your face a thorough cleansing. This doesn't mean a harsh, irritating scrub, but a cosmetic cleansing accomplished by the gentlest possible means. Soap is necessary, but only the mildest soap should be used. This is Palmolive, blended from palm and olive oils.

Once you experience the mild, soothing effect of its smooth, creamy lather you will recognize daily cleansing as the surest complexion beautifier.

Removal, once a day, of the accumulations of dirt, oil, perspiration and the remaining traces of cold cream and powder is absolutely essential to a clear, fresh skin.

Neglect results in clogged pores, coarse texture and blackheads. When the accumulated soil carries infection, pimples are the result.

An ancient secret

The value of beautifying cleansing was discovered long ago, in the days of ancient Egypt. It was Cleopatra's secret — whatever the embellishments she employed, they were applied after the daily bath with palm and olive oils as cleansers.

The great queen was famous for her beauty long after early youth was passed. She kept her looks with the aid of the same gentle, stimulating cleansing which we recommend today.

Blended from the same oils

Palmolive is blended from the same costly oriental oils which served Cleopatra as cleanser and beautifier. We import them from overseas in vast quantity to keep the Palmolive factories at work day and night. This is necessary to supply the world-wide demand.

This popularity has reduced price, as manufacturing volume permits economies which lower production costs. Thus we are able to supply Palmolive for only 10 cents a cake.

Sowhile Palmolive ranks first as finest facial soap, you can afford to follow Cleopatra's example and use it for bathing.

Complexion beauty does not end with the face. Beautify your body with Palmolive.

Volume and efficiency produce
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A Magazine of Beauty Secrets for Every Woman

A MAGAZINE to help every woman to be more beautiful than she is and then help her to preserve that beauty. Every woman wants beauty: a strong, healthy body; grace; charm; a spirited, active mind. She knows that some are born beauties—others have it thrust upon them. What she does not know is that all may attain it if they will. A few years ago, those who used cosmetics in any form were called "painted ladies." Those who went systematically thru forms of exercise to improve their figures were "vain." Now, the use of cosmetics is universal. Physical culture is a habit. Every woman knows that she must look her best. She not only tries to assist nature, but to improve it. This is where the new magazine Beauty comes in.

LILLIAN MONTANYE, Editor
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Beauty magazine is the modern

Pandora's Box

We have gathered about us some of the world's greatest authorities, and are supplying our readers with the best and most authoritative information on all subjects that pertain to personal beauty. Famous beauties of stage and screen, society beauties, beauty parlor experts, celebrated dermatologists, many well-known notables are contributing to its pages. A special feature is conducted by Corliss Palmer who, as winner of the 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest, was adjudged the most beautiful girl in America. This is an Answer Man department in which Miss Palmer answers all questions on the proper use of cosmetics and on everything pertaining to beautifying the human face and form divine. She also makes a special plea for

Physical Beauty

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and that every man wants his wife, daughter, sister or sweetheart to have. There are magazines of fashion, art, fiction, politics, homes and gardens—but until a few months ago no one had thought of devoting a whole magazine to beauty.

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As civilization advances, the world's sense of the Value of Time awakens, and its timekeeping devices increase in accuracy and refinement. "Racing With Time," DeLay's spirited painting for this month, is typical of the upward, onward urge of civilization.

**The Value of Time**

*By Krónos*

*Paintings by Harold DeLay*

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1. No photographs will be returned.
2. No exceptions will be made to this rule.
3. Winners will be notified.
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Motion Picture Classic

Shadowland and Beauty

at least three months in advance. There will be a contest story every month in all four magazines, with all necessary news and information.

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11. The contest is open to any girl or woman sixteen years or older, professional or non-professional, in America. That means the whole continent!

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Expressing the Arts

SHADOWLAND
The Magazine of Magazines
OCTOBER, 1922

Important Features in this Issue:

THE PASSING OF STAGE DECORATION ............................... Sheldon Cheney
A discussion of the revolutionary theories agitating our artists of the theaters

MRS. WHARTON AND SOME OTHERS ................................. Burton Rascoe
A penetrating review of the latest work of this analytical novelist and her contemporaries

WYNN INVADES GERMANY ........................................... Inimitable cartoons of the Diplomat, the Soldier, the Policeman, the Maiden, and other strollers unter der linden

THE TAKEUCHIS: Father and Son ................................. Melville Johnson
An appreciation of the work of these interpreters of the best in modern Japanese art

THE SEASON OF SYMPHONY ............................................ Jerome Hart
The feast that is to be spread for music-loving America this winter

WILLIAM J. GLACKENS: Master of Color ............................ Walter Pach
The one artist whose work is praised by members of the conservative school and the most advanced of the modernists

CANDIDA CONTINUED ............................................... Benjamin De Caseres
A pleasing interview with Ellen Van Volkenberg, who adds a fourth act to the famous play of G. B. S.

THE CAMERA CONTEST—This has become an important feature in Shadowland. Each month's prize-winning photographs are reproduced, and some point in picture taking that will interest the amateur is discussed.

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Soul's House

By Faith Baldwin

Brick by brick and stone by stone,
Cellar, roof and wall;
I have built my house alone,
Lest it should befall
That, some strange and stormy night,
Roofless, I might lie
Unprotected, from the light
Of the fateful sky.

I have built my house; and swept
Dust from floor and sill;
Have a breathless vigil kept
Patiently and still;
Set a candle by the pane,
Rose-leaves in a jar,
Flung wide windows to the rain
Wistful for a star.

Surely, some day soon or late
I shall hear a hail,
Know the stranger at the gate,
Listen, hily-pale;
Answer bravely, rise and meet
Love, who soon must come
'Cross the sill with eager feet,
Guest and host in one!
AFTER THE PLAY

An original water-color poster by Giro
HAROLD LLOYD
As he is visualized by Wynn in Paris
DERELY PERDUE
Painted by Harry Roseland
From an Albert J. Kopec photograph
FLOWERS
From an original painting by William J. Glackens, who, as the first President of the Society of Independent Artists, is justifying the predictions for a celebrated career assigned to him by William M. Chase, J. Alden Weir and other authorities of the same generation. An appreciation of Mr. Glackens' work is given in the accompanying article.

WOMAN AND CHILD
This canvas shows that in his painting, which embodies more perfectly perhaps than any other in this country the great discoveries that the Impressionists made in the realm of color, the artist is still keeping close to the interest in the subject before him which underlies the distinguished character of his drawing.
DESHA

The spotlight followed the dancing of Desha thru the Fokine Ballet and the "Rose of Stamboul." This year before she comes to Broadway, under Rivoli and Rialto management, she will go to Philadelphia and Rochester.
Wynn Invades Germany

THE SOLDIER
This is the army wearing the only helmet left by those souvenir fiends, the doughboys. The army is debating whether, with conditions as they are, it wouldn't be wise to go to the States and start a nice little delicatessen store. Yes?

THE DIPLOMAT
Herr Gesundheit is not tipping his hat, politely—he is cooling his fevered brow. He has just had his plan on reparations turned down, because his bitter rival, Herr Schwartz, presented one that wasted at least six months more time.

THE DOG
Pilsner, who is the prominent member of the Reicher family, got the Iron Cross for barking at an Englishman in Cologne, three months after the armistice. Pilsner is a trifle shy, but the rest of the household are not so afflicted. Papa Reicher sits on the extreme Right, but Karl cultivates a Marxian expression and leans violently to the Left.
THE PROFESSOR
Judging by the mournful expression on the Dachshund's face, who wants to go home to his wienerwurst, Herr Professor is going to drink it out on this line if it takes all night. Also after counting the pile of saucers, the conclusion is reached that either the professor is a millionaire or his credit is good.

THE MAIDEN
This is Fräulein Bitte gieb Mir, a maiden of curves and concentrated expression. Her nice yellow pocketbook contains but a powder-puff; nevertheless, she is planning her evening meal. Will she cook it with her own fair hands? How could you ask such a thing?

THE POLICEMAN
In spite of his beautiful costume and the star on his hat, his feet give him away: showing below a swinging door, they couldn't be told from those of a New York detective. In other words, he is the minion of the law who guides you safely from the bank to your hotel after you have changed a nickel into marks.

THE GREAT DIVIDE
Calculating your tips in marks makes Einstein's theory seem mere child's play. The bell-boy is afraid that the lovely young man from the U.S.A., where everyone is rich, will get all worn out before he has counted off enough marks to make more than two cents, American.
This vivid interpreter of the ballet has been dancing with her company in South America.
BETH BERI

Who, when she is not posing tragically, dances blithely across the vaudeville stage.
MADEMOISELLE BOUFFANTE
By F. Fabiano, Paris
Candida Continued

In Which Ellen Van Volkenburg, Master Interpreter of This Extraordinary Heroine of G.B.S., Adds a Fourth Act to His Famous Play

By Benjamin De Casseres

George Bernard Shaw wrote "Candida" in three acts. But I was lately the leading man in the fourth act of Shaw's play. The leading woman was Ellen Van Volkenburg (Mrs. Maurice Browne), who played in the first three acts for three weeks at the Greenwich Village Theater.

The curious thing happened this way: I went to the Greenwich Village Theater one Thursday afternoon at about four-twenty to have a talk with Miss Van Volkenburg. There was a matinee on. I listened in from behind the fireplace at "Candv" going up for auction. The bid-
ders, as you know, were Eugene Marshbanks, a cosmic maverick, and the Rev. James Mavers Morell, the self-
sufficient windbag husband of Candida.

The play winds up—at fifty-four—as every good Shavian knows, by Eugene going out "into the night" to rent out his soul elsewhere, and the Rev. habby and Candida beginning life on a new basis in a kiss-clinch. The final
curtain had fallen and I waylaid Miss Van Volkenburg on her way to her dressing-room. I stated my intent. The
dark lady with the big, lustrous, black eyes looked around the stage doubtfully for a place where we could talk. Not seeing a bench or a seat in the darkness, she suggested that we go back on the set and hold high discourse on the Greek drama, Shaw, puppet-plays and prohibition.

We had both got comfortably seated on the very old-fashioned sofa on which a little while before Candida and Eugene had sat spooning in the dead of the night with the sword between them, when an unromantic or prankish stage-hand rolled up the curtain to give us air and light.

The audience was only half out of the house, and as the curtain went up, disclosing Candida and myself seated on the sofa in intellectual conference, there was amazement on all faces.

"Why, Mamma, there is another act!" exclaimed a young girl to her mother.

"There can't be, dear, I've read the play, and Mr. Shaw wrote only three acts," replied Mamma.

We had the curtain lowered until the auditorium emptied.

"What do you think really happened to Candida, Morell and Marshbanks after the play?" I asked Miss Van Volkenburg.

Her dark and luxuriant face flushed to a smile.

"Why, the usual thing. Eugene, the poet, came back to see us after he had written a poem in twelve cantos satirizing the English middle-class home and glorifying the revolutionary spirit of mad poets. He settled down with us. Morell got used to him and he got used to Morell. As the years wore on, Eugene became a hopeless bourgeois and Morell became an apostle of free love. They converted each other."

"And Candida—what became of her in the endless fourth act?"

"She mothered them both."

"Platonically, in the case of Eugene?"

"That's Candida's secret," smiled back Miss Van Volkenburg.

It got chilly on the stage and we went to sit on a bench in a dark corner over some steam pipes.

"How do the audiences differ in the 'little' theaters from the average transient audiences in the larger play-
houses?" I asked.

"The audiences in the average Broadway houses are people. In the 'little,' intimate theaters they are persons. It is the difference between collective attention and individual attention. The 'highbrow' audience sends a thousand individual reactions over the footlights to the players, where the average audience at a mediocre play sends but one collective reaction.

"It must be remembered that the actor or actress who is not just a puppet reciting lines is carrying on a double cerebral and emotional process at once. He or she is living the life of the part and is living in the conscious-
ness of the audience at the same time. In the 'little' theaters this double celebration is accentuated by the, presumably, higher psychic organizations of the actors taking part in a Strindberg, an Ibsen or a Shaw play, and those of the audience.

"What do you make out of that extraordinary Thelka in Strindberg's 'Creditors,' which you played, it seemed to me, perfectly?"

"Thelka is not a woman—but a Strindberg woman. She is the incarnation of Strindberg's misogyny. In Thelka he shot his venom. Was it because Strindberg was conscious of his inferiority to women that he gener-
ally made them Madame Satans? Freud would say so. So will I.

"Strindberg took all the cobra-de-capello latencies that he discovered in the soul of woman and massed them into a concrete creation. All his women—those that will live in his dramas—were daughters of Iago and Lady Macbeth. He has no Cordelia complex—like Shakespeare. Shaw in 'Man and Superman' makes of woman the pursuer. Strindberg makes her not only the pursuer but the executioner."

"In your extensive repertoire what are your favorite parts?"

"Nora in Ibsen's 'The Doll's House,' and Mrs. Blair in 'Joint Owners in Spain.' I never get tired of them."

Just then tea was announced on the stage for the company and a few friends. I could not be lured, as, far away in Washington Heights, six per cent, homebrow awaited me.

Ellen Van Volkenburg is a highly differentiated individual without being at all eccentric—a sure sign of intelligence. On me, she made an impression where most stage women usually make a vacuum.
This lovely daughter of Cleopatra lives in modern Hollywood instead of ancient Egypt. She is Miss Eleanor Louise Putnam, an entrant in the American Beauty Contest.
FRANCES WHITE

The provinces will benefit this winter by Broadway's loss, for this musical comedy favorite will tour the country with "The Hotel Mouse," one of New York's few successes of last season.
SUPPLY and demand are probably as inseparable in art as elsewhere. The collectors of prints are responsible for the prevailing styles in etching. Most collectors of etchings are stamp collectors diverted from their original habit, sometimes by a coincident accumulation of greater sums of money, at other times by ambition. It is probable that most truly avid collectors get joy thru the creation of envy. These are pathological cases. But all collectors of prints of any kind have less interest in art than in printing, and less interest in printing than in rarity. An early Chinese stamp or a hundred gilder proof in perfect condition are collected for precisely the same reason. Art is not concerned in that reason. Art is scarcely concerned with the numberless, often less evident, by-reasons for the collection of prints. Most of these are technical—a matter of putting the cart before the horse, a question of variety of line, of quality in ink, clearness in impression and of original marginal depth.

Most etchers do wonderfully intricate traceries with agile needles, line photographs of cathedrals, of doorways, of old buildings, of architectural masterpieces, of anything that will prove technical proficiency. This is mainly shown, especially since Whistler, by great delicacy, a breath-taking nimbleness, a faultless incision. The painter may stumble; the etcher must never stumble. He is a performing violinist. His false notes are disasters. It is nearly impossible to begin a note on a draughtsman like Edward Hopper without scanning the field of the art in which he is beginning to get a very much deserved recognition.

Edward Hopper probably believes that he belongs in the class of etchers. He also talks about states, inks, papers, presses, baths, copper, zinc and the rest. He is a good craftsman. But, while the other men are essentially interested in craft, Hopper drives, with special reservations, personal or art reticences, for the presentation of things that have appealed to him. About this there may be some confusion. The path appears straighter than it is. The things that appeal to him are often sat upon by him. The house must be in order, the balance kept. He sends a railroad train crashing thru an idyl—the black engine passes like a throb of conscience—or is
it this hell we live in?

His composition is often barren. It is never without a certain austerity and a definite visual integrity. His liberties are omissions. He is afraid of extravagance; afraid to be carried by enthusiasm or excitement into the ridiculous. Bang, comes the engine, the reality. Straighten up! There is no more ordered rendering of impressions. He may be our only true reminder of the ruggedness of the early Puritans. He is not an easily enslaved animal. The discipline must be prodigious. The mannerisms of the loose-thinking colorist never creep into his work. There is little mellow warmth: none of the rounding curves of florid flesh in it; but a heat nevertheless: a flame that burns, demands, takes—a white flame. Of this order is Ingres who was a purist, which is not necessarily to say a Puritan.

But perhaps it is enough to say that Edward Hopper does not belong to the rank and file of etchers, and that he is an artist. That is really the principal thing to be considered in any creative work.
Special study by Maurice Goldberg

Rose Rolanda, whose interpretative dances in "The Music Box Revue" and other Broadway successes have an unfailing charm.
Too Far to the Left

The Brilliant Rachmaninoff Declares Himself Out of Sympathy with the "Musical Bolshevists"—Those Young Composers Who Ignore Melody and Substitute Cacophony for Harmony

By Jerome Hart

WHAT Rachmaninoff has to say with regard to the modernist composers deserves to be read and pondered, so I shall quote his closing words first. They are by way of advice to the young composer.

I have no doubt they will be laughed to scorn by those who, having acquired a nodding acquaintance with the rudiments of music and apparently none at all with the principles of harmony and counterpoint, and who know so little of orchestration that they give the instruments impossible things to do, calmly sit down and write what they are pleased to call orchestral poems and suites, as well as passacaglias with hideously boresome repetitions and a never-ending pedal point—not to mention barless and beatless music, music without a key signature, and what not.

Rachmaninoff's only advice to young composers is: "Work hard, and do not go too far to the Left. Don't become Bolshevist in music."

From this, one may be permitted to draw conclusions as to the great pianist's political opinions, and to surmise why he shook his head sadly when Antcliffe asked him if he were going back to Russia.

Rachmaninoff and his talented kinsman and teacher, Siloti, know too much about the practical workings of Sovietism to trust themselves to the tender mercies of the present Russian régime. It is doubtful if Chaliapin ever would have returned to his country had the Bolshevists retained his family as hostage.

Politics, of course, should have nothing to do with music, altho it is noticeable that musical revolutionists nowadays are decidedly radical in their political tendencies. So, incidentally, was Beethoven, also Wagner, tho the fact did not prevent them from writing glorious and thoroly beautiful music.

But Beethoven and Wagner were sanely radical, not insanely anarchistic. They did not, to use Rachmaninoff's words, "go too far to the Left." They did not try to subvert the rules on which music is founded; they did not ignore melody, substitute cacophony for harmony, and indulge in vain repetitions like the Dadaists.

Rachmaninoff says little or nothing concerning music and musicians in America. He has compared certain orchestral conditions in New York with those prevailing in London, to the advantage of the former.

After praising the quality of English orchestras and conductors, he refers to the difficulty experienced in London in

(Cont'd on page 72)
Ah, that Spring should vanish with the Rose!
That Youth's sweet-scented manuscript should close!
The Nightingale that in the branches sang:
Aj, whence, and whither flown again, who knows!
My Love! could you and I with Him conspire
To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things entire,
Would we not shatter it to bits—and then
Remold it nearer to the Heart's desire?

Young Omar (Guy Bates Post)
sings to his Shireen (Virginia Faire):

But for his boon companions in
the tavern, Hassan and Nizam,
Omar has a gayer song:

Come, fill the Cup, and in the fire of
Spring
Your Winter-garment of Repentance fling:
The Bird of Time has but a little way
To flutter—and the Bird is on the wing.
Indeed, indeed, Repentance oft before
I swore—but was I sober when I swore?
And then, and then came Spring, and
Rose-in-hand
My threadbare Penitence apieces tore.

When you and I behind the Veil are past,
Oh, but the love, long while the World
shall last—
Which of our Coming and Departure heads
As the Sea's self should heed a pebble cast.
Painted Gardens

Blondelle Malone might well be called the "Garden Artist of America." Pupil of Twachtman and Chase, world wanderer in search of color. She gives her paintings a charm as elusive as the fragrance that hovers over the old-fashioned gardens of her native South. Her first exhibition picture in the Paris Salon was "The Garden of Pisarro," painted during a visit to Madame Camille Pisarro, wife of the famous artist. She has exhibited at the Royal Academy of London and Dublin, and in this country at the Architectural League and the Pennsylvania Academy. In the fall, she plans to have a private exhibition of her works at her spacious Beekman Place studio that overlooks the East River.

In this delightful view of a corner at "Hopelanda," Mrs. Oliver Iselin's residence at Aiken, S. C., the garden wanders thru the loggia into the house, or is it the house that wanders into the garden?

There is an air of quaint informality in this glimpse of Mrs. Willard Straight's garden, "Whitney Court," Aiken, S. C. One of the most beautiful gardens in the South and an ever-fragrant memorial to Mrs. Whitney. Mrs. Straight's mother.

One expects paintings of the prize roses at Bagatelle, near Paris, so this charming one of the water-lilies is a welcome change. And yet, the whole atmosphere of the painting seems to say, "Somewhere, just around the corner the roses are blooming."
The Passing of Stage Decoration

Elimination of Scenery as We Know It, Replacement by the Sensation of Endless Space, Focalization of Lights, These Are the Revolutionary Theories Agitating the Stage Today

By Sheldon Cheney

In time some historian of the theater will doubtless trace out the reasons why stage decoration came to occupy such an over-important place in American play production during the first twenty years of the twentieth century. Certainly the most talented and most progressive artists in our theaters today, as a group, are to be found, not in the ranks of the actors or the playwrights or the producers, but among the scores of more young “decorators,” who have practically revolutionized methods of staging within little more than a decade. One of the reasons, of course, will be discovered in the poverty of our playwriting in those years, on the same principle which leads a flapper with none too many personal charms to doll up more elaborately than her better-favored sisters. Another reason will be found in the very evil estate into which stage decoration had fallen in the late nineteenth century: that department of staging needed creative attention more than any other—and has finally got it with a vengeance. But justly or unjustly, logically or illogically, the decorator has just now been having his day.

Wouldn’t it then be a bit ironical if stage decoration suddenly tended to disappear from the world’s theaters, just at the moment when we Americans have developed our finest theatrical talent in that direction? That is, in a very true sense, what is transpiring. At least some of the best decorators in the world are discarding the stage picture as such, are eliminating the entire stretched-canvas background on which most of the scenic artist’s effort has centered in the recent past, are saying frankly that the matter of stage-setting a play will in future be more in the province of the architect, the carpenter and the electrician than in that of the painter. This tendency has been no secret from the two or three most progressive men among the American decorators—say, Robert Edmond Jones and Norman-Bel Geddes—and they have put on paper projects in which decoration, as such, disappears. But it is a revolutionary idea if one has been thinking in terms of the general run of our “best” stage productions.

The argument used by all of us who have written much about stage decoration is this: every play must be acted out before some sort of background, and that background will always have a conscious or unconscious appeal, and therefore it is better that it be skillfully designed to be in key with the other elements of the production and to reinforce the mood of the action. Great progress has been made toward that goal—which in its broader aspect may be called the synthetic ideal of production. A good ideal it is, too, and the reach after it has carried stage art a long step forward, out of the old unthinking sort of artificiality, away from a lot of things that were trivial, tawdry, or cheaply elaborate, toward an art that is simpler, more honest, and to a measurable extent more beautiful.

But what few, if any, of us saw was that keeping background in key means simplification, and that in certain types of drama simplification logically approaches closer and closer to elimination; and furthermore, that when drama becomes intense enough, concentrated...
enough, the best sort of subconscious appeal is made not by any consciously designed backing at all but by darkness, with the players set out in a pool of light down near the audience. And that is what is happening on a surprisingly large number of stages; utterly neutral backgrounds, and oftener than not only dark space. You may put it down partly as the logical evolution of "the new scenery," or as partly due to the swing of modernist playwriting toward intensification and concentration. Or put it down, if you like, as merely the latest whim in staging. But stage decoration, as decoration, is passing.

Ultimately, of course, when realism and the realistic stage-picture have passed into history or oblivion, the picture-frame proscenium and the fourth-wall convention will disappear, and we shall have again a stage that makes no pretense of being anything but a stage—a neutral architectural background, a naked stage, in place of the illusional stage picture. That is an ultimate goal with most of the progressives; but that sort of change is not accomplished in either a decade or a generation, because it entails not merely different methods of staging but the building of new theaters. Except for a few real secessionists like Jacques Copeau, who already has a frankly theatrical stage, the progressive producers in both Europe and America are likely to be working for many years to come in today's theaters, and it is their method of seeking the neutral background, rather than Copeau's, that suggested this article. I have already foreshadowed the idea in these pages, when, in a review of the International Theater Exhibition at Amsterdam, I (Cont'd on page 74)
Youth will be served. At your service is Gladys Walton, who now is moving across the screen in the personality of Bret Harte's "M'liss" in the Universal's production entitled "The Girl Who Ran Wild"
Crystal Gazing

By

W. G. Bowdoin

We put a problem to our Wisest Friend, the Mathematician. "Tell us," we said, "how many snowflakes in a snowdrift three feet high and twice as long and wide?"

The Wise One gave no heed, so we modified our question:

"Tell us, then, how many flakes in one small goblet of snow."

At that, the Mathematician coughed in his beard and made answer.

"Each snowflake is but a frosted drop of water. Your goblet will hold as many flakes as it holds drops of water. Go and make count, drop by drop."

We did not work out the problem, but we meditated on it—thus: In one goblet of snow there must be thousands of snow crystals—in one gallon measure of snow there must be many, many thousands more—in one snowdrift three feet high and twice as long and wide there must be a thousand million—in the Adirondacks, when December is reigning and the world is white, there must be a million times a million times a million times—aghast, we ceased to meditate; it was like trying to define the length of one second of eternity.

And, after all, the paralyzing fact we wish to confront you with is: No two snowflakes are exactly alike.

Among these numberless crystals there are no duplicates! What a master the Designer of snowflake patterns must be!

And what a field for discovery this opens to the searcher after the beautiful and original in Design!

Beside it, the fascination of prospecting for precious metals and gems dwindles into insignificance.

We do not know who first discovered this "snow mine," but we do know who first gave us photographic reproductions of the crystals—Mr. W. A. Bently of Jericho, Vermont.

Nearly forty years ago his discerning mother, having a great love for the beautiful and wonderful in nature and wishing to develop in her young son a kindred interest, gave him a small microscope.

It was early November, and the Vermont winter had already descended. So it was quite natural that young Bently, in his search for objects of interest in the Wonderland of Outdoors, should first train his magical magnifying lens upon the snowflakes.

Their marvelous beauty amazed and thrilled him. It was like a glimpse into some land of enchantment. He became intensely eager to have others see and enjoy these exquisite gems from Cloudland.

Appreciating what an encouragement of this interest might mean to their son, his parents procured for him a photo-micrographic apparatus, with which he could photograph the shimmering white flakes in their magnified form.

Then there began for the boy a struggle to overcome serious difficulties. The tiny flakes were so fragile, so evanescent; they would disappear before the lens of the camera could be properly adjusted. And it was only after long experiment that a black background of the right texture was found to throw the delicate traceries into sharp relief on the photographic plate.

But young Bently never was quite satisfied. So he began to experiment with the photo-micrographic apparatus itself. After many trials, failures and discouragements, he perfected the mechanism and the method—just three years after his first glimpse of the magical crystal.

But with the perfection of his instrument his interest in the snowflake did not flag. His work became even more fascinating and thrilling. He and his camera went "on duty" with the first light snowfall of every autumn, and they went into mourning when the sun of the late spring forbade the visitors from Cloudland to descend.

In the years that Mr. Bently has been "crystal gazing," he has taken nearly five thousand photographs of these minute marvels of nature.

He considers his most beautiful specimen one that he discovered just a year ago. He calls it the "good-luck" flake, for the center piece forms a perfect crystal horseshoe.
The atmosphere of the Occident permeates this landscape of Seiho's 

The Takeuchis

Seiho and Itsazo, Father and Son, Interpreters of the Best in Modern Japanese Art

By Melville Johnson

NOWADAYS Japanese art circles are in a hurry of assimilating American, European and Japanese arts. The quality of the product is still debatable. We are somewhat in the same state as was ancient Rome, where several tendencies and schools came together, with at first a great deal of confusion and, consequently, the production of poor work. Later, when the fusion became perfect, the excellence of the results needs no panegyric from me. Japan is now going thru the first stage with several schools and tendencies, even Cubism and Futurism, entering into the mélange.

"The names of Cezanne, Benoîr, Matisse, Van Gogh and Gauguin are being discussed smoothly in our art circles, like a stream in a spring field. But I think, if we enquire into the naked truth, we are apt to be surfeited from the water-falling impulse."

So writes Itsazo Takeuchi from Kyoto, Japan, to Katherine Sturges of New York. Katherine Sturges, who, perhaps, more than any other of our modern illustrators, shows a Japanese feeling in her work, met Itsazo, who is considered the best critic of the modernists in Japan, when she was studying art with his father Seiho Takeuchi. Seiho once said to Katherine Sturges, "In three years I could teach you to be an exhibition Japanese artist. You not only have the true feeling and paint from the heart, but you would be able to learn perfectly the Japanese brush technique, which very few foreigners acquire."

From her study with Seiho and also Kawa Kawakita, one of the best of the younger Japanese artists, Katherine Sturges has developed in her drawings that elimination of detail and delicacy of line and touch that are purely oriental in conception. Her charming depictions of children show a strong Japanese influence.

Japanese art to the average person means the Japanese color print. Meritorious modern Japanese paintings are practically unknown in this country, as our modern painters are practically unknown to the layman in Japan. The popularity of the color print is explained by the excellent reproductions; while, conversely, the reproductions of the works of the Japanese modernist that have found their way into

This lion, from a screen by Seiho, has not been conventionalized for the sake of the design

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this country have been so poor as to color, and blurred as to fineness of line, upon which depends so much of their charm, that they have failed to give an adequate idea of the originals.

It is very true that the Japanese artists are now going thru that rather trying stage of assimilating Western art with a fervor that is not always well directed, and much of the academic pedantry of the Occident is being absorbed as well as the vigor and strength. That is always the way. It took the Japanese many years to absorb and thoroly assimilate Chinese art, but they finally made it their own.

Seiho Takeuchi is the acknowledged leader of this new school of art in Japan. Unlike some of the other artists, he has remained faithful to the Japanese technique, that absolute perfection of line, yet elimination of non-essential detail in which the Japanese excel. And yet, his work has a distinctly Occidental cast, perhaps best shown in his animals, where he has broken away from the Japanese tendency of making a composition of the animal, in spite of its natural formation. He has also acquired perspective, which, strange as it may seem to us, was practically unknown to the Japanese before the influx of Western art. It might be said of them that they had a flat artistic eye.

Again, in his landscapes with their delicate trees or the perfection of feeling he gets at the edge of water, he shows, pronouncedly, the influence of Whistler. Of course, Whistler was influenced by the Japanese, but only so far as it made his lines more delicate without sacrificing the underlying strength of his compositions. All Seiho's paintings have a soft firmness and a beautiful, compelling composition, with the strong, clear colors of the Japanese school. They are worked out in powerful brush strokes. It is said that Japanese art students reverently bump their heads on the floor three times when Seiho's name (Continued on page 73)
DRYAD
An art study of Anna Ludmila

Photo © James Wallace Poudeleneck, Chicago.
Mrs. Wharton and Some Others

By Burton Rascoe

In "The Glimpses of the Moon" Edith Wharton may be said to have scored her first definite failure. Yet so considerable an artist is she that her one inadequacy is of greater literary importance than the supreme achievement of any other woman novelist native to America, save only Willa Silber Cather. Word reaches me from Paris that "The Glimpses of the Moon" was composed under serious difficulties, that Mrs. Wharton has been ill for the better part of a year, and that she wrote much of the novel while racked with pain. This would account for the novel's thinness, but not for Mrs. Wharton's sponsoring it. Ill or well, there was no urgency (I hope) in its being printed, beyond Mrs. Wharton's view of it, when completed, as not unworthy of her signature. And that, I am inclined to believe, it is not; tho I concede that many a lesser novelist might have signed it with pride.

The truth is that here Mrs. Wharton has made her one serious error in the choice of form. She had, frankly, a theme for a novelette and, having conceived it as a novel, she was constrained to pad it out. Had she bound the story by restricting limits of the novelette or the long short story, she might have hidden the chill aspect of her method. Concision and compactness would have given rapidity to the events related, and would have obscured the fact that she has left her characters quite impalpable. When one must live with the figures of a book thru the episodes of four hundred pages, one prefers that they emerge more vitaliy than as ghosts.

You see, Mrs. Wharton carries the impersonal method of composition to a point attained by no other writer. Flaubert, long considered the arch-type of objective fictionist, is a veritable propagandist besides her. She involves herself not at all in the emotions of her characters; she maintains an attitude of well-bred austerity; she tells her story, one suspects, without the slightest change of countenance. It is impossible to discover what is going on in her mind, whether she approves or condemns, pities or loves. There is something magnificent in this, but is it, one asks, quite human? It is a literary feat, but is it, ultimately, anything more than a species of superior reporting? By her very aloofness she lessens the emotional interest in her story and keeps her drama to a trim but lifeless literary pattern.

"The Glimpses of the Moon"

The obstruction of the author's personality is, often, a disagreeable inartistic thing. But it is only when the author is a sentimental, unintelligent, and inconsequential person. That, we know, Mrs. Wharton is not. Nothing could be more interesting or more intense than her beautiful and sympathetic interpretation of "French Ways and Their Meaning." In this little book she revealed that she has definite ideas about human conduct, ethics, manners, and customs which it would benefit mankind more generally to adopt. It revealed, too, that she has profound sympathies and admirations, a philosophy of life that is sound, courageous, and enlightened. It would not hurt, indeed I think it would help, her novels if she mingled that philosophy a bit more freely in their skilled and precise delineation of aspects of contemporary society.

"The Glimpses of the Moon" (a title taken from Hamlet's apostrophe to his father's ghost) is concerned with the precarious life of society sponges. A young couple, Nick and Susy Lansing, indolent but popular, have married with the understanding that each shall not interfere with the other's chance to get on in the world. They are in love, but they take a rational view that it might not last; in fact, they rather suspect that their romance will fade in rapid time. But, being momentarians in their philosophy, they resolve that they shall enjoy the dream while it endures. Susy is practical, and years of petty hypocrisy in the interest of her own comfort and luxury have warped her nicer sense of values and blunted her sensibilities. She sees to it that their wedding presents are handsome checks rather than the less readily negotiable impediments of silver and china, furniture and ornaments.

Cash in hand, they go to Italy, where Susy has also seen to it that they enjoy, rent-free, the villa of a wealthy Hitherto she had paid for her sponging only by the dubious but minor pretense of a respect and cordiality she did not feel, by a harmless flattery of dull, impossible, but wealthy people. But now she discovers that gratitude is demanded of her in more gallling ways. It is expected that she aid bored and leisureed wives in deceiving their husbands and act in the interest of women who have married for the sake of the handsome, unsuccessful husbands of dependent women. This is a daily sacrifice of self-respect, but she must either make it or give up the life of ease and luxury to which she and Nick have so long been accustomed. By ingenious maneuvers favors come her way: residencies in Italy, Switzerland, France, and England are at her disposal. So blunted has her conscience become that, thinking always of Nick's happiness, she does not hesitate to pack their host's cigars among their effects when she is leaving for another proffered dwelling. This slight but significant episode brings Nick, when he discovers it, to a sharp realization that they have both sunk pretty far.

Careful Characterizations

Well, they hazard more trying situations than this without disaster because, as they are brought to realize, they love each other. This as a dénouement is not dramatic, but it has the effect of inevitability, for Mrs. Wharton is careful in her characterization and she has let the reader see, even before Nick and Susy know, that they cannot very well do without each other. It is all very shrewdly worked out, for Mrs. Wharton is a technician who does not blunder in her narrative. The difficulty is that one is likely to wonder what difference it makes whether Nick and Susy love each other or not. They are not heroic nor even very interesting characters. This is Mrs. Wharton's fault. Intrinsically, as human beings, they are as interesting as any other figures portrayed between the covers of a book, for no human life is insignificant in the hands of a great artist. Nick and Susy are without dramatic, that is, human interest precisely for the reason that Mrs. Wharton does not quite make them flesh and blood. She does not endow them with what, for convenience, we shall designate as souls, meaning merely that spiritual element which links them in kinship with all of us who live our brief day and die. The point is that Mrs. Wharton's aloofness is cold and unsympathetic; her detachment is such that it kills or prohibits all emotional sympathy with her characters. In this novel, Strefford only (who is a buffoon and a rake) compels our hearts and wins our sympathy as at least a person something
of whose essential self we know. Nick and Susy's peregrinations are endurable largely because of the route they take rather than what happens to them while they are on it. The novel is, you see, an intimate and, I suppose, a faithfull picture of certain aspects of modern life as it is lived by a moneyed, sophisticated, leisurely, cynical, and bored group of people whose lives are a transeision of seasons in the Alps, on the Riviera, in Florence, and at the social capitals of Europe and America. As such it is important as document in the history of society. And that field in America Mrs. Wharton has pretty well preempted. "The Glimpses of the Moon," tho, by reason of its sketchiness, is less important even as document than "The Age of Innocence," which portrays with serenity and fidelity the social life of America during the closing decades of the last century.

Miss Cather's Intensity

The high place Mrs. Wharton's achievement occupies in the lay and critical opinion of America is, I think, something of an accident. She was for a long time, by dint of being the best woman novelist we had. Her position was secure, her intelligence unquestioned, her gifts considerable, and her novels distinguished by good taste, technical brilliance, assurance, shrewd observation and a certain wealth of information concerning the activities, manners, and interests of smart people which other novelists did not have. She was, in fine, a capable novelist of society who happened to be in it. She enjoyed the friendship of Henry James and he, in sincerity, bestowed upon her the accolade of Sir Hubert's praise. That fact, I suspect, had much to do with the case. Certainly now there are few critics who dare not show her the deference due an artist of the first rank. This, I risk the heresy of believing, she is not. She is not, I think, even the first among the women writers of America. That position, I contend, is held by Miss Willa Sibert Cather.

The difference between Mrs. Wharton and Miss Cather is largely a difference between fine workmanship and genius, talent and passion, good taste and ecstasy. It is, essentially, that Miss Cather is a poet in her intensity and Mrs. Wharton is not. Miss Cather's work has that vital quality requisite to moving and enduring art which was defined by a profound critic when, viewing the canvases of a new painter, he said: "Yes, it is well drawn; it is correct in color, line, proportion. There is nothing wrong with it. But, it lacks that!" And he snapped his finger. Mrs. Wharton gives us correct pictures; Miss Cather gives us life and the poetry and beauty of its emotions.

Nearly four years have intervened between the publication of "My Antonia" and Miss Cather's new novel, "One of Ours." She writes slowly; her work will probably never be voluminous. There is too fine and delicate a cadence, too much singing vibrancy in her sentences for her to write much. She is concerned in her new book with the presentation of a highly sensitized youth in relation to the national culture of America as it is evinced in the prairie towns of our Middle-West. It is the story of a struggle with destiny, a struggle wherein man is inevitably defeated whatever his triumphs, and which alone among human efforts is always beautiful and tragic and pathetic in its ironic implications.

Claude Wheeler, the hero of "One of Ours," is a youth with tremendous potential energies which are frustrated and inhibited by a rearing in a close and sterile environment. He is driven in upon himself by the covert hostility his individuality inspires, only to break out intermittently in stormy and futile protest. We follow him, a baffled, meditative, aspiring and tragic figure thru a dramatic career which, like Hamlet's, takes place largely within himself. In Claude Wheeler, Miss Cather has created a figure essentially indigenous to America, whose problems are the spiritual concerns of the race and whose aspirations are the highest aspirations of our native culture.

Miss Cather's style is rich in melodic overtones. It has a haunting and caressing beauty. It is a highly personal style, rhythmic, well wrought, delicately modulated, changing in key and tempo in accordance with the subject matter of the moment. As her novel may be said to have symphonic form, so may her style be likened to the effect of an orchestra, the strings and wood-winds dominating. Were it not that she already has three novels and a volume of short stories to her credit, which are full of beauty and distinction, it would be possible to say of "One of Ours" that this is the work of a prose artist at the full maturity of her powers. That might as well be said of Miss Cather's first published work. But certainly this is, and for that very reason, one of the outstanding books of the season.

Some Other Books

At the time this causerie must be sent off to press, my impatience to see Sinclair Lewis' "Babbitt," which has been delayed by his publishers, Mr. Lewis has told me about it and Mr. Mencken, who has read the proofs, has spoken to me of it in glowing terms. I gather that it is the "Main Street" of the larger industrial cities of the United States and that it is quite as full of biting and sardonic inferences and implications as its illustrious and popular predecessor. It is, then, in terms of "Main Street" that I shall speak of "Babbitt" before reading it. This is permissible, for next month I am privileged to reverse my decision, upon an examination of the evidence. The popularity of "Main Street" has been accounted for by every speculation except the obvious and generous one. Its title, they say, led thousands to buy it; the city dwellers bought it because it roisted the small town; the small town people bought it because they wanted to see what had been said about them. Curiosity, they say, not pleasure, accounts for the sale of the book. This is a cynical and pessimistic view of human nature. Incline your ear while I whisper that I believe otherwise. Let me argue that the make-up of the human soul is not so drab and monotonous an aggregate of human qualities. Let me insist that there is, in each of us, however indefinite, a secret discontent with the limitations life has imposed upon us and a vague, determined and imperative wish to make of our lives a more splendid, more romantic, more glorious event than, in the usual course of things, it is. "Main Street" was prophylactic, and there are few of us who object to mental hygiene even when we are made to realize that we stand in need of it. We may make gestures of protest out of deference to the opinion of those about us and out of a sense of delicacy which restrains our open admission of personal shortcomings. But, deep down in our inner being, most of us can stand and even welcome criticism, for it is only by a pointing out of our faults that we are able to discover and overcome them.

"Main Street" is a much better book than that critical opinion, which is gaged always in inverse ratio to popular approval, adjudged it to be. It was modeled, quite obviously, on "Madame Bovary" and it suffers from the same defects as well as shames by many of the same virtues of Flaubert's realistic masterpiece. Its defect is that it is a parody and lacking in broad human sympathy, but its very nature and theme necessitated these attitudes. It succeeded, precisely, because it was a sincere and honest expression of a discontent with those aspects of small town life which none of us especially cares for either.

"Babbitt," I am told, is a depiction, from the same point of view, of the corroding, material, ugly aspect of life in

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Mateo Hernandez

A Spanish sculptor living in Paris who is one of the few artists in Europe today using the "taille directe." He has returned to the sources of statuary, and the elimination of modeling makes it necessary for him to know his subject thoroughly.

The beautiful simplicity of line, which exemplifies the artist's profound knowledge of form, distinguishes this porphyry seal exhibited in the last Société Nationale. While in the "Vulture," ancient Egypt, with its economy of means and the use of essentials only, seems to have inspired Hernandez.

Who could resist the appealing look in Hippo's eyes? But technically speaking, tremendous energy, prolonged imagination and an artistic conscience are necessary to produce the smooth sweep of surface and elimination of detail evidenced in this strong piece.
From The Famous Screens Painted by Robert Winthrop Chanler

AN AVIAN ARABESQUE
Owned by Mrs. Joan Sanford

IN THE DAYS OF VASCO DA GAMA
Screen owned by James Deering

BRANCHES AND TENDRILS
Acquired by the Brooklyn Art Museum

CHINESE FANTASY
Owned by Mrs. Modyker

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An Aristocrat in Bohemia
Such Is Robert Winthrop Chanler
By Ernestine Hartley

DESCENDED from an imposing line of worthy and even eminent ancestors, with Dutch and Puritan blood predominating, Robert Winthrop Chanler stands today the living antithesis of what his heredity might have made him. Colonial governors, generals, clergymen, jurists—of such stock is Robert Winthrop Chanler, whose achievements in decorative art are unique in the annals of artistic America. "When the oldest colors have faded, and the youngest critics have died," the imprint of Chanler's personality will hardly have departed.

You have only to look at his astounding screens, with their gorgeous, chromatic arabesques; his crazily beautiful and beautifully crazy beasts and birds and flowers, and the pulsing harmony and rhythm with which his craft has endowed them, to realize that here is a potent imagination which has soared in realms of beauty denied to all but the divinely inspired.

Bob Chanler, as he is familiarly called, even by passing acquaintances, is one of the shining, it might almost be said, dazzling lights of Upper Bohemia. And if he could be reclining in the Knickerbocker Club, lolling in a landaulet, lounging in the salons of the most exclusive residences on Fifth Avenue, adorning the Golden Horseshoe at the Metropolitan Opera, or disporting himself with the socially elect at Newport or Bar Harbor.

But altho it can scarcely be said of him that he scorns delights and lives laborious days, he is emphatically a worker. He prefers to decorate the interiors of his friends' houses to being a social decoration himself. Like his distinguished social compere, Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, who has purchased one of his finest works, he has chosen art as a vocation. But unlike her, having run thru a pretty large fortune, or, as some say, series of fortunes, he has taken up art for a living, and what is more, he has succeeded, not on the strength of his social position and fashionable

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Once she was mistaken for her favorite film star. Since then she has dressed the part. Suzanne, the maid, does not enthuse over the ambitions of her mistress. She has just spent two hours arranging Madam’s coiffure, and she feels a re-arrangement coming. She is wondering if life is really worth while.

When Dare-Devil Jack returned from dear old London, he had developed a strong left with his monocle. And the Mayfair accent, acquired from the Duchess of Cheshire, was the despair of the New York blue-bloods who gave him such a rousing welcome. Jack said later that society people in America seemed a bit crude, but as they were really trying to do right, he was willing to help them along and lend his charming presence to their entertainments.

Why does Harold, the virile screen hero of the West, hold his right hand so cooly behind him? Can it be that he is reaching for his gun? Does Harold need protection from the Eastern heiress? No, Harold has just been looking up the amount of her alimony in “Spicy Gossip.” It was not chance that brought Harold to the right spot at the opportune time. Harold never took a chance in his life.
Yearnings

The Actor Dreams of the Social Register, While Newport's Perfect Hostess Longs for Celluloid Fame

Sketches by August Henkel

We have in this great land of ours a new aristocracy. They ride in purple upholstered limousines with orchids in a crystal vase. For a rest and change they come on to the Ritz for a few days, where they inscribe the register with that magic name Hollywood. If after playing in one hundred and thirty-five film plays of society, they can't handle a head-waiter, they'd like to know the reason why

Percy, star of the Equine Film Company, is getting ready to dine with Mrs. van Sickles, late of Park Avenue and still later of Reno. The coming affair doesn't worry Percy in the least. He has been studying the “Book of Etiquette” all the afternoon. Witness the bunch of flowers Percy intends to present with a Chesterfieldian bow. Percy, being no slouch when it comes to getting himself across, has retained the gun and spurs for atmosphere. He has heard that Mrs. van Sickles has a place in Florida. Percy is very fond of tarpon fishing, so he says
The Vista of the Dance

Dancing as an Art has always existed. The Modernists say there has been a perversion of the spirit of the dance and that it is the fault of the times. They are working to carry on its true traditions.

By Sidney Baldwin

EVEN the gods on Olympus took time from directing the sun and earth in their courses to tread the measures of some immortal dance. While Pan the half-god, piping in secluded nooks for mortal maidens, brought the dance to men, a gift of the gods.

Dancing has always been and probably always will be. It is not a cause but an effect of social conditions and morality. The dance does not demoralize but is demoralized. Its form is the result of the social system, and if it takes a form that is not pleasing, it is some underlying error in the social system that has produced it. The dance cannot be blamed for the form the social system gives it.

Movement, first of the arts commemorated in picture, song, and story. The most remote fairy-tale handed down to our children, tells of "feasting and dancing." The earliest hieroglyphics picture the king sitting in state with groups of dancers performing before him. The commercial records kept on the cuneiform bricks of Babylon record that a slave dancing girl was the most expensive purchase in a day of expensive slaves.

Dancing was by no means limited to slaves. Salome, a queen's daughter, pleased the court by her skill. Even Queen Victoria was fond of the polka. And the most modern of princesses can even neglect her "Outline of History" if she but keeps her appointment with her dancing teacher. And why not? The dance is the art of movement. Just as music is the art of tone. To move and to cry are the first things a baby does, and the instincts are crowded out by those things more necessary to existence, the need for their expression exists in all of us.

The Puritan movement, which eliminated everything conducive to happiness and preached abstinence from all joy as a necessity for future salvation, merely completed what the Reformation had started. And with other joyous things the dance, as an art, was condemned and went down under the burden of crimes attributed to it. Only the ball-room form (which is the development of the courtship dance) survived its enemies, and served as a connecting link between the old period of the dance and the present interest.

There have always been people to whom the waltz and its attendant type of dance did not appeal. They wanted a fuller, freer method of expression and so, less than twenty years ago, other schools of the dance began to develop. In every case these schools began with a leader who had knowledge of the dance as it was in the zenith of its glory, and a realization of the need of the present generation for the freedom of thought and expression which the dance gives.

Isadora Duncan was the first of these leaders to revive the classical dance in America. There had been American dancers before her, but they were individuals and had no definite theory. Miss Duncan's school has always been limited to a few students, all her pupils were talented individuals and educated entirely under her system. It was really a philosophy of living, with the dance as an exponent.

The group headed by Florence Fleming Noyes, and called "The Noyes Group," is the nearest thing America now has to this. Mrs. Noyes does not class her school as of the dance. It is a preparation for all

A group from the Noyes School which does not limit itself to dancing, but prepares for all creative work.

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creative work and turns out writers, musicians, sculptors, as well as business women and social workers. Unlike the Duncan School, except in their Connecticut summer camp, there is no community life. They must draw inspiration for their various work from their classes.

Fifteen years ago, with the Russian Ballet and its formal technique, came Chalif. We borrowed our ballet as we had borrowed our opera from Europe, and we had not had the initiative to separate them. Chalif cut the knot and he, perhaps more than any other teacher, has given a nation-wide impetus to the dance. He has one great attribute, he can create a dance and teach it to a teacher. And because he could teach people to teach dancing he has progressed from a little hall on 42nd Street to the classic building he now occupies on 57th Street. And from teaching the purely formal ballet, he now teaches ballet, toe, national, character, interpretive, folk and oriental dances, and has composed a thousand and one dances of his own.

While Chalif was organizing his school in New York, another school was growing on the Western coast. Ruth St. Denis, a long recognized star of the theatrical stage, had found in her company Ted Shawn, a young man whose creative genius complemented her own. She was an authority on the dances of the Orient. He had ability for expressing beauty in dance form. Together they brought to Denishawn the personality which has made it the acknowledged school of the dance in America.

For "Denishawn" is a professional school and has given to the stage in the last ten years a great many important dancers. Florence O'Denishawn who

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The Season of Symphony

"Lord, what music hast thou provided for thy saints in heaven, when thou affordedst bad men such music on earth?"—Isaak Walton

By Ernest Jerome

JUST as of yore all roads led to Rome, so nowadays do all musical pathways lead to New York. The music makers of the Old World need the cachet and, still more important, the cash of the new; moreover, they are glad to get away from the storm and stress of imperious and distressful Europe. So they are coming among us "not in spies but in battalions."

In dealing with the coming music season—apart from opera, which will have separate attention—the most important subject for consideration is the work of the symphony societies. Besides the Philharmonic and Symphony Societies, New York is visited by the Philadelphia and Boston Orchestras, which give a dozen concerts each; while last year the metropolis was treated to several extra orchestral concerts by Richard Strauss, whose place this season will be taken by Glazounow. Altogether one may count on over one hundred symphony concerts this year as last.

This is what the French call un embarras de richesce, and yet experience shows that the appetite for good orchestral music grows with that on which it feeds, and that New Yorkers are so avid of it that nearly all symphonic concerts are largely attended. Some are packed to the doors, notably those of the Philadelphia Orchestra, which the eminent Stokowski has converted into the greatest instrument of its sort now in existence; this is not my own opinion merely but that of some of the most eminent Continental musicians who have recently come to this country.

Last season the Philharmonic, which had absorbed several members of the disbanded Symphony Orchestra, was more or less in a state of flux, and the members had to get accustomed to one another as well as to their numerous conductors, of whom there were four—Stransky, Bodansky, Hadley and Mengelberg. Under the magnetic Dutch conductor they commenced to assume a homogeneity, a delicacy of nuance and a sense of climax which were very satisfying; and Mengelberg now and then electrified his audiences.

The orchestra should be in even better shape this season, for it has had six arduous summer weeks, or nearly fifty performances under Hadley—a very good musician but an uninspiring conductor—and another temperamental Hollander, Van Hoogstraten, who is distinctly to be counted with. The latter has something of the Mengelberg style and technique, and is a considerable addition to wielders of the wand in New York. His interpretations of the symphonies of Tschaikowsky and Franck, and especially of Brahms, were noteworthy. He made a palpable

WILLEM MENDELBERG
The celebrated guest-conductor of the New York Philharmonic Society. His commanding ability won world fame for him when in charge of the distinguished Concertgebouw at Amsterdam
The fact that Walter Damrosch is writing his memoirs might seem to indicate that he contemplates retirement. Be this so or not, he should have an interesting story to tell, extending as it does over nearly half a century of music in New York. It is the habit of a small clique to sneer at Walter Damrosch, which is as unjust as it is ungrateful, considering the obligations under which he has placed the musical community and the real ability of the man. Liberally aided by Harry Harkness Flagler, he has made the New York Symphony Orchestra into a really fine instrument; the work it did under Albert Coates last season being particularly admirable. While never attempting startling interpretations himself, Damrosch may be relied upon to give sane and significant renderings of the classics, while he has shown himself liberally disposed toward modern composers, even including the younger school of iconoclasts. His services to opera have been noteworthy.

Weingartner has collected the best work Damrosch has done, and is still doing, is educating the audiences of the future by means of his weekly juvenile symphony concerts. Walter Damrosch is, in fact, a great musical pedagogue. As for his lectures on Wagner and The Ring, they are positive tours de force. He seems to know all the operas by heart, he tells their stories, elucidates the motifs and plays salient passages of the polyphonic scores in wonderful fashion; and also too much Wagner is to me like dining on nothing else but roast goose à l’allemand. I can understand the admiration he arouses among devout Wagnerites. I repeat, Walter Damrosch is a first-class musician and New York owes him much.

When in Europe he arranged with Bruno Walter, conductor of the Munich Opera, to conduct three concerts with the Symphony Society in New York. Walter is only second to Weingartner in fame. In 1901 he conducted the Imperial Opera in Vienna, where he remained twelve years. In 1914 he succeeded the late Felix Mottl as conductor and general musical director at Munich, where the finest opera in Germany is to be heard. The Mozart Cycle given under his direction every year in Munich attracts large crowds of music lovers from all over Europe. Personally I would rather Weingartner had come, but that great man, when not busy conducting the Vienna Philharmonic, is conducting Wagner opera at Buenos Aires, where incidentally he is to produce an opera of his own this season.

Monteux is pulling the Boston Orchestra together in surprising fashion, for, thanks to the German émigré, led by Fradin, now playing at the Capitol Theater, it almost fell to pieces. But the able French conductor has reconstructed it, and it is already getting back to its best form, which is saying much. Philip Hale is enthusiastic about it, and surely he ought to know, for there is no better informed or able musical writer in the country.

At the present stage none of the conductors has made known the novelties he intends to produce. Josef Stransky has been in Central Europe for some months, conducting symphony orchestras and festival performances of Wagner opera at Baden-Baden and Budapest. At the time of writing he had not sent over his own programs, nor had Mengelberg, who, however, takes up the baton about the mid-season, and does not reveal his programs until he arrives. Stokowski, who is in Europe, and also Albert Coates, are equally reserved.

There is reason for this, for, like good Freemasons, musical conductors have been taught to be cautious. They have found, when they have announced some novelty in advance, another conductor has jumped in ahead, and they have had either to withdraw their tidbit, or give it a second or third hearing. If one may be permitted to suggest, there are some who would like to hear the works of that modern but sane and interesting Russian, Medtner, who has recently been so favorably noticed by his compatriot and contemporary Rachmaninoff.

Glazounow’s compositions we shall doubtless hear (Continued on page 67)
Punch who smiles so sweetly is none other than Frueh himself. He is considered one of the best caricaturists in the world, even Cappiello and San basking before him. His book called "Stage Folk" Caricatures, by Frueh (Lieber and Lewis), is just off the press. The caricatures on this page are linoleum cuts. Frueh was one of the first artists in this country to use the linoleum cut.

Nezimova of the passionate line and the Hedda Gabler expression shows what Frueh can do when he makes up his mind to eliminate unnecessary lines.

The unforgettable Disraeli of George Arliss looking out of the most expressive one-line eye ever drawn.

We present the Perfect Lover, Mr. Leo Ditrichstein, of the self-sufficient jaw.

Attach an American flag to the cane and you will have the typical American. And who has done more to make the flag popular than George M. Cohen?
Columette
A Fantasy in One Act
By J. Gordon Amend

THE curtain is drawn and a garden is discovered.
In a sky of midnight blue a moon floods the night
with its silvery luster. In the center of the stage
and far back there is a pergola with slender white pillars.
There are blooming flowers about in profusion and here
and there a bit of colorful shrubbery. At the right there
is a decorative marble seat. And at the left there is a
slender pedestal with an hour-glass on it.
Pierrot enters and comes down stage as if looking ex-
pectantly for some one. A few stray grains of sand
trickle thru the hour-glass and it is run. Impatiently he
regards it. A silvery bell in the distance marks the
quarter hour.

PIERROT:
It is but the quarter hour and the glass has again run
its course. I will set it for her coming. (He turns the
hour-glass upside down.) And when you’ve trickled
thru but once, my tiring vigil is kept. Oh, heavy laden
hours that bear my impatience so meanly—until tonight
—when love itself is lost in the very silence of the
shadows—to waken again to a fuller life in its glorious
dawn.

[In the distance music is heard—and a voice singing.
Slowly the words become intelligible.]
The song—
Ah, verdant is love in its glorious spring,
Milade, Milade,
When days of gold splendor their radiance fling,
But that’s not the shade of the blossoms I bring,
Milade.
Red is the warmth of—
[Enter Punchinello, with a musical instrument about
his neck.]

PUNCH:
Greetings, Punchinello.

PIERROT:
To you—greetings, Pierrot.

PUNCH:
And why are you abroad at such an hour of the night
—and singing a love song too?

PIERROT:
It is spring and all men love in the spring.

PUNCH:
And do you expect to find the lady here in the wood?
Perhaps you have come to woo a moonbeam?

PUNCH:
A moonbeam—No. They are much too pale, and
dance till but the first gleams of the sun put them to
flight. But, Pierrot, I hear that in yonder dale by the
waterfall there lives a forest nymph.

PIERROT:
I have heard it so myself.

PUNCH:
And each night her handmaids fold the waterfall
about her as a bridal veil and there she waits for her
lover. To yonder dale I go—to woo the forest nymph.

PIERROT:
May good fortune be your companion.

PUNCH:
And how may it be, Pierrot, that you happen to be
here in the garden?

PIERROT:
I? Oh—I, too, am on love’s errand. Tonight I wait
for her who on the morrow plights her faith with mine.

PUNCH:
The wedding eve it is then. Ah—Pierrette—

PIERROT:
No, it is not Pierrette—not just Pierrette.

PUNCH:
I do not understand. Then Columbine—

PIERROT:
No, nor just Columbine. Come sit here by me, Punch-
inello, and I will tell you the story.

[PIERROT SITS ON THE MARBLE BENCH.]

PUNCH:
(Carelessly sitting cross-kneed on the ground by the
bench.) My ears feign not their curiosity.

PIERROT:
It happened this way. With all my heart I love Pier-
rette—and she loves me as well. When I walk with her,
her bit of a hand in mine, I have no thought for anyone
but her. And when she smiles—Ah, Punchinello, I see
the light of stars in her lovely eyes. When she is with
me, it is all very well—but so short-lived is her spell. No
sooner have her amorous words been whispered than
they blow by me like leaves in the chill November wind.
I want Pierrette only while she is by my side.

PUNCH:
And some men there are who would die but for one
favored word from her lips.

PIERROT:
And upon me she has showered them. It is pleasur-
able to be sure to listen to them, but at times they grow
wearisome with their entreating. Loved words are much
like the jasmine blooms—a little of them and love is all
the sweeter, but overmuch of them and—oh—their pro-
fusion is oppressive.

PUNCH:
Not all would agree with you there, Pierrot.

PIERROT:
It is likely, Punchinello, it is very likely. A mere lov-
er’s desires may differ greatly from Pierrot’s. Pierrot is
the great lover of all ages. Pierrot does not seek. He
is sought! It is little wonder that he tires by times of
woman’s whimperings.

PUNCH:
But surely you do not dare to call the impassioned
words of Pierrette whimperings?

PIERROT:
Surely I do—not Pierrette’s more so than those of all
women to be sure—perhaps a little less, for Pierrette is truly—

Punch:

Yes?

Pierrot:

Charming. I delight in her whimsies. She is so delicately feminine—and if there is one virtue I worship in women it is that. Her hair—have you ever touched it, Punchinello?

Punch:

It has not been my pleasure.

Pierrot:

Sometimes I fancy that a spinner in the sun must by some cunning magic have caught a vigrant sunbeam and plucked its golden luster for her crown. It falls about her shoulders like a shower of the late afternoon sunshine. And her eyes—Oh, Punchinello, they are—

Punch:

Blue.

Pierrot:

Not just blue, Punchinello, but something infinitely bluer. Sometimes they are like the night sky—deep, foreboding—where I do read passing strange affairs—and then again they dance like fringed gentian on a rugged shore.

Punch:

It seems to me your heart bespeaks Pierrette quite fondly,

Pierrot:

Oh, it does—after a fashion. I like to have her about as one desires a flower—a song—or a sunset. But—Oh-hum!—she talks of a fireside and homely evenings and spoils it all. There is nothing so wearsome to Pierrot as domestic felicity.

Punch:

But she loves you, Pierrot, and, loving you, perhaps she dreams of a little white cottage with a winding path up to the doorway and ragged robins blooming about.

Pierrot:

Of course she does. She loves me as much as she is capable—that is, as much as Pierrette can love anyone. But that is just the trouble, Punchinello—Pierrot must have more than the mere gifts of Pierrette.

Punch:

Yes. I heard her singing in the wood one night and I thought myriad songbirds made the merry tune.

Pierrot:

It is always so with Columbine—her life from every dawn to shadowtime is just a song. Once I spoke to her of the morrow, and she bid me silence and told me that tomorrow was not yet born until today had died. Her impudence is delightful, but at times it irritates me greatly. If she should wish to flirt with all the knaves on the countryside she'd do it, but when I fondle Pierrette she flies into a rage that I must pet her from.

Punch:

Jealousy, my dear Pierrot, is the rightful heritage of all women. Used well it becomes a virtue, used poorly and it is an abomination.

Pierrot:

I do not agree. It is entirely too dangerous a weapon for the hands of woman. Man was made to be the master in all affairs, woman merely to amuse him when he tired of worldly vicing. No, I cannot countenance this selfishness in Columbine.

Punch:

Then it is not with Columbine that you plight your troth on the morrow?

Pierrot:

I am betrothed, my dear Punchinello, to both Pierrette and Columbine!

Punch:

You are—Oh, surely it is that my ears deceive me.

Pierrot:

If they hear that I swear my vows to both Pierrette and Columbine, then they have heard well.

Punch:

It cannot be! I do not apprehend!

Pierrot:

I will tell you, Punchinello, how it is. With all my heart I love both Pierrette and Columbine—Pierrette, because to Pierrot she is as the very sunshine to the flower itself, akin as are the summer breezes to the showers of spring—Columbine, because she is no less to Pierrot than is to the nodding roses the sparkling dew that nightly kisses them to their shadow rest. The one with the other—both—mean contentment for my every hour—the one without the other and my happiness is out of season.

Punch:

Did you tell that to both Pierrette and Columbine?

Pierrot:

Of course I did to each in turn and each devoutly vowed she could not live without me, could not live nor did not care to live. Pierrette declared that days without her name upon my lips would be as night times and that her soul would soon be lost in darkness. And Columbine averred my kisses on her lips brought forth her song. Should I deny them, then her very heart would break with sorrow. Between the two I could not well decide. By morning should I firmly vow that it was Pierrette alone I loved, by night I'd be as sure that it was Columbine. And there I was nearer to my disengagement.

Punch:

Indeed it was a pretty problem.

(Continued on page 70)
The Managers of the Managers

The Wives of Our Prominent Producers Find Time to Reap a Few Laurels of Their Own

JANE COWL
The April Lady, having laughed and wept her way through two successful years in "Smilin' Through," is to appear this season in a new play. She is the loveliest example of the judgment and good taste of Adolph Ktauber.

KATHERINE CORNELL
Two of the brightest spots on the bleak horizon of the past theatrical season were those twin lights, Mr. and Mrs. Guthrie McClintock: the first with his faultless production of "The Dover Road," the second with her unforgettable performance in "The Bill of Divorcement".

BILLIE BURKE
A feminine Peter Pan who in her own delightful self glorifies the American girl just as successfully as does her husband in his revues. We'll give you three guesses as to the name on her visiting cards.

IRENE BORDONI
One French Loan that nobody wants to cancel! One "French Doll" that everybody wants to take home! A worthy successor in every particular, including eyes, to the crown of Anna Held. And, in case you're one of the three people who doesn't know it, the wife of E. Roy Goetz.

Photo by Lewis-Smith, Chicago
Photo by Genuth
Photo by Ira L. Hill
Photo by Edward Thayer Monroe
The Theatrical Menu

At Times in Danger of being Spoiled by too many Cooks and too many Courses

By Reita Lambert

At this time of year the theatrical season reminds one of nothing so much as a French pot-au-feu freshly made and with every member of the household contributing something from his particular preference. This confused state of affairs invariably obtains every autumn.

"Ha! A new season!" cries the world after an arid summer diet at seashore and mountain resort; and all the little would-be playwrights along with the regular, sure-enough playwrights, and Mr. Baker's Forty-seven Workshop men and those ambitious people who always believed they-could-write-a-play-if-they-only-had-the-time, flock to Broadway with their brain children tucked under their arms and chaos results.

The newspapers help along the situation by printing lengthy announcements of various managers' plans for the coming season, because genuine news is so scarce, when it's perfectly obvious on the surface that if all the plays announced were actually produced, there would have to be a first night every night, and the dramatic critics would be receiving their breakfast trays thru the bars in the doors of their padded cells.

Of course at this time the activity along the road would actually seem to indicate that the managers are doing their best to live up to their fervid promises, and new plays are as thick as movie censors in Hollywood. By Christmas time the theatrical menu will be a nicely balanced affair with the proper number of calories and vitamins to make it digestible and nourishing. But just at present it takes a sturdy digestive apparatus to partake of the heterogeneous fare without fatal results.

Tragedies, comedies, farces and so-called "revues" are served up regardless of order, and the result is like nothing so much as a public banquet where you hardly have a chance to taste one course before the waiter whisked it away and brings on the next one.

"Pinwheel" was like that—offered in the early summer at the Earl Carroll Theater with Raymond Hitchcock and one or two other familiar names, it was whisked away only to reappear the other day at the Little Theater minus Mr. Hitchcock or any other helpful condiment, and pretty tasteless as a result. "Pinwheel" might serve as an object lesson, to all embryo producers of "revues," of what a revue should not be. A second glance at the program reveals the fact that it is not called a revue but a "revel." Neither of these captions, however, describe it. "Pinwheel" is a bore—plain and simple. Its main attraction is a young woman named Ernita Enters. She does, and if her performance is marked by an over-abundance of "pep," her sartorial inadequacies effect a nice balance. There is one amusing number which succeeds in penetrating the ennui of the audience, and this is a burlesque classic dance by the male members of the company, headed by Michio Ito, who, by the way, is sponsor for the entertainment.

The strain on the new plays is a bit more trying than usual this season, as there are more than the normal number of last year's successes held over, with which they

Special study by Maurice Goldberg

Florence Eldridge, who under the management of A. H. Woods, is appearing in Somerset Maugham's new play, "East of Suez"
have to compete. There is, for example, "Kempy," that delightful, ingenious and wholly American little play at the Belmont. Then there is that ingratiating little *gamin* "Kiki" with Miss Ulric at the Belasco. It would be a fairly safe guess to say that these two will be causing the same trepidation among next year's new offerings as they are among this year's. "Good Morning Dearie" still holds forth at the Globe with no prospect of an immediate move, and "Strut Miss Lizzie," the colored

revue, has done for the Earl Carrol Theater what its unique innovations in lighting and its rising orchestra failed to do for itself.

"Partners Again," produced last May, is still convulsing its audiences at the Selwyn, and is probably the best Potash and Perlmutter episode that the Messrs. Glass and Goodman have recorded. "Chauve-Souris" lingers on at the Century Roof, the only entertainment of its sort that New York has ever had the pleasure of seeing. The charming Milne piece, "The Dover Road," promises to round out a full year, which would mean that we could take the girls to see it when they are home from Vassar for the Christmas holidays. "Blossom Time," the operetta based on the life of Franz Schubert, and with the composer's own melodies lending verisimilitude to the story, is back from a summer vacation for another run at the Ambassador.

So much for the left overs. The new additions to the pot-au-feu include a couple of new musical productions; "Spice of 1922" at the Winter Garden with the engaging Adele Rowland as the only justification for its existence unless one counts the presence of a good deal of feminine beauty, startlingly unencumbered as to costumes. "Sue Dear," another new musical piece, opened at the Times Square on July tenth and may close at any moment.

(Continued on page 66)
"SEVEN JUGS"
By Remick Neeson
First Prize

This is an example of an almost perfect circular composition in which the contour of the jugs are echoed in the curve of the stairs and re-echoed in the curving baseboard.
The Camera Contest

The camera studies that have won this month's prizes are particularly lovely. Each month it seems to grow more difficult for the judges to make their final decision. Amateurs from all over the world are becoming interested and entries are pouring into the Art Center. Last month a picture from Amalfi, Italy, won the second prize, and this month there were entries from Shanghai and Holland.

Amateurs seem to be realizing more and more that the field of photography has limitless possibilities for artistic expression. Like an artist, a true photographer has an artistic vision of his picture before he even thinks of his camera.

A photographer, truly in love with his art, will spend days studying a scene with its varying shadows and how the composition is improved or marred by them. He must, as well, thoroughly align his angles. Like any art, photography takes patience as well as an artistic sense if good results are to be achieved; also there must be a certain ground-work in the fundamentals of the craft. To the development and strengthening of that ground-work Shadowland will discuss each month some point in photography that will interest and, we hope, benefit the amateur.

It is a generally acknowledged fact that shadows not only lend interest to a picture but also act as agents unifying and rounding out the composition. Too much importance cannot be attached to their proper use. It is well worth the time and effort expended, if, after having chosen the subject to be photographed, you spend a day studying the shadows, until you find the exact time when they most improve the composition; this of course applies to nature photographs. The value of a shadow depends on its intelligent selection. Not all shadows are desir-

"East River, New York"
By John Wallace Gillies—Second Prize

"East River" is the antithesis of "Seven Jugs." It is a composition of verticals and horizontals. Notice how the mast at one end and the smokestack at the other break the diagonal line of the bridge and strengthen the composition.

"Olive"
By Mrs. Antoinette B. Hervey—Third Prize

Mrs. Hervey, who submitted this delightful portrait, did not take up photography until she was a grandmother. The sympathetic relationship between model and gown shows that Mrs. Hervey has the eye of a true photographer.

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analyze their composition and decide what made them prize-winning photographs. And you will find if you do analyze them that shadows play an important part in their make-up.

The prize-winning photographs were selected this month by Mr. E. V. Brewster, Mr. Nicholas Muray, the portrait photographer, and Miss Sophie L. Lauffer of the Photography Department of the Brooklyn Institute.

First prize.—"Seven Jugs." Remick Neeceon, 216 West Lanval Street, Baltimore, Maryland.

Second prize.—"East River, New York." John Wallace Gillies, 80 West 40th Street, New York City.

Third prize.—"Olive." Mrs. Antoinette B. Hervey, 351 West 114th Street, New York City.

Special five dollar prize.—"The Brook." Frank M. Hohenberger, Nashville, Indiana.

Honorable Mention.—"A Maine Fishing Village." Eugene P. Henry, 137 Joralemon Street, Brooklyn, New York.

Monthly prizes of at least $25, $15, and $10 are awarded in order of

(Continued on page 69)

"A MAINE FISHING VILLAGE"

By Eugene P. Henry

Honorable Mention

The Honorable Mention that Mr. Henry received in July was for a study of the soft trees of early evening; this time his composition is quite different. It is a study of vertical lines and angles. Even the low grass stalks at the side of the road keep to the lines of his composition.
Three Sapient Satirists

STEPHEN LEACOCK

"My Discovery of England" is Mr. Leacock's latest contribution to Higher Education. When Mr. Leacock is at home, he is called Professor and occupies desk space at McGill University. He is also the example of the theorem which states "All teachers of mathematics should be humorists."
An Old French Song

Drawings by Leo Kober

Life’s span is brief

Of love a ray

Dreams... fond belief

And then—good day!
La vie est brève
Un peu de rêve
Un peu d’amour
Et puis—bon jour!

La vie est vaine
Un peu de haine
Un peu d’espoir
Et puis—bon soir!

Ah, vain is life

With hate, with strife!

Hope looms up bright

But then—good night!
If Signor Muratore joins the Opéra National in Paris, as a persistent rumor has it, the Chicago Opera Company will lose not only a marvelous tenor, but a striking and forceful personality as well.
Variety in Applied Design

"Au Singe Violet" was the sign which swung over the Paris shop of Biennais, jeweler, from whom Napoleon ordered the solid silver service to which the dish above belongs. Unfortunately, for him, Waterloo intervened before he could use it. It passed thru various royal hands until, in the middle of the nineteenth century, it came into the possession of the Count de Chambrun. It remained in the de Chambrun family until purchased recently by Cartier.

The Peniche lace, which so delicately attaches itself to the gold filigree sticks of this Portuguese fan, took over a year to make. It is pillow-lace and many hundred tiny bobbins were used. The fan is valued at $1,000.

This unusual tea service is the work of a young artist of the Vienna Wiener Werkstatt, who modestly signs it A.M.S. The design is exceedingly simple and graceful. A brilliant green handle on the teapot gives an added note of interest.

The soft, rosy-grey finish on the beaten and pierced silver, plate and candelabra, is obtained by the use of some chemical which is blown on with great force. The secret is carefully guarded by the Basques by whom it is made.
Hand in Hand Go
Culture and
Tradition

In Peterborough, Which has Come to Regard
Itself as a Real Theater of all the Arts

By Edward Hungerford

The big barn, cleared and rebuilt and gaily decorated with blue-and-white cross-barred gingham, which serves as the central studio of Mariarden

A Bath is to old England—typifying a charm and an innate culture that cannot die—so is Peterborough to New England. Save that the New Hampshire town does more than merely represent nearly two centuries of a quiet but exceedingly virile Americanism. Today it has come to be the theater of a decided movement forward in the arts. From being a quiet village of New England traditions and New England good taste it has entered into the very forefront of American cultural progress. It not only looks forward, but it steps forward—not too rapidly but with a gait of easy assurance, and of a real determination. Yet it remains, as it has been for more than one hundred and fifty years past, a gentle New England town remembering full well its forebears and the debt that it owes to them.

On the one side Monadnock Mountain rises and on the other, the long ridge of Pack Monadnock; in the village, variously called East Mountain and Temple Mountain. Neither of these really deserves to be called a mountain. Both are squarely crossed by the state highways. Yet no matter how stout your car, or how sturdy her engine, she is pretty sure to pant a bit before she reaches the summits. "Air pockets," the natives call them, but the fact remains that the grades too are stiff. Yet Peterborough would gladly yield that every grade around about her be as stiff as Jacob's Ladder, rather than have even one of her beloved mountains ever taken away from her.

"See old East Mountain this morning?" said the night clerk of the hotel to me at dawn, as I was hastening off to take the early train to Boston. "See that last-minute cloud a-hanging on its face? A fair day sure enough. A month of rain—an hour of sunshine—crisp sky and then these old mountains of ours are almost near enough, it seems to me, to be touched with the out-

The shadows of the branches are doing their best to simulate flagstones on this quaint old-fashioned path at the colony

The interior of the fine, red brick meeting-house which in 1885 Bulfinch came up from Boston to build
stretched hand. That’s why I’m up here—and not down in Boston town.”

He fell to telling me of the year that he had spent in the big city. For a time it had fascinated him; its infinite array of sights and sounds. Suddenly he had sickened of it all. He longed for the home of his fathers—Peterborough and the mountains forever standing grimly sentinel over it. For thoughts of home he could not sleep at night. The countryman in him simply would not become townsmen.

I could understand him perfectly. His love for Peterborough—Peterborough set in among the granite, green hills and yet high atop them. Walk out in any direction from the town; to the nearest point of vantage. You look off afar as if you were looking from some masthead across the top of a billowy sea. Only instead of wavecrests, hillcrests. Hillcrests blanketed in the rich green velvet of our New England.

Such is the setting of this New Hampshire town. The village itself justifies its vicinage. For once man seemingly has done his best to show his appreciation of the surroundings that God has given him. Peterborough was founded in 1738. Its first church was built in 1752 and is quickly dismissed by local historians as being unworthy of remembrance. But, in 1825, Burtifinch came up from Boston and there under the shadow of Pack Monadnock, built the fine red-brick meeting-house that has been the town’s joy and pride from that day until this. Such slenderness of outline, such sturdiness and stability as it stands, four-square to the village street and lifts its belfried spire high above the tops of the elms. With its spire, it speaks to God as it opens its three broad doors to the folk of earth. There are square iron lanterns, each capped with a bright, brass eagle, on either side of the central doorway and on Sabbath evenings these are lighted—a gentle, unobtrusive invitation to enter this ancient house of prayer.

Our modern American architects have not lacked the courage, however, to come up and build almost in the very face of the Bulfinch masterpiece. Almost within a stone’s throw of it is the new Town House, built but four years ago, by Russell of Boston, and lacking only the softening weather beating of but a few more years to make it easily to be confounded with the very best of the handiwork of the master builders of a preceding century. Location and theme were not lacking in Mr. Russell’s imagination as he planned the Peterborough Town House. It is richly Colonial, that is if ever you can properly call Colonial “rich.” To my mind that is the chamber music of architecture. At its best it is repressed, delicate. At its worst it becomes flamboyant or even ornate.

As a companion and foil to his lovely Town House, Mr. Russell has more recently completed for Mrs. Perkins Bass a club-house and historical museum that some day undoubtedly will become the property of the town. Its large public rooms reflect the fine atmosphere of the old church and the new Town House. In them already is being gathered the nucleus of a
quarter sessions sat now and then and again are not to be scorned. The town's old tavern still stands. It has one or two modern thrills, such as an Italian garden and a cafeteria, but upon the square Franklin stove in its old-fashioned office one may read that a local foundryman wrought it for Tucker's Tavern in long-ago 1833. It was afterwards that the Twelve Apostles came to bless the tavern; which had changed its name but not its fame. Their pictures still hang in its ancient tap-room. Eleven men in the town, by their given names, answered to those of eleven of the Apostles. The choking point came to find the Judas. The brother of the old-time keeper of the inn came forward.

"I'll take that job on myself," said he. "I'll not have it said that Peterborough failed in anything."

Which is local pride raised to the nth degree.

The high-set architectural standard of the town also has received recent impetus in the design of the Episcopalian chapel made by Ralph Adams Cram and erected in an unusually sumptuous setting in Concord Street. Against a background of a rising hillside there has been wrought a small stone church, in an English Gothic style and from the materials of the neighborhood, stone and timber. It is a simple, rugged structure, fashioned after the manner of four centuries ago; stone laid upon stone, timber upon timber, in the crude and honest simplicity of the thor artisan of an earlier day. Mr. Cram, in his fine little chapel, has not even made the concession to modernity of pews. Upon the rough flagging of his stone-paved floor he has set two shallow rows of straw chairs—such as one may see in the cathedrals of Europe, all the way from York to Naples. The chapel is notable for its entire absence of the gew-gaws of religious flummery. It is a little church, such as one might stumble in a small village of Normandy, or Devonshire.

(Continued on page 77)
THE ORCHESTRA
These quaint bronze figures, a trifle "Pam-
nish" in expres-
sion, are the
work of Michel
Martino, a
young Italian
sculptor. He
got thru Yale
after winning
the English Fel-
lowship prize;
and then studied
sculpture under
Lee Lawrie and
H. Kitzin. The
Brooklyn, New
York, Memorial
Flagstaff is his
work.

DYING WARRIOR
(Below)
The firm yet delicate
handling of this bronze
suggests the new manner
of Paul Manship. But it
is by John Tweed, an
Englishman and a pupil
of Rodin.

THE VINE
(At the Right)
Harriet Frishmuth is responsible
for this exquisitely conceived and
delicately poised figure. Miss
Frishtmuth studied in Paris under
Rodin and Injalbert; in this coun-
try with Gutzon Borglum.

DAWN
(At the Right)
This smooth bronze of sweeping lines and
enigmatic expression is the work of Lucy
Perkins Ripley, well-known sculptress and
winner of many medals.
Clothilde and Alexander Sakharoff, who have been delighting Paris and London in their dances interpreting musical classics. Above, the dancers in a "False Rouge," to music by Chopin, a wonderful study in radiant tonalities and vivid chromatics. At right, Alexander Sakharoff in a Guitar Valse to the plangent accompaniment of music by Moszkowski. These charming young artists design their own dresses and stage decors.

Photographs © by E. O. Hoppe of London
"The Greenwich Village Follies"

Original Costume Designs for the Fourth Annual Production

By Howard Greer

A lady of the Moyen Age in blue and silver brocade with heavy bands of fur...

The silhouette dress of heavy black lace over tights of black silk veiling...

A gown which might adapt itself to formal evening wear... of vivid green chiffon and turquoise blue satin...

The "Caterpillar Gown" of molten silver and shank over a tightly draped foundation of orange lame...

A "ball" headdress of roses and wildflowers—and still more roses...

Page Sixty-Five
Drama—Major and Melo-


The Monster. Thirty-Ninth Street.—An eerie play that will satisfy the theatergoer who is stirred by things gruesome and horrifying. Wilton Lackaye heads the cast.

Whispering Wires. Forty-Ninth Street.

Humor and Human Interest

Captain Applejack. Cort.—Wallace Eddinger and Mary Nash at their best in one of the most finished and amusing burlesque-melodramas of many a year. If you have retained that youthful spirit which responds to a search for hidden treasure, adventure aboard a pirate ship, and romance in a haunted house, you cannot afford to miss this play.

Kempy. Belmont.—Another of those very human small-town domestic comedies that seem to wear well on Broadway. It is exciting and refreshing. A hand to the Nugent family: father and son collaborated in the playwriting and, with daughter Ruth, appear in the cast.

Kiki. Belasco.—The piquant cocotte of the Paris music halls is admirably characterized by Lenore Ulric. The play is produced by David Belasco and adapted by him from a French farce by Andre Paris. Wilton Laycock heads the cast.

Lights Out! Vanderbill.—A rapid-action comedy dealing with the mad whirl of Motion pictures. In the cast are Robert Ames, Beatrice Noyes and William Ingersoll.

Manhattan. Playhouse.—A plot that needs to be made a little less conventional. Also, the dialog should be less burdened with epigrams. The ever-popular Norman Trevoz has the leading role, but Albert Gray, who plays the small part of a Dutch novelist, walks off with half the honors. A satisfying play for one who wishes only light amusement.

Partners Again. Selwyn.—The inimitable Barney Bernard and Alexander Carr in a new Potash and Perlmutter comedy.

Shore Leave. Lyceum.—A mild and sentimental comedy with a country seamstress for heroine and a "gob" for hero. Frances Starr plays the part, and her欠缺; character, Connie Martin, with a great deal of charm and variety. James Rennie, the marriage-dodging sailor, is played with much characterization. A play that will leave you feeling that you've had a right good time.

Blossom Time. Ambassador.—The return engagement of this successful opéra based on episodes in the life of Franz Schubert and interspersed with songs by that great composer, speaks well for the good taste of the theater—and music-loving public. Bertram Peacock plays the role of Schubert most sympathetically, and Olga Cook is an enchanting Mitzi.

Chauve-Souris. Century Roof.—Baliff and his Russian entertainers from Moscow are still the talk of the town. Their unique offering pleases even the most blasé theatergoer. You will be delighted by the rhythmic perfection of the "Parade of the Wooden Soldiers," the fire and color of "Kasakas," and the exquisite music of "Copenhagen Porcelain." Greenwich Village Folies, Globe.

The Dramatists Menu

(Continued from page 51)

"Whispering Wires," opening August seventh at the Forty-ninth Street Theater, is the logical successor to "The Bat" and "The Cat and the Canary." The first two are splendid stage agitators, but they rely for their breathless effects on the mystery of the unknown murderer. "Whispering Wires" takes a triumphal step forward and leads you thru a labyrinth of grisly speculation not only as to who but how the elderly millionaire, already warned of his danger and consequently guarded on every side, meets his strange and violent death in spite of all precautions. This play is a finely conceived and executed piece of work. It has been skillfully dramatized by Kate McLaurin from a story of the same name by Henry Leverance. Chas. D. O'Farrell, Bertha Mann, George Howell and Malcolm Duncan, also are in the cast, act with insight and finished artistry and the "dénouement" which we are warned to keep under our hats, is both thrilling and ingenious.

Possibly one of the most important events on Broadway this season is the production by Arthur Hopkins of Don Marquis' play based on his famous column character The Old Soak. Here we have a famous author and humorist, a famous facetious character, a disarmingly fastidious producer, and, as if this weren't enough, a cast that glitters and gleams with talent and reputation. Hugh Herbert, first of all as The Old Soak, Mr. Beresford is remembered for his incomitable performance in Irving Berlin's "We Will Be Boys," in which he brought the irresistible Peep O'Day to life. Minnie Dupree is the wife, and both Mr. Beresford and Miss Dupree give performances that are remembered after many misunderstandings. But its humor springs from a deeper vein than either of these plays and its story takes on an added interest as the first play to treat of the Eighteenth Amendment.

Mr. Belasco ushered in the new season on August tenth at the Lyceum where he presented Frances Starr in a new "sea goin'" comedy, "Shore Leave" by Hubert Osborne. Everything is needed for a perfect production here is down, to the realistic booming of the surf, which makes a nice backdrop for the hero's love-making. Miss Starr works painstakingly for her effects and James Rennie does the best work of his life as the fickle sailor so astutely portrayed by the perspiring Connie Martin. Technically, the production could not be improved, and if it does not prove a success, it will probably be due not so much to the fact that the play is poor as that it never seems quite the proper setting for Miss Starr's delicate and exquisite artistry. As the naive and illiterate little country "modiste," her performance is pervaded throughout by the ghosts of her past successes; Laura Murdock and Margaret Lord for the first time in "Tiger ! Tiger!" and Becky. All these seem to haunt "Shore Leave" so that reluctant to make war for the energetic like Connie Martin, which is unfortunate. Possibly this fault will be obviated by time, and a well-rounded Connie will emerge from the present confusion which blues the portrayal at present. If this happens, "Shore Leave" will prove an excellent entertaining play for a trying day at the office or the kitchen.

And now, if we credit the roseate announcements for the new season, it would be as well to take your dress clothes out of the closet bags and hang them on the pulley line. For there will be John Barrymore in a new Eugene O'Neill play, "The Fountain," and Laurette Taylor in Fannie Hurst's "Humoresque." No one can afford to miss either of these. The Theatre Guild, with Joseph Schildkraut signed up for "Peer Gynt" and "Romeo," is continuing to sail along in the altitude they attained with
The Season of Symphony

(Continued from page 45)

conducted by himself, if the Soviet authorities permit him to leave the country where he has been working and struggling, like the rest, for the past four or five years. His first symphony, written when he was only sixteen, is a remarkable thing considered; his second, produced at the Paris Exposition in 1899, and his fourth and fifth, which I heard done in London in 1907, are strong works. Incidentally he wrote a triumphal march with chorus for the Chicago Exhibition of 1895. I last saw him conduct at the big Pavlovsk concert hall, near Petrograd, in 1915, and he struck me as one of the most masterful wielders of the baton in my experience. I hope that when he comes here he will follow Richard Strauss in securing the Philadelphia Orchestra for his concerts, for there is none quite so good.

And this brings us to a consideration of Stokowski and his forces. The Quaker City, where American music may he said to have made its beginnings, can point with pride to the fact that its high opinion of its orchestra is backed to the limit in New York, where every concert is sold out and the subscription list is almost as heavily over-subscribed as a Liberty Loan, which Arthur Judson, the manager, tells me is the case this year as last.

Personally I heard a Philadelphia Orchestra concert which I would not do at a concert given by any other symphony orchestra which you, I read somewhere, have done good through the evening, and I once found myself in good company, for Harold Bauer was standing at my side. I have noted the presence of more eminent musicians at a Philadelphia Orchestra concert than at any other. On one occasion I observed Rachmaninoff, Bauer, Heifetz, Ysaye, Lhevinne and several others, scarcely of lesser note, all listening attentively and applauding enthusiastically. Mengelberg has reason to say that it is "one of the finest organizations I ever had the pleasure to conduct," for I have often heard his own Concertos, and Semyonow, Richard Strauss, who, as already said, selected the Philadelphia last season for his own series of concerts, styled it "ein fabelhafterorchestra.

And "a miraculous orchestra" say all of those who know and who are not actuated by local or other jealousies. One of my greatest musical memories is the performance by the Philadelphia Orchestra of Stokowski's own arrangement of Bach's "Passacaglia in C Minor." The orchestra was superb, and so was the performance. I was so moved by it that, tho I do not happen to have met Stokowski, I wrote to him and told him what I thought of it all. His reply was as modest as it was interesting, and I feel at liberty to quote part of it. He said:

"I cannot thank you enough for the great pleasure your letter gave me. The "Passacaglia" of Bach has all my life been a work I love, and as I feel that it is not enough known to the general public I want to bring it closer to them. Also, also I may be biased in my views, it has always seemed to me that it called for orchestral expression (it was written for the organ), and I felt confirmed in this when I came to orchestra it, as it seemed to orchestrate itself with the utmost naturalness. It made me realize what extraordinary music Bach would have written for the modern orchestra had it been at his disposal.

In this last sentence is the germ of the reply to those purists who, when men like Elgar or Stokowski arrange one of Bach's works for the modern orchestra, exclaim in holy anger and pious grief that sacrilegious hands are being laid upon a masterpiece.
Mrs. Wharton and Some Others

(Continued from page 36)

the large industrial cities of America. Babbitt, the central figure, a right-thinking, forward-looking, hundred-per-cent American might easily reside and be a power in Detroit or Pittsburgh, Kansas City or Atlanta, Seattle or New York, Chicago or Sandusky. It is an engaging theme, a depiction of this man's life and ways and his superior and vast vision of material and satiric as well as dramatic and sympathetic possibilities. It should add greatly to the literature designed to reflect and interpret American life. If Mr. Lewis has done as well as the subject as he has in "Main Street" and I am assured that he has, it will be one of the season's novels which deserve the attention of all people interested in the welfare of our country and its literature.

Say what you will of the work of Mrs. Mary Roberts Rinehart, she has the narrative gift. She can tell an interesting story with a rapidity and ease which few fictionists are able to achieve. She is, in fine, a good story teller, not a precision, stylist, a speculative philosopher, a propagandist of ideas. That is why she is the most popular and hence the highest paid woman magazine writer in America. Of her new novel, "The Breaking Point," it may be said that it is her best novel since "K," a capital love story, exciting and capable of being read without effort.

Within the space of a very few years, Katherine Mansfield, an English woman in her early thirties, has emerged as one of the most important short story writers of her period. Deriving from Chekhov, with that Russian master's ability to seize upon the essential dramatic significance of slight occurrences and to present episodes in such a concise and moving a manner that they become profound, she has, in "The Garden Party," given us a volume of short stories of the highest distinction. She has the ironic touch, an interesting and intelligent point of view, and a style that is fluid and clear.

The effect of the war upon the younger generation of writers in England was, it seems, to heighten the slightly cynical, sophisticated hedonism which began to crop into modern English fiction with Norman Douglas' "South Wind." There may have been earlier evidences of this tendency than the rakish story by Mr. Douglas, but it, at all events, was the first conspicuous indicator of the literary mood. There have followed many works of diverse and involved and elliptical decadence of Ronald Firbank; and, standing out as the Oscar Wilde of his period, the young, accomplished, brilliant, sardonic and clever Aldous Huxley. In "Leda" he made the beginner's first obligation to the Muse in a series of polished verses, highly erotic and disenchanted. Came then "Klimo," a volume of short stories so skilfully done, so cleverly and seriously satirical, and so full of happy observations of the follies of the contemporary society, that Mr. Huxley became at once the most promising man in England upon whom all critical eyes were fixed in expectancy. He obliged with a full length novel, "Crome Yellow," which was a delight, and his latest offering is another collection of short stories. "Mortal Coils," with its inimitable and superb story, "The Tillinton Barquet," the "Bran's "Nut's at Lunchen," and the sharp and witty "Giacunda Smiles," Mr. Huxley is certain to become a literary fashion and does deserve even more than that.


Recommended Books

SHADOWLAND recommends the following books to the attention of its readers:

Fiction

"One of Ours," by Willa Cather. Alfred Knopf, Inc.
"Breaking Point," by Mary Roberts Rinehart. Doran.

Non-Fiction

"Belshazzar Court," by Simeon Strunsky. Scribner's.

for six drawings a week—more than $800,000 a year! Briggs, Smith, Darling and many others get immense prices from simple cartooning and illustrating ideas.

These men and more than 60 others of America's leading illustrators and cartoonists comprise the Federal Staff.

If you have talent for drawing, capitalize your ability. Make it earn big money for you. Be successful by learning drawing from artists who have achieved fame and fortune.

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FEDERAL SCHOOLS, Inc.
1054 Federal Schools Bldg, Minneapolis, Minnesota
The Wonderful Thing
IN LIFE IS
WOMAN'S SECRET CHARM

What Is It? How Can It Be Acquired?

Are You Lonely?

Many a woman today, who craves companionship and love, suffers in silence without knowing why she is neglected. The secret of woman's charm is that natural physical perfection which lends enchantment wherever she goes—the thing that makes for WOMAN in the first place—irresistibly draws man to her. That charm is her "physical beauty."

Bust Pads Will Not Do

No man loves a dummy. There is no appeal in fake, physical make-up. Man cannot be deceived. You must be a REAL woman, and because you are, you will want to be as perfectly developed as nature meant you to be.

You Have a Friend

Science comes to your rescue, in the perfection of a wonderful invention which will expand and enlarge the bust of any woman in a amazingly short time, no matter what the cause of under-development. No creams, no medicines, no electrical contrivances, no hand manage, no fake free treatments to deceive you—but a simple, effective, harmless home development which you use a few minutes night and morning. That is all there is to do. Nature, thru the physical excitation and stimulation of this wonderful invention, builds up flabby, listless tissues into the rounded contour of perfect beauty which every woman secretly craves.

You Can Now Be Happy

and sought after and admired and loved, if you will let us tell you about this remarkable developer, which is the only real method known for permanently enlarging a woman's bust to its natural size and beauty. Its Results Are Wonderful

Dr. C. S. Carr, former physician of national reputation, says of this physical culture invention:

"Indeed, it will bring about a development of the busts quite astonishing."

Actress, "The Follies Company," writes:

"This invention has done wonders for me, having developed an attractive bust of FOUR INCHES in the short time of THREE WEEKS—two inches larger than a child's. I cannot express how delighted I am in this changed appearance, I take pleasure in recommending it to my friends of the profession."

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without the cost of one penny, just how you may acquire this irresistible charm. This wonderful new home development system inexpensively brings to you a wonderfully developed figure. Send your name and address today and prepare for the happiest moments of your life.

DISCOVERED!
The One Magazine No Woman Can Afford To Miss

Beauty

I T is the last word on matters of physical beauty, charm, mental poise, good taste in dress.

Its articles are by experts and written not only to inform but to entertain. It is a pictorial treat. It reproduces the work of the best artists and photographers.

It gives you the latest news of the Stage, of Society, of the world of Fashion.

It is conducting a nation-wide search for America's loveliest girl.

It gives you one extra-special feature in each number. But there will be TWO such features in NOVEMBER:

I—"The Place of the Beauty Specialist in the Community," by that internationally recognized authority on beauty, Mme. Helena Rubinstein.

II—The first of a series of articles on the "Rejuvenation of the Middle-Aged Woman," by another well-known expert, Carmen de Polites Jones.

Beauty for NOVEMBER
Pierrot:
One day, and quite by chance it was, I went to see my old friend Sir Capocono.

Punch:
Sir Capocono, the old alchemist, by the new bridge, where the jugglers show each day.

Pierrot:
That same Sir Capo it was, and I told him of my dilemma. When I had finished, he pondered long and then he told me very gravely that he would aid me. By certain potions that he had concocted and by other charms with which he was acquainted, the ladies willing, 'de'd take them both and make them as snugly into one, as if they'd both been so conceived.

Punch:
It cannot be!

Pierrot:
Ah, the cunning of Sir Capo is beyond challenge. With all the craftiness of his profession he would make their bodies one—and as well their minds and souls. Their virtues—both theirs and Columbine's—'de'd consummate with a will that their faults would fall as quickly from them as broken blossoms in the wind.

Punch:
And the women agreed?

Pierrot:
Of a certainty they agreed. They both avowed they'd rather die than greet each dawning day without one by their side. Each was afraid the other'd be the favored one and this plan quite put an end to their quandary.

Punch:
And even now Sir Capocono works his ingenious plan?

Pierrot:
These past seventy-two hours he has been employing it diligently and it is favorable progress that he reports. At the stroke of twelve this night he is to send to me here in the garden, my beautiful Pierrette and my willful Columbine in one. At last Pierrot, the great lover of all ages, is to find his heart's desire—the perfect mate.

Punch:
But, Pierrot, are you not afraid of—

Pierrot:
Afraid of—what?

Punch:
The lady. Will you not be afraid to touch her lest your hands break her delicate self—will you not be afraid lest unprepared she will blow away as quietly as a puff-ball in the wind?

Pierrot:
Pierrot is afraid of naught. Love was made that Pierrot might be the lover.

Punch:
It would be well, my dear Pierrot, to reflect a moment on the—consequences of such designs. Marriage is a perilous necklace, that becomes one throat, yet around another is a yoke. I have heard it well said that ordinarily marriage is but a progressing predilection of love, disillusionment, and deception—the length of time of the first depending upon the woman, the second upon the man, and the third upon them both.

Pierrot:
But, my dear fellow, this is no ordinary betrothal.

Punch:
Perhaps not, but, if you would take the advice of an uncomely Punchillo, you would look to the bottom of the scheme. [The hour strikes as the last grains of sand in the hour glass trickle thru.]

Pierrot:
The glass has run. It is the hour when all my recent fretfulness is banished by a smile that has been fashioned to my own desire.

Punch:
And it is high time that I am about my wooling, too. (He gets up and puts the musical instrument about his neck.) Farewell, Pierrot, and happiness to you this evening.

Pierrot:
Farewell to you.

Punch:
[Punchillo sings as he goes out.]

The song—
Red is the warmth of fierce passion abased. That lights the dull unshining hear, only to flicker and wane as it plays, disdain.

Pierrot:
It is the mystic hour of midnight—that moment when the happy bride today casts off her wedding veil—and is the widow yesterday—that moment when my Pierrette and my Columbine—but Hark! She comes—

[Enter Columette, dressed in soft, shimmering robes of white, that cling closely to her delicate form. She enters from the rear and walks slowly thru the pergola, standing on the top step between two pillars.]

Pierrot:
It is my Pierrette and my Columbine! Oh, most divine lady! with all the virtues of the two fairest daughters of earth.

Pierrot comes closer and, holding out his hand, he bows low.

Columette:
Yes, Pierrot, it is I.

Pierrot:
My Pierrette and my Columbine—each name I would whisper as if I loved the music that it made and yet for the life of me I know not which to call you.

Columette:
Sir Capocono called me—Columette.

Pierrot:
Columette—Ah, a lovelier tune. Columette! (Pierrot takes Columette's hand and leads her down stage. She watches him quizzically.) You are glad to see me, Columette?

Columette:
Yes, I think I am glad to see you, Pierrot.

Pierrot:
You only think you're glad to see me—but perchance you are a little strange to this untried form. I must not press you too heartily.

Pierrot kisses Columette and she draws back.

Columette:
Oh! It is nothing, is it?

Pierrot:
What is the matter, Columette?

Columette:
Nothing is the matter—only—

Pierrot:
Only what, fairest lady?

Columette:
Your—your kiss is—

Pierrot:
(Laughing.) Not strange at all, Columette—the same old kiss that Pierrette averted was life itself to her.

Columette:
Did Pierre ever say that?

Pierrot:
Of course she did. And Columbine averred that very kiss brought forth her song.

Columette:
And did Columbine ever say that?

Pierrot:
Of a certainty. You see, dear Columette, it is Pierrot's kiss after all—and not strange, but from the very lips that bring eternal happiness to Columette.

Columette: (Continued from page 48)
An Aristocrat in Bohemia
(Continued from page 39)
connections, but on his artistic merits, which are undeniable.
Bob is in fact a very clever fellow, tho some would say a bit erratic. But that is ever the way with genius. And whatever his eccentricities, he is never the less a cosmopolitan, abrebrating and epileptic manifestation peculiarly futurism, cubism, expressionism, or whatever name that fresh name may make of the hideous travesties in painting and sculpture which demonstrate nothing so much as that the perpetrators have not learned the most fundamentals of the art they affect to practise.
He may never have been a social butterfly, but time was when Bob Chanler flitted about Europe, especially Paris, and was a prominent figure in the couturiers and cabarets. He surrounded himself with a temporary blaze of glory by marrying one of the most beautiful women of her day, Lina Cavalieri, who graduated from the café chantant into grand opera. After this dazzling matrimonial venture was of brief duration, he will tell you himself that, so far from regretting it, it was an experience worth all and more than it cost him, and it is said that the beautiful Roman singer had a very pretty taste in jewelry.

A Cosmopolitan

Today he is wedded to his art, altho he still has an eye for a pretty woman, for has not Claire Sheridan told the world in her very frank American way, how she went on an adventure of uncontrollable enthusiasm, Bob kissed her on the neck while dancing with her, and he has never contradicted it?
A cosmopolitan and a confessed, his conversation is no less colorful than his palette. He shines at inventive and levels his verbal shaft at the rich for their contemptuous patronage of art, the bourgeois of their small complacency in accepting anything and everything that is thrust upon them in its name, and at some of the protagonists and hangers-on of the modern movement.
Listen to him as, glibly in hand, filled with a beautiful amber-colored beverage, he proclaims his view of art:
"This is the day of flyvers, victorlases, jazz, player-pianos, telephones, and buzzing, bawling radios," he says, and pauses for a drink.
"Every man is a craftsman now, and we all of us more or less caught the infection. I know I have it. The old artist-craftsmen did not think so strongly of their work, as the moderns do, of course,
And saying this, he runs his hands thru his thick and tumbled hair with an eloquent gesture and takes another drink.

Art that is Anti-Academic

Certainly Robert Winthrop Chanler works hard enough himself, combining the first fine frenzy of inspiration with the meticulous attention to detail that is the hallmark of the craftsman who loves his work. His drawing and painting are frankly anti-academic, influenced alternately by the art of the Renaissance, the Pre-Raphaelites, and the Far East. But there is no studied eccentricity, no rebellious realism, nor hasty blurred impressionism. It is all tremendously vigorous and daring, and in its way immensely effective, and it possesses sometimes a spontaneous symbolism which is impressive by reason of its apparent unconsciousness.
And thus it is that his elaborately decorative and sometimes almost impassioned screens and murals have become very much the vogue, and are to be found not only in the seats of the mighty and the homes and havens of the wealthy and artistic, but also in several museums and art galleries.

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Was it really her fault?

SHE possessed all of the attributes that ordinarily make for popularity. Yet somehow she seemed to stand in her way—something seemed to hold her back.
The men she longed most to fascinate took only a casual sort of interest in her. They seemed attracted to her at first, but quickly they would lose interest. Some other girl, after much less attractive than she, would then step into her place.
The tragic mystery of it all was making her life miserable.

Halitosis may be only a little thing in itself. Yet what untold misery it may cause! And all because even a person's best friends—probably, perhaps—will insist upon dodging this subject. It seems too intimate to mention.

Halitosis—the medical term for unpleasant breath—is an insidious thing. Nice times out of ten the person so suffering does not know it, herself. Your mirror can tell you. You cannot detect it. And all the while you may be offending those about you—unawares.

There is a way, however, to be sure your breath is right. Until halitosis is due to some deep-seated organic disorder which needs professional correction, you may easily put yourself on the safe and polite side by using Listerine regularly as a gargle and mouth wash.

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For

HALITOSIS

use LISTERINE.
getting sufficient rehearsals, which, as he feelingly remarked, is bad for everybody, particularly the composer.

"In America," Rachmaninoff went on to say, scarcely with his usual accuracy, "you never learn that it is impossible to get sufficient rehearsal."

Conditions have improved only very recently in this respect in New York, a fact due to the generosity of a few wealthy music lovers, who have paid for extra rehearsals out of their own pockets, and who, in fact, largely subsidize the leading orchestras. But even some of these musical Midas were staggered by the bills for rehearsals piled up by Mengelberg.

In London since the war there are few if any very wealthy music lovers, men who devoutly love music and are willing to spend largely in order that others less fortunately placed than themselves may hear the best possible music at the lowest possible cost.

Sir Edgar Speyer was once the financial mainstay of the Queen's Hall Orchestra, but for certain sufficient reasons he left England, and has taken up his residence in this country, a residence varied by occasional visits to Germany. Possibly, had he found it convenient to stay in London, the enormous excess tax on large incomes would have prevented him from contracting musical benefactions. Certainly no one, not even Lord Howard de Walden, one of the richest musical amateurs in London, has been found to take Sir Edgar's place.

But all this is scarcely to the point.

While chiding the extreme Modernists or Bolsheviks, Rachmaninoff finds it in his heart to be complimentary to certain English composers. He mentions that in New York last season he heard Vaughan Williams' new London Symphony conducted by Coates; that he had previously heard, in Russia, Elgar's "Enigma" Variations and Violin Concerto, and also one of Bancroft's earlier orchestral poems.

One of the best, his preoccupation seems to have been not very strong. The symphony by Vaughan Williams, however, struck him as it did other sound judges, as a work of rare beauty and significance. Rachmaninoff greatly admires the two works of Elgar, the much preferring the variations. The latter composition, he added, is a very great one indeed.

Incidentally, one saw a good deal of Rachmaninoff last season in New York at the symphony concerts as an auditor, those which he principally patronized being the concerts of the Philadelphia Orchestra and one or two conducted by Coates.

All the leading musicians, as a fact, attended the concerts of the Philadelphia Orchestra, which Stokowski has converted into the finest symphonic instrument in the world today, better even than the Boston at its best.

Speaking of the younger Englishmen, like Goossens and Frank Bridge, Rachmaninoff frankly confessed that they were beyond his comprehensions, the light touch and interplay of the parts in the latter's chamber music arrangement of "Cherry Ripe" and "Sally in Our Alley" had pleased him, as they did many others who heard Mr. Bridge's work done in New York. Goossens may be a musical genius, but he succeeds in disguising the fact very thoroly in the vagrant, scrappy themes and inharmonic surges in which he is so fond of expressing himself.

When my old friend Herbert Antcliffe—himself a musician and a skilled writer on the divine art—interviewed Rachmaninoff in England, he was somewhat surprised that, after his remarks on modern music and its tendencies, the composer should have spoken approvingly of Medtner, and even suggested study of the Russian composer's works.

"Of Medtner!" exclaimed Antcliffe. "But you say you have no sympathy with the modernists. Surely Medtner is a modernist of modernists!"

At this Rachmaninoff's dark, sad Muscovite face lighted up with one of his rare smiles.

"Yes," he said, "but Medtner is different. He is a great man.

"Well," he continued, "The difference between Medtner and most of the young moderns is the difference which exists between, say, the works of George Enescu and the works of the expressionists, who display their alleged pictures at the exhibition of the Independents in New York. Medtner, incidentally, is of German origin, although he received his musical training in Moscow and came under the strongest Russian influences. His first compositions showed kinship with Brahms, and in some cases were of magnificent quality; in fact, I have often wondered at their neglect.

Nevertheless, while sharing Rachmaninoff's admiration for Medtner, I am disposed to be curious, if not skeptical, with regard to his later work, which I have not heard.

One fears that Paul Rosenfeld will be tempted by the remarks of Rachmaninoff to indulge in one of his periphrastic and picturesque distases in the Dial. However, the great Russian has survived Mr. Rosenfield's previous onslaught, in which he said, among other cutting things:

"M. Rachmaninoff comes among us like a very charming and amiable ghost."

If all ghosts were as sane and pointed in their utterances as the composer of "P" and the brilliant and exhilarating E Minor Piano Concerto, there might be more convinced converts to spirituality. But a better musical ghost than a musical Bolshevist, do it is just possible Mr. Rosenfield might think otherwise.
The Takeuchi's
(Continued from page 33)

is mentioned. This may be a slight exaggeration, but it is not an exaggeration to say that artists from all over the world go to see Seho's famous ceiling decorations in the temple at Hongwong.

It was inevitable that Japan, as she began to have relations with the various Western nations, would sooner or later feel her influence in her art, which had reached a period of stagnation during her isolation. The Government recognized the new school when, in 1876, it engaged as an instructor Antonio Fontanesi, an Italian artist, of the idealist school; and Charles Wirgman, at that time Paris correspondent of the Illustrated London News, taught the Japanese a great deal about the Western art.

In 1890 the Government, growing suddenly conventional, excluded the pictures of the Western school from the National Exhibition. This setback merely irritated the modernists and increased the flow of art students from Japan to America and Europe. During this period much credit must be given to Kyotaro Koroda and Keiehiro Kame, pupils of Raphael Collin, who were leaders in the fight for recognition of the new school. Gradually the Government swung into line, and at length showed enough interest to send, at government expense, some of her most promising art students abroad to study.

This is a rapid summarization of the growth of the school of which Seho and Itsuzu are leaders. Itsuzu says further in his letter to Katherine Sturge:

'The works of Brangwyn are also being discussed. But we are only facing the works thrown at the reproductions. I have some books about Brangwyn, but I haven't the book you presented, the best book yet for students.'

'No Japanese likes to discuss painters, unless they have many reproductions of their works. I think, they must at the same time read good, critical books, then they can almost reach to the point. But if the people can catch the reproductions, they soon hold up both hands and say, like mountebanks, 'Vadinsky! Rodin! Brangwyn!' Who can truly feel the depth of soul? Thus we have already passed from Cimabue and Giotto to Cubism and futurism. Japanese are always apt to throw this human-bulat on events of the moment. Of course, we try to conduct this spirit in a good way.'

At present, I am intending to introduce to my friends the art of Robert Henri. In a few years we will have a good collection in Tokyo, Mr. Matsukata (master of the Karasi- kado dockyard) has brought back many European pictures, from the Velv collection in Paris. Mr. Vevel, agent for forty years making this collection, and Mr. Matsukata bought it completely.

"My father and I with some friends were invited to a private showing a few days ago, and what we saw was truly astonishing for us. The color prints amount to about nine thousand pieces, all the illustrations of the book by Seidlitz, 'A History of Japanese Color Prints,' are contained in it. Moreover there are about three hundred European paintings - some Greek and many Rodin models. For instance, he has twenty works of Courbet and twenty-five Gauguins, some Van Goghs, with many Corots, Turners and Goyas; even one pencil work of Raphael. He has almost world-famous painters' works. He is very fond of Brangwyn, and bought many of his large works. This collection, when it is built up, supplemented by your presented book on Brangwyn, must be the final text for my study, which will be a great help in enabling me to make my people understand better Brangwyn's works.'

Ittuso's letter has been quoted, practically verbatim, with only a few of his quaint idioms changed for greater clarity. It shows how hard the Japanese are working to absorb Occidental art. Even in the very poor paintings that they often turn out, when endeavoring to follow too faithfully some foreign school and so getting a great many of the faults with the virtues, there is a very evident sincerity of purpose shown.

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The Passing of Stage Decoration
(Continued from page 29)
noted this about the German designers: “If one were to name the two most noticeable tendencies away from the new stagecraft as practiced in America, one would be the opening up of the stage into a sort of black void, in which the action is picked out with concentrated lights.” Since writing that, I have seen some thirty productions in German theaters, and I wish to say more about that void as background in actual operation.

In the first place, there are those producers who utilize the void, but with some vestige of highly stylized plastic decoration remaining. Thus Leopold Jessner, Intendant of the State Theater in Berlin, and the man most talked about as Reinhardt’s successor in leadership of the German stage, showed a scene by building some sort of platform, itself decorative in form, against what is practically a curtain of darkness or of diffused light. In “Don Carlos” the opening scene was of this character. When the curtain rose, one had an impression of looking into a limitless stage on which had been placed a shaped terrace or platform, a bit rococo in its curved outline, and regally expressive in its coloring. Everything from platform to forestage was carpeted in rose red, and to give added distinction the steps were edged in gold, and the false proscenium was black with a gold edging. The whole was a tour-de-force in distinction, in elegance (really no other word will do), and its effectiveness was greater by placing it against the immense all-enveloping horizon—as impalpable and unobtrusive as a faintly flushed sky. Again and again in the play (for there are nearly twenty scenes), there was this use of neutral or limitless or blacked-out background, sometimes with the whole stage-floor in use as in the first scene, or with only a figure or two lighted down front. I was told that Jessner, working with Emil Pirchan, had used similar settings freely for the State-Theater productions of “Othello” and “Richard III”; in the former at times a platform and nothing more, in the latter a terrace, then a staircase.

Simplification vs. Elimination
In other productions, Jessner has tried to get down to the same simplicity in staging realistic plays. Perhaps the most interesting example of Jessner’s simplification of decoration is to be found in a setting for Wedekind’s “Marquis von Keith,” illustrated herewith. The substitution of a floor for walls, and the absence of a ceiling, side walls or any but the absolutely essential properties, obviously mark a step between “normal” simplification and elimination of setting.

Similar to the “Don Carlos” in marking almost complete elimination of background were certain scenes that I saw in the Berlin Volksthume’s production of “King Lear,” and the Prince Regent Theater production of “Hamlet” at Munich, as staged by Erich Engle, Adolf Linnebach and Leo Pasetti. In the “Lear,” Hans Stroebel built some remarkable dramatic scenes with a sort of hilltop-against-the-sky effect, and several times he used merely a wall or platform in silhouette as the sky-dome. In the “Hamlet” the most memorable scenes were those where the stage was open, with merely platforms against a dark or half-light horizon. The action was picked out of the darkness by spots and local floods. In the cleverness of the lighting and the restriction of decoration, I thought I detected especially the influence of Adolf Linnebach, long a crusader for the single light. A few days ago I had seen a production of “A Midsummer Night’s Dream” at Linnebach’s own theater, the Dresden Schauspielhaus, and noted the well-lighted, perfect lighting and the extreme simplification of settings—but with curtains and gauzes cushioning the eye at the back instead of a horizon.

If Jessner, Linnebach and some others practically eliminate background while still holding by a hair to the older types of staging add to reality, with a column here, a balustrade there, or a tree-form to suggest a forest, there

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RICHARD WALLACE
BROOKLYN, N. Y.
are those who cast loose entirely from recognizable objects and any sense of locality. Perhaps the best example in the larger theaters is the Volkstheater’s production of “Masse Mensch” under the direction of Jurgen Fehling and in “settings” by Hans Strohbach. Of the seven scenes five were played on variously arranged black platforms against an open stage (of which the walls were entirely lost in darkness) or against black curtains. The platforms as such were practically invisible, the light seldom touching more than the little area in which the actors moved. From these scenes everything in the nature of decoration and all props had been eliminated. The other two touchable recognizable reality at only one point, where the black curtains at the top of the platforms parted and showed the bases of two immense columns; the other scene was an atmospheric one in which asked cliff-like shapes, half lost in darkness, enclosed the stage.

“Masse Mensch”

Did the play lose anything for lack of recognizable backgrounds? I judge not, from the fact that I have not been so moved by any production in a theater for years—that and in spite of a very imperfect understanding of the German language. From the moment when the curtain rose and three spotlight came up on three figures standing out on a black stage, to the closing of the final curtains on an arrangement of platforms and stairs against black curtains, the spectator was held tense. The play, as a rule, so swift, concentrated, peculiar to the style and rhythm of German expressionist playwrights creating a scene which brings up the question of the influence of expressionism on playwriting and stage setting. There is no doubt that in the simultaneous arrival of expressionist playwrights and widespread staging without decoration. In the first place, of course, these new dramatists write their plays as long series of short scenes, rather than in the usual three or four acts, and that in itself is an impetus toward elaboration. But more important, the whole theory of Expressionism, in the theater as in painting, minimizes the importance of locality and setting; its aim is to intensify and express an emotion, lifted out of time and place, and it distorts or eliminates outward aspects of nature if that seems to intensify further the central feeling. And so, where distorted expressionistic painting is not utilized in the background, the backgrounds tend to disperse, to become voids. It is no chance “Masse Mensch” is possibly the best example of Expressionist playwriting to reach production and at the same time one of the best examples of decorationless staging!

Then, too, there is the matter of poverty. Would be only a spendthrift theater that could afford in Germany or Russia today to stage a seven-scene play in the elaboration of other times. Economy has forced simplification—and the necessity has brought its virtues. The first-class German theater, be it noted, is such that it can attain effects on an empty stage which are impossible in nine out of ten American theaters. In the first place there is the matter of depth. When you localize light on a group of actors in the center of a stage like the Volkstheater’s, you are far enough away so that it catches none of the light rays, leaving a blanket of darkness behind the illuminated actors; but the average American stage is so shallow that the backdrop, cyclorama or stage wall is bound to come within any but the smallest area of illumination. The plaster half-dome or horizon which is so common a backdrop on German stages, moreover, swallows light, or gives it off—becomes merely distance, dark or light—much better than any substitute so far offered. In other words, when stage decoration is eliminated in Germany, the play is acted out in the nearest approach to a void that can be imagined. What American ingenuity may invent to overcome the handicap of shallow, horizon-less stages, I am not prepared to forecast. I leave that to Jones, Geddes, Simonson and the others who have led us such a long way out of the original wilderness.

Other Examples

I might add other examples in various directions, going back to Reinhardt who, in his “circus,” production of his actors clear of the stage proper, playing them almost detached in a localized circle of light; or looking forward, the backs-and is far enough away so that it catches none of the light rays, leaving a blanket of darkness behind the illuminated actors; but the average American stage is so shallow that the backdrop, cyclorama or stage wall is bound to come within any but the smallest area of illumination. The plaster half-dome or horizon which is so common a backdrop on German stages, moreover, swallows light, or gives it off—becomes merely distance, dark or light—much better than any substitute so far offered. In other words, when stage decoration is eliminated in Germany, the play is acted out in the nearest approach to a void that can be imagined. What American ingenuity may invent to overcome the handicap of shallow, horizon-less stages, I am not prepared to forecast. I leave that to Jones, Geddes, Simonson and the others who have led us such a long way out of the original wilderness.

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any native inferiority in art appreciation here — for Americans have given proof that their instinct for art is a strong one. What makes the condition is again the slenderness of our resources for knowing art.

As the museums grow up in the newer cities of this country, there will be a wider and more intelligent public for the artist. Meanwhile while we have got to face the fact that in too many cases he is called on for work that is the very contrary of everything he believes in until the day arrives when — having earned his living by bad work — he actually comes to look on it as good. This perversion of judgment is the greatest misfortune. Too long as an artist realizes that a type of work is bad there is hope of his getting a chance to do the thing that made him enter his profession. When once his sense of values is lost, the man ceases to realize that he has sold his birthright, and becomes part of the system that makes for the venal treasry of art which fills our exhibitions and publications.

The history of art in America is to a large extent a story of our attempts to make the pub- lic know what the picture-maker and the statue-maker are driving at. It is for this pur- pose that the American Book of Art which has given us the museums. It is for this purpose that we start new exhibitions when the old ones have become a sort of hopeless conventionism. In no country are the older men more eager to find that stubrness of talent in their juniors which will ensure thru the years of struggle, in no country is there a stronger sense among the younger men of the impor- tance of the few among their seniors who have managed to hold to their ideals. It is almost a weakness with us: in France one finds a greater confidence among the younger artists, for the tradition of growth—of new discovery— is so strong that one finds a sort of healthy irrever- ence which is rare here, where the necessity of achievement makes the younger men limit about striking out on the new paths — along which lies their salvation.

I have enough at this length of these factors in American art because they explain the special importance there is for us in the man who is willing and able to go ahead. It is the recognition of this quality in William J. Glackens that made the best of the older painters his admirer and a wit. He had as his admirable picture of the "Ballet Girl" was hidden away in the darkest corner of the old "Morgue" at the Academy; and the quality was again recognized when Mr. Glackens ac- cepted the work of directing the first hard year of the society which gives the unknown artist the same chance as the world's most distinguished in the profession.

Whatever benefit the profession and the country have had from the attitude of mind that Mr. Glackens has shown, the most interesting point for us here is, after all, its effect on his own work. To what that has been, we should look back to the magazines of fifteen years ago and see how the ways of the artist are already changing. Mr. Glackens painting today is the direct continua- tion of the quality that informed those remark- able drawings of the early period, that made him as an illustrator. He, with a few others, brought about an immeasurably wider apprecia- tion of the fact that there is no more to the essentials of illustration, and that the drafts- man creates a dignified art of his own when he follows these instead of imitating the effects of inferior oil-painting — the usual medium em- ployed by the purveyors of prettiness who have done their utmost to degrade one of the oldest and most important branches of graphic art. And the value of Mr. Glackens' drawings does not derive merely from the effect they had in bringing about a better standard among the editors and in the public, they are works of permanent value in their quality of expres- sive comment on American life, and in the re- freshing incisiveness of their line and move- ment.

In his painting, which embodies more per- fectly perhaps than any other in this country the great discoveries that the Impressionists made in the realm of color, and still keeping close to the interest in the subject be- fore him which underlies the distinguished character of his drawings, his paintings figures or landscape or flowers, the full gamut of color that has year by year emerged with more intensity from the dark painting of his earlier period, is never considered as a thing apart from the scene before his eyes, it is the result of an ever-closer observation of his sub- ject — of an ever-stronger power to make his color reveal the splendor of the world that lives in the daylight.

For a time he was interested in an imagina- tive rendering of themes taken from his read- ing, but the sooner returned to the things of sight. It is with those that his art is concerned — and they have led men as high as art has gone. For, if Robert Louis Stevenson in his poem spoke of the "things not seen with the eyes" as the ones that he would fight for, he was speaking of this artist. And William Glackens is a painter; it is thru our sight that the painters take us to the heights of ideas that the users of language conventionally call words. He has captured the place in his generation — a generation especially concerned with fidelity to vision—because his seeing of things has enriched the vision of all who look on his pictures.

The Theatrical Menu (Continued from page 66)
Hand in Hand Go Culture and Tradition

(Continued from page 62)

I know of nothing quite like it in America save the new-old structure just being completed in the MacDowell Colony three miles to the west... But I anticipate...

It was just fortune—and odd fortune at that—that brought to Peterborough her recent pre-science as a capital of modern American culture. A really great musician—the late Edward MacDowell—dining at a house in Boston, expressed a desire to find a home in the country where he could find peace and comfort—and at little cost. A fellow guest made a suggestion:

"I think that if you went to Peterborough, she said, you will find all that you wish of peace and comfort, at little cost—and great beauty, too."

So came it that MacDowell went to Peterborough. Went for but a single summer and then decided to make it a permanent summer home. He bought an abandoned farm and in its staunch old farmhouse he set his habitat. It is today the property of his widow. Gradually, it has been added to, a staircase here, an "ell" there, rooms everywhere, even the great music-room—one of the loveliest single apartments into which I have ever ventured—which breathes the spirit of a master mind... Yet simplicity rules! Not only the house but in the entire five-hundred-acre colony, of which it is the heart and constant inspiration.

A Refuge for Creators

For MacDowell before his death had wished that his refuge in Peterborough should become the refuge of other creative minds, working for the growth and development of the arts in all the intensity and pressure under which the creative mind always works. A little way from his house he had built—some years before his death—a small cabin, perched upon a hillside and facing Monadnock and the setting sun. This was his refuge. In its small room a piano was placed, and there creative art had sanctuary... There are more than thirty such refuges in the MacDowell colony of today. They are at the service of creative minds; in music, in literature, in art. Each is allotted for the summer season to the use of an artist, who comes to Peterborough with the proper credential. The cost is low, ridiculously low. But the standard is high, astonishingly high.

The folk who have met the standard and who go to the MacDowell Colony are subjected to few rules or restrictions. Only two rules may fairly be called cardinal: it is strictly forbidden for anyone to call upon a worker in his studio during the hours that it is set aside to him—from nine to four—and night-work in them is forbidden; this last as a preventative of fire. So rigidly is the first rule adhered to, that from the central house of the colony, the lunches are sent out at noon each day by special truck and in containers. The trend of thought of the worker is not broken in upon by the hum of small-talk at a lunch table. He lives in a colony home—a great house for the men and another for the women—and eats his breakfast and his dinner in community. But the precious hours of day are reserved for his own meditation—and his creative endeavors.

To hold these ideals and gradually expand, what seems to be one of the most useful efforts in America is under way, and has been so easy task for the promoters of the colony. It always is desperately hard up. The new men's lodge, which was begun away back in 1914, and arrested for a time during the progress of the war, is just now receiving its shingled roof. Work at Peterborough is a slow and serious matter. The lodge, like the Episcopalian church down in the village, is a hand-fabricated thing. Two aged stone-masons—survivors of a craft that has almost ceased to exist within the United States—have slowly erected its stout walls. Yet when you stop to bespeak to them your real admiration of their handiwork, they will lead you silently thru a path in a nearby wood to a
small stone structure that stands where it can catch the first glance of dawn, the last lingering farewell of darkness.

"This is our real recreation," they will finally tell you. "This will stand long centuries after we are gone."

The Chapel

A few years before his death, MacDowell, transmigrating thru the Swiss Alps with his wife, came quite unexpectedly at a turn of the road to a small chapel; a thing of great beauty but of an exquisite simplicity. It consisted of but a single room, with an arched loggia without, giving to it . . . The musician was rapt in his admiration of it.

"It is the one thing that I have seen over here," said he, "that could be transplanted to America."

After his death, Mrs. MacDowell began to contemplate the building of the little chapel in duplicate upon the grounds of the colony at Peterborough. She had an architect go from Paris up into Switzerland and make drawings and plans of it, but finally was compelled to dismiss the idea. The cost was prohibitive. Yet Mrs. MacDowell never completely abandoned her pet project.

A few years ago the way opened for it. Thru the generosity of Mrs. W. Alex- ander it was decided to reproduce the Swiss chapel—as a memorial studio among the pines of New Hampshire. It will serve both as a painter's workshop and as a small exhibition gallery. To the two aged stone-masons of Peterborough was intrusted the difficult task of construction. They took it slowly. For more than four years they have been building the chapel. Each stone that has gone into its walls has been minutely inspected. Many stones brought from the nearby hillsides—have been rejected for the few that have been accepted.

Finally the chapel—I cannot help calling it that, it is so impressively religious in its great simplicity, set there amidst the mighty boughs of the forest—is almost completed. The final touches already are being given to it. In another summer it will be ready; ready to begin its progress down the centuries; a symbol of faith, of love, and of ambition.

The success of the MacDowell Colony thru a quarter of a century of struggle and of steady progress has brought other effects in its wake. Some eight or nine years ago, Miss Marie Weir Laughton established on the other side of the village her artistic colony which she calls The Pines, and which has successfully specialized in the teaching and development of aesthetic dancing.

At Mariarden

The most recent addition to the culture of Peterborough is the beautiful Mariarden, which Mrs. Guy Currier, of Boston, and a group of associates, have established within the twelvemonth. Mariarden gives itself unreservedly to the drama and the kindred arts that go toward its perfection. So it is but natural that the chief feature of this new colony is its great stage, designed by Stuart Walker, of Portmanteau Theater fame. This is the most complete structure of its sort ever attempted for open-air productions. Not only is there an elaborate electric equipment, including several groups of spotlights set in floor-traps, but under another trap a broad stage fronting from below, right up to the center of the stage. The opportunities that this most unusual feature give for stage direction and grouping are almost infinite. Yet they are equalled by the stage itself; with its broad apron and fore-stage giving ample room for the enactments of drama scenes, while the screens that serve as a drop-curtain are closed. For the entire stage there are no screens. Nature, herself, painted the back-drop—real trees, a real sky, and in the distance the madly beautiful reality of the park of Monadnock itself.

This stage was first inaugurated at the end of July last; by a superb production of "As You Like It," in which were featured Edith Wynne Mathison, Pedro de Cordoba, Adrienne Morrison (Mrs. Richard Bennett) and other almost equally well-known professional actors, with the students of the school in lesser roles. Its direction is in the hands of Ruth St. Denis and Ted Shaw, who are creating at Peterborough. An eastern Denishawn, after their California model . . . The entire inspiration is under the immediate direction of Mrs. Currier, herself for years an actress of high repute . . . The social side of the place is quite as much a part of its ambitious artistic side. The folk who go to it are assured of comfort. The big barn, cleared and rebuilt and gaily decorat- ed with blue-and-white cross-barn gingham, which serves as the central studio of Mariarden, the nearby refectory, the little groups of bungalows here and there and everywhere upon the three hundred acres of piney hillsides bespeak a careful attention, not only to detail but to the human necessities of the place.

The First Free Library

I shall like to think of Peterborough always; not only as an American town typifying the good taste and the real culture of past genera- tions—it is a matter of pride to the town that it possesses the first free public library established within this land—but representing the tre- mendous effort that is now being made to in- spire such culture within the present generation. I shall like to think of its real modesty—almost the first requisite of genuine good taste. For when one is done with the real splendors of the place, and they are manifold, there remains that simplicity. Perhaps nowhere does this show itself more than when one climbs the hill, passes thru an unmarked gateway at the roadside and enters a half-hidden path that leads thru a cathedral-like double-row of trees to the grave of MacDowell, it stands alone. And without pretense. Nearby is the golf course that he gave to the men of Peterborough, and carollers can hear them laughing and shouting as you stand before MacDowell's monument.

That monument, a beautiful one. Nothing else. A great glacial rock with a simple bronze plate bearing the name of the man whose bones it contains and beneath it the immortal words that he wrote one evening as he sat in his studio cabin upon the hillside:

"A house of dreams untold
It looks out over the whispering tree-tops
And faces the setting sun."
Corliss Palmer Powder

is the result of scientific research and experiment. Miss Palmer, by winning first prize in the 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest, was adjudged the Most Beautiful girl in America, and her Beauty articles in the Motion Picture Magazine and Beauty Magazine have attracted wide attention.

We have secured the exclusive American rights to Miss Palmer’s Powder. We put it up in pretty boxes, which will be mailed to any address, postage prepaid, on receipt of $1.00 a box. It comes in only one shade and is equally desirable for blondes and brunettes.

Do not think of sitting for a portrait without first using this powder!

And it is equally desirable for street use, in the Movies and everywhere. Send a One Dollar bill or 1-cent or 2-cent stamps and we will mail you a box of this exquisite powder. Remember that we have the exclusive selling rights to

Corliss Palmer Powder

Beware of imitations and accept no substitutes warranted to be “just as good.” There is nothing else like it on the market.

Wilton Chemical Co.
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Extracts from Motion Picture Magazine

I am often asked what kind of face powder I use. I have received more letters asking this question than I could answer, so I had a little circular printed stating that I make my own powder. And now they are asking me to tell them how I make it. Well, I can’t tell how, but I can tell why. I have tried about every powder on the market and have done considerable experimenting on myself and on others. There is no denying that there are several very fine powders on the market, but I felt that none just suited me, and so I determined to make one that did. You see, in the first place, I had some very peculiar ideas about the complexion and was very hard to please. I am very particular about things and staying qualities, and I want a powder that does not look like powder, that will not blow off in the first gust of wind, that is not too heavy nor too light, that will not injure the complexion, and that will not change color when it becomes moist from perspiration or from the natural oil that comes thru the pores of the skin. I also like a pleasant aroma to my powder, and one that lingers. After experimenting with powdered starch, French chalk, magnesia carbonate, powdered orris root, bluish subcarbonate, precipitated chalk, zinc oxide, and other chemicals, and after consulting authorities as to the effects of each of these on the skin, I finally settled on a formula that has been tried out under all conditions and that suits me to a nicety. And, most important of all, perhaps, this powder when finally perfected had the remarkable quality of being equally good for the street, for evening dresses and for motion picture make-up. I use the same powder before the camera for exteriors and interiors, and for daily use in real life. So do many of my friends, and they all tell me that they will use no other so long as they can get mine. As to the tint, it is a mixture of many colors. I learned from an artist years ago that there are solid flat colors in nature. Look carefully at anything you choose and you will see every color of the rainbow in it. Take a square patch of sky, for instance, and examine it closely and you will find every color there. Just as with the face. Any portrait painter will tell you that he uses nearly every color when painting flesh. Nothing is white—not even snow, because it reflects every color that is around it. White face powder is always white. While it is not a color, the general tone of my powder is something like that of a rice peach. I have made up a few boxes of it for my friends, and in asking them to pay me what it costs me, which is about One Dollar a box. I am not in business and do not want to make a profit. If any of my readers want to try this powder, I will try to accommodate them, but I cannot undertake to put this powder on the market in a business way—that is something for a regular dealer to do if there is enough demand for it.

Cut out and mail today

Wilton Chemical Co.
Brooklyn, N.Y.

For the enclosed One Dollar please send me a box of Corliss Palmer Powder.

Name ......................................................

Street ......................................................

City and State ...........................................
Moments Which Count

When you are conscious of the scrutiny of interested eyes which appraise every detail of your appearance, can you sit serene, secure in the consciousness that there is nothing to criticise but everything to admire?

Happy is the girl who can answer "yes" in these all important moments. She is the girl who knows that her fresh, clear skin and smooth, white neck and arms are sure to command admiration.

The girl who is not so sure of her personal attractiveness, who is conscious that complexion defects may affect her popularity, should waste no time remedying these conditions. The secret is cosmetic cleanliness, which keeps the skin free from clogging accumulations.

Once a day, do this

Once a day, preferably at bed-time, give your face a thorough cleansing. This doesn't mean a harsh, irritating scrub, but a cosmetic cleansing accomplished by the gentlest possible means.

Soap is necessary, but only the mildest soap should be used. This is Palmolive, blended from palm and olive oils.

Once you experience the mild, soothing effect of its smooth, creamy lather you will recognize daily cleansing as the surest complexion beautifier.

Removal, once a day, of the accumulations of dirt, oil, perspiration and the remaining traces of cold cream and powder is absolutely essential to a clear, fresh skin.

Neglect results in clogged pores, coarse texture and blackheads. When the accumulated soil carries infection, pimples are the result.

An ancient secret

The value of beautifying cleansing was discovered long ago, in the days of ancient Egypt. It was Cleopatra's secret—whatever the embellishments she employed, they were applied after the daily bath with palm and olive oils as cleansers.

The great queen was famous for her beauty long after early youth was passed. She kept her looks with the aid of the same gentle, stimulating cleansing which we recommend today.

Blended from the same oils

Palmolive is blended from the same costly oriental oils which served Cleopatra as cleanser and beautifier. We import them from overseas in vast quantity to keep the Palmolive factories at work day and night. This is necessary to supply the world-wide demand.

This popularity has reduced price, as manufacturing volume permits economies which lower production costs. Thus we are able to supply Palmolive for only 10 cents a cake.

Sowhile Palmolive ranks first as finest facial soap, you can afford to follow Cleopatra's example and use it for bathing.

Complexion beauty does not end with the face. Beautify your body with Palmolive.

Volume and efficiency produce 25-cent quality for

10c
MARY LEONARD had to put a price upon hers if she would save her sister.

She had to value it in different terms if she would hold the love of the One Man.

She had to re-value it if she would keep her self-respect.

WHAT DID SHE DO?

We give you the first episode in the sensational screen career of Mary Leonard, her sister Lissa, and the man Dermot Trent, in the December number of the Motion Picture Magazine, when begins Dorothy Calhoun's astounding and absorbing serial:

"THEY WHO FEAST IN BABYLON"

It deals with the gay, reckless, lovable motion-picture set of romantic Hollywood.

Its heroines are twin sisters—one gentle and charming, the other arrogant but captivating.

It is a screen idol—handsome, imperious, clever.

Its author knows the motion picture colony as no other writer does, and tells her story with frankness and dramatic intensity.

IT IS A SUPER-Serial

It Is A Story You Cannot Forget

Beginning in the December
Motion Picture Magazine
The Value of Time

By Krónos

Painting by HAROLD DELAY

To CHARLEMAGNE'S court from far-away Bagdad came an oriental water-clock.

King of the Franks and Roman Emperor, the mighty Charlemagne was ever mindful of the value of Time. For his empire was vast, his government personal: he must needs make moments count. Education, brushed aside in his youthful fighting days, became his burning ambition. While he ate he listened to history. While he dressed he gave audience to pleas for justice. Wakeful nights found him struggling to learn to write.

Time made the unlettered monarch one of the greatest educators of the Middle Ages.

Haroun-al-Raschid, caliph of Bagdad, read the secret of Charlemagne's power and paid it subtle tribute—a wondrous water-clock inlaid with gold.

Proudest possession of a proud empire, eleven centuries ago—yet how crude a device compared to those marvelous timekeepers of our own day—

Elgin Watches

MADE IN ELGIN, U.S.A.

Below, at right, one of the new Classic Series. * * * Original design, thin model; Elgin movement, exquisitely finished—$50 * * Other new and beautiful Elgin models to choose from, $5 to $89.

The Caliph's gift was inscribed, "From the Emperor of the East to the Emperor of the West." On the dial were twelve doors. The hour was struck by the opening doors, which released metallic balls to fall on a bronze gong. At noon twelve horsemen rode forth and shut all the doors.
Five Fair Faces
from the thousands that hope to be reflected in the American Beauty Mirror
Do You Wish Your Face Reflected There?

IMPORTANT

Brewster Publications herewith announces the closing date of the American Beauty Contest—December 15, 1922. Any photographs received bearing a postmark of a later date will be disregarded.

You still have time to become an entrant. Read the simple rules and consider the splendid rewards that may come to you.

We are not looking for a movie heroine, or a stage star, or an intellectual wonder, or a personality crank. We are looking for Beauty—and we are going to find her—the most beautiful woman in America!

This is an unprecedented offer. Do not fail to take advantage of it. Send us your photograph. That is all that is required of you. Think what you may win—just because you happened to be born beautiful. Scrupulous care will be taken of every picture received. ALL of them will be examined by the contest judges.

THE REWARDS

To the woman who our illustrious judges shall decide is the most beautiful in America, will be given:
1. A trip to New York, properly chaperoned, and a chance to take in the pleasures which only that great city affords: the opera, the theaters, our wonderful library, the famous “East Side,” great museums, the celebrated Greenwich Village, all the luxurious and beautiful shops on the most luxurious and beautiful street in the world—Fifth Avenue—and so on.
2. A well-known American artist will paint her portrait.
3. A representative American sculptor will model her head.
4. These works of art will be exhibited in one of the leading art galleries in New York City and elsewhere.
5. She will have her picture on the cover of Beauty magazine.

There will be a second prize and a third prize, and possibly more. These will be announced later.

In view of the fact that the American Beauty may be found in New York City, or its immediate vicinity, the prize in her case will be $1,000, instead of the visit to New York. Just think of that—

One Thousand Dollars ($1,000)

REMEMBER

The judges of our Beauty Contest are well-known artists, writers and editors.

All photographs of entrants will be turned over to the Metropolitan Magazine, from which they will select photographs to be used on the Metropolitan Cover Contest.

THE RULES

1. No photographs will be returned.
2. No exceptions will be made to this rule.
3. Winners will be notified.
4. Snapshots, strip pictures, or colored photographs will not be considered. Outside of these, any kind of picture will be accepted; full length or bust, full face of profile, sepia or black. You may submit as many photographs as you wish.
5. Photographers, artists, friends and admirers may enter pictures of their favorites. Credit will be given photographers whenever possible.
6. Do not ask the contest manager to discuss your chances. He has nothing to do with that end of it.
7. Do not write letters. The close of the contest will be announced in at least three months in advance. There will be a contest story every month in all four magazines, with all necessary news and information.

The most beautiful pictures received each month throughout the operation of the contest will be published in a monthly Honor Roll in all four magazines. These girls will be notified when, and in which magazine their picture will appear. This does not mean that they have necessarily qualified for the final award, nor that those whose pictures are not published have failed. The winner will not be decided upon until the end of the contest.

7. Such a coupon as the one below, properly filled out, must be PASTED on the BACK of every photograph submitted.
8. Be sure to put sufficient postage on your photograph.
9. The contest is open to any girl or woman sixteen years or older, professional or non-professional, in America. That means the whole continent!

NOTE—Any violation of these rules will cause a contestant to be disqualified from the contest.

Address your photograph: Contest Manager, Brewster Publications, Inc., 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Important Features in this Issue:

HAYLEY LEVER, INDIVIDUALIST...............Edgar Holger Cahill
The artist who has the courage to face the world as himself and not as the member of some group

OUR NOVELS AS MIRRORS......................Burton Rascoe
Modern novelists are accused of making too great literary use of the imbecilities of the average American citizen

FRANZ MOLNAR AND HIS TYPES...................Kober Sketches of the picturesque characters that appear in the plays of this native of Budapest

PAINTING SCENERY WITH LIGHT..............Kenneth Macgowan
An illustrated article explaining the three new uses to which light is being put in the theater

THE BUSINESS OF MANUFACTURING LITERATURE....Harry Carr
The new literary settlers in the West divulge the secrets of their profession

MORE TO BE CENSORED THAN FAMED.............Clayton Knight sketches several speaking likenesses on the censored Great

GRAND OPERA OVER HERE AND BACK THERE.......Edward Hungerford
An answer to the question: "Can America ever come to the operatic taste and appreciation of Europe?"

OUR LYRICAL PSYCHO-REALIST..............Babette Deutsch
An analysis of the work of Conrad Aiken, who uses modern psychology for his running-board

WITH WYNN IN BERLIN.........................Francis F. Fulton
This artist's young but appreciative eye has caught, for his facile brush, some typical Berliners at home

WHERE BARGAINING IS THE SOUL OF TRADE......Francis F. Fulton
A pleasing tour of the little cobwebby second-hand shops of Paris, with a lesson on how to strike a bargain
CHINOISERIE—
By Bryant Coleman

—RED AND GOLD

A Slave:
Three years I have dwelt in the red and gold pavilion—
Golden are the walls, the hangings are crimson;
The bed is red-lacquered, with a canopy of yellow silk.

My robes are of crimson silk, I have rings and ear-rings of gold.

Always there are poppies, scarlet poppies
In ox-blood vases, in golden bowls.

Ait! I would give all my rings, all my ear-rings,
My robes of crimson silk,
For a window from which I might see a willow tree against the sky.

—GREEN AND SILVER

A Poet:
Three years I have dwelt in this room—rock-walled, silvery-grey.

Sometimes, seated before a moon-white vase of silver lilies,
Clad in a green robe, I write with green ink on silver paper.

Now I sit regarding, from the window,
The silver of rain against a willow tree.

I would give all the poems I have written
If I might see her who, three years ago, left me to go to the Emperor's palace.
THE LETTER

An original water-color poster
By Giro
THE FAN

From the original oil painting
By Carle J. Blenner
The shadow connotes a spark of wickedness in Rose Rolanda's dancing. Those who have seen her in the "Music Box Revue" say the shadow is right.

Photo by Nickolas Muray
"His waters move and vibrate in the light"
Hayley Lever, Individualist

The artist who believes that man may draw inspiration from all sources, but that the only deadly sin is imitation

By Edgar Holger Cahill

THIS has been called an age of individualism. It probably is; but, then, ages are tricky things. They have a way of turning around and contradicting themselves. Our individualistic age, in consequence, is an age of rampant collectivism.

In the arts, never was there such a time for sectarianism. Slogans enlist the enthusiasms of thousands, and a myriad of eager brushes are raised in battle under any convenient standard. Men are judged not on their own merits or demerits as painters, but as members of groups: of the academic group, the not-so-academic group, the cubist group, the futurist group, the expressionist group, and so on world without end or beginning.

For all our vaunted individualism there is too much hallooing with the pack in contemporary art. And the packs are so numerous. One could almost wish that American artists had taken a tip from the politicians, and adopted the two-party system. If we must live under the tyranny of sects and parties, let us have as few as possible. But of real individuals we can never have too many.

It is always a blessed relief to find an artist who has the courage not to be ashamed of his own individuality, and to face the world as himself, and not as a member of some group or other. Meeting such a man in our day is like stepping out of a subway crush into a green and quiet place where a lone shepherd plays the Pan pipes under the trees.

I always think of something like that when I look at the work of Hayley Lever. In all his painting, whether it is of boats dancing on the waters of the Cornish coast, the ferry bridges and boats and streets of Gloucester, Massachusetts, the steaming asphalt highways of New York City, or the gently upheaving Catskills about Woodstock, it is always Lever who addresses us.

Lever is an individual. I will wager that even in Australia, where he was born in 1876, and where he first learned the use of the brush, sometimes working as a house painter, that he had a very personal way of putting the pigment on clapboard and shingle.

Lever has always maintained that individuality. When he left Australia, at eighteen years of age, he discovered St. Ives, Cornwall. And he immediately appropriated it to himself. I say appropriated, advisedly. For of the many painters who have painted St. Ives, no one has made the place so peculiarly his own as has Hayley Lever.

(Continued on page 77)
CLAUDIA MUZIO

Metropolitan opera goers who can appreciate singing in its most emotional and dramatic forms and who are judges of acting will note with great regret that Claudia Muzio is no longer on the roster of New York’s leading opera house.
ERIKA MORINI

Great women violinists are rare, but Erika Morini is one of the greatest since Madame Norman Neruda. She made her New York début two seasons ago when barely fifteen. Her technique is almost flawless, while she achieves great beauty of tone. By and by, doubtless when she becomes more mature, Erika Morini will be in the hierarchy of violinists.
HOT DOGS
The truth of the matter is that these succulent dainties are really indigenous to the land of the dachshund. The Coney Island species have merely been transplanted.

UNTER DEN LINDEN
Berlin's glass of fashion and exceedingly large mould of form
THE BANK CLERK
He is still waiting for the perfume to start his "From Morn to Midnight" complex

THE STUDENT
Phrenology does not apply. Some day this young degree collector will startle the world

THE COSMOPOLITAN
A week at Brighton, a weekend at St. Moritz. Result— one monocle and a feather

STATUES IN THE TIERGARTEN
The left-hand statue represents a young gentleman just after taking a dare; on the right, immediately after carrying it thru. He plucked a flower right under a "Verboten" sign
Illimitable spaces of barren land under a cold Alaskan sky
The Sand Dunes of Indiana

Photos by Frank M. Hohenberger

They stretch for twenty miles along the shore of Lake Michigan. Their ever changing, drifting outlines, dark with trees or brilliant with bloom, form a country which is unique and wonderful, quite different from the usual idea of a dune country.

The hollows are marshy and thick with cattails, sedge and cinnamon ferns; the soft blending of the browns and greens forms an exquisite contrast to the more brilliant covering of the higher land where violets, hepaticas and trillium form a perpetual garden. The glossy green of the trees, relieved here and there by a flowering dogwood, turns in autumn to living flame quivering against the ashes of the sand.
HER three outstanding characteristics, eyes, hair and expressive shoulder, stand out in this clever caricature of the Viennese film star.
Our Novels as Mirrors

More and More our Novelists are Making Literary Use of the Imbecilities and Contradictions which make up the Intellectual Equipment of the Average American Citizen

By Burton Rascoe

O country—not even the country of Samuel Smiles or of Pastor Wagner—has so perfected and standardized the axioms of material well-being and success as has the United States. Benjamin Franklin was our first great national philosopher, by which I mean the philosopher who articulated the national ethic and gave direction to the communal sense of the greater good. William James and the Pragmatists, Artemus Ward, Peter Finley Dunne, George Ade, E. H. Howe, Will Rogers, and Ring Lardner are Franklin’s legitimate successors and he, or the race spirit, must accept parentage too for Abe Martin, the late Elbert Hubbard, Dr. Frank Crane, Arthur Brisbane, the Booster buttons and the Rotary Club bulletins.

It was, from the first, a philosophy of ebullient optimism, as befitted a youngish country, and it inculcated the homely and healthy truths of orderly living, hard work, economy, thrift, honesty and good will. Franklin’s “Early to bed and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise” informed the national consciousness with a direct inspiration which the combined wisdom of all the Concord sages was never able to impart. It was a sustaining philosophy because it met the particular needs and inspirations of a hardy and pioneer people, who were just beginning to exploit the prodigious resources of a vast new country. It degenerated into a false and inflated philosophy, into a specious and ruinous stimulant when the pioneer spirit died of inanation, the economic pressure became acute, and the exploitation of human beings was substituted for the exploitation of land, rivers and minerals. With the development of industrial competition, ingenuity, trickery, knavery and self-deception became the necessary factors of material success. Whereas men had formerly used their hands in wresting a living from the soil, men now used their heads to wrest a living from their neighbors. In the larger cities this often amounts to a deadly battle of nerves and wits, wherein the weaker or the less callous perish in bankruptcy, poverty and spiritual disintegration.

The Unprepared Mind

The trouble is that victory itself is seldom sweet. By using their minds exclusively and foregoing the creative thrill to be derived from tilling the soil, building shelter and fashioning beautiful or practicable things, men have established a dangerous habit of dependence upon their minds for their play as much as for their means of earning a living. And their minds have not been prepared for that emergency. Their faculties, frequently, have been too much occupied in schemes of cheating for them to know how to use them in their moments of leisure. With the acquisition of money and power, American men, especially the great captains of industry in the era immediately antecedent to our own, have not known what to do with them. The more sensible ones—sensible of their limitations—have gone ahead piling up more money because that was the only creative satisfaction they knew. Some others have satisfied their vanity in a pathetic and spectacular philanthropy. Others have employed experts to hoard up for them the procurable art treasures of Europe. And still others have fulfilled thwarted and infantile desires in roninian debauches.

Meanwhile the maxims of Franklin have been fused into a pseudo-philosophy to meet the imperative needs of a stifling economic pressure. “Keep Smiling!” “Do it now!” “Cheer up!” “Be a booster!” and such exclamatory inanities are not a philosophy but doses of verbal heroin and cocaine to stimulate a false and over-wrought enthusiasm for dubious endeavors. They, too, are more or less necessary to keep up a brave front, and the fact that they are opiates cynically administered by commission men on the parasitic fringe of industrialism who profit from the spurs of false energy. does not make them any the less necessary: the administrators of the drugs are victims, often, of their own opiates and stimulants.

The Acquisitive Instinct

The effects of all this are beginning to be reflected in our national literature. Criticism, direct or implied, of our social and economic scheme, our cultural development, and our national philosophy of success in life is to be found in every serious novel or essay that comes from the presses. The symposium of thirty Americans in “Civilization in the United States” and the series of essays now running in the Nation under the general heading “These United States” are illustrative of the direct attacks being made upon the system of life which has been evolved out of a nominal democracy in industrial competition. On the physiological and neurological side the effects are even more visibly devastating: one might gather from the number of books being published on psychology, psychiatry, psychoanalysis, psycho-pathology, hygiene and health that America was one vast insane asylum. These books are indices of the strain modern urban life imposes upon the human mechanism and of the neuroses developed as the result of the improper functioning of the creative faculties in work and play.

The more significant spiritual effects of such conditions, however, are to be found in their artistic by-products. The art of a nation invariably reflects the state of that nation’s soul. The elder reactionary and academic critics of America, such as Dr. Brande Matthews, Paul Elmer More and Stuart Pratt Sherman, have been violently unbrave toward the American novel on the score that it does not meet the primary requirement of art, which is that it mirrors the hopes and aspirations of the times and people. Shut up in their ivory towers these good men have failed to perceive that that is precisely what the American novel does and has done.

To take a particular example, in the butt of reactionary critical animosity—the work of Theodore Dreiser—we have, seen thru the alembic of Dreiser’s troubled vision, an accurate and disturbing picture of phases of American industrialism. Dreiser is a romantic naturalist who finds an epic grandeur in the rise of individuals to merciless and remorseless power thru an adaptation of their combative instincts to the peculiar conditions of the American struggle for existence. To win out in such a struggle requires imagination and energy, an amenable and disciplined conscience and a highly developed acquisitive
instinct. Dreiser's depiction of the last named attribute is the thing that has caused his critics to wince and to declare his picture false. Mr. Sherman records sarcastically and with an implication that Dreiser is wrong, that in Dreiser's novels, "The man is characterized by cupidity, pugnacity, and a simian inclination for the other sex." Those characteristics are, precisely (being only synonyms for the attributes I have named a few sentences back), what go to make up men like Frank Cowperwood.

The acquisitive instinct, as all psychologists know, is an instinct for self-aggrandizement by the number and value of possessions; it has moreover an erotic basis; and the possessor of a powerful acquisitive instinct is most likely to have, in Mr. Sherman's words, "a simian inclination for the other sex." If that inclination is not sublimated into an acceptance of symbols of the primary object of desire, the acquisitive man's amatory conquests do take on a simian aspect. And if Mr. Sherman has failed to observe this he had been pathetically blind to human behavior as it is manifested all around him. Dreiser's novels, then, are documentary volumes in certain aspects of our contemporary social history. Those aspects are gradually changing under conditions brought about by the metamorphosis of industry from spectacular individual effort into corporate production, inherited capital and transmitted power.

In Newton Fussell's excellent novel, "Gold Shod," we observe the first evidences of the transition. Here we have a Dreiserian hero, not as a Napoleon of industry, not as a great schemer and organizer, but as a capable and highly imaginative figure in a huge tattered industry. He, too, has the acquisitive instinct, but it is complicated with a creative impulse which is not satisfied by check-mating his rivals in financial enterprise or by erratic affairs of the heart. He has indeterminate desires which monetary success does not satisfy; he is, indeed, the more overwrought with a sense of frustration the more his business acumen results in easy victory. He has, in fine, a desire to express himself in one of the arts, because he senses in the arts a symmetry and beauty he is unable to find in life as he lives and knows it. This, then, is the first step toward the realization of cultural ambitions from the feudal enterprises of our industrial history.

In Sherwood Anderson's "Windy MacPherson's Son" we have again an intimation of this same tendency to aspire to a beauty that lies outside of machines and competition, industrial wars and throat-slitting economics. It is thus that our serious novels have not only mirrored the society of their times but have revealed the tendencies beneath them. In the novels of Edith Wharton and the short stories of Mary Wilkins Freeman we have seen the tragedy inherent in the survival of Puritan codes long after the conditions requiring them have passed. And in the novels of William Dean Howells, Hamlin Garland, and Henry Blake Fuller we have the cultural aspirations of the less acquisitive as they were realized dimly and vaguely and without passion by the inaudible bearers of the torch when great energies were involved in industrial enterprise.

Now comes an era of more acute dissatisfaction, given impetus by the disillusions of war—an era of inquiry and criticism, of vigorous and insistent protest against our social and economic organization. It takes form in the bitter ironic apathy of the later works of James Branch Cabell; in the penetrating and sympathetic analyses of the cramped, petty tragedies of American village life—the Winesburg stories of Sherwood Anderson; in the nagging contemptuousness of "Main Street"; in the shrill and snarling denunciations of Ben Hecht; in the inverted sentimentalism of the cynical young novelists: in the hurt and beautifully mournful Icaruses of Willa Cather, Joseph Hergesheimer, and Thomas Beer.

But a mirthful mockery at the situation has not been realized in fiction so well and so completely as in Sinclair Lewis's new novel, "Babbitt." It is a vast improvement over "Main Street." The tone in that book was surly; in "Babbitt" Mr. Lewis has mellowed his discontent with a sympathetic irony: he is merry at his hero's expense, viewing him with a disapproving but tolerant eye. Even the milieu he depicts with a sane and humorous point of view. And in "Babbitt" the milieu is almost everything, the story almost nothing. He has set himself to portray the business, social, and cultural life as it exists in the larger industrial cities of America. He aims to show how the average successful citizen of such a community lives, what he thinks, how he uses his leisure, how he receives and forms his opinion, what his small-talk is, what his relationships with men and women are.

He has succeeded superbly. No novel of the period is more minutely documented. Flaubert in "Bovary et Pétrichet" utilized the imbecilities, inanities, and contradictions of human conversation and expressed beliefs which he had gathered together for his projected dictionary of accepted ideas. Mr. Lewis has made literary use of the imbecilities, inanities, and contradictions which go to make up the intellectual equipment of the average contemporary American citizen. Listen to this, (Babbitt has been reading the newspaper):

But this, say, this is corking! Beginning of the end of those fellows! New York Assembly has

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More to be Censored Than Famed?

Sketches by Clayton Knight

Royalty deliveries by the Ether Transportation Company had been so few and far between that the Olympian Author’s League had not even been able to keep up their daily supply of Pierian Spring water. A committee formed itself to investigate conditions, and we see two of the members, Rabelais and Petronius, starting for the Earth, while King Solomon, Ovid and Boccaccio shout advice from the shore.

Elsie Dinsmore and Little Rollo, elated at the news from the Inn, mince out to greet the infamous Shades and persuade them to turn back. “We are,” they chorus sweetly, “quite capable of managing the literary affairs of the Earth.” Rabelais for once is not even Rebelaisian, and Petronius instead of uttering a satire feel like one.

Here we find at Bookleg Inn, George Moore meditating on his new style; David Lawrence and his “Women in Love,” while Jurgen, the attentive waiter, serves Schnitzler’s dinner party to Casanova and the Young Girl. All are waiting to greet the two from the great Beyond. Just before the hour of the meeting a bolt of Summer lightning completely destroys the edifice, scorching the waiting guests.
Japanese Sword Guards as Collecting Objects

By W. G. Bowdoin

Japanese tsuba, or sword guards, have ever appealed to the lover of Eastern art. The best of them are exquisite in design and workmanship, beautiful in color and contour, and picture in miniature a wide range of the artistic and legendary history of Japan. That they have ever been numerous—and this is not always a trial to an earnest collector—one can well understand, for in the feudal days of Japan, each member of the military class carried his familiar two swords, and for each sword he had a choice of tsuba, rarely less than a dozen and sometimes even hundreds, which could be changed to vary the appearance of his treasured blades from day to day or month to month.

If, then, we estimate that there were two millions of Samurai in 1876, when Prime Minister Sanjo signed the decree forbidding the carrying of swords, we may assume that tens of millions of sword guards came sooner or later into trade. It is certainly a fact, according to Bashford Dean of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, that about 1880 the markets of all curio-loving countries were flooded with sword guards, and that never before or since, have such admirable specimens, in any number at least, found their way out of Japan.

The tsuba had to be of suitable size to protect the hand, strong to withstand impact, and yet light enough not to interfere with the proper and needful balance of the sword.

Court customs and regulations played an important part in the development of the sword guard. The swords of the Mikado’s court at Kyoto, differed from those of the Tokugawa aristocracy in Yedo, as well as from the shorter swords which commoners were once privileged to wear on certain occasions.

The use of gold in the decoration of these inferior swords was at one time strictly forbidden to all below the rank of Samurai. Local custom again often dictated the style of tsuba worn; thus it is not difficult for anyone, even slightly acquainted with the subject, to recognize the guards made in certain daimyos.

Always among the Japanese the sword was the weapon of highest honor and the famous saying: “The sword is the soul of the Samurai,” came to be the fervid expression of both loyalty and pride.

Often the Emperor assisted in the making of a sword blade. The adoration of the blade, common to almost all ancient races, never attained so high a significance or found such artistic expression as among the Japanese.

The Samurai ultimately embodied in the sword their supreme conception of honor and manhood. In the icy steel, born of fire, they saw revealed the mystery of Life, indivisible from that of Death. Its serenity taught them the virtue of that self-control which calmly prepares for a mighty struggle. In the unclouded face of the crystalline blade they beheld mirrored the purity and chastity, so inseparable from true loyalty. The most precious dowry a bride could bring to a Samurai was the honored sword of her ancestors, while many an old Japanese drama is based upon the quest and recovery of some lost blade. His sword was a part of the Samurai’s individuality, and people were accustomed to judge his character from that of his weapon.

A legend has it that once Taiko-Hideyoshi, the Japanese Napoleon, saw the swords of his Generals lying on a rack, in the antechamber of his palace, and so expressive was their personification, that he at once recognized to whom each belonged.

Next in importance to the blade itself, came the tsuka and the menuki, the central stud on the hilt. To illustrate the frame of mind in which the Kamakura knights approached the tsuka, we may cite their custom of having it consecrated by the holy fathers of the Buddhist Church.

As it emerges from the darkness of the unknown, into the twilight of mythology, we find the Japanese race armed with a sword of which the tsuka forms an important accessory. In the legendary creation of the world, it is set forth that the Primeval Mother, after bearing the Sun Goddess, the Moon God, and other deities, expired in the act of giving birth to the Fire God. The Primeval Father, whose mighty sobs created the Goddess Echo, at last in a frenzy of grief drew his sword and killed the unhappy cause of his suffering.

From the brow of the slain God rose the mountains; volcanoes sprang from his welling blood; of the gory drops which bespattered the Father’s tsuka, was born a race of war gods thru whose achievements the control of the Island Empire came to the descendants of the Sun Goddess.

Some of the early tsubas were thickly coated with lacquer, and the conventionalized hexagon was used to give some their shape. Later, gilt bronze was used as the metal base. Fine patterns were chased over some of these and the modified (Continued on page 74)
These dancers scorn orchestras and subdued lights; the music of the wind, the bright rays of the sun and Nature as a back-drop are the only props they desire for their art. Elise Dufour, their leader, believes the dance must be closely related to daily life, for, she thinks, it is as necessary to dance and develop the body and express the soul as it is to wear clothes to keep the body warm or to hear lectures to improve the soul. So, the Dufour Dancers dance with the wind, the waves, the moonlight, the rustling trees and the music of the spheres. And when they do use a stage, they endeavor to bring the spirit of Nature with them.
Operatic Anticipations

Some interesting novelties and several new artists of note will be heard at the Metropolitan this season.

By Jerome Hart

The ample stage of the Metropolitan. Nevertheless we are in the position to forecast with tolerable certainty some of the principal singers and operatic and terpsichorean novelties of the coming season.

To begin, it is settled that Marie Jeritza, around whom the storm clouds are already gathering, will reopen the opera house in "Thais." At once the question arises—will she sing the part made famous by Mary Garden in French or Italian? The blond and athletic Viennese prima donna would be scarcely likely to sing it in German, although she has employed that language in her own country in singing "Salome," which, of

INA BOURSKAЯ

Described by Chicago critics as "the greatest Carmen since Calvé," this former star of the Russian Grand Opera Company recently made a sensational success at the Ravinia Park Opera, and has been engaged by both Metropolitan and Chicago Opera Companies for a series of special performances.

THE song birds are hieing them back from their summer homeland to their winter quarters on Manhattan Island. By the time this copy of Shadowland is in the hands of its readers, impresario, singers, conductors, dancers, régisseurs, répétiteurs, and goodness knows how many others, will be safely back in the ugly old opera house on Broadway, preparing with feverish haste for another six months' season of opera.

And at once subscribers and the general public commence eagerly to inquire what novelties and what new singers the general director and committee have decided to provide. Gatti-Casazza is fond of keeping his own counsel in these matters almost up to the last moment, altho just before leaving for his Italian villa in May he disclosed a few facts.

At the time of writing, the Metropolitan's genial publicity director, Willy Guard, had not returned from Italy, where he also has been aseivating, and the little office on Thirty-ninth Street was deserted save by the pleasing lady who from her window has seen more famous singers come and go than could find room at one time upon

Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser

Photo by Daguerre, Chicago
course, was originally written by Oscar Wilde in French, and has always been sung in that language by Mary Garden.

But Jeritza's French is a few shades worse than her Italian, and altho Our Mary's is none of the best, one has grown accustomed to her slight eccentricities of accent. We imagine, however, that Strauss's opera, if given at all, will be sung in the language in which it was originally written, and, the Metropolitan having no completely French cast available, we shall have the usual hotchpotch of Italians, Germans and Americans, as well as few other nationalities, all singing in a language with which most of them are imperfectly acquainted.

How different from the old days under Grau, Hammerstein and Campanini, when French artists sang in French opera, German

EDWARD JOHNSON
A Canadian-American singer who rose to the position of leading tenor at the famous La Scala, Milan, where he sang under the name of Eduardo di Giovanni. His performances with the Chicago Opera Company in this country stamp him as an artist of the first rank. He joins the Metropolitan Opera forces this season

ANNA FITZIU
Irish-American prima donna, formerly of the Metropolitan and Boston Opera Companies, and now with the San Carlo Company. She is a beautiful woman with a beautiful voice, and in the opera "Isabeau" was a memorable Lady Godiva. Mascagni himself selected her to interpret the part in South America.

MARIE RAPPOLD
One of the most distinguished and accomplished of American operatic artists and a great popular favorite. Her appearances with the San Carlo Opera Company in "Aida" and other operas have brought her fresh laurels.

in German and Italian in Italian, with a few Americans of talent in prominent roles! One then got really national interpretations of almost every work presented.

Jeritza is very anxious to be heard here in "Salome," and she succeeded a few weeks ago in inducing Gatti-Casazza and Otto Kahn to visit Vienna especially to hear her in the role. Last season she attended a performance of Strauss's work by the Chicago Company, when she was accompanied by the composer. This fired her with the desire to show New Yorkers that, given the chance, she could do much better than Mary Garden. So she arranged for the special performance in Vienna, with the eminent

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Where Bargaining is the Soul of Trade

A tour of the little cobwebby second-hand shops of Paris in search of an antique bauble or bowl or brochure

By Francis F. Fulton

else is there another such bowl. I will be generous. Yes! Monsieur can take it to his wife, with my compliments, for thirty francs."
"Merci, madame, les voilà."
"Je vous remercie, monsieur, prenez."
Customer and shopkeeper part with mutual esteem, far greater than would have existed had the original fifty-franc price been paid.

There are, in Paris, many of the stores where prices are fixed, but very few of the antique shops come in that category; with them, bargaining, rather than competition, is the soul of trade.

Outside the walls, near the Port St. Ouen, the Thieves' Market is held on Sunday mornings. During the week, while the chiffoniers and others who display their wares there are busy "finding" things to sell, the place is deserted save for a few wretched creatures who haggle for hours over bits of rusted and broken iron.

Near St. Sulpice is a tiny shop crowded with treasures of the ancient world. The proprietress is uninterested in anything more modern than the fifteenth century; Ptolemy and Hamurabi are her friends, Caesar and Justinian are expected in at any moment, but until they come, or she joins them, it is her greatest pleasure to put her present-day visitors on intimate terms with the past.

"FIFTY francs, monsieur."
"Fifty?" in tones of horror.
"Oui, monsieur."
"But it is too much. I could never pay that."
A shrug.
"Figurez-vous, madame. It is as a present for my wife that I have need of this little bowl. It lacks but this one small thing for her complete tea-service of pewter. But, fifty francs! She will be bitterly disappointed."
"It would be a shame to disappoint madame. Perhaps, if monsieur would give forty-five?"
"She has seen the bowl in your window, and has already invited friends to take tea and admire the completed service. Imagine her chagrin, madame,—but I cannot pay more than twenty."
"Twenty francs! Ridiculous! But, in consideration for the guests of monsieur’s wife, I could sell it for forty francs."
"I am sorry. Twenty-five, perhaps, but that would not interest you. Au voir, madame. Possibly, somewhere in the quarter, I can find another that will do."
"Wait, monsieur. I know what it is to be embarrassed before guests! I assure you that nowhere

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There is a little island, off the coast of France whose inhabitants, so travelers report, make their living by taking in each other's washing. I have a theory, which I am sure is sound, that centuries ago, the Islanders, crowded for drying room, dispatched some hundreds of their people to found a colony in Paris. That they found the Parisian blanchisseuses not to be trifled with and so were robbed of their normal trade and began buying and selling each other's mobiliers there can be no reasonable doubt. How, otherwise, can the hundreds of musty little shops that are almost as numerous as the cafes in that city of oasis be accounted for? Surely there is no other way of explaining the distinction that is made between the stranger, who merely wishes to buy, and some fellow shopkeeper.

A courtesy that is most casual greets the individual who, peering thru the dusty window, has seen something that he longs to possess. But if you should hear an enthusiastic chorus of "Epatant!" and "Comme c'est rigolo," and find the proprietor excitedly showing his wares to some equally excited person, you may be quite certain that that person has another little shop, just as dusty, a few doors away. They are amateurs in the true sense of these people, and if you can convince them that you have taste and discrimination, your reward will be great, for you will see things that are stored away waiting for a worthy purchaser and will hear tales so unbelievable that they must be true—tales woven around a worn Cashmere shawl, a bit of old lace, or an ancient sword. For there is no place more full of stories than these little corners of the world's attic.

Not all the antique shops are colwebby. I know of several that are immaculate, even in the winter, and most of them maintain a high polish during the tourist season. That is a trying period for them, and, although it is their season of greatest harvest, most of the shopkeepers are sincerely glad when it is over. The visitor is usually suspicious and expects to be overcharged, and the boutiquier resents that attitude, but is too polite to allow his customer's expectations to be disappointed.

No, the time from April to November is an unfortunate one in which to make the acquaintance of the little shops. Unlike the pretentious establishments of the Place Vendome and the Boulevard Haussmann, where business is conducted in expensive but unvarying fashion, they are very temperamental, changing their whole character with the fluctuations in the Parisian population.

Near St. Sulpice is an overcrowded shop whose proprietress enjoys an international reputation for her knowledge of carved stones. Thru the two grimy windows that face the street you see a jumble of treasures of the ancient world—flashes of rich reds and gold, of deep blues, tarnished silver, and coppery greens, from a thousand things that once helped beautify Thebes and Babylon, Athens and Rome, Byzantium and medieval Paris. They are windows into which you peer with constantly increasing interest, until at last you see the thing that you never knew you wanted, but without which life would henceforth be incomplete.

You push open the door with the tinkling bell, and leave Paris and the twentieth century behind. The bell tinkles again as the door shuts, and madame emerges

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A Painter on Silk

Reproductions of the work of Charles Fülöp, the Magyar artist with an uncanny color sense

Photographs by Nickolas Muray

"THE DANCERS"

The music has ended with a crashing of cymbals and a throbbing of violas: the seven dancers, costumed in barbaric reds and purples and bronze-greens, await the drawing of the curtain.

Here, orchestral blocks, limpid greys, and brilliant oranges merge into a magnificent harmony. The young violinist symbolizes Art, defying Evil and triumphing over the unsympathetic forces of the Earth.

"ELEVATION"

"AUTUMN"

There is a depth of melancholy in this portrayal of the dying year that few painters on canvas have been able to suggest. The background pictures somber trees scattering their leaves about the unhappy figures crossing the bridge into the desolate land of Winter.
Who would suspect this gentle lady in the bonnet of stamping magnificently thru the Storm Scene from "William Tell" or working up the tinkle crescendo of Anitra's Dance. And when she dons pose, poise and pearls, what a distinctly Oriental air she achieves; Pavlova and Lubowska have both praised Dian Montford's work.
The Harkness Memorial at Yale University

The tower, which is the true Harkness memorial, is the only example of the "double-crown" tower in America. It has English chimes made by Loughbridge, consisting of ten bells whose first three notes are the lowest in the country. On each of the four sides of the tower are statues of Yale's most distinguished alumni and one of the founder of the college, Elihu Yale. The tower and the dormitories on the famous quadrangle were given by Mrs. Steven V. Harkness in memory of her son, George William Harkness, of the class of '83, who died in 1916. The corner stone of the tower was laid in 1917. James Gamble Rogers was the architect.

One of the many quaint doorways, most of them memorials, leading into one of the six courts around which the dormitories are built. This doorway is an example of a pure Gothic arch. The warm tones of the Plymouth granite with inserts of weather-beaten brick are indescribably lovely.

A Gothic vestibule from which lead the curving stairs to the students' quarters. In building these quarters, Mr. Rogers paid no attention to traditional, institutional architecture, but considered the comfort of the students and the charm of irregularity.
MISS VEE WOLF OF HOLLYWOOD

A charming entrant in the Beauty Contest
Respecting the American Theater

Our Theater Would Move a Great Deal Faster if Managers, Critics, Actors and Playwrights Could Begin to Believe in its Dignity and Power

By Kenneth Macgowan

SUPPOSE there is nothing in America that we generally respect—except success and fabulous abstractions like Democracy, Progress, and the President. I know that we don't respect the theater.

We feel many emotions for it, strong, vivid, compelling emotions, but never respect. Some playgoers love the theater with the devotion of a movie mother for her reformatory son. There are managers who feel for it the passion of the tiger for the river buffalo. It lures many a playwright with a fascination roulette cannot boast. Actors embrace the stage with the avidity of the Reverend Mr. Straton for newspaper print. As for critics, you can imagine the value they set upon this escape from their inferiority complexes.

You may say that this is quite as it should be—this lack of respect—and ask me to show you anything in the American theater that deserves more than the devotion of the self-seeker. If I tell you to look back to the Greeks or over the chasm of the war to the Germans, you will be bored or patriotic. So I may as well content myself with observing that all these petty egoisms will ultimately get our theater forward to the place where it will deserve the respect that the German theater now enjoys; but that it would move a great deal faster if our managers and our critics, our actors and our playwrights could begin to believe in its dignity and its power.
Especially our playwrights. Here is the flagrant case of the latest of them, Don Marquis. He is a wag and a humanist, a scholar and a gentleman. He has created a jolly and touching figure in Clem Hawley, the old soak. Those who know Marquis' little book or Marquis' big column know that. It is only once or twice a year that so much of the pungency of American life gets into our literature. What joy therefore awaits the playgoer who has tickets for "The Old Soak."

Well, exactly what joy? Old Clem, of course, that "mammal of iniquity," with his warning to beware of "wine and beer and them soft drinks" and stick to good hard liquor. Also such a speech as only Mark Twain could have written:

"If I had my way about it, I wouldn't be a human a-tall! A human bein' has got too hard a time of it, losin' jobs an' owin' debts an' gettin' preached at. I'd rather be an insect, or somethin' . . . like one of those pesky little yaller varmint butterflies that goes a-fitterin' an' a-flutterin' around the raspberry bushes an' the apple-trees . . . with nothin' to think of but gettin' filled up with juices an' joys."

Also, the hired girl, Nellie, talking just as characteristically of her parrot and how it "deceased itself" trying out the hooch for Nellie and Clem and Al, the ex-barkeep who made it.

My complaint is not against the man who wrote all this about a particular corner of life. My complaint is against the man who wrote it for the theater. It is the same complaint I had against Booth Tarkington until he wrote "Clarence." Marquis, like Tarkington, appears to have approached the theater as if it was really the home for morons that it sometimes seems. He said:

"Oh, yes, I've got to have a plot, haven't I? And the plots they like on the stage are the kind I used to see at the old Fourteenth Street Theater. They're always doing those over and over again. That the theater of it."

So the result is that "The Old Soak" is a mixture of pungent observation and the son who is short in his accounts, of true comedy and the sanctimonious banker who eggs the boy on to gamble with his mother's little fortune, a mixture, in fact, of life and the ten-twent-'thirt'.

Is the success of "The Old Soak" a testimonial to Marquis' good judgment as a contemnor of the theater? Then "Personality," "Paddy, the Next Best Thing," and "Oh, Henry" should be running yet. Or does its success testify rather to the readiness of the public to overlook crass and long-familiar melodrama if it is accompanied by such humor as Marquis' and such acting as Harry Beresford's?

Between the attitude of respectable literary men like Marquis and that of the low-down vaudevil- lian. I choose the varietist when the varietist is George Kelly author of "The Torch Bearer." This skit-writer, who is also a brother of Walter C. Kelly, the "Virginia Judge," has something very like respect for the theater. At any rate, he gives it as much credit as vaudeville for preferring wit to heavy-handed plots. He has accordingly produced two perfectly good acts of comic observation, satire and burlesque on the subject of the little theater movement, and he has done it without providing anything closer to "action" than (Continued on page 66)
With his javelin poised and his shield in position the warrior is ready either to fling himself into battle or whirl himself into the mad dance that expresses conflict. He typifies strength, which is deceptively veiled in grace.
Our Lyrical Psycho-Realist

Conrad Aiken, the Schubert of Poetry who Fiddles in the Laboratories of Viennese Psychologists

By Babette Deutsch

Conrad Aiken is one of those disturbing phenomena among poets, the man who does not belong to a school. When one considers poets of such marked individuality as Frost or Amy Lowell or Sara Teasdale there is, usually, the possibility of classifying them. Frost, one may say, belongs to the realists, Amy Lowell is the self-appointed leader of the imagists, Sara Teasdale is first among the pure lyricists. But Aiken is the round peg in the square hole: he will not fit, he is too smooth, too much given to turning and slipping; there is no keeping him where one might hope to find him again. This is not meant to place Aiken on a pinnacle of unique worth, above the run of common poets. For all his sacred solitude, his music, and his scope, he does not rank with Robinson, he is not greater than Amy Lowell. His peculiarity is to be always so closely approaching his various colleagues in manner and method that he cannot be classed with any special group as one of its spokesmen. Yet he frees himself from the charge of eclecticism in one important respect. He is, if not the first poet to use modern psychology for his running-board, certainly the poet who does so with the greatest consistency and agility.

In one of his best books, which is, curiously enough, a collection of critical papers called "Skepticisms," he reveals this bias toward psychology almost as strongly as in any of his volumes of poetry. He admits, frankly enough, that this study of other poets represents his "own particular attempt to urge the poetic currents of the day in a direction that might be favorable to me." And if one reads it with an eye to these urgings one may be rewarded by discovering what poetic currents form, in the last analysis, his chosen swimming-hole.

These are, broadly speaking, a certain formalism in method, and what he himself calls "psycho-realism" in subject matter.

At the first approach to his poetry these tendencies are not so well defined. His earliest book, "Earth Triumphant," which appeared in 1914, was prefaced by a kind of defiant apology for its likeness to Masefield's work in his long narrative pieces. Aiken's second book began with a jazzy-up version of the "Spoon River Anthology" in the form of a series of sketches of vaudeville artists. "The Charmel Rose," published several years later, after the appearance of two further volumes, was rich in the shrewd charm, the disarming penetration of T. S. Eliot, the disarming smile of the common master: Jules Laforgue.

Yet if Aiken's early work is markedly imitative, looking back on it from the vantage point of his later accomplishment, and with "Skepticisms" in mind, it does betray a search, a groping trend. Throughout there is the dominating curiosity about form, a curiosity that impelled the young student to shape his style always upon the style of some greater or lesser master. Throughout is the preoccupation with narrative, the unwillingness to affect the conclusion and simplicity of the lyric. Throughout, the narrative is complicated by the desire to probe into the psyche of his characters, to lay bare the secret dream, the unfulfilled desire, the hidden fear.

"Earth Triumphant" is chiefly remarkable for certain passages which Conrad Aiken might well have framed as epitome of his own work. All of his poetry reiterates this:

Thru brightest noon a darkness runs,
Night wheeling down the highest suns.

The following couplet from the volume is almost a summary of Aiken's performance in "The Charmel Rose" and "The House of Dust":

Under twilight seas he goes,
He weaves, fantastic, skull and rose.

For the rest, the book is often tawdry, sometimes dull, but usually musical. It has in it youth's passion for strange crimes and subtle lusts, for the brutal.

(Continued on page 67)
Franz Molnar, the Hungarian dramatist, has ten plays to his credit. Of these, three have appeared on Broadway—"Liliom," "The Devil," and "The Love Letter." Two others will be seen this season—"The Swan," to be produced by Gilbert Miller, with English stars in the leading roles, and "Men's Fashions," a typically Molnaresque comedy.

Franz Molnar, who, aided by his translator, Joseph Szebenyi, has charmed us with his characterizations of the people of Budapest.

Here is Liliom, the lovable, rowdyish barker for the merry-go-round. He flirts with the servant-girls as they whirl around him, and gives them a kiss or a slap as he helps them dismount.

The Budapest stenographer is one of Molnar's favorite types. She is always a most sophisticated Miss, looking wide-eyed for a millionaire husband, but glancing occasionally toward some humble clerk who would make a satisfactory "second choice."

This sagacious street porter is the "Postillon d'amour"—the carrier of nosegays and billets-doux for the lovers of his district. No matter how difficult your commission, you may trust him to execute it promptly and discreetly. Given the right inducement, he afterward forgets the nature of the errand.

Page Thirty-Six
Molnar's genius is not Magyar either in spirit or sentiment. He was reared in Budapest, that colorful city of bohemianism, extravagance and misery. No writer portrays her soul and her people so well as he. His characters may seem over-grotesque and unconventional, but they are not exaggerated. Nor does Molnar make fun of his people—he loves them too deeply.

In the wealthy districts and in the aristocratic cafes and theaters you see numberless ill-matched couples. Youth finds attractions in age when wealth and power are its attributes.

When the servant-girl promenades with her suitor, she is expected, in return for the honor of his company, to pay all bills incurred. Marin has a Sergeant for a sweetheart, and so considers herself far above all the other girls in the city park. As they stroll along, he tells her of the brutality of his Lieutenant, and she tells him of the sneers of the cook.

Here is the sleek lawyer who hangs around the courts ready to represent both defendant and plaintiff. He defends the burglar, wins his dismissal, then urges him to hurry and pull off another job to pay his fee. Some day a burglar with a sense of humor will obey that command by cracking the safe of the lawyer.

Father Hyacinth who appears in "The Swan" is one of Molnar's greatest character studies. Tho of the House of Hapsburg, he prefers the life of a priest to that of a prince.
THE DANCERS
These figures express action in every line, and it seems as if at any moment they might start again on their wild whirling dance. It is the work of Harriet Frishmuth

PAVLWA
All the exquisite grace and charm of motion that is indisputably Pavlova's have been caught by Alf Lenz in his fairy-like bronze

ATLANTA
Paul Manship's smoothly flowing lines symbolize, in this bronze, the momentary rest of effortless motion
America. This is the home of the "Writers Guild." If Los Angeles could be said to have a Greenwich Village it would be this. It is the only gathering place of the literati. But it differs from the New York Greenwich Village in this: it opens its doors only to men and women of established success.

It is beautiful—originally a private home, with wide porches and green lawns and cool, deep rooms decorated by Penrhyn Stanlaws. At luncheon there you will find nearly all the "big leaguers" of the literary colony—except three. Strange to say, you seldom find the three immortals who seem to stand at the top of the heap just now—Montague Glass, Rupert Hughes and Theodore Dreiser.

Montague Glass has a charming home between Los Angeles and Pasadena. He is a very prolific writer and has made a large fortune out of Potash and Perlmutter. He says that he has been writing much longer than most people think—about twenty-seven years. He began as a lawyer's clerk in New York. Potash and Perlmutter were clients of the firm for which he worked. They used to come in, quarreling and calling each other names—but they always went out arm in arm. Their names were not Potash and Perlmutter. Mr. Glass says he got those names from signs on the Bowery. Years before he thought of putting them into stories, he used to write back articles for the cheaper magazines; usually he got his inspiration and material from court decisions. When a man sued a restaurant for finding a button in his soup, Mr. Glass would rush down to the magazines with an article about "The Risks of Eating in Cafés." The literary folk in Hollywood estimate that "Monte" must be getting the most money of any living writer.

Rupert Hughes is said to receive the highest rate of any writer whose stories appear in the magazines. He is a terrific worker. He and Mrs. Hughes have a palatial home, and their invitations are most sought for. In addition to keeping up the social end, Major Hughes writes scenarios for Goldwyn and directs the pictures himself. The other night, the Hughes' gave a grand soirée which adjourned about four a.m. When the tired servants came into the major's den the next morning, they found his desk littered with a night's writing. After the guests had departed, he sat up—with a new novel. He is one of those singular individuals, like Edison, who can get along with four hours' sleep. His output is simply terrific. Not only does he drive along, with a scenario, a short story and a novel, all at once, but he finds time to engage in controversies with local newspapers. He does not even disdain turning himself into old Pro Bono Publico. Any newspaper editor in Los Angeles is likely to find any day a burning, witty, scathing communication on his desk, fairly squirming to get out of the envelope—two or three pages of two-dollar-a-word stuff. He usually signs these with some euphonious or peculiar name like Smith and hands them out for nothing—just to occupy his spare time.

(Continued on page 76)
AUTUMN

Wild is the Music of Autumnal Winds
Amongst the faded woods.
—Wordsworth

Page Forty-Two
Decorative Wall Panels

BAIGNEUSE
Gardner Hale
Mr. Hale now spends most of his time in Paris. Before he left New York, he made this overmantel for his charming Barrow Street house.

THE FISHERMAN
Gardner Hale
This plaster decorative panel in the Italian manner shows a different phase of Gardner Hale's work. It is strong, but has a rhythm that keeps it from being overpowering.

WONDERLAND SEA
Robert Chanler
A mural for Mr. Grant Kingore at Carlton House. As usual Mr. Chanler has given his imagination full rein, and this delightful fantasy of an Alice in Wonderland sea is the result.
Painting Scenery with Light

Light as a stimulant of the Imagination; light as a motivator of action; light as a part of the play itself are only three of the new uses to which light is being put in the theater

By Kenneth Macgowan
With Sketches by Robert Edmond Jones

In the 'eighties and 'nineties when electricity came into the theater to take the place of gas, light was only illumination. By the first decade of the twentieth it had become atmosphere. Today it is taking the place of setting in many Continental theaters. Tomorrow it may be part of the drama itself.

The most interesting and significant departures in the use of light on the Continental stage have to do with the plaster dome or the canvas cyclorama which replaces the old backdrops in the sixty or more German theaters. It began as an imitation of the sky, an attempt to put one more piece of Realism into the theater. It has got to the point now where its interesting and important uses have nothing whatever to do with realistic fake-heavens. It is being employed as a formal element in a stage design, or else as a surface on which to paint scenery with light.

Perhaps it was economy, perhaps a flash of genius; at any rate, it occurred to the Germans that there was no particular necessity of lighting the dome or cyclorama. In these huge stages it stands at least sixty or seventy feet back of the footlights. It is possible, therefore, to make it a dim emptiness by merely turning off the lights that ordinarily shine upon it, or to give it some vague neutral quality from the light of the stage which is reflected on its surface. In Othello at the State Schauspielhaus in Berlin, Jessner uses his cyclorama, an ordinary canvas one, as a formal background bounding the space in which his strictly conventionalized indications of settings are placed. Thus it is in some scenes a pale neutral wall, in some a curious violent emptiness, in others a faintly salmon background, in still another a yellow light against which figures move in tiny silhouettes. At the Volksbühne in Masse-Mensch the dome becomes a misty void in one of the dream scenes; and then upon this void move vast, mysterious shadows of dead men in an endless circling procession.

Shadows on the dome carry us to a final development of lighting in Germany—the projection of scenery, the substitution of light for paint as a means of expression. Many minds have worked and are working on devices to be used for this purpose, but the most important mechanisms find their home in Dresden at the State Schauspielhaus and the State Opera.

The artistic director of the Schauspielhaus, Adolph...
Linnebach has a dome to work with, and upon this dome or thru varnished silk from the back, he throws, by means of a very simple lantern containing an arc light but no lens, designs painted on glass. This lantern and the transparent method of projection were used in America with much success by Lee Simonson when the New York Theatre Guild mounted Shaw's *Back to Methuselah* last spring. Linnebach has made the mountains of *Wilhelm Tell* with projection, and the settings of Grabbe's *Kaiser Heinrich VI*, and of the expressionistic dramas *Das Bist Du*, *Gas* and *Jenseits*.

The simplest method of projection used by Max Hasait at the Dresden Opera brings you up sharp against the true origins of the thing, and they are almost as old as drama. The puppeteers of old Java had shadow-marionettes centuries before the technical director of the Dresden State Opera made shadow-settings. For Weber's *Oberon* and for Mozart's *Zauberflöte*, Hasait provides a plastic arrangement of inner proscenium and steps, with a translucent curtain at the back. From one side of the curtain he projects a design in shadows by means of a frame hardly two feet wide, across which are fastened various thicknesses of gauze. The light that comes thru the clearer portions of the gauze is one color, while with a light on the other side of the translucent curtain, he stains the shadows a second color. The hue of both these lights can be changed quickly or slowly as desired, producing harmonies and contrasts of color.

The other devices used by Hasait for projection are embodied in a scheme of stage (Continued on page 69)

Richard III, as produced by Germany's most radical director, Jessner of the State Theater in Berlin. Across blood-red steps moves the army of Richmond in white, or of Richard in crimson, to symbolize the battle
A spiritual photograph of that talented young actress who drifted into "Drifting" and remained with such grace last year. This year she is Diane Bulmire in a new play, by Austin Strong, "The Seventh Heaven"
Three Continental Graces

Photographs by L'Ora, Vienna

They say that even Paris ventured to wonder how Mme. Diamant got into this gown. As for the rest—well—we understand why Pari
sian revues are popular.

From Anita Berber's carefree expression who would suspect that her gown is merely pinned. Every night M. Czeltel, the Hun
garian artist, pins a new crea
tion on this graceful dancer. We hope he uses safety-pins.

The coat collar, which Zerline Balt
ten, so charmingly, brings to one's at
tention, is very nice—but—it fails to distract one from her exquisi
tely small feet that dance so lightly in foreign revues. Zer- line also sings.

Page Forty-Seven
Scene: Between the Gates of Hell and the Throne of Lucifer.

*Freud* ignores Hell and laughs at Purgatory. Where, naturally, begins Bacchantean story.

Enter Conscious Wit, Comic Supplement and Caricature.

Wit comes—with Comic Supplement tonight And Caricature down spiral steps of light. They clung to Wit but he sees Censorship And gives his two affinities the slip. Together on the spiral steps they pause Awaiting Lucifer amid applause. He comes with that old maid, Nai Eve, whose face Shines near him now, beside unnatural Grace.

Enter Lucifer and Affinities.

Lucifer summons Liberty who comes Under another name: she twirls her thumbs As Miss America, beheld her now With iron spikes around her noble brow, Bearing her crimson train, comes Comedy And in her wake, with mask, is Tragedy. Approaching Lucifer, they set their jaws, While from the Gates of Hell break more outrights.

Enter Chorus of Desires:

Suppressed Desires, ambidextrous Passion Whose hands are working in industrious fashion; Then the drawn figure of Paternity Beside his mate, the stout Maternity, With them their young Libidos, one female The other male—united in this tale.

Inhibitions: Then comes six inhibitions, once confined, But broken from restraint to face mankind: Ambition and Obscenity, Inversion, Self-indulgence, Ignorance, Perversion.

Prohibitions: Behind them, in reserve, come Prohibitions, Fat Drunkenness and evil Exhibitions, Esthetic Freedom, Dreams of wetter Days, Free Speech and then Emotional Displays.

Villains: The crimson brothers, Jealousy and Crime, Drag in black Torture and World War sublime With Famine and with Gluttony to dance In Purgatory where they all advance.

Invitation To Sit:

Lucifer bids his followers to sit Upon his throne while he approaches U’it.

Banquet Is Suggested:

Wit now suggests that Lucifer should set A feast of reason—or a Freud Banquet. *Freud* enters with a magnifying glass; Krafft Ebing with a telescope of brass; Havelock Ellis with a stone matrix Wherein the male and female thoughts will mix; Then Bernard Shaw with snake around his chest And Darwin with a monkey on his breast; Then Oscar Wilde with lily and sunflower Followed by Comstock in a thoughtless hour.

Comstock bids Freud be seated, but no table Appears, and the immortals are unable; But Oscar Wilde suggests a flow of soul And conversation without sex-control.

Ellis advances, holding Freud in hand: It seems that they must improvise a stand: But how give birth unto a thought so vast? *Margaret Sanger* must be called—at last!

Miraculous Entrance of Black Boy and White Girl:

The lady writer enters with a small Washstand and water pitcher, very tall; Stepping from water pitcher into sight Two natural children rise, one black, one white. Now stepping from the Washstand, Boy and Girl In innocence bow to the forms that swirl Around them as they leap into the midst Of their Complexes which begin to twist.

*Freudian Bacchanal*

By St. Clair Jones
About them circle all suppressed Desirs, Inhibitions, Prohibitions, Liers, And Scandal Mongers who are innocent As Boy and Girl of any wrong intent.

Boy and Girl Are Psycho-analyzed.

Down from the Gates of Hell together fit Policemen with two little chairs that fit The Boy and Girl. They do not understand Why Freud advances with his glass in hand.

Now magnifying glass is fixed upon Black Boy who tells Freud everything he's done: And then upon White Girl who answers him Flushing demure-ly—she is somewhat prim.

Krafft Ebing looking thru his telescope Behold boy's dream and girl's immortal hope: "To write a play!" That dream so long suppressed Tonight in pantomime shall be expressed. "To go upon the stage!" That hope, to act, Tonight in pantomime becomes a fact.

WORK AND PLAY

Act I

Child's Pure Pantomime.

A fisherman and his devoted wife Complain of hard times; Then to save her life He sails his boat across the ocean wild Searching for wealth; (Not thinking of a child He says good-bye).

Act II

The fishwife ever busy at her knitting For two years sits, as we behold her sitting, (Into her mind, besides the thought of wealth Something is stealing up in childish stealth: Within her mind a seed begins to grow While she sits knitting, rocking to and fro.)

Moral:

The moral is, be ever active here: Have half a dozen children every year.

CURTAIN

This Censorship applauds; then Comedy Approaches with a mouth turned up in glee: She will instruct wise children how to live, And lessons in sex-hygiene freely give: But Tragedy resents such forwardness: She will instruct her children to express Themselves when Freud asks them "Have you read me?" Or when Krafft Ebing asks: "What do you see?"

Now Oscar Wilde, to pay them for their play; From burning fire comes dragging Dorian Gray.

(Continued on page 71)
Grand Opera Over Here and Back There

Can America Ever Come to the Operatic Taste and Appreciation of Europe is a Question Often Asked and Rarely Answered

By Edward Hungerford

In the heart of the modern Paris stands the Grand Opera. It gives its name and the vista of its presence to one of the most distinguished of the great boulevards which Hausmann cut thru that old city. For, no matter how you may scoff and smile at some features of the Opera House—its vast, useless retiring-rooms and its flamboyant main stair, there is a certain majesty and dignity to the exterior of the Garnier masterpiece that is not to be gainsaid. Just as the impractical auditorium of the theater—entirely too small for so vast a structure—also has a distinguished beauty of its own.

Yet were the Opera to be housed in the shabbiest building in all Paris—if one could bring to mind a really shabby great building in the French capital—it still would be the Opera. Nothing less. When, during the passing of the historic sixties, Faust was first produced with much éclat, Paris thought nothing at all of going down to a shabby old house which still stands in the Square of the Arts and Metiers to attend the début of that most famous opera. She thinks nothing today of wandering down the grand boulevards and turning up a narrow side street to the Opéra Comique which for nearly eighty years has insisted upon turning its back upon the boulevards and in facing a very small and obscure open square. Vistas mean nothing to the Comique. It is to itself, Art. And also to a great majority of seasoned Parisians who insist upon turning their backs upon the huge and sometimes dingy Grand Opera and in going repeatedly to its intimate and always immaculate white and gold auditorium.

Nine times a week its curtain rises upon the opening scenes of scheduled performances and nine times a week the lofty auditorium is filled—to its final seat. The so-called “big” Opera House usually has but four auditions in the course of seven days and it is not quite so sure to be crowded. Save for Faust and the Valkyrie. These operas, despite their years, are perennial in their popularity. The big house, true to its traditions and its government subvention, may and always does go each year into operatic experiments. These are expensive. And usually unprofitable. At the best, the comparatively small seating capacity of the Grand Opera is a very large practical handicap. But Gounod and Wagner may be trotted out to make good the deficiencies of composers who have never won the fickle Paris heart. Faust and the Valkyrie are as sure money-makers in the big house as Carmen and the Tales of Hoffman and Louise in the smaller one.

Paris Audiences

In Paris there are six of the so-called “subvention houses,” national theaters receiving a goodly part of their financial support from government sources, in return for which they are pledged to do two definite things—to maintain the best traditions of the French language and music and to retain their prices at levels so low that the humblest patron of the arts may be able from time to time to attend their performances. Two of these houses are solely dramatic, the Comédie Française and the Odéon; two of them are of a decidedly light character, presenting chiefly opera bouffe; the other two are of the Grand Opera and the Opéra Comique. At all of them resident companies are maintained the year round. To be a member, even for a season or two, of any one of the four great houses is a distinction to be coveted by any actor or singer. These are more than theaters. They are training schools. The performances that they give never lack distinction. True it is that, in the hard poverty-stricken years that have followed the World War, some of their settings have grown a bit shabby, but there is no shabbiness upon the art that walks the stage in front of them.

La Scala and Others

Yet the Parisian who demands real art in his theater is by no means limited to the “subvention houses” for it. That, in the case of the merely spoken drama, hardly needs to be stated; yet this last spring when both the Grand Opera—its official name is the National Academy of Music—and the Opéra Comique were doing a business equal only to the capacity of their auditoriums, a large theater in the Avenue Montaigne—the Champs-Élysées—without one franc of government aid, was conducting an immensely successful season, financially as well as from every artistic aspect. Paris is opera mad. For decades the opera has spilled more than merely entertainment to her; it is her bread and her butter; if you please, the lifeblood of her veins.

London is nearly twice the size of Paris. And yet she has failed at all times to maintain successfully even one opera house. Her ancient Royal Opera in Covent Garden, altho a fearfully unprepossessing house without, within is a very comfortable one. Its history is the history of a succession of tragedies. Three years ago I witnessed a magnificent attempt to turn the traditional ill-luck of the old house. Sir Thomas Beecham was presenting grand opera as magnificently as it was being offered anywhere in the world at that time, even in our own Metropolitan, in New York—but to half-filled houses. The enterprise was foredoomed. . . . This spring I went once again to Covent Garden. Another attempt was being made to revive its ancient glories. Grand opera was again being sung—laboriously this time; in English and without casts of any great distinction. Yet not without at least a degree of success. The experiment may pull thru. The British hate to give up a fight. It is one of the definite traits of the British nature.

You cannot remake British temperament, however; it refuses to be refashioned to the Latin or the Gallic models. In New York grand opera is a magnificent success today largely because New York has ceased to be an American city. Embarrassing as it may be to state the fact, the truth remains that it is the Italian population of that city that has made grand opera a popular success there. Of the entire world, the Italian is the great opera fan. You will find plenty of other good opera houses in Europe; in Geneva there is a lovely small replica of the Paris Opera, Berlin has a glorious Stadt Theater; Vienna an even finer one; in Antwerp in May last I saw the droll and venerable Daughter of Madame Angot in a house that was perfectly delightful in its combination of the very antique and the modern. There is a wonderful

(Continued on page 75)
MARIA MINDSZENTY

Vienna's reputation as a city of beautiful women is more than sustained by Maria Mindszenty of the Vienna Opera House Ballet. She has appeared recently in Coppelia, Princess of Tragant and Carnaval.

Photo by Edith Barakovich, Vienna
The Camera Contest

The prize photographs in this issue were picked from nearly two hundred entries coming from all parts of the world and, according to present indications, there will be a great many more entries next month. There is a high standard of excellence evident in practically all the photographs submitted and a steady growth of regular contributors; but the ambitious newcomer has exactly the same chance for the prize because before all it is the photograph that counts.

There is some excellent advice to hand-camera users on how to make the photograph count; these paragraphs were printed originally in The Photo-Miniature and are well worth repeating.

Learn What to Leave Out
The first step in the way of making pictures instead of mere snapshots out-of-doors is to think what you can leave out of the scene before you make your exposure. The average snapshot includes far too much of the subject in front of the lens. Prove this to yourself by going over a few of your out-of-door negatives, and see whether there is not a little bit in every negative which would make a more interesting picture or one more "worth while" if all the rest of the film were trimmed away. You can emphasize this lesson by enlarging a dozen of your outdoor negatives to one uniform size. Looking carefully over the enlargements, you will see plainly that they all need trimming or cutting away, so as to give prominence to the chief interest in the scene.

Avoid Wide-Range Views
The average landscape, as seen by the eye, is chiefly interesting or beautiful by reason of its large masses of color contrast, its bigness or sense of space, and the variety it presents in form and light and shade. To portray such a scene within the narrow limits of the average hand-camera, losing all the sense of space and color contrasts by inharmonious contrasts of light and shadow, will usually result in a map-like record lacking charm and interest. It cannot be otherwise in the great majority of instances. Natural scenes embracing a wide expanse...
the center. With a fairly clear, bright day and the lens working at f22 try an exposure of thirty seconds. Such subjects should always be photographed in the early forenoon or late afternoon when the light falls from a low angle. Where the light comes almost entirely from above, a longer exposure, say thirty-five seconds, may be required.

Lake Views

A lake generally means a fairly large expanse of calm surface water. We may or may not have it surrounded by hills. But while sky light may be cut off by the hills, yet we have the reflecting effect of the water surface. Pictures wherein lakes, large ponds, wide-open rivers, and other large masses of water occupy any considerable portion of the foreground division of the picture, are among the cases which call for very great care and circumspection as regards point of view. Meanwhile the hand-camera man may be wise in accepting a word or two of general advice. 1. Do not let the lake or open water extend from one side of your picture to the other. 2. Do not have much picture space occupied by calm water. 3. Avoid bright patches of water close to dark rocks, tree trunks, etc.; such strongly marked contrasts of light and shade are not likely to be very pictorial. If

VERANDA
By Charles C. Stover
Second Prize

This photograph has distinction on account of its pure design; all unnecessary things have been eliminated. It is a composition of horizontals, verticals and angles with the foreground broken by the correct lines rarely lend themselves to small reproductions possessing pictorial interest. Leave them to the panoramist and learn to see the pictures in the little of nature on every hand. You can learn this from a careful survey of the pictures shown at any exhibition.

Landscape With Stream

To photograph an open landscape with a running stream in the foreground, so that the surface of the stream will really look limpid and flowing, is not an easy task. Under normal conditions the exposure should not exceed one-tenth second. Sometimes such an exposure is possible even with a panchromatic plate and K-1 screen. For a landscape with a fairly heavy foreground or yellowish green foliage, the only way to get a pleasing color value in the landscape and clouds in the sky, is to use a tripod, wait patiently until there is no movement in the foliage, and give an exposure of two seconds with a panchromatic plate or film and a K-3 screen.

Photographing Ravines or Glens

Don't attempt an instantaneous photograph or snapshot of a ravine or glen, even when the sun is shining. The result is bound to be a failure. Use a tripod and give it a time exposure with a small lens aperture, to get depth and relief, the characteristic features of such a subject. Try to get the light falling more on one side of the subject than on the other, not directly thru

INTERIOR, CHAPEL OF ST. SAVIOUR
By Miss Antoinette B. Hervey
Third Prize

This is an example of beautiful treatment of an architectural subject. It has depth, height, and a great sense of dignity.
THE GHOST DANCE
By
Frank M. Hohenberger
Honorable Mention
It was the vision and the artistic insight in the photographer's mind that really produced this picture of such a delicate pictorial content.

SUNSOAKED
By Lionel Tompkins
Honorable Mention
Looking at this picture is like looking at a painting with half-closed eyes; the division lines, and line is merely the separation of masses, are very distinct. With half-closed eyes you see things in mass; with open eyes in detail. Notice how beautifully the grill-work frames the subject matter.

the edge of the lake is fringed with heavy foliage, remember the rule to expose for the shadows and let the high lights come out as they will.

Beach Views
A straight-edged sea, whether the straight edge be the horizon or the inshore surf, is rarely pictorial. The curved line of a bay, or the view along the beach giving the oftentimes wonderfully beautiful curving lines of foam-flecked water, are more interesting. If possible, include a glimpse of distant sand-dunes or cliffs or out-jutting neck of land. If the composition needs a dark spot in the foreground to balance it, place a bit of washed-up timber or a pile of seaweed at the right spot and so secure the dark mass required. The sky plays an important part in such pictures.

This month's prize-winning photographs were selected by Mr. E. V. Brewster, Clarence H. White, president of the Clarence H. White School of Photography, and founder, as well as one of the leading spirits of the Art Center. The third judge was Margaret Watkins, generally acknowledged to be one of the keenest judges of photographic values in the country.

First prize—"The Hallway." Dr. Arthur Nilsen, 55 West 10th St., New York City.
Second prize—"Veranda." Mr. Charles C. Stoner, Trenton, New Jersey.
Third prize—"Interior, Chapel of St. Saviour." Miss Antoinette B. Hervey, 351 West 114th St., New York City.
Honorable Mention—"The Ghost Dance." Mr. Frank M. Hohenberger, Nashville, Indiana.
Honorable Mention—"Sunsoaked." Lionel Tompkins, 301 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago, III.
Dual Personalities

INMAN KNOX
(Right)
Not content with acquiring fame as a sculptor of children, Mr. Knox, who is a nephew of the Bishop of Manchester and grandson of Sir George Knox, has started a foundry of his own, where he casts all his bronze. Mr. Knox is only twenty-one.

WILLIAM McFEE
(Below)
Chief Engineer and an advocate of the oil-burning ships, whose pertinent advice to struggling authors is "if you can't get published—go to sea," Mr. McFee followed his own advice. After sailing the Seven Seas, he spent a year on shore trying to be an author and nothing but an author. One year cured him—that—and the regularity with which his manuscripts returned. He went back to sea, consequently the library of the lover of sea stories has been enriched by "Casuals of the Sea," "Captain Mere-dine's Daughter" and several other volumes. Mr. McFee's novel, "Command," is to be published by Doubleday-Page.

ROSS Santee
"Horse-wrangler" from Arizona whose first artistic ambition was to be a cartoonist. That was several years ago. Now, his sketches of horses in action are in great demand. Three of his etchings were hung this year's National Academy. In spite of this, Mr. Santee spends seven months of every year "wrangling" horses on the Bar-F-Bar ranch near Globe, Arizona, which may explain his knowledge of horses.
The Business of Depicting the Career of Barbara

From the Sketch-book of K. D. Gridley

From the country village comes Barbara to the city village. Observing that the long-haired artist is never of her sex, she straightway enters a barber-shop, and after hours of torture by shears, steam and electricity she emerges, with bristling locks and shrinking purse, to conquer the landlords-and-ladies in and around Greenwich Street.

Bab (she has bobbed her name too) is learning that a tam and a smock and a sketch-book do not make an artist. After a three months' struggle she hasn't acquired a foothold even on Round One of the Ladder of Fame which, she has decided, has more steps to climb than have the four flights of stairs leading to her little skylight studio.

Bab opens her door to find uninvited guests devouring her supper. Hunger and anger begot courage; she follows the example of the farmer's wife in the nursery rhyme and grasps the carving-knife. But these are not three blind mice, so they whisk away without leaving their tails behind them.
Being an Artist
and Pointing an Obvious Moral

Bob turned a corner one day and bumped into Romance in the shape of a young salesman. And soon she exchanged the artist's smock and sketch-book for the house-frock and cook-book. But with three squares a day consumed and four stairs eliminated she is forced to make the scales behave by vigorous gymnastics, done to music.

Two years later we see Bab exercising to the music of Romance, Jr. Nor has she renounced her career as a painter. At this moment she has an exhibition in the Home Galleries: Two chairs and a table—studies in white enamel; one kitchen floor—done in brown oils; a pair of black-and-gold candlesticks; two moss-green window boxes; a futuristic smoking-stand to which the judge, Romance, Sr., awarded first prize.
Musicians and Their Mediums

Cornelius Van Vliet is a Hollander by birth, but an American by education and adoption. He was the only soloist to appear twice with the Philharmonic Stadium Concerts. This season he will be first solo cellist with the Philharmonic, under Willem Mengelberg; he will also give a series of Musicales Intimes at Aeolian Hall in conjunction with Cecil Arden of the Metropolitan Opera Company.

Carlos Salzedo, one of the most eminent harp virtuosi who have ever visited this country. Of world fame, he has founded in New York the Salzedo Harp Ensemble, which tours the country from coast to coast. A composer of the modern school, he is also sowing the seed of what he calls "the new harpism."
Wanderings
By
The Man About Town

THIS is going to be a veritable Russian season, and even some of the profoundest admirers of Slavic music, literature and art are disposed to think that the mania for things Russian is being somewhat overcome. Thankful as we all are to Morris Gest for the Chauve-Souris, there is room for doubt as to the wisdom of importing the entire company of the famous Kamerny, or Art Theater of Moscow.

* * *

When one recalls the disappointment which befell the Théâtre du Vieux Colombier, which is to Paris what the Moscow Art Theatre is to the old capital of Russia, it is impossible to avoid a feeling of doubt as to the experiment of bringing over a still more exotic form of dramatic art. Jacques Copeau, one of the most gifted managers and subtle actors France has produced, with a really fine company, including that truly great actor Charles Dullin, only managed to struggle along in New York with the financial aid of the French Commission. That is why the Guitrys are hesitating at coming over, and they, as well as Duse and Bernhardt, who both contemplate revisiting us, require all sorts of guarantees, some of which are not likely to be forthcoming.

* * *

We are also promised a visit by Max Reinhardt, the famous master of mass effects, who is to stage here, among other things, "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and Offenbach's "Orfée aux Enfers." No producer has greater prestige than Reinhardt, whose name ranks with Stanislavsky and Gordon Craig for originality of stage effects, while his groupings and productions generally are on a much more grandiose scale, witness "Samson" and "The Miracle." Reinhardt also wants guarantees, and big ones, and nothing is settled as yet. I believe, however, that a $250,000 guarantee is already coming for a German Art Theatre in New York, which will visit other cities in this country.

* * *

But to return to Russia. The Soviet authorities are so interested in the visit to this country of the Moscow Art Theatre that they have chartered an ark to convey the company with all their scenery and effects from Petrograd to New York, and are spending literally billions of roubles on the enterprise. One almost scents propaganda, but Morris Gest definitely declares that any such thing is ruled out, and one believes him. I had a chat with Visaroff, the advance representative of the Kamerny, when he was in New York a few weeks ago, and altho he spoke with the reserve and caution which might be expected from one who had to return to Russia, he gave one the idea that the views of himself and his colleagues on Russian politics are akin with those of Chaliapin and Balieff, and what the two eminent Russians think about Sovietism can scarcely be expressed in polite language.

* * *

Visaroff informed me that his famous company of forty-five performers, under Stanislavsky, greatest of actor-managers, would give a number of classic and modern plays, and as these include such standard works as Racine's "Phèdre," some of Shakespeare's plays, Wilde's "Salomé," plays by Beaumarchais, Calderon, Ibsen, Goldoni, Sýnge and others equally well known to devout playgoers, they may manage to command large audiences despite the fact that the performances are in Russian. The plays will be staged in the modern and sometimes futurist style. Pantomimes will also occasionally be given, with ballet and orchestra, the latter being recruited locally. The leading woman is Alice Koonen and the leading man Nicolai Tzeretelli, and the widow of Tchekoff, the famous author, is one of the performers.

* * *

Personally I wish they would do Andreyeff's "The Life of Man," of which I saw a performance at the Kamerny in 1914. It is one of the most impressive and at times thrilling things of its kind I have witnessed, and it moved me powerfully, altho my knowledge of Russian is of the slightest. But the diction of the actors was so perfect and their facial expression and gestures of such significance that one had no difficulty in following every incident and development in this poignant allegory.

(Continued on page 73)
Mary Pickford gives us a new definition for the word "wall-flower" in her latest picture, "Tess of the Storm Country"
Random Impressions

By

F. H. Herbert

The Automat—the cheerful click of nickels on the marble slab as the cashier makes change ... a continual clattering of dishes and shuffling of feet ... A young couple, arm in arm, before the fascinating glass-covered shelves. They are obviously newly married—you need not look at her gleaming new ring to see that. He is explaining how it all works and she squeezes his arm as she takes it all in with shining eyes. What fun it is to be married and have half a dollar's worth of nickels for your lunch! Laughing and whispering they make their choice, and her naive delight as the little doors fly open is quite charming. Like two small children they hurry away to an empty table, and after a minute you may see him trying to cut a large sandwich with one hand ... the foolish young things are actually holding hands under the table ... So young. So happy. In the Automat. Such is the glamor of Youth and Love.

* * *

Grand Central Terminal—dawn. Dim shadows on the cool marble. Muffled sounds, echoed from the vast vaulted roof, seem almost an indelicacy in the great silence ... Is that a pulpit or an information bureau? Are those acolytes or porters? Are these worshipers or passengers? Is this a cathedral or a railway station?

* * *

Times Square at Midnight—garish with crude lights. Just ahead of me, crossing Broadway, a girl in crisp, blue gingham—short sleeves, short skirt. Prettily rounded arms and neck—deliciously slim legs—her trim figure the very epitome of girlhood. How cool and fresh and wholesome she looks on this sweltering night. How different. Increasing my pace I overtake her to see what manner of face this little girl has. Chalk white with painted lips that look like an ugly wound. Thin. Hungry. Frightened. Shameless. My God—whose fault is it? The electric signs give no answer to my question.

Commuting ... Two minutes to make the train, two hundred yards to go, the bridge to cross (those terrible stairs) and the train in sight ... My very recent breakfast silently pleading with me to walk, my conscience prompting me to run—my friend urging me, for the love of Mike, to run ... I run ... Questions race thru my mind ... Will there be time to buy a paper? Will I get a seat? Why did I drink so much coffee? Why is my respiration so very labored? Am I growing old and infirm ... With a screech of grinding brakes the train pulls up as I stagger onto the bridge ... There is no time to buy a paper ... I do not get a seat ... I undoubtedly drank too much coffee ... I wheeze like a vacuum cleaner ... I must be growing old and infirm ... But I caught the train ... Commuting ...

* * *

The Movies—rococo lobbies with red plush hand-rails—carpets with deep pile—a slight odor of disinfectant. —Soft lights from translucent globes now blue, now red, as the music dies and swells—crowds behind canvas tapes—a sharp elbow in the small of your back—a protective male with an arm aggressively around the shoulders of a bobbed-haired child in a satin cape ... Intermission and the pushing rush for the choice center seats ... The spotlight and a bowing orchestra leader—the swelling sound of the poor man's symphony— a scattering applause. Subdued rustlings and a general sigh of settling content ...

The slow, graceful draping back of a silken curtain — license number 0013 — black and white movement ... Whispers ... coughs ... In back a stout lady who has forgotten her glasses listens audibly to captions read in a bored voice by a middle-aged husband who had rather be home with a pipe. A close embrace ... Fade-out.

Page Sixty-One
Three Arguments In Favor of the Younger Generation

The Mantle of Paternal Success Descends Lightly to Their Slim Shoulders

EVA LE GALLIENNE
Is one of the few junior players in whose mental processes we can believe. She lends to her acting a poetry no less delicate and authentic than her father's verse. She demonstrated in "Lilium" that she can be silent more eloquently and eloquent more silently than any of our younger actresses.

CONSTANCE BENNETT
Is just one more society bud who refuses to blush unseen! This graceful daughter of Richard Bennett has gone to Paris to perfect further, if that is possible, the dancing which delighted the patrons of one of the smarter grills this spring.

MARGALO GILLMORE
First sprang into prominence as the fairer daughter of the "Famous Mrs. Fair." Her intelligent and moving characterizations in "The Straw" and "He Who Gets Slapped" prove that talent is even more necessary to success than a father who presides over the Actors' Equity Association.

Photograph by Edward Thayer Monroe
Photograph by Marcia Stein
Photograph by Ira L. Hill

Page Sixty-Two
Chairs in the Decorative Scheme

Photos by the Courtesy of the Wiener Werkstaette

This formal arrangement is relieved from any tendency of stiffness by the elongated chair back with the decorative vine design. The silver vases are by Josef Hofmann.

This rounded-back chair with its three down cushions give an air of comfort and informality to this group arrangement. To the right is undoubtedly one of the most comfortable chairs ever built. The silver lamp is by Hofmann, and the wall is relieved by a series of brilliant illustrations, for Grimm’s Fairy Tales, by Joseph Urban.
In the Hungarian Cinema

Photographs by D'Ora of Vienna

At the upper left is Milada Hannerovna, a popular film idol of Prague, and well known throughout the Continent. Above, Mme. Kristincovich, another film favorite and famous for her red hair and green eyes. At the left is Lucy Doraine, still another beauty of the Hungarian silversheet.
A New Skin in 40 Minutes with this Astounding Beauty Clay!

How a Pleasure Trip to Sunny Wales Uncovered a Secret of Mother Earth’s That Forever Ends Any Woman’s Need for a Complexion Beautifier

By Martha Ryerson

I have brought to America the greatest new women ever heard about the skin. From Wales where I spent a month without seeing a single woman who had been my despair since childhood. One afternoon I left in the hills; exchanged for one of absolute purity and unblemished natural color—except that I can now let you prove it for yourself! I would never tell the story—a story my father found it hard to believe! Harding of all to believe! The transformation took just forty minutes! Here is the story.

About the first thing one notices in this southern English province, is the uniformly beautiful complexion. The loveliest maid—and her mother, too—has a radiantly beautiful skin. Mine, looking tanned and color, with impurities nothing seemed to erode cafe or even hide, was hideous conspicuous.

It was a happy thought that took a most unhappy girl on a long walk through the hills one afternoon. I had stopped at the apothecary’s to replenish my cosmetic—to find it was unknown. They did not have even a cold cream. The joy of it! In an old woman beauty of face was in evidence at every turn—the women used no beautifiers! Do you wonder I took to the hills? I didn’t want to see another penciled and cream-covered complexion that day. But I did.

At a house where I paused for a drink from the spring, I stopped in surprise when the young woman straightened up to greet me. Her face was covered with mud. I recognized the peculiar gray of that section—very fine, slick, smooth clay it was. Seeing my surprise, the girl smiled and said, “Mudam does not clay!” I admitted it did not.

I Decide to “Clay”

In a moment, she wet the clay which had dried on her face and neck, wiped it away, and stood in the story of a perfect complexion. I think I shall never again have another as I did that mud maiden of the hills. Her features were not pretty; they did not need to be. For no woman will ever have a more gorgeous skin. She explained that this amazing clay treatment did it. The natives made a weekly habit of “claying” the skin, quite as one cares regularly for the hair.

I was easily persuaded to try it. Had I not done ridiculous things in beauty parlors where many could see my blight? We tucked a towel over my blouse, and from the spring’s bed she took the soft, soothing clay and applied it.

As we sat and talked, the clay dried. Soon experienced the most delightful tingling in every facial feature. The impurities were being literally pulled out. Half an hour more, and we removed the clay mask. Hopeful, but still skeptical, I followed into the tiny house to glimpse myself in a mirror.

My Blemishes were gone! I fairly glowed with color that spread down the neck to the shoulders. My cheeks were so downy soft, I felt them a hundred times on the way home. My father’s surprised look when I entered the rooms where those little lumps that evening was the most convincing compliment a woman ever received. In a basket I had two scoops of the precious clay. I thought father’s questions would never end; where did I get it? Did I take him to see the spot; what was its action, and reaction, and kinds I didn’t know. Althea’s chemist.

Suddenly it dawned on me. He wanted to unearth the secret of that clay’s amazing properties, and take it to America! For two weeks we sat on it; he worked all day at his “clay pile” as I called them. Back home at last in Chicago, he worked many weeks with it experimentally on me, and on all my girl friends. At last, he scientifically produced clay identical with that Welsh clay in its miraculous effects—only ten times more smooth and pure.

Anyone May Now Have This Wonderful Clay

News of the wonders performed by this clay has brought thousands of requests for it. Women, everywhere (and men too, by the way) are now supplied Forty Minute Clay. The laboratory where it is compounded sends it direct to the user. A jar is five dollars, but I have yet to hear of anyone who did not regard it worth several times that amount. For mine, in over six hundred test cases, it did not once fail. It seems to work on all ages, and regardless of how blemished, elaged or dull the skin may be.

The application is made by the handfuls—and the amount brought about in less than an hour will cause open-mouthed astonishment. I know.

When I saw a woman now, with a coarse-textured skin that mars the whole effect of her otherwise delicate face, it is all that I can do to refrain from speaking of this natural, perfectly simple way to bring a skin and color such as Nature meant us to have—and has given us the way to have.

Keep your skin pores clean, open, tingling with life! My father has made you a remarkable offer below. Read carefully.

FREE DISTRIBUTION OF $500 JARS
(Only One Jar to a Family)

The general public is entitled to benefit by a discovery of this importance. So, for a limited time we will distribute free samples of Forty Minute Clay without profit—at only the actual cost, which is 31 cents.

You may use our first jar for only this bare cost of getting it in your hands! The expense of compounding, refining, sterilizing, packing, printed announcements, and shipping in large quantity, has been figured down to 31 cents per jar, plus postage.

For the small laboratory cost price of $1.87 for ingredients, shipping, etc., is not really a payment. Rather, instead of that we will promptly return the case or amount, whichever you prefer.

Send no money now. Pay postman the net labor- oratory charges of $1.87 plus postage, when he brings your jar. Or, if unlikely to be at home at mail time, enclose $2.00 and jar will arrive prepaid, with the same money-back guarantee.

I can assure any man or woman who will try this miracle of Nature’s own chemical laboratory a remarkable skin.

The Century Chemists, Dept. 139, Century Building, Chicago:

I accept your "No Profit" offer. Please send me a full-sized, regular $0.00 jar of Forty Minute Beauty Clay at the net laboratory cost price of 31 cents, plus postage, which I will pay postman on delivery. My money back unless only one appli- cation proves completely satisfactory.

Name._________________________________________

Address._________________________________________

Page Sixty-Five
Respecting the American Theater
(Continued from page 33)
the suspicion that husbands are falling dead right and left because their wives will insist on acting.
One act shows a rehearsal of an amateur company, and gives us a great many sure and sharp glimpses into the pomp and vanities of the sort of women who frequently takes to directing little theater productions. The second act is back-stage at the performance, and it
rejoices in everything from satire to good old slapstick; look about the accident of a first-night. By the third act, Kelly seems to get a little nervous about "the theater." He isn't bothered up by the Loss and sight of his audience or their evident appreciation of Alison Skipworth's superb performance as the directress and of the players from Mary Boland down. Kelly loses the noise proper to a member of the N. Y. A. Club, and he that out some extraordinarily tedious stuff about the bearing of the little theater movement on the feelings of an outraged husband when his wife goes on the stage.
But there is no patience still in the clock, no chorus girl vapid, no shortage and no false suspicions. Kelly has respect for the theater—no, but his face personal, or whatever hybrid of the two it may be, is as nearly irresistible as anything in the theater. He knows to fine advantage in the comedy moments of this play; for Richard's picture of a dotting but humorous mother is capital. Unfortunately, he calls the actress "a tragic scene or two, and these scenes are far too tragic in the lines of this well-loved face; it should only smile and smile forever. Moreover, they are not good scenes of tragedy. They are conventional. They are almost as conventional as the denouncement in which the son, caught in a forsytery and one or two other things, is sent off for one of those English drawing-room comedies, and out on a lonely ranch where no interruptions live. Of course, "A Serpent's Tooth" is a serious effort at making our drama into something better than a collection of music-hall and small-town comedies with a dress-suit finish. And we are told to respect it for that. But it is really growing tiresome—this endless ap-plauding, year in year out, of the first steps of the infant drama. I begin to suspect that the child's a monster. I can't expect him to confound me by observing that "Peter Pan" was another case of arrested development. He could have grown up if he had wanted to.
Returning to the question of respect for the American theater, what a sad light it casts over the pleasant concomitances of Frances Starr's newest work which, "Shore Leave!" (Owen Belasco, of all the managers, ought to feel that his art deserves truth instead of cheap "points." So far as the scenery goes, he insists on faultless technique. Miss Starr is ever so charming; James Reenie makes quite a gloriously vulgar groveler little dolly's infatuation with her. But what things Belasco lets the rest of the cast do! What dreadful and sure-fire abominations he and they and the author, Hubert Osborne, stoop to! "Shore Leave," in the end, serves the American theater no better purpose than to let us remark that it is a Cape Cod comedy well-crafted with hokum. They are a sorry lot, the remaining productions that part of the season dedicated to the out-of-town buyer. There is "The Monster," for example, a Grand Guignol horror-play. It is clearly retailed for Lawrence H Gespruiy's excellent acting, and for a moment when the heroine screams out: "He has no face!" while we are all observing the much more horrible fact that the actor who has put a mask over his nose, is

Drama—Major and Melo—
The Cat and the Canary National—
Good excitement and suspense.
Fools Errant, Marine Elliott's—Thrilling situations and excellent dialog.
The Monster, Thirty-Ninth St—Gru
cosome and horrifying.
Whispering Wires, Forty-Ninth St—
A headliner among mystery melodramas.

Humor and Human Interest
Able's Irish Rose, Republic—The au
dience never fails to laugh.
Captain Applejack, Copt—Excellent pirates-and-hidden-treasure burlesque.
The Awful Truth, Henry Miller's—
Ina Claire's new play. The best yet.
Dreams For Sale, Playhouse—Senti
tmental entertainment.
East Side, West Side, Nova Boat—
Norman Trevor in a too-conventional play.
The Endless Chain, George M. Colan—Margaret Lawrence in a play about women for women.
Her Temporary Husband, Frazee—
Amusing and safe.
Hunky Dory, Klau—A wholesome comedy of Scottish characters.
Kempy, Belmont—A very human small-town domestic comedy.

Melody and Maidens
Better Times, Hippodrome—Large,
costly, noisy and pretty.
Blossom Time, Ambassador—Franz Schubert's life set to his own music.
Chauve-Souris, Century Roof— Rus
sian entertainers in a unique program.
Daffy Dill, Apollo—Frank Tinney as funny as ever.
A Fantastic Fricassee, Greenwich Vil
laje—The title expresses it.
The Gingham Girl, Earl Carroll's—
Both old and new will like this.
Greenwich Village Follies, Shubert—
A beautiful spectacle with Savoy and Brennan to provide the touch of humor.

The Best in the West
A list of last year's successes now on tour
Anna Christie, Eugene O'Neill at his
best. Worth seeing.
A Bill of Divorcement, A seri
ous drama, well acted.
Bombo, Good music and new jokes.
Bulldog Drummond, A mystery play everyone will like.
The Circle, An excellent comedy with an all-star cast.
The Demi-Virgin, An un
derdone, un-
attended farce.
Dulcy, Dem
onstrating that beauty triumphs over brains.
The Gold Diggers, A snappy, color-
ful comedy.
Kiki, Belasco—Lenore Ulric plays the pliant cocotte. Excellent.
The Old Soak, Plymouth—Those who
liked Lightnin' will like this.
Partners Again, Selwyn—A Potash and Perlmutter comedy.
The Whispering Booth, Booth—A fantast
carce translated from the Italian.
Shore Leave, Lyceum—Frances Starr as a country dressmaker, and James Rennie as a goob.
A Serpent's Tooth, Little. Marie T empest makes it worth while.
So This Is London! Hudson—A hit with those who like English comedy.
The Torch Bearers, Vanderbill—
A smart farce, well acted.
Why Men Leave Home, Marcuso—
A comedy with an obvious moral.
Wild Oats Lane, Belasco—Maudy Arbuckle in a human, sentimental rôle.

Molly Darling, Liberty—Snappy, tuneful, and clean.
The Music Box Revue, Music Box—
As smart and satisfying as the one last year.
Orange Blossoms, Fulton—A good comedy set to music.
Sally, Irene and Mary, Casino—An
impudent, fresh little musical show.
Sue, Dear, Times Square—See com-
ment on Molly Darling.
The Scarecrows of 1922, Glove—Another
doubt for George White, please.
The Ziegfeld Follies, New Amsterdam—Amusing, dazzling and distracting.

Good Morning Dearie, Excellent musical entertainment.
The Hairy Ape, The tragedy of a stoker.
Good. Lawful Larbey, A crook melodrama.
Nan People, A comedy of manners.
Six Cylinder Love, A domestic comedy.
Whispering P e a c o k, Good melo-
drama, written and starred by P e
trova.

Page Sixty-Six
Our Lyrical Psycho-Realist

(Continued from page 35)

juxtaposition of roses and skulls. It has more than a reminiscence of the Masquefield of "The Widow in the Bye Street" and "The Everlasting Mercy."

All the more astonishing is the resemblance of "Thanksgiving Movies." Aiken's second book, to Masters' terse epiphants in the "Spoon River Anthology." But that portion of Aiken's volume which excited at its title begins to reveal his true trend. The opening of "Discords," for example, has a melody difficult to forget, a haunting minor quality all his own:

Music I heard with you was more than music
And bread I broke with you was more than bread.

Nor that I am without you, all is desolate;
All that was once so beautiful is dead.

Your hands once touched this table and this silver,
And I have seen your fingers hold this glass.
These things do not remember you, beloved—
And yet your touch upon them will not pass.

In 1916, the same year that saw the publication of "Thanksgiving Movies," there appeared "The Jig of Forslin," even more revelatory of Aiken's ultimate course. The subject of the poem is the poet; the adventuring of the soul of man which satisfies vicariously the dreamer's avidity for experience. The workmanlike "The Jig of Forslin" is a lurid light that played upon "Earth Triumphant" and there and there a fatal glow. But here Aiken has at least discovered the subterranean world of consciousnes which is peculiarly his own territory. Here he begins his own spiritual adventures with a sure touch. Here he walked in the footsteps of other poets. All the more disappointing, then, is it to find him turning backward with his "Nocturne of Remembered Spring." This book is like the title of one of the poems it contains: "A Sonata in Fathoms." Practically all the poems, and their titles especially, bear out the suggestion of musical melancholy which the Sonatas give. There is a "Meditation on a June Evening," "Discarded Nocturne," "Nocturne in a Minor Key," "Episode in Grey," "Innocence," "Dust in Starlight." And these nocturnes and dim chiascuro pictures are marked by an over-stressed note of grackle grief, the cherished sorrow of the adolescent in the Spring, the soft sweetness of the sadness of a reiterated minor melody. Here is Forslin who has "suspended his soul to a pleading music." Indeed, the word "peal" is recurrently on these pages that a distracted reader almost senses a hint of the word's significance. It is like hearing one's favorite tune on a barrel-organ in every street thru which one passes on a long walk. Yet amidst all this weary wailing, sound voices, however muffled, which remind one of Aiken's real preoccupation. There is the new, unforgettable phrase for the old thought:

The eyes of death look out thru cherry blossoms;
Death's hand is on the bough and makes it sweet.

And there is the provision of the refrain of "The House of Dust":

In a narrowing second of time
To reverse so many worlds, so many ages,
And come to this chaos again.
This was the dramatic essence of death,
This incoherent dust.

In "The House of Dust," which, while preceded in print by "The Charmed Rose," was actually written first, Aiken returns to the method of "Thanksgiving Movies," that is a long poem composed of various narratives, like a lively tapestry, whose colors, unfortunately, have faded to a dim mysterious lavender. On the whole it is a rounder work than Forslin; it captures more nearly the poet's elusive game. And it has at least one passage which at once gives the key to the poem and, one is inclined to believe, to the philosophy of it: "We are like searchers in a house of darkness, a house of dust; we creep with little lanterns, throwing our tremulous rays of light at random. Now here, now there, seeing a plane, an angle, an edge, a curve, a web, a broken stairway. Leading to who knows what; but never seeing the whole at once. . . . We grope our way a toad, a stump, a twig, a weed. And then grow tired. No matter what we touch. Dust is the answer—dust everywhere. If this were all—what were the use, you? But this is not: for why should we be seeking, why should we bring this need to seek for beauty, to lift our minds, if there were only dust?

The best Aiken has to give us is to be found in the book for which "The House of Dust" might well have been entitled, namely, "The Charmel Rose." The title poem is especially engaging. It is true that in this poem the subject is another poet, that of mystophely, defined by him in "a broad sense as that impulse which sends us from one dream, or ideal, to another, thus consummated, absurd, creating for adoration some new and subtle fiction." And he uses this theme as a base upon which one might build wittily a kind of absolute music. The theme itself, however, leads Aiken astray into paths too fantastic to be alluring. He, in his constant effort to teach his poetry to usurp the place of music destroys him as Lady Macbeth's urgings destroyed her husband.

It is "Senlin," the opening poem of the volume, with its suggestive juxtaposition of the significant and the trivial, its clear images, its marvellous dissolving of the walls of reality into the mists of intense dream, that shows us Aiken capturing the psychological and poetic actuality which are so long engaged him. The poem is impeccable. Harlots and demons, violet purples and pale violets trip thru it with their destructive touch. But it remains Aiken's best and it was well worth waiting for. The poem is noted as containing in "The Morning Song of Senlin" one of the finest lyrics of the time. But it is rather in the structure of the whole, in the poet's rare sensiveness to the subtle states of consciousness, his vivid expression of shadowy moods, that "Senlin's" power lies.

This marks the culmination of Aiken's efforts to uncover some of the secrets of human consciousness. But it will be remembered that "The Jig of Forslin," and "The House of Dust" showed the same interest if not the same success, and his latest work reveals no new theme. "Punch, the Immortal Liar," is indeed almost a rewriting of "The Jig of Forslin," but it is doubtful if the author so thinks of it. Punch, far more truly than Forslin, "is not a man, but Man." The technique of the earlier work—what the author likes to call harmony and counterpoint—is employed here with almost equal freedom. It is a matter piece. There are fewer lapses into monotonous music, rare explosions into youthful crudities. The blank verse, which is a form seldom employed by Aiken, seems particularly fortunate. Moreover, Punch makes lively reading. Yet in spite of these several excellences, it falls short of its time predecessor. It Aiken believes that "poetry to be poetry must after all rise . . . to this sort of piercing perfection of beauty or truth," which is a piercing perfection of music, it is only in "Senlin" that he has written poetry with anything like a sustained effect.

Again and again, running thru his prose critiques, one comes upon a telling phrase, an

(Continued on page 75)
It had never occurred to him

He seemed to have all of the qualifications for business success—a pleasing personal manner, an ability to make and hold friends. He was a good judge of people; he knew how to measure a situation; he was alert, aggressive, ambitious.

Yet, somehow or other, he didn't advance in business as he should have—he, and his friends expected and hoped he would. Something seemed to stand in his way. It puzzled and disheartened him.

The thing that held him back was in itself a little thing. But one of those little things that rest so heavily in the balance when personalities are being weighed and measured for the bigger responsibilities of business.

Halitosis (the medical term for unpleasant breath) never won a man promotion in the business world—and never will. Some men succeed in spite of it. But usually it is a handicap. And the pathetic part of it is that the person suffering from halitosis is usually unaware of it himself. Even his closest friends don't notice it.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis arises from some deep-rooted organic disorder; then professional help is required. Smoking often causes it, the fastest cure becoming the offender even hours after it has given the smoker pleasure. Usually—and fortunately, however—halitosis yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth-wash and gargle.

Recognized for half a century as the safe antiseptic, Listerine possesses properties that quickly quiet and defeat unpleasant breath. It halts food fermentation in the mouth, and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean.

It is systematize this way puts you on the safe and polite side. Then you need not be disturbed with the thought of whether or not your breath is right. You know it is. Your druggist will supply you. He sells a great deal of Listerine. For it has dozens of different uses as an antiseptic. Note the booklet with each bottle—Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, St. Louis, U. S. A.

Our Novels as Mirrors

(Continued from page 20)

passed some bills that ought to completely outlaw the socialist! And there's an elevator-runners' strike in New York with a lot of college boys taking their places. That's the stuff. And a mass-meeting in Birnbaum's demanded that this Lieb agitator, this fellow De Volers, be deported at once. All these agitators paid with German gold anyway. And we got no business interfering with the Irish or any other foreign government. Keep our hands strictly off. And there's another well-authenticated rumor from Russia that Lenin is dead. But that's just beyond the pale. All Bolshevik casses out.

This is, we know, an exact transcript of the sort of illogical nonsense offered as opinion all around us every day.

Babbitt and his prototypes in life, living upon opinions, catch-words and slogans derived from a multiplicity of sources, analyzing none of them, thinking not at all, never suspecting they are not thinking at all, are, by the very hasty confusion of their accepted ideas, incapable of recognizing. For instance, the bad logic of "We've got no business interfering with the Irish or any other foreign government" and "All Bolshevik casses out." This is why we don't just step in there and kick those Bolshevics cusses out.

By a judicious selection of representative material from nearly a dozen columns, advertisements, political campaigns, business boosting "listens," jazz, movies, club, cafe, pub, and Pullman smoker conversations, Mr. Lewis has succeeded in throwing into sordid and shoddy assortment of cheap platitudes and idiocies that people mouth and believe and even stake their lives upon. None of us can, with whole-hearted honesty, say we are not the victims of this disposition to clutter up our minds with spurious notions instead of thinking things out logically for ourselves. Try as we may to assert and maintain our intellectual independence, we are pressed by the weight of mass opinion now and then into the easy path of common belief. We find ourselves, perhaps often with a start, voicing opinions and platitudes we know, on examination, to be false and negations that reason tells us that Babbitt is, essentially, a sympathetic figure. Babbitt himself is, in some respects, Mr. Lewis himself, and I think we can all see you and you and the writer of these words...

No less, this mirror of ourselves is not flattering. It is amusing, funny even, but we have no right to congratulate ourselves on oddities, however provocative of mirth. Beneath the mirth there must be some slight poignant regret that our lives are not nobler and more beautiful.

That regret came to George F. Babbitt, successful real estate operator, hundred per cent American, and respectable citizen of the community, in the form of his book. He lifted him out of his self-complacency and set him upon the dangerous highroad of introspection and of examination into his own actions and attitutes of others.

He achieved a second blossoming of aspiration and desire, but they were, inevitably, exile and passion accompanied by the arid soil and hostile atmosphere of social and business taboos and they withered, ironically, in Babbitt's own smooth and clumsy hands. The Babbitts may sense and aspire to beauty, poise and symmetry, but to achieve it, hold and cherish it, require greater capabilities, unhappily, than they possess. Therein lie the tears of things.

And in the lives of Babbitts there is a pathetic beauty even if they know it not. Mr. Lewis has so skilfully implanted it.

A. S. M. Hutchinsen's "If Winter Comes" and I also foresee a me beyond endurance and I forsake his sentimental re and of a sweet miseries of a good but misunderstood an about the middle of the book. His new novel is "Kick Frei the final page, thru the exasperation of a stitted, sophomoric in an effort to account for all fancied reasons for the enormous popularity of Mr. Hutch- nes' novels. I am in doubt. Grant ed, that in "If W he chose a theme which has immensely been longed for and applauded since it was first set forth in the first of the synoptic Gospel, i.e., the story of the humble but courageous soul who suffers for the sins of others, forbidding them for they know not what they do—granting that, I fail to account for the patience of readers who can fol low such a work with interest thru a narrative method which harks the interest on every page. His style is like that of a freshman who tries to be "literary." It is made up of involved and redundant compound sentences. Here are a few parts of his speech that are not exclamations—in fine, the hardest sort of reading I ever encountered as a disciple, and it is a absorbing.

"In this Freedom" the author plays a dolorous variation on the theme of "Home and Mother." It is hackneyed and Mr. Hutchinsen's fiddle is squally and out of tune, but it will, I suspect, bring the customary tears and conversions.

Recommended Novels

SHADOWLAND recommends the following books to the attention of its readers:


"One of Our Own," by Willa Cather. Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.


"The Red Knight," by Francis Brett Young. E. P. Dutton & Co.


The Cloud Machine in Use

The projected setting is certainly in another dimension spiritually from those two ordinarily employed in old-fashioned scene-painting. It is not the same as an assembly of stage-rock houses. It does not war with the human figure, curiously enough. It seems likely that the artistic director or project designer must formalize his foreground; if Simon did, or else hide its commonplace actuality in shadow. Ordinary stage pretenses cannot stand beside the spiritual plastics produced by light. As far as the cloud-machine, so long as it is trying merely to reproduce nature it is utterly unimportant. Something imaginative must be done with it before it can expect serious consideration. In the productions of André at the Stockholm Opera there are at least two hints that the cloud-machine can be used for the purposes of art. One of these, rather poorly managed, is the use of designed clouds instead of natural clouds in one of the scenes of Samson and Delilah. The other, not perfectly executed by any means, but most suggestive, occurs in Verdi's Macbeth. There, in the first scene, André sets a wild storm-sky in motion. He uses negative or black photographs of clouds instead of positive or white, and he sets them in motion from on high, at the sides, swinging in and down upon the witches. As these dark shapes descend in tumult, as they the black earth were drinking black clouds, curious and evil portent of the powers of the infernal.

Movement in projection has obviously great possibilities as part of the action of the new drama. In Kaiser's expressionistic play, From Morn Till Midnight, produced by the Theatre Guild, Simpson used Linnebach's lantern to make the tree in the snow scene change into a skeleton, an effect that Kaiser was able to foresee only as a shifting of snowflakes upon naked boughs.

Light itself seems destined to assume a larger and larger part in the drama. It is a playing force, quite as much as the actors. It can be a motivator of action as well as an illuminator of it. Jessner of the State Schauspielhaus in Berlin uses it as an arbiter, accompaniment and interpreter of action. Lights flash on or off as some mood changes. They create shadows to dramatize a relation of two men. They seem to control or to be controlled by the action.

The possibilities are extraordinary. Light as the compelling force of a play light as a motivator of action; light and setting, not as a background to action, but as part of it, as something making characters exist and act; light as an almost physical aura of human bodies; light, therefore, in conflict.

If light can do such things, even if it can do no more the scene glowing in the heavens, it will take place in the theater that no other product of inventive ingenuity can imitate the least, is machinery spiritualized.
Start a Beauty Parlor
In Your Own Home and
Make Money

Wherever you may live, whether in a small town of a big city, there are in your neighborhood many who are troubled with superfluous hair, moles, warts, birthmarks, etc., and you know that electrolysis is the only method of permanently removing them. You can get a large part of this trade by securing an Electrolysis Outfit and learning how to operate with the simple directions accompanying it. Anybody can learn to do it. It requires no knowledge of electricity or of physiology. You can do your own work, or do it to your customers, because the outfit can be carried in a small hand valise. The initial charge for removing superfluous hair is $5.00 for half an hour’s treatment, and there are very few places in any country where you can get it done at any price. I will send an Electrolysis Outfit, prepaid, to any address on receipt of price, $20.00.

If you wish to take up other branches of Beauty Parlor work, I will undertake to teach you this by correspondence the following courses on receipt of price:

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<th>Facial Massage</th>
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<th>Facial Mud Bath</th>
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All Ten Courses for $10.00

Each course includes complete directions. Nearly all of the ingredients required can be purchased at any drug store, such as tweezers, bowls, scissors, witch hazel, glycerine, cold cream, etc., except the mud bath, which is my own secret recipe. You will make a special price on this and on all my preparations, if my pupils prefer them to others.

This is an Age of Beauty

In a few years you will see Beauty Shops everywhere. Learn the business now! Start in a small way, and some day you can have your own Beauty Parlor on the main street, with drop in customers. Demand the work for you. There’s Big Money in it!

CORLISS PALMER
Brewster Buildings, Brooklyn, N.Y.

Operatic Anticipations
(Continued from page 25)

composer himself conducting. What the General Director and Chairman of Committee of the Metropolitan thought of it has not been made known but a shrivelled idea that “Salome” will not be done at the Metropolitan this season.

Clasp MacKay, who joined the committee of the Metropolitan last season, is strongly opposed to the revival of the Wilde-Strauss opera, and several of the subscribers have also made known their objections. Jeritza, who incidentally in private life is the Baroness von Popper, in her engagements list so as to tell a New York reporter that people quite misunderstood Salome’s character; that she was wayward rather than vicious; and that the idea for the Baptist’s head as a child would cry for a new role.

(Which prompted a Broadway rhymester to pen the following:

The beautiful Baroness Popper Says that Salome isn’t improper; She is only a child, and in Wilde, Why should the opera drop her?

Speaking of Salome reminds us that New Yorkers will have at least one opportunity of hearing Strauss’s season, for, in the enterprising Fortune Gallo, who has taken the Century Theater for the annual Fall season of the Carlota Opera, will present the Jermcously beautiful Anna Fitzku as the naughty daughter of Herodias. She has been studying the music all summer, and will sing it in Italian.

Among new works to be heard at the Metropolitan this season is Alegra, by Franco Vittadini, the book based on an amusing comedy by the Brothers Quintero. It is, according to little work, full of vivacious melody and exceptionally well scored. Lucrezia Borl will most probably create the part.

A new German opera to be given this season is Max Schilling’s “Monia Lisa,” the libretto by Beatrice Dowley. Jeritza will play the part of the certain German critics have hailed as a superlative work of genius. But they did the same with regard to Eric Kornfig’s “Die Tote Stadt,” and so our attitude must be that of the man from Missouri.

As to revivals, we are promised not only “Taubhäuser,” but there is the possibility that we shall hear “Rheingold,” and there are dark rumors of “The Ring.” Another welcome revival will be “Fledermaus,” in which it may be hoped we shall hear Frances Alda in the part originally played here by Freda Hempel. Madam Alda also gains from the fact that she is the wife of the General Director, and, in his scrupulous care to avoid a suggestion of favoritism, he does not get more than the parts she deserves, altho she is a beautiful singer. Jeritza is to play Octavian.

What may prove a sensational engagement, if all reports be true, is that of Ina Bourskaya, former star of the Russian Grand Opera Company. She made a tremendous hit during the last Ravinia Park Summer season of opera, and is described by good judges as the greatest Carmen since Calvé. She has been engaged both by the Metropolitan and Chicago Opera Companies for a series of special performances.

Gatti’s “Roméo et Juliette” is to be revived, with, almost of course, Galli-Curci, and very probably Edward Johnson. The engagement of the Italian tenor is a distinctly a matter for congratulation. Thanks to Maratore and the jealousies which honeycomb the opera world, Gatti-thus with Mary Garden found herself powerless to cope, Edward Johnson has never had a fair chance in the United States. His Avito in “L’amore dei Tre Re” is magnificent, and the composer Montemezzi, declared that Johnson was the finest singer of his time in the part. One of his first appearance in Chicago in “Fedora” some three years ago, Edward Johnson redeemed that vapid by his splendidly artistic singing and acting as Loris Isanoff. Let us hope that Gatti-Cassaza, having secured a really first class romantic tenor, one who can act as well as sing, will maintain the highest standard.

Two interesting Italian revivals are those grandiose and ponderous operas “L’Africaine,” by Gounod, and “Mignon,” by Tell, both of which give great opportunity for scenic splendor. A new Italian dramatic tenor, Gianfranco Lari, is heard in both. He is a robust singer who has made a big success at leading South American opera houses and on that occasion make the velveting ring after the manner of the stentorian Tamagno.

Challap will repeat his memorable impersonation of Boris, and may also be heard in a revival of “Ivan the Terrible.” There is, too, some talk of his singing the role of Basilio in “The Barber” in which, by the way, he so greatly offended the susceptibilities of certain New York critics by his somewhat Rabalebian business. Few know that Challapin, like some other famous tragedians, is an admirable comedian. Vividly do we recall his immensely comic acting and super make-up as Don Quixote in Massenet’s setting of the Cervantes story.

A new tenor of the lyric type to be heard for the first time this season at the Metropolitan is Michael Fleta, who has just secured a major success in the United Aires. Besides Johnson, Lauri-Volpi and Fleta, the Metropolitan has those purely American tenors Orville D. and Harrold and excellent artists both; and the ever reliable Welsh tenor, Morgan Kingston, not to mention the admirable Mr. and Mrs. Jackman.

Most of the old favorites of the Metropolitan are returning, save, of course Geraldine Farrar and Claudia Minio.

We shall miss Madame Bérat; and still more, poor little Alice Miriam, so cruelly snatched from us by death when she was on the threshold of what promised to be a successful career, can Gordon now take the position of leading contralto at the Metropolitan, remarkable progress indeed, being in mind he was singing at a motion picture palace three seasons ago. But she richly deserves her success.

The quintet of conductors—Bodanzky, Moranzoni, Papi, Haselmans and Bamboschek—remains, and there is a possibility that Bruno Walter, the eminent Viennese Opera, will take a few guest performances of German opera. Personally, we would rather the Wagner opera with the reliable Bodanzky, who has no superstitious reverence for the Master’s works, but makes judicious cuts where necessary.

It is very desirable to learn that a new stage manager of high artistic renown has been engaged—Carl Wymetal, Oberregisseur of the Vienna Opera, the able and beloved he will prevent any more such hideous and locogonic productions as that of “Lorelei” last season. The decor of “Die Toten Stadt” was also far from impressive. By far the best stage pictures last year were those provided by Joseph Urban in the revivile of Mozart’s “Così Fan Tutte,” and he had a grim fight to gain his own way.

Of course charming little Rosina Galli will return to superfine the ballets and to dance for our delight. What would Gatti and we other do without her? We have some good chances in “L’Africaine” and the “William Tell” ballet, in the Venezean scene in “Tannheim,” and “Ariadne.” Carmen and “L’amore del Re” is just possible that we may see a production of Strauss’s spectacular “Joseskrein,” which if that startling work can be toned down to the tastes of the committee and subscribers.

The incomparable chorus of the Metropolitan will be doubled with fresh, new, glowing glories under the redoubtable Setti. Never was there an opera chorus to approach it, and it is one of the dear old gangly ones.

Altogether the season ahead promises to be exceptionally brilliant, and should add fresh laurels to the Metropolitan’s gold.
Freudian Bacanal
(Continued from page 49)

Then Hamlet and Horatio entwined
Chased by Ophelia, out of her mind,
And Freud, from analytic Jensen Dream,
Brings our Gredie while the psychics scream:
Lady Godiva passes with a shriek
Unto the royal throne where Greek meets Greek.

Desire of Wit:
Don Juan and Mephistopheles produce
A magic cup filled with electric juice.

Flight of Chastity:
The Magic Cup is placed; The Magic Flute
Of Mozart can be heard: then distant music
Beethoven in a symphony erotic
With Wagner beating time in a chaotic Accompaniment by Strauss in a springsong
Beating his hand-kneeling and broken song:
The popular pulsating Humoresque
Brings Dvorak in the Jazz King picturesque,
Playing the melody of Home Sweet Home
Together on a double fine-tooth comb.

The Awakening of Spring brings big, black brute,
To beat the boards with his dramatic boot
While trap drums and piano mingle in
The thoughts of Thais while the niggers grin.

Thais and Aphrodite bring this way
Pandora's Box, painted with big bouquet
Of bleeding hearts and orchids on the lid
Beneath which all diseases have been hid.

Now Lucifer opens Pandora's Box,
Whence spring Debauchies in their tragic socks:
Delirium and Dreams and Merriment,
Hallucinations and Discouragement.

Then Watts, Eltinge, Bremner and Savoy, fair
Out of their parts and dancing with Despair:
Female Impersonators smartly dressed,
Showing complexes which are self-expressed.

Enter Chastity:
Out of the Magic Cup with scythe and fork
Comes dancing Death—upon his head a cork:
Looking for Boy and Girl, he makes a dive,
But they elude him, very much alive.

Poor Innocents, pursued by Death, and ask for
A lively dance: now Gluttony and War
Join hands with Famine in a ghostly ring
Around them while the Evencentals sing.

Upon the heights pale Chastity appears,
Cream pearls caught in her gleaming coral cars

Dancing—touching at length on Female Chastity:
Women is ignorant—to the backbone
When hurtled towards marriage, utterly alone!
Marriage beholds the two chaste souls embracing
And comes unto them with white veil of facing.

Poor Wit, unconscious now, by Marriage caught
Is bound in links of gold which she has brought.
In self-defense, Chastity takes War's sword:
Approaches Lucifer and hails him Lord:
Lucifer calls Divorce: then frees poor Wit
From chains of bondage which no longer fit.

Denied by Wit, false Marriage seeks to bind
The Boy and Girl whom Love at last makes blind:
In blind-man's buff, they exchange golden rings
While Demons drag away the once used things:
Washstand and Pitcher; Books and Box and Cup
Into the Gates of Hell are broken up.

Both know the truth! Their spirits are downcast:
Their dreams have vanished and their hopes have passed.
Now they must laugh and dance to hide the pain
Love brings to them with Death, ere they regain
Surcease from sorrow.

Enter All Too Human Nature:

Beauty Has Helped
Many a Girl to Success

It's Simply Good Business Judgment to Keep
Freckles from Marrying Your Attractiveness

Beauty has brought many a girl all her heart's desire.
The history of the world proves that charm is almost marveled in its possibilities.
Its power makes it well worth while for you to cultivate your attractiveness. Don't allow your clear complexion to have freckles; cover them with

STILLMAN'S FRECKLE CREAM

Not sold in the same purple and gold box.
It leaves the skin without a bruise, and causes no deep grooves. Will gowned girls always keep it on their dressing tables.
If your dermis has no supply, take up direct.
Squeak in a white parasol. 50c a jar. Money refunded if not pleased.

Send today for booklet "Wouldst Thou Be Fair?" containing helpful beauty hints.

STILLMAN CREAM CO. Dept. 50, Aurora, Ill.

Why Don't You Buy CLASSIC

The pictures book de luxe of the movie world
Where Bargaining is the Soul of Trade

(Continued from page 27)

from a mysterious opening in the rear of the shop. She is short and round and threads her way with ponderous deliberation thru the maze of objects that cover the floor. If you like, you can tell her your wants, pay her very reasonable price, and go. But it will repay you to talk with her a while, for she is une seconde, and with an old cross or bit of alabaster in her hand she will illuminate pages of history that may have seemed dark and impersonal to you before.

Even more wonderful than her historical wisdom is the knowledge she has of her shop. It is her boast that she knows everything that is there, and, still more marvelous, where it is, and the tricks of legere dame that she performs are beyond belief.

Perhaps it is an old copper-and-enamel chest that excites your fancy as you catch a glimpse of it thru the legs of a Roman chair and behind a mummy case, half hidden under a pile of armor.

"Touchez pas!" cries madame, as you start moving the first half-dozen things in the way; "je vais vous le montrer, monsieur." A few quick movements and it is before you, and not a speck of dust has been disturbed.

"Marvelous," you say, thinking of her fourth dimensional powers.

"Is it not? It is from Byzantium, at the time of Justinian——" and with a few words she re-creates the picture of that Emperor's court.

She does not try to sell you more than you want, or can afford, and she has many things that she will not sell at all, things that are destined for the Louvre when she can no longer enjoy them. You come away with a very respectful feeling for this kindly old woman who lives among her cobwebs and her dreams.

No Montparnassean need worry about the furnishings for his studio; the real difficulty is to find the stuff to furnish. Near the schools south and west of the Luxembourg are numerous shops that cater, at reasonable prices, to all tastes. There are pieces of French gothic and peasant oak, Spanish and Italian chests and tables—simple things, so good that they need no tricky ornament or decorative scheme; elegant delicacies from the days of the Grand Monarch; dignified and meaningless formalities from the Empire; an occasional example of that dreadful style that lacks all the qualities that are inherent in art ancient or modern, and so is known by the opprobrious epithet of "art nouveau."

Between "art nouveau," which has stolen indiscriminately and unintelligently from many sources, and the thieves' marketplace, there is an obvious analogy. The advantage in interest lies certainly with the latter, also known by the expressive title of the "Foire aux Puces," that spreads itself outside the Port St. Ouen on Sunday mornings. There are great piles of rugs and small articles that the chiffonniers have gathered from the ash-cans of Paris during the week. Bundles of linen and bedding that have flapped on many clotheslines, equal to new in that all marks have been removed; rugs and shawls and bits of silk from nobody knows, or will tell, where. The pancake vendor sets up his stand and is surrounded by a hungry, chattering throng who eat the heavy cakes, as big as large plates, with great relish.

Distinguished appearing gentlemen, silk hatted and gloved, poke over piles of fabric or ironmongery with their cane, in the hope, often realized of finding something of real value. The stout, tightly buttoned women of the toute petite bourgeoisie are out in force in search of bargains in household goods, and hold heated arguments over the quality, price, and probable origin of the articles on display.

There are children everywhere, running thru the crowds, upsetting people and packages, tooting penny horns and shouting insults at each other. It is a gala, and often not unprofitable day for the "mistes" of Montmartre and their "momes."

To recite the catalogue of the offspring of the Islanders descended. Whereas once they washed their neighbors' linen, they now steal it, probably finding this latter occupation both more profitable and more interesting.

Everything old and small in Paris eventually finds its way to the stalls along the quais. Books predominate, some of them dating from the earliest days of printing, and Parisians and tourists alike spend many hours browsing among them.
Good News
That millions of women tell

Millions of women, all the world over, have found a way to prettier teeth. Some by dental advice, some by this ten-day test. They have spread the news to others. Now wherever you look you see glistening teeth, and more smiles to show them. We urge you again to accept this test and prove to yourself what they know.

Must combat film
That viscous film you feel on teeth must be combated daily. Otherwise it clings, enters crevices and stays. It forms the basis of cloudy coats, including tartar. It also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay, Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to film, and very few escape them.

Why it remains
The tooth brush and the ordinary tooth paste cannot effectively combat it. So nearly everybody, however careful, had teeth discolor and decay.

Dental science has for years tried to combat this condition. Two ways have now been found. Able authorities have proved them, and leading dentists now urge their daily use.

Pepsodent

The New-Day Dentifrice
Endorsed by authorities and advised by leading dentists nearly all the world over today. All druggists supply the large tubes.

Pepsodent is a new-type tooth paste has been perfected, called Pepsodent. It corrects some old mistakes. These two great film combatants are embodied in it for daily application.

It does far more
Pepsodent does more than that. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which may otherwise cling and form acids. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids— the cause of tooth decay. It omits soap and chalk, which now are known to bring undesired effects.

You'll know at once
Pepsodent brings quick results. A week will make them conspicuous. Once you see and feel them you will never go without them, or let your children miss them.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear. Learn the delights of Pepsodent, with the added protection and beauty it brings.

Do this without delay. Cut out the coupon now. This is most important.

S. Jay Kaufman, who has been "round-the-towning" in half the capitals and great cities of Europe, was back on Broadway early in September. He is to be congratulated on his bright and amusing foreign letters to The Globe; letters which have made him the most popular man in Budapest and the most unpopular in Warsaw at the present moment. Pitts Sanborn has been making his annual gastronomic tour of Europe, and is said to be contemplating a new annotated edition of Brillat-Savarin's "La Philosophie du Goût."
In its DECEMBER number
MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE
Invites You
to spend an hour with Dorothy Gish as she chats over the teacups with Adele Whitley Fletcher. Miss Gish ran away from picture-making when "Orphans of the Storm" was completed, and now she comes back to play leading lady in Richard Barthelmess' new picture.

to talk with Harry Carr about Mary Pickford's Problem. Perhaps you believe that Mary should be the happiest girl in the world because "she has everything"—Beauty, Youth, Wealth, Adoration, Fame. But Mary hasn't "everything." Her life holds a deep tragedy.

to give a moment's thought to "The Story of the Art Title." For years there has been a gradual turning toward the brief caption thrown upon a decorative background that expresses the motif of the film story. All picture-lovers should learn the history and psychology of the art title.

to feast your eyes on an extraordinary beautiful portfolio of the players... on many double pictorial spreads... on exquisite full-page studies of the stars.

Japanese Sword Guards as Collecting Objects
(Continued from page 22)

hexagon continued in favor. This type is known in Japan as the Shinto horimono, all resemblance it bears to the Shigito cake, a confectionary used in Shinto ritual. The insuffacing of the design, which such tsuba afforded to the hand, must have been felt by the aristocrats of the period, notwithstanding the fact that their swords were worn chiefly as an ornamental detail of the court costume. A century later we find the Sinojiga tsuba increasing in size, and the gilded, semi-circular metal ring, which projected on both sides. The extension of the cavalry arm of the service led to the modification of the sword guard, and etched swords, designed for use with one hand by a mounted trooper, replaced the straightforward sword, which called for two-handed manipulation by the soldiers of the infantry. The uselessness of the Shigito tsuba in aggressive warfare, was presently recognized, and the swordsmiths were forced to revert to the primitive flat metallic discs. The form much in vogue in the twelfth century is called the Aoi tsuba, from the heart-shaped leaf of that plant, known in botany as Asarum. The guard is a square, the sides of which are developed into heart-shaped forms. The Aoi tsuba was generally made of copper and gilded, the sometimes iron or leather was substituted. The surface of the guard was often decorated with flower motifs in low relief, or with the dragon-fly, a symbol of courage. Other decorative forms were flying pigeons, a bird, sacred to the War God, Hachiman, storks, and young pines.

By the end of the fifteenth century the tsuba makers began to affix their signatures to their work. Iron was treated with acids to secure a rich dark tansy, then paint playing on this gold and brass appeared. The perforated tsuba was briefly popular. Pictorial ones followed, and carving became a fad with the sword-guard designers.

Closonté was used on tsuba for the first time by the Hirata school. Then color became an important factor in the workmanship, and all possible alloys were utilized in order to produce the desired tone. Precious stones, as well as coral, were used in addition to the metal.

Many of the guards are associated with certain legends, the decorating of which adds greatly to their enjoyment.

Collectors and lovers of Japanese objetos d'art, even when they specialize in the selection of their treasures, even when they prefer the purely ornamental aspects of some metal to the attraction exerted upon them by the subjects depicted, the symbolism of the composition, however, few collectors can be found who have not sometimes had cause to bewail their inability to maintain the right collective classification, or to name the personages represented.

Animals and plants were curiously associated, to the extent that symbols of exceptionally wide and constant occurrence. The snake is also often shown coiled around a tortoise, sometimes with a jewel—reminscent of the snake and egg myth.

Another group of emblems in which the association is more strict is that of the "messengers" of the gods. For instance, the deer is the "messenger" of the God of Kasuga Shrine: the crow that of the God of Kuman: the pigeon is descended to Hachiman, the monkey to the Sanno Shrine of Oshnomo, the fox to Inari, and the white rabbit to Benten. Zodiacal characters in the form of animals, are also found associated, the usual combination being the "treasure" with the "day" horn. When a workman was about to cast an important bronze, he selected a lucky day for the operation, and when his work was finished he engraved upon it the month and the year, following it by a Japanese character signifying Lucky Day or Day of Luck Omen.
The custom of assuming certain figures among the not uncommon amongst artists in Japan and a favorite one among the makers of sword guards appears to have been Nindachi, a demon who has shaved his head, after the fashion of a Buddhist priest. The words Ju, or Jiin, meaning a resident, or resident in, are frequently found upon sword guards, in connection with the names of the town and province in which the maker resided.

Sword guards lend themselves very readily to two purposes: to be used as objects of aid to meet with in these objects is extremely large. The native swordsmiths have, from time to time, developed the art of treatment of an infinite variety of objects that would not, perhaps, have occurred to the Occidental artist.
grand opera here and back there (continued from page 50)

great house in Barcelona; a very presentable one in Madrid.

But it is clear that the opera house goes to its apogee, in Milan, Italy, that it reaches the very highest of all peak's. La Scala! It is a name to be breathed with respect. And a name that incites the listener's imagination, by its traditions of the rich Milanese theatrical and musical life, and by its historic and international prestige and recognition. There is no alternative pathway.

Recently La Scala has been completely rebuilt and is set in a theater of a modern and artificial backwardness. The Milansese would not have countenanced any tampering with its historic six-tiered auditorium, with marble clock set apart above the curtain opening. All else went.

The ancient stage and its almost equally ancient apparatus. And many millions of lira were expended in building for La Scala the most modern, the best equipped of all theater stages.

Now the old house offers not merely the distinction of its fine traditions of productions, but a drama in which they may be set as novelties of the day, in the rejuvenated Theater Royal in Drury Lane, London. The production of La Wally, which I saw in La Scala, was a last word by an impresario. Before it dimmed even the greatest of my memories of super-productions in our own beloved Metropolitan.

Yet the old San Carlo, in Naples, so very, very old that its frescoed ceiling seems all but ready to fall, and its walls lightly recollecting in its memories and in its traditions than the Milan house. It simply has not had the good fortune in recent years to be situated in a city blessed by an amazing prosperity. Because Naples halts, its opera halts. If Naples should again return to its ancient prestige and its opulence, San Carlo might again become the leading opera house of the world. The Italian mind would be quite as easily satisfied. Italy still will show a neat form of drama which is told thru the air of the interpretive sense of music.

Turn the taste back to ourselves. In the United States we have no opera; or at least so little in proportion to our wealth and population it is hardly worth the setting down. On that December day four years ago that the historic French Opera House, of New Orleans, went grandly up in a Valley of smoke and flame, the opera in America suffered more of the crushing losses in its history than any event of the least account.

Music lovers are going to rise up in protest and point their fingers to the Metropolitian—its long list of artistic achievements, its great plans for the future.

I know the Metropolitian. I love it, even tho I could not accept the loss of a social institution and more of an opera house.

Our Lyrical Psycho-Realist (continued from page 67)

acute observation, wherewith Aiken pricks his own balloon. When he says that "Brutality is no substitute for magic. One must take one's mood alive and singing, or not at all," one thinks inevitably of the brutalities in his youthful name of "the psycho-realist." Another poet's verse as being "as liquid and persusasive as drifting in a gondola. There are no words ... as to shake one's reose," one recalls Aiken's foolish string after musical effects which are no more stimulatng when he mentions somewhat scornfully the "expectation for the remote and strange," one wonders whether the vincipious wish-fulfillments of his several heroes are not how the same sickness. The chief trouble with this poet would seem to be not his unconsciousness of the modern poet's world so much as his own short-comings in the interesting direction in which he tends to go. Certainly his chosen themes afford him a rare scope, an almost unexampled territory. "Senlin" alone is an accomplishment which bids one look for the final overcoming of these stubborn faults. At the same time one feels in Aiken's work one great difficulty.

It is the eternal quandary in him between the pure lyricist, the special pleading for the musical character of poetry, and the protagonist of the psycho-realistic. Often this preoccupation with psychology escapes the whole of his music. Can he seldom resist a musical effect. He is always trying to penetrate to a level of consciousness which the music he masters fails to express. For, mark you, Aiken's harmonies bear little analogy to that of Strauss or of Mahler, and the Schubert of poetry-fiddling in the laboratories of Viennese psychologists. This is the root of his unsuccess, and are not we guilty of these conflicting impulses? A recent piece of fiction by Aiken in the Dial would seem, perhaps, to indicate his taste for the psycho-realist in him, is prose narrative. Here the prose is "alive and singing," rich in memorable charm and psychological insight. As for the musician in our poet, he may fully himself in the art of the self-sufficient lyric.
The Business of Manufacturing Literature

(Continued from page 41)

Theodore Dreiser, on the other hand, passes up Hollywood and all that therein. He lived out at the Hollywood Hotel for a while and did his writing. But one day he rose, as the futility of it all dawned on him, and said he refused to have further dealings with any souls so filled with bromides and platitudes. He took up his belongings and moved to Glendale, a suburb of Los Angeles that nestles back in the mountains. He is so determined not to have "nothing so dear to man as is a silence," as Sis Hopkins says, that he will not reveal his whereabouts to his best friends.

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton is another of the colony who favors solitude. Only when actually writing, however, is she very friendly and gregarious; but when the divine sparks begin to fly, she betakes herself into the silence. No one knows where she goes. Telegrams, letters, friends cannot reach her. Which fact the folks down at the Goldwyn Studio bear with Christian fortitude—for a reason. Mrs. Atherton composes all her novels on a small, old typewriter, which she sound like someone trying to have a fit in a tin-can factory. On the one occasion when an inspiration came on suddenly at the studio, everyone else had to leave. Hearing the clatter someone asked a wistary scenarist what the riot was about. "Mrs. Atherton writing a silent drama," was the reply.

Rita Weiman, who is periodically a member of the Hollywood colony, has confessed that she has to get herself "fixed up" before she can write her plays. Many of the Hollywood writers, having become used to easy women, can hammer out a story in a beiler factory. Miss Weiman says frankly that she has to sit down to a table she can be surrounded by beautiful things, and she always wears a green silk Chinese mandarin robe with amethyst trimmings. If the green robe fades, there would be no more plays; that's flat and final.

One of the interesting figures in the Hollywood colony is Frank R. Adams, the author of "The Time, the Place and the Girl," "A Stubborn Cinderella," and other big stage successes. He is one of the successful playwrights in the history of the stage who deliberately gave it up and turned to writing short stories. He says it is less difficult and trying. Mr. Adams lives in Michigan during the summer and in Los Angeles in the winter. He always rents an office and works like Peter B. Kyne, and writes all his stuff long hand, with an enormous pen— to be copied by his young secretary.

Frances Marion, the highest paid scenario writer in the world, has lately turned novelist—not to speak of motion picture producer. She has a peculiar way of doing things. With a pencil, she writes the beginnings of sentences, introductions, etc. Then, from that, she dictates to a stenographer. Gene Stratton Porter, the "best seller" of all women authors, lives in a suburb of Los Angeles. She also dictates her stories to a stenographer. She says it was difficult for her to learn to do it, but she was rewarded for the effort by the saving of actual writing labor. She is a housewife as well as a novelist who mingle very little with the literary colony.

Harold Bell Wright has several beautiful homes in the environs of Hollywood, but it is said he actually living at the present time in Arizona on account of his health. Of all living writers he has the most wonderful method of work. When the idea for a novel comes to him, he writes it down on a card—just the bare idea. In his study he has a shelf like the vegetable rack that country hotels use for the mail of the guests. He places his card there; lights his pipe and studies it. Then he tears up the cards and substitutes three cards which divide the idea between them—the preparation for the scene or the "show off" as authors term the dénouement. Eventually these cards are divided and divided until, before he begins actually to write a word, he has a card showing every bit of description and every conversation that will appear in the book.

Stephen French Whitman, whose "Predestined" is considered by many critics to be the best novel ever written by an American, has a somewhat similar method. He reproduces a map of the story with colored pencil—one color for each character. Mr. Whitman's neighbors in Los Angeles are Mary Pickford's mother and Cleveland Moffat.

Anita Yezierska lives in Los Angeles a part of the year. Although this immigrant woman wrote because she just had to, she confesses that writing "comes hard" for her. She says every story is a life and death struggle.

For the rest, the authors work about four hours a day. One among them occasionally works eight or ten. Sometimes when he is in the heat of a story, he stays at his typewriter all night. This is Gordon Ray Young, writer of South Sea Stories. Unlike Harold Bell Wright, Mr. Young's stories are to be about when he begins them.

Gouverneur Morris mingles tennis with writing. His works don't start till he finds a story; then he always takes up his racquet and fairly hangs the inspiration in the nose until it behavie as it should.

A picturesque member of the Colony is Konrad Bercovici. He is a Romanian and for long has lived with his family in the Ukraine. From the fireside tales he heard the old Gypsy tell, he learned the art of story-telling. Not consciously however. His ambition was to become a concert violinist. He made his way to America where, to keep the wolf from the door, he wrote a story of his old Gypsy life. It was eagerly grabbed up. The editors called for more. Bercovici, in two years, has become one of the highest paid magazine writers in the world. He says that Los Angeles is the ideal place to write—or would be if he and Charley Chaplin were not friends. Chaplin gets him over at his house and they sit up all night talking.

Elinor Glyn lives in Los Angeles hotel. All her writing is done at night. While the divine fire is burning she rides around in an automobile nearly all day and comes back for the soul struggle at davy eve. She mingle socially a great deal in Los Angeles. One of her peculiarities is her hatred for turnips. On one occasion she indignantly left a dinner-table where the turnips were served. She regarded it as a personal insult.

I have saved a surprise for the last. One of the most practical, money-making, knock-em-dead, sure-fire writing successes at the literary colony is the most fastidious and temperamental of all his colleagues. Tully. He is the author of "The Bird of Paradise," "The Rose of the Rancho," and many big hits on the stage. Of his remarks, says an adoring critic, he never gets done to music. He says it is simply impossible for him to write unless a tune is being sung, and he can't write unless it is done by music. He never gets to work, but Mr. Tully confesses with a rueful smile that he has sometimes had a string of notes written for him in the key of "d minor" lest he adjourn his study when he had a difficult climax to compose.
Are We a Nation of Low-Brows?

It is charged that the public is intellectually incompetent. Is this true? It is charged that the public is afraid of ideas, disinclined to think, unfriendly to culture. This is a serious matter. The facts should be faced frankly and honestly.

Without Cultural Leadership.

The main criticism, as we find it, is that the people support ventures that are uninteresting from intellectual and cultural standards. The public is fed on low reading level books, on Hollywood movies, low brow theatrical productions, low brow music, low brow journalism. We think the criticism is unjustified because we do not recognize the fact that the public is without cultural leadership. Those who have the cultural spark get off by themselves. We believe the public has never had a real chance, never had an opportunity to get acquainted with the great and the beautiful things of life. Given half a chance, the public will respond.

We believe there has been enough talk about the public's interior taste.

Schopenhauer's Essays. For those who wish to study philosophy, Schopenhauer's Essays are a must. Many essays in this volume are devoted to the ultra-modern, not forgetting the Oriental. A man may draw inspiration from all sources, he believes, those who know Leper's work will realize how little of a sinner he is—in this respect.

His work is represented in many museums in America and abroad; in the Corcoran Gallery at Washington, the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, the Detroit Museum, the Duncan Phillips Memorial Collection, the New South Wales National Art Gallery, to mention a few. He has taken many prizes: the silver medal of the National Arts Club, the gold medal at the Pan American Exposition in the same year, the gold medal at the National Arts Club in 1915, the gold medal at the Pan American Exposition in the same year, and the Philadelphia Water Color prize in 1918, and several prizes at the National Arts Club, the New Society of Artists, and several British art societies.

Hayley Lever believes that work illustrates his belief, that a man must not be afraid to record his impressions honestly, without regard to what has been said before. He has no patience with the pretentious lucubrations of mere scholarism. There are times when it would be disastrous to limit the tradition only to put themselves to school to the fads of the moment, the scholarism of the vulgar.

How for more active, true artists from these eternal art sects. Hol for Hayley Lever, more men who know that all art is—lyric—a song of the individual spirit in the dark forest of the world.

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The first article of a very human and penetrating series will be appeal to all women—from the Flapper to the Grandmother. "Why, that's exactly how I'm feeling," said one woman. "I feel like going to a Beauty Shop in a Middle Western town. Wives are made over and husbands wake up! And you'll never guess the surprise climax!"

Part II of "The Place of the Beauty Specialist in the Community," by Miss Helen Buchanan, will be a fascinating article. An illustrated article that settles your question: "Shall I bob my hair?"

A one-act play that will give you a chance and make you think, as well. A four-page print of "The Beauty Shop in a Middle Western Town." Wives are made over and husbands wake up! And you'll never guess the surprise climax!"

Additional Features by Artists and Experts

"The Beauty Parlor," by Dorothy Calhoun and Gladys Halderman.

Distinctive Features in the December Number

"If I Were Fourteen," by Lillian Montanye.

"The Beauty Parlor," by Dorothy Calhoun and Gladys Halderman.

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"The Beauty Parlor," by Dorothy Calhoun and Gladys Halderman.
DONT LOOK LIKE A PAINTING!

Extract From
MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

I have tried about every powder on the market and have done considerable experimenting on myself and on others. There is no denying that there are several very fine powders on the market, but I felt that none just suited me, and so I determined to make my own. The first powder that I tried was the one recommended in the first place, I have some peculiar ideas about the complexion and was very hard to please. I am very particular about powder and staying qualities, and I want a powder that does not look like powder. I have found that the only way to achieve this is to blend the powder until you can hardly see it and then mix it with oil or white spirit of turpentine and apply it to the skin. The result is a beautiful finish that will last for hours. I have also found that the best way to apply powder is with a sponge or brush, and that will give a much better result than using your fingers. After experimenting with powdered starch, French chalk, macular, and other powders, I found that the best results were obtained with a mixture of starch, powder, and oil. This mixture gives a beautiful finish and stays on the skin for hours. I have used this mixture for several years and have never been disappointed. It is, however, very expensive, so I have tried to find a less expensive substitute. I have found that a mixture of cornstarch and powder works very well. I have also found that a mixture of cornstarch and oil gives a beautiful finish. The best results are obtained by using a mixture of cornstarch and oil and applying it to the skin with a sponge or brush. This mixture gives a beautiful finish and stays on the skin for hours. It is also much cheaper than the other powders I have tried.

The Camera Contest
(Continued from page 54)

Monthly prizes of at least $25, $15, and $10 are awarded in order of merit, together with three prizes of yearly subscriptions to Shadow-land to go to three honorary mentions. All prize winning pictures will be published in Shadow-land.

The committee of judges includes:
Joseph R. Mason, chairman of committee, Corresponding Secretary P. F. A.; Eugene V. Biever, Editor and Publisher of Shadow-land; Louis F. Bucher, Assistant Secretary Camera Clubs of America; Dr. A. D. Caffee, President of P. F. A.; Arthur D. Chapman, Advisory Committee P. F. A.; G. W. Harting, Advisory Committee P. F. A.; Dr. Chas. H. Hargrave, contributing member Pittsburgh and Los Angeles Salons; Miss Sophie L. Lauffer, Secretary Dept. of Photography, Brooklyn Institution of Arts and Sciences; George P. Lester, Member P. F. A. and Orange Camera Club; Nicholas Murray, portrait photographer; John A. Tannent, Editor and Publisher of Photo Minstrel; Miss Margaret Watkins, ex-Record- ing Secretary P. F. A.; Clarence H. White, ex-President P. F. A.

The jury of selection, to be announced each month with their selections, consists of three members, to be chosen from the committee or the membership of the society. No member of the jury thus chosen for any given month shall submit pictures for that month's contest. Shadow-land desires that every camera enthusiast refrain from entering the contest and to this end makes the inclusion of the following data respective to the jury's decision 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.

Prints are to be submitted in up to any number and to as many of the monthly contests as they desire.

Prints received on or prior to the first of each month may be considered entered in that month's contest.

Name and address of maker, title and number must be printed or plainly written upon the back of each print. Return address to be written plainly upon package.

Prints must be stuck flatter. A small mount makes for safety in handling but is not required. Prints will be acknowledged upon their receipt. Returned prints will be returned immediately, provided proper postage for the purpose be included. If, however, understood that Shadow-land 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 Brewe Publications nor the Pictorial Photographers of America assume responsibility for loss or damage. All prints and all communications relative to the contest are to be sent to Joseph R. Mason, Art Center, 65 East 56th Street, New York. No prints will be considered if sent elsewhere than stated above. Submission of prints will imply acceptance of all conditions.

ANNOUNCEMENT
The Tenth Annual Exhibition of the Pittsburgh Salon of Photography, under the auspices of the Photographic Section of the Academy of Science and Art, will be held in the Galleries of the Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, from March 2nd-31st, inclusive, 1923.

The last day for receiving prints for entry is Monday, February 5th. Information concerning the conditions of entry can be obtained from Charles K. Archer, Secretary, 1412 Carnegie Building, Pittsburgh, Penn.

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SOMETHING NEW UNDER THE SUN

A Magazine of Beauty Secrets for Every Woman

At MAGAZINE to help every woman to be more beautiful than she is and then help her to preserve that beauty. Every woman wants beauty: a strong, healthy body; grace; charm; a spirited, active mind. She knows that some are born beauties—others have it thrust upon them. What she does not know is that all may attain it if they will. A few years ago, those who used cosmetics in any form were called "painted ladies." Those who went systematically thru forms of exercise to improve their figures were "vain." Now, the use of cosmetics is universal. Physical culture is a habit. Every woman knows that she must look her best. She not only tries to assist nature, but to improve it. This is where the new magazine Beauty comes in.

LILLIAN MONTANYE, Editor

Elsie Ferguson
Corliss Palmer
Pauline Frederick
Corliss Palmer
Alla Nazimova
Katherine MacDonald
Jeanette Pinaud

Beauty magazine is the modern Pandora's Box

We have gathered about us some of the world's greatest authorities, and are supplying our readers with the best and most authoritative information on all subjects that pertain to personal beauty. Famous beauties of stage and screen, society beauties, beauty parlor experts, celebrated dermatologists, many well-known notables are contributing to its pages. A special feature is

The Beauty Box

conducted by Corliss Palmer who, as winner of the 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest, was adjudged the most beautiful girl in America. This is an Answer Man department in which Miss Palmer answers all questions on the proper use of cosmetics and on everything pertaining to beautifying the human face and form divine. She also makes a special plea for

Physical Beauty

the importance of the care of the body itself; the significance of health; the wholesome charm of a strong, well-poised body. Each issue contains a hundred aids to grace and beauty—numerable little "nothings" that count greatly in the end. Beauty is the Open Sesame to love, joy, life and all the dear emotions that so many have to pass by because they have not discovered the sweet secret of pleasing. Beauty is—in itself—

A Thing of Beauty

a second SHADOWLAND in its artistry. It contains reproductions of famous paintings in all their original colors, suitable for framing; beautiful photographs, in color, of famous beauties of this and other lands which make charmingly decorative pictures for the boudoir. From cover to cover Beauty is picturesque, artistic, colorful. It is

A Magazine That Every Woman Wants

and that every man wants his wife, daughter, sister or sweetheart to have. There are magazines of fashion, art, fiction, politics, homes and gardens—but until a few months ago no one had thought of devoting a whole magazine to beauty.

Don't Forget to Order from Your Dealer

There is always a rush—sometimes a real scrimmage when Beauty comes out. The price is only 25 cents a copy or you may subscribe at the rate of $2.50 a year. Beauty is on the stands the 8th of each month.

BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS, INC. - - Brewster Buildings, Brooklyn, N.Y.
Moments Which Count

When you are conscious of the scrutiny of interested eyes which appraise every detail of your appearance, can you sit serene, secure in the consciousness that there is nothing to criticise but everything to admire?

Happy is the girl who can answer "yes" in these all important moments. She is the girl who knows that her fresh, clear skin and smooth, white neck and arms are sure to command admiration.

The girl who is not so sure of her personal attractiveness, who is conscious that complexion defects may affect her popularity, should waste no time remedying these conditions. The secret is cosmetic cleanliness, which keeps the skin free from clogging accumulations.

Once a day, do this

Once a day, preferably at bed-time, give your face a thorough cleansing. This doesn't mean a harsh, irritating scrub, but a cosmetic cleansing accomplished by the gentlest possible means.

Soap is necessary, but only the mildest soap should be used. This is Palmolive, blended from palm and olive oils.

Once you experience the mild, soothing effect of its smooth, creamy lather you will recognize daily cleansing as the surest complexion beautifier.

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Neglect results in clogged pores, coarse texture and blackheads. When the accumulated soil carries infection, pimples are the result.

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Complexion beauty does not end with the face. Beautify your body with Palmolive.

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SOMETHING NEW UNDER THE SUN

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A MAGAZINE to help every woman to be more beautiful than she is and then help her to preserve that beauty. Every woman wants beauty: a strong, healthy body; grace; charm; a spirited, active mind. She knows that some are born beauties—others have it thrust upon them. What she does not know is that all may attain it if they will. A few years ago, those who used cosmetics in any form were called "painted ladies." Those who went systematically thru forms of exercise to improve their figures were "vain." Now, the use of cosmetics is universal. Physical culture is a habit. Every woman knows that she must look her best. She not only tries to assist nature, but to improve it. This is where the new magazine Beauty comes in.

LILLIAN MONTANYE,
Editor

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Beauty magazine is the modern

Pandora's Box

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BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS, INC. - - Brewster Buildings, Brooklyn, N. Y.
The Value of Time

By Krónos

Paintings by HAROLD DELAY

Richard the Lion-hearted—"mightiest warrior and hardest working Crusader in all Christendom"—knew the Value of Time.

For two long years the city of Acre, near Jerusalem, had defied the besieging Crusaders—yet its walls trembled when Richard anchored off the Syrian shore. Lion-Heart's great hour had come at last. So clear was his vision of Time as his ally that he arose from a sickbed, was carried to the trenches on a litter, and with his own sword hewed the fortress from the infidel's grip.

To this day, in the land of the Saracen, the name of Richard is a word to conjure with. And today, as it was seven centuries ago, life is a battle which no man can win without Father Time as his ally.

Over the Time of the Crusaders, the Saracen water clock stood guard. But the modern world, enriched by experience, intrusts life's costliest possession to those marvels of accuracy which human ingenuity and skill now place within the reach of all—

Elgin Watches

MADE IN ELGIN, U. S. A.
Five Fair Faces
from the thousands that hope to be reflected in the American Beauty Mirror
Do You Wish Your Face Reflected There?

IMPORTANT

Brewster Publications herewith announces the closing
date of the American Beauty Contest—December 15,
1922. Any photographs received bearing a postmark of a
later date will be disregarded.

You still have time to become an entrant. Read the
simple rules and consider the splendid rewards that may
come to you.

We are not looking for a movie heroine, or a stage star,
or an intellectual wonder, or a personality crank. We are
looking for Beauty—and we are going to find her—the most
beautiful woman in America!

This is an unprecedented offer. Do not fail to take ad-
vantage of it. Send us your photograph. That is all that
is required of you. Think what you may win—just because
you happened to be born beautiful. Scrupulous care will
be taken of every picture received. ALL of them will be
examined by the contest judges.

THE REWARDS

To the woman who our illustrious judges shall decide is
the most beautiful in America, will be given:

1. A trip to New York, properly chaperoned, and a chance to take
   in the pleasures which only that great city affords: the opera,
   the theaters, our wonderful library, the famous "East Side,"
   great museums, the celebrated Greenwich Village, all the luxurious
   and beautiful shops on the most luxurious and beautiful street in the
   world—Fifth Avenue—and so on,
2. A well-known American artist will paint her portrait.
3. A representative American sculptor will model her head.
4. These works of art will be exhibited in one of the leading art
   galleries in New York City and elsewhere.
5. She will have her picture on the cover of Beauty magazine.

There will be a second prize and a third prize, and possibly more.
These will be announced later.

In view of the fact that the American Beauty may be
found in New York City,
or its immediate vicinity,
the prize in her case will be
$1,000, instead of the visit
to New York. Just think of that—

THE ENTRANCE COUPON

This is a portrait of:
Name: ___________________________________________
Address: _________________________________________
Age: ______ Weight: ______ Height: ______
Color of Eyes: ______ Hair: ______ Complexion: ______
It is submitted to the American Beauty Contest, subject to the rules
thereof, by: _________________________________
Name: _________________________________________
Address: _________________________________________
Occupation (optional): _______________________________

One Thousand Dollars ($1,000)

REMEMBER

The judges of our Beauty Contest are well-known artists,
writers and editors.

All photographs of entrants will be turned over to the
Metropolitan Magazine, from which they will select photo-
graphs to be used on the Metropolitan Cover Contest.

THE RULES

1. No photographs will be returned.
2. No exceptions will be made to this rule.
3. Winners will be notified.
4. Snapshots, strip pictures, or colored photographs will not be con-
sidered. Outside of these, any kind of picture will be accepted:
   full length or bust, full face of profile, sepia or black. You may
   submit as many photographs as you wish.
5. Photographers, artists, friends and admirers may enter pictures
   of their favorites. Credit will be given photographers whenever
   possible.
6. Do not ask the contest manager to discuss your chances. He has
   nothing to do with that end of it.
7. Do not write letters. The close of the contest will be announced in
   at least three months in advance. There will be a contest story
every month in all four magazines, with all necessary news and
information.
8. The most beautiful pictures received each month throughout the oper-
   ation of the contest will be published in a monthly Honor
Roll in all four magazines. These girls will be notified when,
and in which magazine their picture will appear. This does not
mean that they have necessarily qualified for the final award,
but that those whose pictures are not published have failed. The
winner will not be decided upon until the end of the contest.
9. Such a coupon as the one below, properly filled out, must be
   PASTED on the BACK of every photograph submitted.
10. Be sure to put sufficient postage on your photo-
    graph.
11. The contest is open to any
    girl or woman sixteen
    years or older, professional
    or non-professional, in
    America. That means the
    whole continent!

NOTE.—Any infraction of these rules will cause a contestant to be
excluded from the contest.

Address your photograph: Contest Manager, Brewster
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Expressing the Arts

SHADOWLAND

The Magazine of Magazines

DECEMBER, 1922

VOLUME VII

Cover Design: Allegorical Conception of the Creation of Pottery
By A. M. Hupfmuller

Important Features in this Issue:

ROMANCE IN GOING TO SEA.................. William McFee
The author of Command and Captain Macedoine's Daughter writes of the pull of the sea

THE CAD AS HERO............................. Kenneth Macgowan
The old-fashioned hero of the theater is no more; his successor is undesirable but entertaining

ALBERT STERNER............................. Three examples of his drawings in chalk: Amour Chant, Clare Gwinn and a Nude Study

THE CONVENIENCE OF THE NOVEL........... Burton Rascoe
A discussion of this season's novels and their extraordinary diversity

CHARLES DEMUTH......................... Thomas Craven
An artist who is conscious that a picture should be of a piece, and not a collection of delicate splashes

THE PLAY, THE PART, AND THE TIME...... Benjamin De Casseres
An interview with Lola Fisher, who cannot be lured to the screen

HEROES OR HUMAN BEINGS?.................. Charles Divine
Two pages of amusing satire on hero worship, with cartoons by Henkel

THE WAYWARD POET OF ENGLAND........... Llewelyn Powys
An appreciation of the work of Ernest Dowson

IMPORTING EUROPE'S FOREMOST STAGE...... Oliver M. Sayler
The Moscow Art Theatre as seen thru its masterpiece, Gorky's The Lower Depths

THREE WOMEN POETS........................ Babette Deutsch
Edna St. Vincent Millay, the Ironist; Sara Teasdale, the Lyricist; Lola Ridge, the Rebel

THE DEVIL AMONG THE CRITICS............. Jerome Hart
A discussion of the question: "What's the matter with modern musical criticism?"

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Two Poems
by Pascal D'Angelo

To a Child

Your shyness, dear child,
Is a young rosebud peeping thru the springtime of
your life.
Soon! Soon may it blossom to love!

Your soul is a beautiful white dream resting on some
unknown shore of night,
I knew;
And I can only watch breathlessly from afar
Toward that night which thrills with you—
Toward that jealous night whence, broad-winged,
you must emerge.

And oh! may the hue of a rich decision stain the lips of
your young thoughts
To a deeper red,
When love will dawn, finally,
Like a sun to illumine the shoreless empire of our young
happiness!

To a Dead Poet

The Sun stands aloof like a giant sigil of splendor
Sealing the secrets of Eternity.
Before its dazzling brilliance,
Your eyes were like strange heavens peopled with souls of
smiles;
And now—and now they have flown with their burden of
loneliness
Beyond the giant seal of light.

What were you but a dream—a gentle dream
In the thoughts of your sleeping fate?
The Brute has awakened and you have vanished
Into the pathways of dreams
Beyond the light.

And now you must bequeath forever
The sweet trumpet calls of Spring.
THE MELODY OF DEATH

This vivid battle is the allegorical conception of Charles Filép, a young Magyar artist. Mr. Filép's process is more involved than the usual one, and the resulting purity of his colors and clearness of his lines is exceptional. He has exhibited at the Architectural League and the Chicago Mural Decorative League.
RUTH STONEHOUSE

For years with Essanay, she has now organized her own company, where her loveliness will be featured in Western productions.
This charming study in blues and browns accentuates the grace one always associates with Albertina Rasch.
SUNFLOWERS

"His flower pieces are painted with photographic perfection of values, and a remarkable variety of tone-contrasts and textural distinctions"

Paintings by courtesy of Daniel's Gallery, New York

IN VAUDEVILLE

"The vaudeville 'Caprices' are tinged with genuine satire, and the illustrations are conceived in the true fictional spirit, but all the same the pictures are held together by an impeccable artistry"
MR. DEMUTH'S attitude toward his work is most exhilarating. When I asked him, rather precipitately, for an opinion on his art, he replied in these words:

"With few exceptions, artists think of themselves too constantly as 'artists,' or men of genius—we should always be children and fools."

There is a profound truth in that statement; that is, in the first part of it, a truth which Chesterton expressed in somewhat similar fashion in one of his essays: "Whistler thought too much about art to be a great artist, and too much about himself to be a great man."

Painting, of course, lives thru the perfection of its forms, but the relation of its emotional appeal to the intricacies of the medium demands the written or spoken word for communication. The aesthetic activity of every age has been attended by a body of appreciative and expository literature, the aim of which, when legitimately applied, has been to discover to the world the true concept of the beautiful. It is doubtful if any period has been so prolific in critical warfare as the present; a condition arising from the ferocious efforts of painters to connect themselves with the eternal tradition, and to convince the public that modern art is neither monstrous nor diseased. Such a verbal outburst is healthy and indispensable in so far as it concerns fundamental creative problems, but when the artist esteems himself a genius, it is time to call a halt. The difference between the artist and the ordinary man, as Croce has clearly proved, is purely quantitative: if it were otherwise, art would be a very small world, forever inaccessible to any but the chosen few. Whenever painters begin to think of themselves as creatures of genius, their work becomes narrow, exotic and unintelligible. Mr. Demuth is sometimes capricious, but he is always sane and intelligible.

He was born in Lancaster, Pennsylvania. His first formal training was received at The Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, where he came under an influence which he regards as one of the controlling factors of his development. He was a pupil of Thomas Anshutz, an instructor at the Academy and a really great teacher — one (Cont'd on page 78)
A little smiling cottage nestling in an orchard, with its humble but happy inhabitants, makes a pleasingly rustic picture, which like its companion was exhibited recently at the Bookery Art Gallery.

The stately, umbrageous tree which dominates this peaceful landscape, crossed by a gently flowing stream, is a happy example of sylvan beauty, while the warm and hazy atmosphere is rendered with feeling and fidelity in a composition which makes a strong appeal to the artistic eye.
In this portrait study of Clare Gwinn, Mr. Sterner has achieved a depth and body with chalk that is more usually associated with oils. There is not the thinness that is sometimes apparent in this medium.

Albert Sterner was born in London of American parents. He studied at Julien's Academy and the Ecole des Beaux Arts. His work is represented in practically all the foreign museums and in many private collections, including that of the King of Italy. He came to America when he was about twenty-six years of age and has done most of his work here. These three examples of Mr. Sterner's work show his significant quality of line; his admirable economy of detail expresses motion more eloquently than the most exact rendering. He stimulates rather than tries to complete the imagination. Mr. Sterner is equally at home in oils, and his lithographs are famous. Although he has been exceedingly busy getting ready for his exhibit at the Ehrich Galleries in December, he has spent a great deal of time, lately, etching. At his exhibit, which will be mostly portraits, will be shown his recently completed ones of Mr. and Mrs. Brooks Nichols.
Albert Sterner

Three examples of his drawings in chalk

AMOUR CHANT
Amour Mort, the companion piece to the drawing above, was recently sold to Sir Joseph Duveen

NUDE STUDY
Fluidity of line and movement
LIANE HAID

Vienna, the home of lovely women, claims that this film favorite is loveliest of them all.
FRANCES ALDA

Like Melba, Madame Frances Alda is an Australian with an exceptionally lovely voice and an admirable vocal method. Incidentally, Madame Alda is the wife of the General Director of the Metropolitan Opera, where she shines with refulgence.
FEODOR CHALIAPIN

Wynn gives his idea how the famous basso looks as Boris Godounow
Romance in Going to Sea

By William McFee

In spite of a great quantity of argument, we are obliged to come back to the old-fashioned definition of romance, that it is something a man attempts for the sake of a woman. And if it be asked then, is there any longer romance in going to sea, it must be confessed that, in a general way, there is not, because there are nowadays so many outlets for the energy of romantically minded people, most of them much more remunerative than waiting about on the ocean. Moreover, there is really very little nowadays that a man can attempt to do for a woman, for the simple reason that women have decided that they prefer to do all the difficult things for themselves. I even see in my press-clipping book a piece which says that the daughter of an English lord is trying to become a Marine engineer. This seems to me to indicate a move in the right direction, but it would be fatal to the ordinary woman's idea of romance. In going to sea. She would begin, of course, by keeping the twelve-to-four watch, and I for one would not like to be the person who had to call her and get her out at midnight. One of the most difficult and dangerous things in the world is trying to make a woman get up when she doesn't want to, but there is nothing romantic about it. The average engineer would prefer to keep the watch for her himself.

To be perfectly serious, however, it is a pity that the old-fashioned notion of achievement for the sake of a woman seems to have gone into the discard, because women now are repenting of the idea of being in any way dependent upon men. It is particularly unfortunate for a seaman, because of the nature of his calling. When a man goes to sea he is to a large extent dependent upon a strong sentiment to carry him thru his work because he lacks the daily contact with the society in which he was born. He is among strangers, many of them of alien race and speech, and when he takes the air in a foreign port the environment is strange and disquieting. It is perhaps easy to see, then, how he will tend to idealize the girl he left behind him, or if he is married, the wife and children who are quite cheerfully growing up and enjoying themselves without getting very well acquainted with him. It is this element of separation from and consecration to an invisible ideal which makes the seaman romantic, and the fact that he is sometimes unfaithful to it only proves his customary fidelity. And yet it must be confessed by one who has tested existence in various ways and in many moods, that compared with the life offered a man nowadays ashore, the sea is romantic. It is insulated, to a degree not comprehended by the general mass of shorefolk, from the weasel enterprises and nickel-plated ethics of so much of our modern industrial life. To put it more succinctly, rascality on the ocean is ever a secret and inconvenient predilection, since men, once they are between sea and sky, are aware of the maximum nobility of their souls and perceive, somewhat to their own discomfort, that the rules of society are only the stark and visible summits of the submerged mountain ranges we call principles and cannot be ignored without disaster.

So it happens that, once the pilot is safe in his boat and the course is set over which he always emerges in triumph from these ordeals or that, emerging, his reward is always there. Yet there is often a knightly quality in his encounters with his dark enemies, and he catches at times a glimpse of the shimmering robes, and feels on his cheek a faint unearthly fragrance, from the passing of his inviolable mistress, the Spirit of Romance.
"It is the moon...
It glimmers on the forest tips,
And thru the dewy foliage drips
In little rivulets of light,
And makes the heart in love with night."
MLLE. ANNA LUDMILLA

In spite of her youth, Mlle. Ludmilla has been première danseuse with the Pavley-Ukrainsky Ballet as well as a participant in several New York musical successes. Mlle. Ludmilla came from Chicago and has returned this season to her native city as première danseuse of the Chicago Civic Opera Company.
Importing Europe's Foremost Stage

The Moscow Art Theatre as seen thru its Masterpiece, Gorky's The Lower Depths

By Oliver M. Sayler

ONE day last winter, shortly after Balieff's Chauve-Souris had struck its phenomenal stride, I voiced an emphatic negative when asked if I thought the Moscow Art Theatre would agree to come to this country. "And even if they were willing to come," I asserted, "I don't believe their clientele or the Government would permit their departure. The Studio Theatres, the younger generation of the Moscow Art Theatre, yes. They were eager to make the trip four years ago. But the parent company, never."

In passing this judgment, however, I had failed to take full account of the effect of protracted revolution not only upon artists but upon audiences and even governments. Hunger and destitution are the most impelling forces to dictate change of plans. And as it has turned out, after one of the most intricate series of negotiations in dramatic annals, it is the entire first line of the Moscow Art Theatre which is coming to New York in January, under the direction of Morris Gest, with permission of the Soviet and the Government, and the Studio Theatres will be left to keep traditions unbroken.

To sum up the chronicle of any institution by viewing it thru the prism of one of its notable exploits is a rather unusual course, but I propose to follow it, in this case, in order to avoid the monotony in which a catalog of a quarter century of play titles and players' names would involve a brief article like this and in the hope of making some of this theater's characteristics and customs stand out the more vividly by illustration from a single production.

The play I have chosen for this purpose is Maxim Gorky's Na Dyne or The Lower Depths, better known in America thru its title in German translation, Nachtwacht, or Night Lodging. And the reason for the choice is not so much that the American playgoer is already familiar with this masterpiece of the great prophet of the Revolution, thru several published translations and productions in English, German and Yiddish; it is rather because, in this play more than in any other thruout its history, the Moscow Art Theatre epitomizes its dramatic ideals and methods, its esthetic theory and practice, and thru the production of this play it most emphatically justifies its artistic faith.
In choosing *The Lower Depths* as sole representative and exemplar of the Moscow Art Theatre, I am not forgetting that the fate of this stage is far more closely associated with the name of Anton Tchehov than with that of Maxim Gorky. Nor am I denying the justice of that tradition or its importance. With *The Sea-Gull* in the theater's first season, and later with *Uncle Vanya*, *The Three Sisters*, and *The Cherry Orchard*, Tchehov gave to the Moscow Art Theatre and received from it both name and fame within Russia and beyond its borders. What he contributed in the very beginning to the project of Stanislavsky and Nemirovitch-Dantchenko was without price or computation. The level of his plays is better sustained than the level of Gorky's; the average is higher.

But at no point does Tchehov scale the heights of *The Lower Depths*, simply because he is content to remain dramatist and artist, while Gorky, at least in this single case, achieves the triple rôle of dramatist, artist and philosopher.

The Moscow Art Theatre discovered Tchehov. At least it rescued him from the failure as a playwright which appeared to be his lot. It discovered Gorky as a dramatist, too. During the season of 1902-1903, its fifth, it produced two of the youthful revolutionist's pieces: *Myeshchane* or *Smug Citizens*, and then *The Lower Depths*. After three hundred rehearsals, the average period of preparation of a play for this patient and

*(Continued on page 70)*

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In the picture on the top left is Mme. Olga Knipper-Tchehova, widow of the world-famed playwright, Anton Tchehov. She is the Mrs. Fiske and the Ellen Terry of the modern Russian theater. Here she is seen as Vassilliza, the keeper of the cellar lodging-house.

In the picture on the far right is Vassily Katchaloff as the Baron, tattered and forgotten relic of better days, who carries to the bottom round of the social ladder some of the airs and graces of his former high estate.

At the left is Mlle. Skulskaya as Kvashnya, the none-too-handsome girl of the streets.

At the right is Alexander Vishnevsky, one of the leading members of the company. In Gorky's masterpiece he portrays the Tatar, the silent and stolid participant of the motley crew. When it comes time to face Mere, like a good Mohammedan, out comes his prayer-rug, no matter what the rest are doing, and he proceeds with his ceremonial.

*Ivan Moskvin, one of the charter members of the Moscow Art Theatre in 1898, and long accounted as the leading high comedian and character actor of the modern Russian stage. He is here seen as Luka, the old pilgrim.*
Charlotte Wilke (above) is Swiss, and, altho a graduate of the famous Dalcroz Dancing School at Paris, prefers to dance her own interpretations rather than follow too closely the traditions of the school. Claire Banroff, formerly of the Imperialist Czarist Ballet, fled to Paris to escape the Bolsheviki. Her dancing is both graceful and virile. She is noted for her boyish figure and has posed for many sculptors.
"Sometimes a violent laughter screwed his face,
And sometimes ready tears dropped down apace."

THE CLOWN
Collecting Old Glass

By W. G. Bowdoin

Photographs from the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, and the Pennsylvania Museum, Philadelphia

OLD glass has its individual charm. The wonderful beauty of the crystal, the multiple variety of form, the bell-like resonance, the satiny feeling of its surface, the sparkle of the cut facets, and the combination of grace and utility, attract the discriminating collector.

There is also an added attraction in the historical and social traditions that cluster about certain pieces.

The fragility of glass has precluded its survival in sufficient quantity to make it common, and yet the collector who turns toward it as a hobby will find glass hunting by no means without charm and zest. Collecting it in odd corners and out of country cupboards takes on something of romance, something more of adventure, than when merely buying of a dealer.

A large Bristol colored-glass paper-weight may cost you ten dollars in an antique shop, but if you can happily run across one of these in private hands, where from an heirloom it has perhaps become the toy of children who have used it as a hammer with which to drive nails, it may be acquired by the alert collector for a veritable song.

Now is the time to collect old glass. The prices are advancing and pre-war prices are not likely to return. The neglected opportunity of today will never recur.

All forms of collecting are educational, and knowledge comes to the true collector, even thru the errors sure to be made. It is, however, by no means difficult to become a fairly well-informed collector of old glass. Counterfeits are numerous and forgeries are turned out by the unscrupulous; absolutely new glassware after old models is on sale in hundreds of curio shops, but only the ignorant or careless collector need be taken in.

(Cont'd on page 75)
PEGGY WOOD

The captivating star of "Marjolaine" is leaving musical comedy behind her and entering the serious drama—a sort of halfway house on her climb toward grand opera. All this on the advice of Mme. Calvé, with whom she has been studying. "And how," exclaimed her illustrious mentor, "can you perfect a voice if you make it work thru eight performances a week?"
At the right is Marie Vassilieff in her studio in the Latin Quarter. Many artists have been making dolls of various sorts for grown-up folk, but none of them has approached her as a caricaturist. She is also a painter of merit and an authority on primitive African art.

The reproductions below exemplify the versatility of Mme. Vassilieff. The character doll is of André Derain, the well-known French modern painter; "Bombo" is an imitation in leather of a grotesque African idol; the painting of the merry-go-round is one that drew high praise at the Paris salon.

The Doll-Maker of Montparnasse

The Parisian once left to posterity a miniature, a photograph, or a marble bust of himself; now he leaves a character-portrait doll.
She was coming toward me. I could not see what her face was, my heart so awoke and trembled; only that her hair was flowing from a wreath of white violets, and the grace of her coming was like the appearance of the first windflower...
The Devil Among the Critics
What's the Matter With Modern Musical Criticism?
By Jerome Hart

"W"hat the devil is the matter with the musical critics?” said a friend to me towards the close of last season. “Nothing seems to please them. They evidently don’t go to a musical performance to discover its good points, but its bad ones.

“A few years ago,” he continued, “I used to pick up the papers in order to get my own impressions of a concert or an opera confirmed and occasionally revised, and was pleased to find that the critics and I were generally in agreement. But now, whenever I read a criticism of something I enjoyed, I find that I ought not to have done so. A famous prima donna, who I thought was singing anything rather better than usual, was, I am told, inclined to faulty intonation and bad production. Louise, an opera which was hailed by Europe on its production as a master work, and very rightly too, is ‘vieux jeu’ and rather poor stuff. A performance by the Philadelphia Orchestra of a Brahms symphony, which I thought was the best I had ever heard, was ‘too perfumed,' whatever that may mean. A rash young critic, with more enthusiasm than experience, places Jeritza and Chaliapin on a parity; while another, who is old enough to know better, exhausts the language of hyperbole in praising a mountainous contralto who, I and others thought, howled and growled abominably. I repeat, what the devil is the matter with the critics?”

“You’ve said it,” I replied. "It’s the devil — or rather several devils. It’s the devil of ignorance, the devil of inappreciation, the devil of prejudice, the devil of favoritism, the devil of boredom and, not least of all, the devil of vanity or self-conceit, which makes the critic think more of himself than of the person or work he is criticizing. The older men have lost their enthusiasms, if they ever had any. Their sense is dulled and jaded and they think that their age and experience entitle them to indulge in snap judgments on matters which call, if not for profound study, at any rate for more than casual hearing.

“The younger generation of critics are, as a rule, too inexperienced and timid to dare to praise that which most likely they have heard their seniors jeering and sneering at in the lobbies and foyer. Moreover, few of them have more than a smattering of music. They know its ABC, they have picked up several clichés and added a few phrases, epithets and adjectives which strike them as novel and effectiv[e] and, having rushed from opera to concert and from concert to opera, they dart into the press room at the Metropolitan or their offices and bang out their stuff on a machine with the editor’s injunction to ‘keep it down’ ringing in their ears. How can you expect musical criticism to be much better than it is? Moreover, when one comes to think of it, music has never provoked much good writing, and I suppose it never will.”

“Why not?”

“Because, being the most subjective of all the arts, it can never be the inspiration of a great literature. No perfect poem with a definitively musical subject has yet been written, with possibly one exception. Arthur O’Shaughnessy’s We Are the Music Makers. Dryden’s Odes to St. Cecilia are of their period: formal, stilted and rhetorical. Herrick’s To Music is charming, like most of his verse, and the Browning’s..."
wrote poems of merit on musical subjects, but they do not rank among their finest work.

"There is no great novel with music as its theme or basis — no, not excepting Jean Christophe," I said, as my friend interjected the name. "Romain Rolland's book has as much connection with fine literature as a Mahler symphony has with inspired music. The only other musical novels I can recall are that nauseating example of early Victorian insipidity, Charles Austin, the principal character in which has been assumed to be Mendelssohn, and Evelyn Innes, by George Moore. Of course, Moore was never much, but the self-conscious stylist and poseur, who invented his style by thinking in French and writing in English. In one or two of his self-revelatory if not veracious autobiographical volumes he shows even more clearly than in Evelyn Innes how meager and inaccurate is his knowledge of music, which, however, he affects to discuss as one of the cognoscenti."

"Surely, you have forgotten Huneker's Painted Veils."

"I wish I could. As one who had a warm personal regard for Huneker and admired the robust vigor of his mental processes as well as the fine gusto which often pervaded his writings, I can only express my profound regret that the book you mention found a publisher, altho it was only issued in a limited subscription edition. Many passages in that queer jumble of cheap fiction, autobiography, musical comment and pornography are deplorable. Mind, I am not falling foul of its frankness or immorality. That concerns me not at all. But the book is worse than immoral, it is ill-written."

"But what about Huneker as a critic? Did you not see that McFee referred to him as a prince among critics, or something like that?"

"I did. McFee was probably not unmindful of Huneker's fine translation of his own splendid Casuals of the Sea. But none the less Huneker was a fine critic as well as often a fine writer, especially with regard to music, in which he had a solid foundation and an extensive background. He knew music au fond, for he began as a pianist and musical pedagogue, and of how many of his colleagues could as much be said? No wonder his colleagues were dazzled by his omniscience and versatility, and envied him his knack of digging up recondite and bizarre words which somehow seemed to fit the subject exactly."

"What do you think of his book about Chopin?"

"It is one of his best, but I know a better by Liszt, of which Georges Sand said, 'un peu exubérant en style, mais rempli de bonnes choses et des très belles pages.' The great Hungarian composer and pianist was able fully to appreciate the genius of his contemporary, and was not afraid to be enthusiastic concerning him. He wrote yet one more rhapsody in his Life of Chopin, which I advise you to read, if you have not already done so. He enables one to understand the man and appreciate the musician, while beneath the swift tide of eulogy is the undercurrent of searching and informed criticism."

"Do you mind telling me whom you regard as among the best of our musical critics?"

"Without answering you directly, I am glad you have put the question, for it enables me to say something which I should like you and others to think over. The best critics are invariably trained musicians, especially creative (Continued on page 72)
Above is the entrance to the Players' Club, facing Gramercy Park, in New York. This fine old house is the guardian of traditions artistic from earlier days. It was purchased for the Club by Edwin Booth in 1888, who furnished it from garret to cellar, gave it his books and pictures and rare collections of every sort, and made it his home afterward. It was here he died, and it is his greatest monument.

The railing of iron grill-work above leads to the doorway of Washington Irving's old home, built by him in the forties on the "Place" in New York that still bears his name. At the left is the porch before the entrance to the Dutch cottage of Edgar Allan Poe in Fordham, New York. It was in this little grey shingled house that Poe spent his last years.
The Wayward Poet of England
Ernest Dowson, Who Composed His Incomparable Lyrics in Dingy Taverns and Squalid Lodging-Houses
By Llewelyn Powys

There is something strangely challenging to the imagination about the lives of that group of young poets and artists who lived in England during the nineties of last century. Like their flaunting, resplendent leader, Oscar Wilde, the footsteps of each one of them seemed dogged by a bitter and envious fatality.

Lionel Johnson essayed for a few years to give expression to his fastidious scholarship, and then, practically a dipsomaniac, fell back dead from a high stool in a public bar. Aubrey Beardsley, for as short a space, worked at his strange fantastical art, sitting at a table under a crucifix, with a golden quill in hand, to die of consumption while still but a boy. And the fate of the author of Cynara was scarcely more fortunate.

Ernest Dowson was born in Kent, in 1867. He spent the greater part of his childhood abroad, was taught Latin by an old priest in Italy, for a short time was an undergraduate at Queen's College, Oxford, and passed the rest of his days in the poorer sections of Paris and London.

It was indeed a peculiarity of this exquisitely refined and graceful poet to feel at ease only amidst the most squalid surroundings. It seemed that fortune favored his bizarre predilection, for, as quite a young man, he inherited an old dock, down in the Limehouse district, and it was in a dilapidated house belonging to this curious property that he lived whenever he was in London.

While at Oxford, he had shown his distaste for the stale, unprofitable, commonplace world, in court ing forgetfulness by the use of hashish, and it was probably the same impulse which prompted him to frequent an environment where the humdrum aspect of everyday life was disguised by the garish hand of penury and eld. He seldom appeared in conventional society. Dressed always in untidy, even filthy clothes, he drifted about from tavern to tavern, composing on many a beer-ringed table his incomparable lyrics.

When all the world had turned against Wilde and he was living, fallen and deserted, in Oakley Street, awaiting his last trial, Dowson, with an artist's civilized disregard of matters of personal conduct, searched him out and more than any other man lightened the heart of the disgraced aesthete. He was present at the Old Bailey when the final verdict was announced; and it was, we may be sure, with no very sympathetic eye that this wayward and engaging young poet watched the harlots of Edgware Road dance for joy as the warders led from the dock to the jail the bowed figure of his friend.

But Dowson did not depend entirely upon such sordid spectacles for inspiration. It happened that during one of his nocturnal wanderings his eyes had fallen upon a certain young girl in an obscure café. She was the daughter of a French émigré, of good family, who had taken to restaurant-keeping. Dowson fell in love with her, fell (Continued on page 76)
The next morning the public was once more informed that Oliver Twist was TO LET —and that five pounds would be paid to any body who would take possession of him...
The Convenience of the Novel
By Burton Rascoe

If the past few years have taught us anything about literature, it is that the novel is the most variable medium of expression in the domain of the fine arts. It lends itself to every mood of the mind. It has taken the place of the epic; it may be, and often is, the vehicle of biography, of reminiscence, of philosophic speculation, of science, of the light and serious essay, and of history. It may be objective or subjective, realistic or romantic, analytical or representational, photographic or what not. To define its form is an impossibility.

Probably the most absurdly impertinent book ever to receive serious critical encomia was Percy Lubbock's recent treatise, on the Craft of Fiction, wherein he tried to define the scope of the prose narrative in fiction and succeeded merely in elucidating the technique and method of Henry James. For all his admiration of that master of subtle delineation of character, Mr. Lubbock's attempt to circumscribe the novel by the Jacobean formula was but weaving nets to catch the wind. The novel is precisely what the artist wishes to make it. It may be an epic drama as in Tolstoi's War and Peace; it may be an Odyssey of the indigent as in Nexo's Pelle; the Conqueror; it may be a colossal satire as in Anatole France's The Revolt of the Angels; it may be a playground of ideas as in Remy de Gourmont's Sixtine; it may be a projection of oneself in subliminal phantasy as in James Branch Cabell's Juergen; it may be an exploration of the subconscious as in James Joyce's Ulysses; it may be photographic realism as in Sinclair Lewis' Babbitt; it may be a free verse narrative as in Roscoe W. Brink's Down the River; it may be autobiography pure and simple as in John Cowens' Babel; or it may be light entertainment as in the latest opus by E. Phillips Oppenheim. And, in taking any one of these forms, it may be literary art of the very highest kind, depending of course entirely upon whether the author has genius. To reject Ulysses or The Revolt of the Angels from the category of novels on the ground that they do not follow the plan of The Golden Bowl is merely to confess an irrelevant predilection—and to be more than a little asinine.

The present season of fiction offers an extraordinary diversity of novels, a great number of which are of sound and considerable merit. I have spoken in this place of Babbitt, One of Ours, and The Glimpses of the Moon. Now comes a new book by Ben Hecht, who pleased one section of a large audience and enraged the other with his first book, Erik Dorn, a sustained piece of lyrical bitterness. The new book, Gargoyles, is a novel in an entirely different genre. It is a psychological novel so merciless and exact in its analysis of human motives that it might easily serve as a treatise on behavior. In Erik Dorn Mr. Hecht showed himself to be an extraordinary, if often too exuberant, master of epithets and of strikingly brilliant word combinations. That novel was almost an exercise in bizarre and fantastic word-weaving. Gargoyles has none of that: it is written in a severely concise and simple prose. It is much as if Mr. Hecht had cleared the exotically decorated stage whereon he had been juggling balls of varied colors and had suddenly shown us a dissecting clinic with himself as chief of operations, his sleeves rolled up and gravity engraved upon his countenance. He has addressed himself to the task of showing exactly what aims and desires prompt the average human being in his visible and audible relations with those about him, of showing what goes on beneath the surface in the petty hypocrisies, polite gestures, professions of opinion, and ideals of the middle-class American citizen.

That, you will concede, is not a task which is likely to yield inspiring or elevating results. Even the least introspective among us is secretly aware that he sometimes masks his real motives with a bland deceit. The preordained rules of commendable conduct, the traditions of amiability and successful human intercourse, the complexities of accumulated taboos in a heterogenous civilized society, have combined to make the average human mind a mass of suppressions, lies and self-deceptions. The difficulty is few people are ever aware of them and that they make of these defects the dubious virtues they recognize as the good, the true and the beautiful. Out of their impotence they create a religion and an ethic; out of their frustrations they organize a crusade; out of their suppressions arise such sickening perversities as war, mob violence, lynchings, vice hounding, persecutions, revivalist debauches, martyrdom and that prevalent madness which has somehow come to be conceived as normal, salt-of-the-earth sanity. That it is not sanity, but in reality a dangerous sort of madness, is something that the psychologists have discovered only recently. Out of the Freudian explorations of the subconscious, the research of the psychiatrists and behaviorists and the tests in experimental psychology has come a knowledge of the extent to which this madness is responsible, not only for individual disease and death but for the miseries which beset mankind.

If you prefer to remain in ignorance of the mainsprings of conduct, if you dislike facing life in novels as resolutely and with as much disillusion as you are forced to face it in life, you will not relish Gargoyles. To the complacent and optimistic it will be an irritating and perhaps even a nauseous book. They will see in it precisely what it is not, i.e., an unhealthy and immoral novel. On the contrary it is so sternly moral as to be almost quixotically idealistic. The whole effort of the writer is concentrated in an indictment of that shoddy sexuality which is never sublimated into the creation and enjoyment of beauty and serenity. It is a derisive and contemptuous sneer at that bondage of the flesh which

(Continued on page 64)
PIERROT SINGS
By Harold Final

I heard a bird in an almond tree
Thrilling deep and long.
Oh, it must be a starry thing
To break one’s heart with song!

Tho I have singing things to give,
Heart-fire and ecstasy—
I cannot trill a golden note
Or shake an almond tree.
Representative Pottery

Pottery, while it is the product of the individual who shapes it on his wheel, is national in its design. There is a similarity of line that, to the eye of an expert, places it immediately in its proper period and country.

These gay little figures, the work of Susi Singer, express the insouciant spirit of the Viennese.

Quimper pottery which is expressive of the underlying sturdiness of the French peasant.

This Deruta vase from Italy has the charmingly simple lines found in the Roman pottery.

The vase is an excellent example of the 16th Century Spanish Mármoles ware, while the plate of the same ware was made in Seville during the 18th Century.

The exquisite green in this American-made vase is achieved by the most careful firing to bring out the coloring in the various metals used in and under the glaze.
Today, if you make men jealous or angry, the eyes of the cavemen glare out. Even Cesar removed the mask of the hero and became plain man when a pretty miss ogled him.

The Father of our country was a red-head.

This news won a brief paragraph on the front page of the newspapers recently, and brought letters from elated gentlemen chuckling over the discovery that George Washington was something more than an austere, white-wigged patrician in a gold frame, who once eliminated both a cherry-tree and a lie.

Whether or not the college professor's word about the red hair under the white wig be true, or the assertion that Washington spelled window "winder," the statement nevertheless remains as an exhilarating sign of the modern tendency to make heroes into human beings.

The fact that Washington's home in Mount Vernon was often the scene of drinking, gambling, dancing, and flirtation—good little every-day sins—does not lessen the integrity of his public life.

Biographers are painting more realistic portraits every day. One of the difficulties they face is that great men, as they gradually recede into the past of history, acquire more and more the attributes of godhood. Psychologists tell us that this is due to the "parent image" which a child builds up in his

Heroes or Human Beings?

"Only an equal or a superior can really appreciate a man," says Ruskin. "The inferior may overestimate him in enthusiasm or degrade him in ignorance."

By Charles Divine

Sketches by August Henkel
mind of a father or mother, until it becomes an ideal which can be clothed with any halo whatever without the interference of troublesome facts.

H. L. Mencken says: "American sentimentality holds that it is indecent to inquire into the weaknesses of the dead, at least until all the flowers have withered on their tombs."

Gentlemen with dusters and ladies with sculpting tools are not waiting for the flowers to wither. They know perhaps that man always exalts the past, especially his own past. It is as if the formula were: Enoble your ancestor, and you enoble yourself! Give him all the virtues, and you will have them all yourself—if you are simple-minded enough to believe it.

The hero, as Otto Rank says in one of his monographs, should always be interpreted as a collective ego. This is the type for such figures as Hercules, Moses, and Lohengrin. In being descended from such stock the race felt excited.

Truer values are being read into human actions today, and heroic sentimentalities are being investigated and exploded. Even writers of fiction are studying psychology in an informal classroom. They are dissecting character in the laboratory.

One such class of student-writers has been meeting the past year with Professor Walter B. Pitkin. They are dividing human beings into types of behavior and forms of reaction during crises. They are learning, for example, that a certain man who was crossing a railroad track with his wife, when her foot was caught in a rail, imprisoning her before an onrushing train, and who stayed at her side and met death with her, was not so much a hero as a marked hysteroid type.

"This one trait," says Professor Pitkin, "was completely proved by his abnormal fixation on a romantic impulse which completely threw his judgment out of gear."

Once no man was a hero to his own valet. Now no man is a hero to his own psycho-analyst.

There is Abraham Lincoln. Sentimental affairs occupied much of his life, tho the facts have been generally glossed over by biographers. He was a type that is known to psychiatrists as manic-depressive—suffering from an alternation of two moods, excitement and depression.

Dr. L. Pierce Clark's study of Lincoln shows that the great emancipator was not able to free himself of a devastating inner conflict. It caused him to sink into a state resembling coma for half a day at a time. This began to be observed after the death of his first love, Anne Rutledge.

Let us be grateful that the biographer is no longer afraid to tell the truth. Human traits have been the preoccupation of such modern writers as Lytton Strachey with his Queen Victoria and Eminent Victorians; Frank Harris with his Life of Oscar Wilde; Van Wyck Brooks with his The Ordeal of Mark Twain. Orthodox histories and classroom textbooks can never give the student half the thrill, the truth, and the glamor of a great man or his age as can a slim volume like Edgar Saltus' Imperial Purple, which is written in imperial prose.

The Romans are revealed in a pageant of highlights. Ciceron obtained a divorce on the ground that his wife did not idolize him. Iunius' wife, Messalina, went hunting adventures thru the streets of Rome. And Nero kicked his wife, Sabina, to death.

Julius Caesar was tall, slender, superb, and so perfectly set out that Ciceron "mistook him for a god" and Cato called him "that woman." He is seen in his triumphal procession returning to Rome from Spain, Pharsalus, and Cleopatra's arms, sitting in his jeweled car, blinking his tired eyes, his face and arms painted vermilion; on his head a wreath concealing increasing baldness; behind him a boy admonishing him noisily to remember he was a man. . . . Save in battle, Cesar's health was poor, his strength was undermined by incessant debauches, and he was epileptic, as were Dostoievsky, Petrarch, Molière, Flaubert, St. Paul, Handel, and others.

(Continued on page 69)
LES PAVANES
Under the somber trees, they dance and coquette on moon-drenched lawns
When an illness sentenced Hazel Hall (below) to a wheel chair, she undertook delicate embroidering to help fill her days. Out of this experience grew her perfect "Needlework Poems" which form Part Two of her book "Curtains." There are no poems like them in our literature; they rank her with our women poets of highest talent.

Anne Shannon Monroe is a novelist and essayist. Also she writes successful articles on Women in Business. But to her mind she has accomplished one thing that overtops everything else—a hike down the coast one winter from Seattle to San Francisco.

Maryland Allen has contributed countless short stories to Eastern magazines, of which the best known is an O. Henry prize story, "The Urge." Mrs. Allen does not sit by the fire and spin yarns; she tracks down inspiration in the open, preferably the South Sea Islands.
The Father of Pictorial Photography

A brief sketch of the work of David Octavius Hill, a celebrated portrait painter of Scotland, who nearly a century ago cannily discovered the camera as a medium for artistic expression

By

Sherril Schell

SOMEHOW a great many people are under the impression that pictorial photography is a development of the late nineteenth century, and that Stieglitz, Steichen, White and Kasabier were the first to demonstrate that photography is a fine art. Certainly this talented four did a great deal to rescue the camera from the hands of mere mechanics who were slowly but surely educating the people to commonplace and meretricious standards, but to David Octavius Hill, a Scotsman, must be given the credit for first turning out pictorial work which holds its own with the best output of today.

Hill was born in Perth in 1802, the son of a bookseller. Before he had reached his teens he showed a marked talent for drawing. His father proudly showed his sketches to his customers and hung the best of them in the window of the old shop. When the lad reached the age of seventeen he persuaded his family to send him to Edinburgh for a thorough course in the study of art. His interest even as a boy was directed toward landscape and he specialized on this branch in the course at the art school.

In 1823, at the age of twenty-one, he exhibited with some local success three pictures: Dunkeld at Sunset and two views of his native town of Perth. For the next fifteen years he worked steadily on landscapes, views of famous Scottish rivers, lakes and castles, and apparently finding a ready market for them. In 1838 he was elected Secretary of the...
Society of Scottish Artists, which finally became the Royal Scottish Academy. As secretary of the Academy, he was instrumental in appointing a commission which raised a large sum for the erection of the Scottish National Gallery.

As a painter, Hill's most important pictures are *The Braes of Ballochmyle, Old and New Edinburgh, Ruins of Dean Castle, Vale of the Forth, The River Tay*, and by far his most elaborate work, *The Signing of the Deed of Demission*. This large canvas—eleven feet and four inches by five feet, and containing more than four hundred and fifty portraits—is a triumph. A more remarkable work of its kind does not exist. It is commemorative of the Disruption Act of the Church of Scotland, and represents the signing of the Deed of Demission by the ministers of the first general assembly of the Free Church.

To paint four hundred and fifty portraits and so group them to produce a fine pictorial effect was no easy task, and the difficulty was increased by the fact that the place of meeting was an ungraceful wooden shed with a low roof of boards that almost touched the heads of the assembly. A further handicap was the monotony of the clerical garb of black, unrelied save by an equally monotonous array of white cravats. The grandeur of the scene was moral grandeur.

This historical painting represents twenty-one years of toil and required a nature richly sympathetic and a careful, patient hand. The original now hangs in the presbytery hall of the Free Church in Edinburgh, but through Scotland are numberless photographic reproductions of it.

It was the problem of reproducing this historical canvas that first interested Hill in photography. It was found that the execution of an engraving of the picture of any high degree of excellence would involve too much time and expense. The use of the camera was suggested by chance, and the suggestion was followed thru. From that time (1842) Hill turned his attention to photography, carefully noting what an admirable aid it might be in the painting of portraits.

The new medium for expression soon cast a spell over the painter and it was not long before he devoted most of his time to it. Hill worked in "callotype," a process long ago deserted for a quicker method. The exposures were long, often lasting from twenty minutes to an hour, altho direct sunlight was frequently used to cut down the time. The model was obliged to remain propped in position while the perspiration streamed from his forehead and his cheeks took on the color of ripe beets. Evidently the people of his generation were made of sterner stuff than those of ours, who find it trying to remain quiet for more than a second or two.

Among the visitors to Hill's studio on Calton Hill in Edinburgh were some of the most famous men and women of the time: among them Ruskin, Millais, Dean Ramsay, James Nasmyth (inventor of the steam hammer), Sir James Simpson (discoverer of chloroform).

(Continued on page 76)
Two Engaging Interiors

Two of the interiors from the Arts-in-Trades exhibition at the Waldorf-Astoria. The object of the exhibition was to show the difference between badly designed and poorly executed furniture and carefully planned and well carried out design. The exhibitors comprised the best interior decorators, sculptors, iron workers and craftsmen of all kinds. The Arts-in-Trades Society has been in existence fifteen years. This is their first exhibit, and they plan to make it an annual affair.

The paneling in this room is from the old state breakfast-room in the Hamilton Palace, Lanarkshire, Scotland. The carved over-mantel has the Hamilton Arms, and dates from the late XVII century. The armchair to the left of the fireplace has a Beauvais tapestry top and came from the collection of the famous Hoentschel. The tapestry at the extreme end is Flemish, and dates from the XVII century. While this room is assembled from old pieces, it serves to give inspiration to the modern designers.

Practically everything in this room is a reproduction, but so faithfully have the designs been worked out that the charming Old World air of simplicity has been achieved. It is an early XVII century English cottage interior.
FLORENCE' FRENCH

This charming interpretative dancer is returning to the stage, after an absence of several years, in a new musical show called, "Oh, What's the List"
HAZOUTRA

Now dancing with originality

and grace in the "Spice of 1922"
The uncommon production of "Johannes Kreisler" lasts—including two intermissions—exactly two and one-half hours. During this time the forty-two scene-changes take place. Of these, twenty are in the first act, twelve in the second, and ten in the third. Pictured above is an intensely dramatic moment in "The Black Urn," which is Scene Sixteen of Act One.

For the past twenty months the reigning theatrical sensation of the Continent has been a fantastic melodrama, "Die Wunderlichen Geschichten des Kapellmeisters Kreisler," produced in Berlin. Its presentation in New York this season as "Johannes Kreisler" will afford theater-goers a rare pleasure—not so much from a dramatic standpoint as in point of novelty. For it is unique. Its forty-two scenes pass before the eye in kaleidoscopic variety by aid of a technical novelty invented by Svend Gade especially for the production. The setting reproduced below is one of unusual luminosity.

That meticulous care has been taken to produce congruous costumes unusual in design is demonstrated by the above sketches of the Ballet Girl, the weird Water Man, the Schoolmaster, and the Dancing Nun.

Since Lautenschlager with his revolving stage gave impetus to stage reform, there has been a great deal of more or less successful experimentation in an effort to expedite scene changes. Therefore, this new stage creation by Svend Gade has stirred the interest of two continents, for the innovations achieved by him will revolutionize the mechanics of the stage. Mr. Gade himself will superintend the American production, for Germany declined to allow his invention to leave the country except under bond and accompanied by the inventor.
The Cad As Hero

Broadway Plays Fill the Stage With Entertaining Undesirables

By Kenneth Macgowan

The cad is the hero of the modern theater. Realism decreed so when it said that the drama must be a photograph of life.

In the old days heroes may have been good or they may have been bad, but at any rate they were always heroic. They towered clear out of the petty sins of the man-next-door. Nowadays, when we want a protagonist, we hunt up an ill-bred waster, a sensual coward, a self-indulgent old fool, or a young business man on the make. Any one of our neighbors will do, so long as he is enough like us to be rabbit-size in any spiritual crisis.

All but one of the ten outstanding plays produced on Broadway in September have cads for heroes, and ten more would show a yellow streak somewhere if I had the patience to try to remember what on earth those failures were about.

Of course, the cad can make very exciting entertainment. John Galsworthy learned this long ago. When he has a perfectly honest, but utterly helpless man for a hero (as in Justice, for instance), you may be sure he surrounds him with all manner of cads, including society itself. In Loyalties, his newest and by far his most effective drama, he has provided a whole cast of cads. One man—an attorney, who gives up a case when he finds his client is guilty of crime—ought to be absolved, and would be by anybody but an American lawyer. But all the rest of these "loyal" gentlemen are a sad lot. The character upon whom Galsworthy and his audience lavish most sympathy is a rich young Jew who cuts up a dreadful fuss because he has his purse stolen at a country house. The thief is "an officer and a gentleman" who is bored by peace and who needs the money to silence the father of a girl he has ruined.

These cads provide an exceedingly interesting entertainment. To begin with, Galsworthy has put them thru a series of events full of interest and suspense; the tracking of the thief has something of the appeal of the murder-mystery. On top of that, the playwright has made the most of the trembling human nature which these figures present; the play illumines the dark corners of these little minds and shows us the faults that we recognize in everyone about us. Finally, these nicely shaded character-studies provide good material for the actor. Basil Dean, the English producer, has got together an admirable ensemble from relatively unknown players.

There are doubtless some playwrights who would question the morals of the heroine of Rose Bernd, the play by Hauptmann, in which Ethel Barrymore is beginning her season of repertory under Arthur Hopkins' management. But, tho Rose was rather free with the husband of her mistress, her tragedy must be laid to an imperfect knowledge of birth control, and to the dissolve, cowardly, or over-righteous attitude of her neighbors. It takes a pretty lot of cads to bring this staunch peasant to madness and the murder of her baby.

The passionate but pusillanimous magistrate, in which part Dudley Digges has been miscast; the village rake, played with dash and power by McKay Morris; Rose's adament old father, stiffly and vigorously acted by William B. Mack, and a circling assortment of ignorant, narrow country types.

Rose Bernd is a play made out of simple and powerful materials that somehow fail to make the over-subtle and dramatic effect that they ought to. The fault is largely Hauptmann's for sticking too close to the five-act form of construction, and leaving two important episodes to a hazy sort of explanation in other scenes. Ludwig Lewisohn, the translator, has made a bad botch of the country dialect. And Arthur Hopkins—trying, like all of us in America, to escape from the grubby reality—has created a nice, well-bred version of peasantry, instead of the reality—vital, lustful, panting.

There are two impersonations of Ethel Barrymore to be seen in New York theaters this fall. One is in Somerset Maugham's obvious and not very exciting Chinese melodrama, East of Suez. When its star, Florence Reed, isn't "emoting" in her usual fashion, she is forcing her words tensely thru her teeth in the familiar Barrymore manner. I expected her to step slightly forward at the end of the first act, and say: "It's all there is. There isn't any more." Unfortunately she disappointed me. The play went right on.

Rose Bernd provides the other glimpse of Miss Barrymore's art. In the main it is highly satisfactory. There are moments, I must confess, when this player has grave trouble getting out of the draped velvet of a mad, mad Varrick and into the homespun of Rose. But in her two most important scenes she sweeps along with a grand sort of power that no other American actress can quite touch.

The caddishness of the hero of La Tendresse is not so

(Continued on page 66)
Norma Talmadge has completed "The Voice from the Minaret," and is now in the land of the Great Sphinx—perhaps to cajole from him some secret of ancient Egypt that she can use in her next picture "The Garden of Allah"
Robert James Malone: Versatile Caricaturist

Robert James Malone, who started as a cartoonist on a Baltimore paper, has developed a remarkable technique, or rather variety of techniques, in his caricature work. He uses imagination and varies his method to suit his subject. There is an underlying vein of seriousness in his things that is absent from the work of most American cartoonists. He spends most of his time in Washington, where subject matter for him is abundant.

Senator William E. Borah struggles with the seven-headed political hydra; as usual he poses before the spotlight. This caricature is a decided departure from the usual pen-and-ink satirization.

Senator John Sharp Williams takes on the rôle of Perseus, on route to Yazoo City with his basket of halos, spoils of his hard-won battles on the floor. Again Malone has produced a poetic conception.

Senator William E. Borah, in less allegorical guise, peers under his shaggy brows as he takes his usual aggressive debating pose. Malone here has made a caricature whose shadows resolve into geometrical masses; this is previous to making a wood-cut.

Senator Miles Poindexter, of Washington; since 1911 he has dignified the Senate by his presence. Malone has caught his one bizarre note, the flouncing necktie, while the rest of the figure is developed in the simple outline and shading.

Jascha Heifetz; emphasizing the bow arm, Malone does a dry-point caricature of the famous violinist. He has secured a composition of blacks tempered with delicate line and yet managed to get a great deal of motion into the etching. This is a new medium for caricature.
Three Women Poets
The Ironist—The Lyricist—The Rebel
By Babette Deutsch

I: Edna St. Vincent Millay

One of the sharpest elements in the poetry written by American women is that of humor. The spirit of comedy plays alike over the meager and strangely majestic output of Emily Dickinson and over the images of that grave, delightful child, Hilda Conkling. It is as tho the feminine mind, preoccupied, as it is said to be, with what is personal and immediate, escaped from its own intensities by delicate mockery of itself. This spirit has been mentioned above but also of such various poets as Adelaide Crapsey, Jean Starr Untermeyer, and Elinor Wylie. It is especially true of Edna St. Vincent Millay, whose rare power gives her a unique position among her contemporaries. Hers is not light laughter. It is rather that fine shrewd irony which pierces below the tragedy to the white kernel of its truth. She is like a rag-picker, sorting out the facts of life, and finding among these bones and old bottles the strong, supple, shining stuff which makes her so fascinating and rewarding.

She will take an outworn platitude and so turn it and twist it and furnish it that it becomes a new thing between her fingers. And it is always, with an ironic gesture that she does this. She forces the gesture upon one in the orange-colored sheaf, Figs from Thistles, which she published in 1920, three years after her first volume, Renascence, had brought her into sudden fame. Thus her

First Fig

My candle burns at both ends;
It will not last the night;
But oh, my foes, and oh, my friends—
It gives a lovely light!

She handles in much the same way the sonnets which are the final figs pulled from her thistle-patch. They are richer in sophisticated satire than the sonnets in Renascence, but it belongs to Miss Millay's gift that they should be just as stern. The very root of her irony is her intensity, her ability to sense sharply, to probe deeply, to flinch in nowise before what is to be suffered or to be seen. That this is wisdom, one feels in reading the conclusion of the remarkable poem which gave its title to her first book:

The world stands out on either side, No wider than the heart is wide; Above the world is stretched the sky— No higher than the soul is high; The heart can push the sea and land Further away on either hand; The soul can split the sky in two, And let the face of God shine thru. But East and West will pinch the heart That cannot keep them pushed apart; And he whose soul is flat—the sky Will cave in on him by and by.

Her own heart is not pinched, whatever else it may be, and it is not, if we believe her, altogether a noble heart either. Her poems are full of cruelty—and of tenderness, and she likes to pour the bitterest potion into a cup of disarmingly exquisite design. Her work has been compared, not idly, with that of the Elizabethans, with their ready acceptance of the whole rich, strong, vulgar brew that their times had to offer. It is perhaps truer that she derives from Donne, whom she was at pains to study, the leader of the "metaphysical" and one of the greatest if least known of the English poets. From him she could learn to mix love and biology, religion and plain passion unashamedly and without absurdity. But, her own unlessonsed genius insisted on the piling up of common, concrete things which makes her slightest and her finest poems instinct with life. Thus in Exiled this homesick native of Maine cries out:

Always I climbed the wave at morning, Shook the sand from my shoes at night, That now we caught beneath great buildings, Stricken with noise, confused with light.

And the same small, homely, arresting details are to be found in such poems as Elegy, Spring, many of the sonnets, and in her infinitely poignant Lament.

Miss Millay's work is not without flaw. There are moments when she seeks vainly to recapture the magnificently simple movement of Renascence, other moments when she permits her facility to betray her into empty grace. But this is rare, and the average of her work is so distinguished as easily to bear any insult she may put upon it. It fairly cries for quotation, and it is a further tribute that it should be so difficult to quote less than the entirety of a poem. She builds up to her climax—as was evidenced all the more in her two poetic plays: Aria Da Capo and The Lamp and the Bell. Her lyricism—which seems a matter of course among her more vivid gifts of passion and wit and pity—may be heard in this stanza from Elegy:

But your voice—never the rushing Of a river underground, Not the rising of the wind In the trees before the rain, Not the woodcock's whirr, Not the foot of children pushing Yellow leaves along the gutters In the blue and bitter fall Shall content my yearning mind For the beauty of that sound That in no new way at all Ever will be heard again.

II: Sara Teasdale

Music, rather than the stronger ingredients of Miss Millay's poetry, is to be found in the work of Sara Teasdale—work that is relatively small in compass, but which has placed its author as the foremost of our lyric poets. Miss Teasdale is far more feminine, in the accepted sense of the adjective. Her verse is sweeter, softer, given to the gentler aspects of emotion, the more fugitive shades of love's fears and doubts and desires. Where Edna Millay sees the blossoming pear-tree in a "squalid dirty dooryard":

Mindful of the eyes upon it,
Vain of its new holiness,
Like the wretch who's little daughter
In her first communion dress,

(Continued on page 71)
TWILIGHT
By Robert Hawley
First Prize
This picture has a decorative quality, a nice distribution of objects, and is very simply treated
The Camera Contest

Editor's Note—It is with great pleasure that we publish this article on camera lenses by Bernard H. Horne. Mr. Horne is technical instructor at the Clarence White School of Photography and is an authority in his subject.

The Camera Lens

By Bernard H. Horne

STREAMERS

By Charles H. Jaeger

Honorable Mention

The rendering of the water is the outstanding feature of this photograph

ON DECK OF METAGAMA

By Johan Hagemeyer

Third Prize

In spite of the unusual placement of subject matter, the picture has excellent balance

THE lens is the eye of the camera. Unlike the human eye, it sees in detail all in its range of vision. Its range of vision is governed by its focal length, so that the focal length of a lens is very important to one who wishes to make pictures with a camera. Roughly speaking, the focal length of a lens is the distance in inches from the center of the lens to the film or plate, when the objects focused on are at a distance of about fifty feet from the camera. In the Brownie and fixed focus camera the focal length is usually the length of the camera when ready for use. The range of vision and focal length are closely related, for the nearer the film is to the lens the greater is the angle of vision, and vice versa.

Now, in trying to make pictures, elimination is important. It must be simple, or in other words the subject to be made a picture of must not have a lot of unrelated things on either side. There are two ways of doing this, by going closer with the camera or by having a lens of longer focal length. In the former we are likely to have exaggerated perspective, which is shown in portraits of people where the feet are much too large.

Now, as to what kind of a lens to use, I will have to repeat what has been said by many authorities, that pictures have been

OUT OF THE MIST

By Eleanor L. Smith

Second Prize

The accepted and stereotyped point of view has been avoided
proximate the softness and quality of our original pinhole. A Brownie or fixed focus camera requires less knowledge of photography than any other camera and, if the operator can select and know a picture when seen, all that has to be done is to point in the right direction and press the button.

But I believe I am supposed to talk about the lens and not the camera, so I will start with the lens most commonly used, the anastigmatic. There are all kinds and all do good work. They are rather costly and the greater the focal length the greater the cost, so, to bring the outfit within a reasonable price, a focal length is made to just cover the plate with sharp detail to the corners.

This lens is made and recommended to have great flatness of field and fine detail all over the negative. This means that the full size opening of the lens may be used, allowing the passage of a great deal of light, hence great speed. Also, that everything in one plane is in sharp focus, tho everythin in the other planes is out of focus and therefore blurred in the picture. By this one sees that for all speed work, sports, and press work, a good anastigmatic lens is to be desired.

The soft focus lenses are recommended specially for picture making, but they will not do this indiscriminately. They must be studied and tried out by numerous exposures of the same subject under different conditions and with different size stops, until one becomes familiar with the lens, otherwise it is hit or miss, and judging from numerous prints shown it is usually miss. These lenses are constructed, or should be, so no one plane is in much sharper focus than another, so there is no

(Continued on page 74)
JEAN ARUNDEL.
Jean may not have a Motto, but she hopes to win a prize in the Beauty Contest.
Tragedy and Comedy in Black and White

"Spite Corner": Madge Kennedy waits for the interpretation of Fate thru the medium of Marie L. Day, while Mattie Keene makes garish remarks and Eva Condon looks on apathetically.

"Malvaloca": Rollo Peters and Jane Cowl may be interpreting modern Spain, but they go against all preconceived notions of that picturesque country.

"So This Is London": Marion Grey, Leah Winston, Donald Gallagher, Marie Carroll, Edmund Breese and Lawrence D'Orsay in the farce depicting the Englishman's American and the American's Englishman.

"Rose Bernd": Doris Rankin as the invalid wife, Dudley Digges as the unfaithful husband, and Ethel Barrymore as the "other woman," during a tense moment in Hauptman's play.

Sketches by Reginald Marsh
The Play, the Part, and the Time

One of Broadway's alluring Young Stars remains true to her First Love—the Stage

By Benjamin De Casseres

HERE is a feminine Broadway star whose beautiful face you have never seen on the screen! Quel mystère!

She is Lola Fisher, co-star with Alfred Lunt in Banco. Such an anomaly on the Great White Turnpike aroused my curiosity. But before I asked her the reason why she had not wooed the celluloid tape I thought I'd find out something about her life and previous condition of theatrical servitude.

There was no previous condition of servitude. None of the "terrible struggles" you read about in the "best sellers" and Leonard Merrick. She just "grewed" into a star, like Tospy. The Fates handed her a bunch of American Beauties from the first.

She has been seven years on the stage, and is still inconceivably young. Of medium height, and slender, Miss Fisher has the round face of a child with the extreme delicacy of coloring only seen in childish complexities. Her eyes are a soft brown, big and wide apart, with long lashes, while her hair is the shining gold-brown one would naturally expect to see with such eyes.

Miss Fisher fairly puckers with individuality. She has been endowed with keen intelligence. She reads and studies, she paints and does very clever caricatures with her pen.

Now, I am congenitally sex-shy. Whenever I have to face a beautiful young woman for an interview, I fortify my backbone by reading Schopenhauer on women. It has the same effect on me as three cocktails before striking the boss for a raise.

But when I entered the dressing-room of Miss Fisher an hour before a Saturday matinée, my Schopenhauer epigrams vanished. My shyness receded. I was in the presence of naturalness, spontaneity and a young woman who immediately put me at my ease by saying with a laugh:

"But I never talked fifteen hundred words in my life—good gracious!"

"Well," I replied, "maybe we can talk fifteen hundred words together and I can say you said it all!"

A challenge! And Miss Fisher, I soon saw, could not be challenged with impunity. With the most pro-

voking of smiles she trained her guns on me as she sat at her dressing-table under an immense tower of flowers, the names of which she laughingly confessed she did not know. (She was born in Chicago, you see, where there are no flowers. I was wishing I had brought my California Handbook of Botanical Wonders to read to her, for it is there the old-fashioned geranium becomes a hedge fence, the passion flower a thing of mathematics and mystery, and the oleander races with the eucalyptus. I discovered also that she is just as beautiful off the stage as on—maybe a little more so.)

I asked Miss Fisher why she had not gone into the "movies."

"I am," she said, "taking my apprenticeship. No one should go into the movies before learning stagecraft from the stage itself. I am waiting for the play, the part and the time. I do not want an unconvivial part in the films. I look on my work as play—isn't that the reason I have succeeded so quickly? In my stage career I have never tried hard. I have just waited. Patience and play are my mottoes. And I am waiting for the 'movies' to come to me.

"In signing my stage contracts I always insist on leaving the way clear for an acceptance of the many offers I am constantly receiving to do picture work. I believe, however, that my first duty is toward the producer of the play I am acting in."

"I am told that you are a painter and caricaturist besides being an actress. A woman caricaturist——!"

"Yes, I do caricatures, and my friend, Charles Hanson Towne, says I am the only one extant. You see, I dabbled in paint-boxes with my sister, Blanche Fisher Latté, ever since I was a child. We used to smear up our house with colors. I always wanted to paint. When a child I wanted to put into colors every tree, horse and house that I saw. I still indulge, but I do not believe I'll ever be a Rosa Bonheur. Anyhow, the stage has now become my absorption. But, you see, I am still with the Muses. Is there a Muse for actresses?"

"About caricatures—I never knew I did them till someone told me. I always saw the (Cont'd on page 78)
At the top appears Asta Nilsson, the famous Swedish film star, who is best known in this country for her playing of Hamlet. Miss Nilsson is one of the few really distinguished players of the screen. At the right is a highly popular German film actress, Erna Morena.
Study of Nazimova by Rice

BARS OF ILLUSION
Above is Siegfried Wagner and his family. Herr Wagner is the son of the great composer, and is coming to America next spring to get in touch with the lovers of "Lohengrin," "Tannhäuser," "Parsifal," and other famous operas of his father, and to raise funds that the yearly Wagner Festival at Bayreuth may not be discontinued.

Below, Madame Nina Koshetz of the Moscow Opera poses in her Manhattan studio for her husband, Alexander de Shubert (left), and the Japanese artist, Toyohari Yamanouchi. Madame Koshetz, who has sung with the Chicago Opera Company and in recital in New York, is now touring the country with the famous Ukrainian National Chorus.
Art Comment

At last Paris has a place in which to hang the foreign collections that have either been bought by or presented to the Luxembourg. This new gallery is on the Tuileries terrace and is called the Salle de Jeu de Paume. The American collection makes an excellent showing. There was, before the opening, some speculation about Whistler, but he appears in the American group, as does Sargent and Mary Cassatt. Sargent is represented by Carnavalea, Mary Cassatt by a pastel of Mother and Child; naturally, Whistler’s Mother is there, as well as L’Homme à la Pipe.

The full list of Americans represented is much too long to give, but Gari Melchers and William McEwen are among the Impressionists, while the landscapeists and sea- scapists include Robert Henri, Colin Campbell Cooper, Florence Estes and Edwin Lord Weeks. In the sculpture group are found Paul Manship’s Girl and the Two Gazelles, Jo Davidson’s portrait bust of President Wilson, and George Gray Barnard’s Lincoln.

To come back from foreign to native affairs, the National Association of Women Painters and Sculptors is in the midst of a busy season. Only three days elapsed between the close of their exhibition at the Fine Arts Galleries and the opening of an exhibition at the Corcoran Galleries at Washington, to which they had been asked to submit forty paintings, twenty miniatures and twenty pieces of sculpture. The Corcoran exhibit will last until December. Meanwhile, beginning the first of December at the Ferargil Galleries, the same Association will show drawings by the members. But that isn’t all, for included in the program of the American Federation of Arts, which plans to hold exhibits through the United States, during the season, are sixty paintings, fifteen miniatures and twenty bronzes from the Women Painters and Sculptors.

There seems to be a growing movement toward the closer alliance of art and trade. For some time the Metropolitan Museum of Art has had a department which cooperates with manufacturers and turns over to them the resources of the Museum, to stimulate and encourage better designs in textiles, furniture, glassware, pottery; in fact, any commercial output relating to applied design.

The first of every year the Museum holds an exhibit, jointly with the manufacturers, of the products which, in any way have been inspired by Museum pieces. Working along similar lines is the Art Center, whose avowed purpose is by “general educational propaganda to foster and protect the artistic interests of our common-wealth thru the application of the arts of design to the every-day life of our people, and to advance the decorative crafts and industries that are allied to the home and the problems that are associated with the making of ornamental objects of every kind.”

The Art Center, whose president is Helen Sargent Hitchcock, includes seven organizations composed of people in different lines of artistic endeavor but all working toward the same end, which is the application of art to industry.

The Art Alliance of America, of which the Hon. Henry White is president, tries to promote cooperation between artists, art students, artisans, publishers, manufacturers, advertisers and others who are engaged in artistic activities.

The Art Directors Club, Joseph Hawley Chapin, President, defines its status in such a dignified way: “it is to advise commerce in the use of art and to interpret for art the requirements of commerce.” If that statement was written by an art director, he used admirable restraint, for the lot of the art director is hard, he is the mediator, the go-between, who calms down the artist when his preliminary sketches are returned and skilfully persuades the manufacturer that it is better to have something artistic, even if photographic fidelity is sacrificed a little.

The American Institute of Graphic Arts, Walter Gilks, Honorary President, Frederic W. Gondy, President, aims not only to stimulate and encourage those engaged in graphic arts but also endeavors to have America represented in foreign exhibits as well as inviting foreign exhibits to this country.

The New York Society of Craftsmen, Charles E. Fello, President, is trying to develop the spirit of craftsmanship and produce by hand rather than by mechanical means.

The Pictorial Photographers of America, Dr. A. D. Chaffe, President, desire to raise the standards of photography in the United States by forming centers where photographs may be on view and enlisting the aid of museums and public libraries.

The Society of Illustrators, Charles Dana Gibson, Honorary President, Edward Penfield, President, has (continued on page 73)

Page Sixty-One
An Underground Guide to Manhattan

You won't miss your station during the subway rush from the Battery to Central Park if you watch for the living signboards.

Sketches by Esther Andrews

WALL STREET
Enter the caned and spatted T.B.M., worry- ing how to turn one dollar into one thousand; the alert A.B., wondering how to turn one college degree into one dollar; the insolent little A.D.T., who can tell them both just how to do it.

SHERIDAN SQUARE
Greenwich Village is now overhead, for soulful Sonia and Igor the Russian enter, who need only plenty of money and leisure to persuade the world that they are geniuses. Elsie, the artist's model, is not so ambitious; she merely wants to persuade one young man that she would be a model wife.

TIMES SQUARE
Prepare for the matinee crowd, of which the most conspicuous members are from upstate. These, having patterned their clothes and their manners after Society-as-it-is-Screened, are certain they pass for natives of Broadway. But they deceive none except themselves.

THIRTY-FOURTH STREET
Exit the Long Island commuters and enter the devotees of the beaches. After a day of sun and sand and salt water, tempers are burning as well as faces and arms. Phronsie the Flapper is present in body only—her spirit is communing with "that puffedly grand life-saver!"

FOURTEENTH STREET
You are rolling under the shopping district of New York's hoi polloi. Mrs. Capek enters, busy with baby and bundles, but stops to give the pompous Mrs. Morowitch the Romanian equivalent for "Quit yer shovin'!" Mrs. Snitovski, a recent arrival from Ellis Island, understands the situation tho she can't understand the language.

COLUMBUS CIRCLE
The Central Park West Bridge Clubs are closed for the day and the most pretentious but least prosperous members enter, attempting to turn the subway into a snubway, and trying to register the fiction that the chauffeur has inconsiderately failed to meet them with the town car.
Wanderings
By
The Man About Town

OPERA made an auspicious reentry in New York when the San Carlo Company opened its usual fall season at the Century Theater. The whilom Thesopian temple of Gotham millionaires affords a handsome milieu for grand opera, and Fortune Gallo did things in good style with the initial performance of that spectacular work *Aida*. The popular impresario is a specialist in this particular opera, for did he not give it a wonderful open-air performance at Sheepshead Bay some four years ago, in which a thousand people or so, not to mention camels, elephants and horses, participated?

* * *

Altho the Century cannot boast of foyers and vestibules as spacious as those of the Metropolitan and Manhattan opera houses, the house presented an animated spectacle between acts, and the audience was large and representative. It was pleasant to meet and greet musical and journalistic friends, some of them just back from Europe, where they had been to spy out the nakedness of the land and virtually live on the exchange, for the dollar was never so almighty as it is today. Others had returned from seaside; "mountain and lake, bronzed and radiant and full of plans for the season just commenced.

* * *

The opulent charms of Margarete Matzenauer, the eminent contralto of the Metropolitan, were much in evidence, emphasized as they were by a regal ermine cloak, which, however, seemed somewhat superfluous with the thermometer well above eighty degrees. Maybe she felt a little chilly after her recent marital misadventure, for the flames of love must have been completely extinguished by the abrupt ending of her marriage of inconvenience.

* * *

Commissioner Enright was present with a party of delegates to the International Police Conference to see that the rather stuffy execution of Aida and Rha- dames was carried out with due formality. Beautiful Mrs. Fountain, with the Irish eyes, escorted by that *preux chevalier* Leonard Liebling, attracted general notice, and there were several artistic and literary celebrities, as well as musical folk of more or less prominence. But Society with a capital S had not got back to town, and with the exception of the journalists and some others there were few whom one recognized.

* * *

Not even all the critics were at the San Carlo. Of course the aristocratic Aldrich, who condescends to write the musical reviews for the *Times*, would not be seen at an operatic performance before the opening of the Metropolitan. But genial Billy Chase was an excellent substitute, and was true to the best sartorial traditions of his newspaper. By the way, how angry Aldrich must have been at the typographical mess that was made of his first telegraphed report of the Pittsfield chamber music festival. The *Times* is, without doubt, the best written and the worst "read" paper in the country.

* * *

There was a complaining note in Willy Henderson's voice, as if he did not regard the commencement of another seven months' musical grind with unmitigated pleasure. Krehbiel had sent tall and handsome Katherine Wright in his place, and she must have found the tiny room allotted by the Shuberts to the press rather unsuited to the unrestricted movement to which she is partial. But, she puffed her cigarette with obvious enjoyment while she rattled out her notice on one of the two machines provided by a frugal management.

* * *

Gilbert Gabriel, having discovered and explored Italy the year previously, has since written and published a clever and sensitively written novel entitled *Jimmy*. It was rumored that he was abandoning musical criticism for a different literary field. That, I venture to think, would be regrettable, for he is one of the few younger writers on musical matters with a style which suggests that he may assume the mantle of that great weaver of words, James Huneker. Having mastered his style, (Continued on page 77)
not only cripples the minds and moties the characters of people, but gives them a weapon wherewith to cripple or harass the free and superior spirits of intelligence and imagination.

Garveys is, in brief, the story of the rise of a successful politician, and of his intimates, friends and associates. George Burning at once the product and the victim of Puritanism in an industrial democracy. He has all the catchwords of a past and successful age, he has a moderate degree of intelligence and a great deal of acumen; he is at once a skilful and a credulous man, knowing himself for a sinner, according to his code and believing all the cant of his day; he is in the beginning a healthy animal able "to stare his conscience out of countenance," and in the end a mortal and moral moron thru the attrition of the continued pressure of platitude—but a famous man, with a senatorship in sight, money in the bank, and the admiration and respect of other mental deficients who see in this pompous and absurdness the embodiment of their own ideals and ambitions.

There is in Garveys no elaborate delineation of the protagonist, nor is there the least of that pertinent observation in a sentence or a paragraph which illuminates what we need to know about his character. One flash which a forward novelist might use a chapter in explaining—and fail to explain. There is insight and analysis in a few, clean strokes. There is beauty, too, in the scarci acuity of these pages; for there is the beauty inherent in the tragedy of a man in the splendor of his birth (as in the opening of Lindstrom, the poet) and in the tragedy of a frustrated passion that is nobly centralized and noble. In the episode of Doves (for Lindstrom) and, finally, there is beauty of a quivering, poignant kind even in the strained hatred and pathos of the book, for it is the hatred and malice of a sensitive and intelligent man in reaction to the miseries men make for themselves and for others.

It is my belief that Mr. Hecht is a generously endowed writer among the post-war generation of American novelists. His influences have been largely Continental; he stems from Dostoevsky, Flaubert, Nietzsche and Huysmans rather than from English and American models, with one exception, Stephen Crane, for there are obvious traces of Crane's influence in Hecht's work. It will be seen, from this, that Hecht's intuitive sympathies with great artists of the realist-psychological tradition in Europe and with perhaps our one great realist in America augur well for the sort of intellectual equipment he brings to the business of novel writing in America. He has given evidence of a vast, restless and seemingly inexhaustible energy, producing within a single year two novels and two plays, and at the same time writing two columns every day for a newspaper. If his novels were the ordinary, commercial stereotypes, this would not seem more natural as the result of a conscientious industry, but they have in them so much that is genuinely distinctive, so definitely an intelligent attitude, and so valuable a gift for imagery, that this flow of productiveness is so amazing the fear arises that he may write himself out before he has achieved the quality which is yet necessary to give his work the final touch of greatness. Certainly he has most of the elements which qualify for that tribute and, in retrospect, it seems that he lacks them only because of the mendable defects of haste and carelessness. And a competent proof-reader could help him a lot in those defects.

John Cournos slipped quietly enough into the literary scene a few years ago with two novels of considerable distinction. He was books on the legitimate-enough ground that English novelists were without the sheen knack of story-telling that our native writers and on the illegitimate theory that literary imagination was inferior to American literature. Cournos had the misfortune to hail from Philadelphia and, in consequence, he was taken as uninspiring by Philadelphians. Moreover, Gilbert Cannan had, in Melville, handled the same theme (the conflict of a generous and altruistic Jew with his environment on which Mr. Cournos engaged his talents in The Mask and The Wall) and did so sound a job of it that it rather, for the moment, overshadowed Mr. Cournos' achievement, if for no other reason than by anticipating it.

Mr. Cournos has now come forward with the third volume of his trilogy, Babel. There is a continuity in the three books, and there is one central character, Gombarov, for them all; but Babel (as have the others) has a separate life and unity and may be read as an isolated book.

There is no reason, indeed, why Mr. Cournos should not go on writing novels of himself in contact with life every time he finds he has had experiences so interesting experiences to fill a book, and so continue until his death, thereby giving us the first complete autobiographical novel in literary history. I do not mean this to be a critical book written to the successor of Babel with even greater eagerness than I did to Babel. This new book is not written in any other way than a record of things seen and heard and experienced that it is a valuable document in the social history of my time, as well as a most entertaining and interesting novel. If we had a novel in kind of early Athenian, Roman and Florentine life, it would be taken as a reconstruction and interesting novel. And as we have a representational document Babel is in the first rank of the novels of its kind.

I should be the last to grant that the repertorial novel, no matter how minutely and beautifully it is recorded, may rank with the great projections of the imagination; but I should say that it has its significance and importance and that it may, as in the case of Babel, be a vehicle of great dramatic beauty and power. The love story in Babel is a fabulc story of desire and defect. Gombarov's elaborate self-justifications, his petulant demands and easy but impermanent solace, and his lacenated emotions would be comic if they were set down with such intensity and veracity that we are reminded that it is not literature but life and that the very comic of life has its inescapable, in

### Recommended Books

#### Fiction

- The Judge, by Kenneth D. Doan.
- Against the Grain, by J. R. Huysmans. Libra & Company.
- The Cathedral, by Hugh Walpole. Doran.
- The Tale of Triana, by W. J. Locke. Dodd, Mead & Company.
- The Unit Lamp, by Elizabeth Sankey Holding.
- Rough House, by Dorothy Canfield. Harcourt, Brace & Company.
- Vergeere's Progress, by Jeffrey Farley. Little, Brown.
- Skinny Ben, by May Owen Johnson. Little, Brown.
- Down the River, by Rosalie W. Britt. Holt.
- Two Little Mimmingtons, by Carl Spitzer. Holt.
- Rita Covette, by Julian Street. Doubleday.

#### Non-Fiction

- Tramping Life, by Harry Kemp. Liveright.
- My Life and Some Letters, by Mrs. Patrick Campbell. Dodd, Mead.
- Beards, by Ferdinant Ostenowski. Dutton.
- Eminent and His Circle, by Max Beesbohm. Doubleday.
- Ocean Rhapsody, by Arthur Mason, Holt.
- Stage Folk, by Alfred Frank. Lieber & Lewis.
- American Poetry, an Anthology, by Coward.

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Page Sixty-Four.
BETTY BLYTHE
Motion picture enthusiasts will soon have
an opportunity to see this popular actress
in a new play, "The Darling of the Rich"

Page Sixty-Five
The Cat and the Canary. National. — Good exciting suspense story.
The East of Suez. Eltinge.—Florence Reed as a beautiful, tragic half-caste.
Broadhurst. —Teaching us how we may still "Carry On."
The Last Warning. Klaw.—A mystery that keeps one thrilling and guessing.
The Monster. Thirty-Ninth St.—Emmett Corrigan as the villain in a gruesome and terrifying scenario.

The Awful Truth. Henry Miller.—Ina Claire learns that the truth is an awful thing to have in the house.
Banco. Ritz.—The bubbling Lola Fisher in another Kummer comedy.
East Side, West Side. Bayes.—Norman Trevor in a too-conventional play.
The Ever Green Lady. Punch & Judy.—The champion of the light-weight comedies.
The Exciters. Times Square.—Drury Lane melodrama. You get your money's worth.
Her Temporary Husband. France.—Amusing and safe. About women for women.

Kiki. Belasco.—Lenore Ulric plays the poignant cocotte. Excellent.
La Tendresse. Empire.—Henry Miller as the wisest old husband and Ruth Chatterton as the spirited young wife.
Malvaoca. Forty-Eighth St.—An old-fashioned, sentimental, tear-drenched romance.
The Old Soak. Plymouth.—If you liked Lightheart you'll like this.
Shore Leave. Lyceum.—Frances Starr as a country-country-and James Rennie as a gang-buster. So this is London! Hudson.—Makes a hit with those who like English comedy.
Spite Corner. Little.—A pleasing homespun comedy with a skinny plot.
Swifty. Playhouse.—Review later.
Thin Ice. Comedy.—Worth while if you enjoy listening to clever lines.
The Torch Bears. Vanderbilt.—A smart satire on the Little Theater movement.
Why Men Leave Home. Morasco.—A comedy with an obvious moral.

Better Times. Hippodrome.—Large, costly, naive and pretentious.
Blossom Time. Fifty-Ninth St.—Franz Schubert's life set to his own music.
Dainty Doll. Apollo.—Frank Timney as funny as ever.
A Fantastic Fricassee. Greenwich Village.—All that the name implies.
The Gingham Girl. Earl Carroll.—Both old and new will like this.
Greenwich Village Folies. Shubert.—Beautiful spectacle, with Savoy and Breman to provide the touch of humor.
Hitchy Koo of 1922. Century.—Review later.
The Lady in Ermine. Ambassadors.—A musical show that is something more than vaudeville.

Molly Darling. Liberty.—Snappy, tuneful and clean.
The Music Box Revue. Music Box.—Very easy to look at and listen to.
Orange Blossoms. Fulton.—Dancing and music and also equally good. Don't miss it.
The Passing Show of 1922. Winter Garden.—A succession of dances, parodies and songs.
The Queen O' Hearts. Cohane.—Nora Bayes in a musical mixture of pleasing ingredients.
Revue Russe. Booth.—Vaucluse à la Chauve-Souris.
Sally, Irene and Mary. Casino.—An impudent show of New-York-Irish manner.
Scandals of 1922. Globe.—Another hand for George White, please.
The Ziegfeld Folies. New Amsterdam.—Amusing, dazzling and distracting.

The Best in the West
A list of last year's successes now on tour

Bombo. Good music and new jokes.
Bud-Deux. A mystery play everyone will like.
The Circle. An excellent comedy with an all-star cast.
The Demi Virgin. An underdone, undistinguished farce.
Dulcy. Demonstrating that beauty triumphs over brains.
Fools Errant. Thrilling situations and excellent dialogue.
The Gold Diggers. A snappy, colorful comedy.
Good Morning, Dearie. Excellent musical entertainment.
The Hairy Ape. The tragedy of a stoker.
The Hotel Mouse. Frances White and Taylor Holmes in a light mystery play.
Lawful Larceny. A crook melodrama. Fair. Make it Snappy. Eddie Cantor is the whole show.
Nice People. A comedy of manners.
The Passing Show of 1921. Smart and satisfying.
Red Pepper. A typical McIntyre and Heath entertainment.
Six Cylinder Love. A domestic comedy with a moral.
The White Peacock. Written and starred by Petrova.

The Cad As Hero
(Continued from page 48)
very notable. In that respect it resembles all the rest of the dull and Woody play by Bataille in Henry Miller and Ruth Chatterton are appearing. Miller plays a dramatist of reputed distinction and some sixty-odd years, who is so absorbed in his own importance that he can see that old age must be pardoned for finding elsewhere the outlet for a physical life which he cannot longer give. It takes a whole bunch of artistic last-act tricks—Christmas, little children, a cold in the head, loneliness—to bring the gentleman round. And the best he can do is to preach about the higher love of "tenderness."

Neither Miller nor Miss Chatterton succeeds in doing much to alleviate the play. Miller is old enough to give the part reality, but not young enough to give it emotional vigor. Miss Chatterton brings her immaturity and a black wig to the role of the mistress.

The cad is, of course, a capital figure for comedy. The man from God's own country (Oldbona, Anarch Rumanian tells us in The Awful Truth, not California), who questions his fiancee's first husband to find out how good her morals were, is a splendid, repellent cad, and makes good sport. So is the first husband; for in the process of becoming the second husband he indulges in just the right sort of moral inquiry. There is nothing particularly robust in the plot, but the lines are often very clever and always intelligently written and bolting-over first husband, Bruce McRae plays a perfect Bruce McRae part perfectly. He leaves Ina Claire and her charms far behind.

Another sort of cad, a mechanical cad, appears in Bance, a farce-comedy adapted by Claude Kummer—about two very well and honestly adapted from the rime of F. Dobson, who wrote Blackboard's Eighth Wife. Here again, a divorced husband manages to achieve what the English characters call the "restitution of conjugal rights." In doing so he has to outstage the hospitality of her second husband—and on the newly-weds' wedding night. This breach of good manners is hardly of any importance, of course, in a play whose characters are arbitrarily twisted and dehumanized to suit a preconceived "situation." Because it is a play of contrivances instead of natural action, it is least interesting in the first two acts, when these contrivances are being oiled up. The dehumanized husband is played in Punchline by Alfred Lunt; the wife much too seriously by Edith Fisher, a second husband deviously by Francis Byrre.

Down in the field of ordinary popular drama, we include the drudgery that still hangs about the head of Percival Knight's Thin Ice, who must be a cad if there are going to be any difficulties for his army-tried wife. Our hero, who comes to work as butler; and in The Endless Chain, by James Forbes, and It's a Boy, by William Anthony McQuire, we come upon the most dreadful pest of all—the young business man on the make. In both plays he is surrounded with just the sort of wife and friends he might be expected to pick: selfish, feather-brained wife, and vulgar, ill-educated, money-grabbing friends. And in both plays we are expected to take an interest in whether or not he makes money and keeps his wife's love. In It's a Boy, the young gentleman goes thru the same plot as in the author's previous play, Six Cylinder Love, and in the same successful fashion. The Endless Chain is too thin of plot, and too thick of preaching to divert the masses. Thus the American Magazine, dramatized for Broadway, both succeeds and fails.

On the remaining pages of the last month of September, two sets groups themselves in convenient categories. In The Exciters, by Mr. McQuire, an excellent comic farce, legitimate farce-melodrama, art assiduously copies life; the etiquette book and "What's wrong with the people these days?" for the third time this season. In Orange Blossoms, on the other hand, nature copies art, as Oscar Wilde said it should: Nature painted and flaming brunette on the magazine cover produces the charming carnival, Edith Day, to animate the well-born iniquities of Edward Royce and Victor Herbert.

The Cad As Hero
(Continued from page 48)
This Astounding Beauty Clay Makes a New Skin in 40 Minutes!

Here Is the Greatest News About Complexion Ever Brought to America. Even the Dullest Skin Yields to the Simple But Wonderful Method Used Abroad.

By MARTHA RYERSON

I AM going to tell you how a pleasure trip to Sunny Wales resulted in learning a real beauty secret. It is a secret of Mother Earth's: a natural, normal and gloriously swift way to end forever an unlovely complexion. I went to Wales with the worst skin a girl could have; one afternoon I left it in the hills! I exchanged it for one of soft texture and full of color. And this is how:

Except that I can now let you prove it for yourself, I would never tell the story—a story my own father found it hard to believe.

Hardest of all to believe is this: the transformation took just forty minutes! Here are the facts.

About the first thing one notices in this southern English province is the uniformly beautiful complexions. The loveliest maid— and her mother, too—has a radiant beauty skin. Mine, lacking hooter and color, with impurities nothing seemed to eradicate or even hide, was horribly conspicuous.

I was happy thought that I took a most unsightly girl on a long walk through the hills one afternoon. I had stopped at the apothecary's to replenish my cosmetic—to find it was unknown. They did not have even a cold cream, The irony of it! In a land where beauty of face was in evidence at every turn—the women used no beautifiers! Do you wonder I "took to the hills"? I didn't want to see another peaches-and-cream complexion that day. But I did.

At a house where I passed for a drink from the spring, I stepped back in surprise when the young woman straightened up to greet me. Her face was covered with mud. I recognized the peculiar gray clay of that section; very fine, slick, smooth clay it was. Seeing my surprise, the girl smiled and said, "Madam does not clay?" I admitted I did not.

I Decide to "Clay"

In a moment, she wet the clay which had dried on her face and neck, wiped it away, and stood in all the glory of a perfect complexion. I think I shall never again envy another as I did that staid maiden of the hills. Her features were not pretty; they did not need to be. For no woman ever will have a more gorgeous skin. She explained that this amazing clay-treatment did it. The natives made a weekly habit of "claying" the skin, quite as one cares regularly for the hair.

I was easily persuaded to try it. Had I not done ridiculous things in beauty parlors where many could see my plight? We tucked a towel over my blouse, and from the spring's bed she took the soft, soothing clay and applied it. As we sat and talked, the clay dried. Soon I experienced the most delightful tingling in every facial pore; the impurities were being literally pulled out. Half an hour more, and we removed the clay mask. Hopeful, but still skeptical, I followed into the tiny house to glimpse myself in a mirror.

My beholder was gone! I fairly glowed with color that spread down the neck to the shoulders. My cheeks were dovew soft, I felt them a hundred times on the way home. Father's surprise when we met in the garden of the little inn later that afternoon was the most genuine compliment a woman ever received. In a basket I had two corks of the precious clay. I thought father's questions would never cease where did I find it and could I take him to the spot; what was its action, and reaction, and lots else I didn't know. Father is a chemist. Suddenly it dawned on me. He wanted to unearth the secret of that clay's amazing properties, and take it to America! For two weeks we stayed on, worked all day at his "mud pies," as I called them. Back home at last in Chicago, he worked many a night. He experimented on me, and on all my friend's girls. At last, using the natural Welsh clay as a base, he produced a compound so miraculous in its effect—only ten times more smooth and pure than the clay used by the peasants abroad. Any One May Now Have This Wonderful Clay

News of the wonders performed by this clay has brought thousands of requests for it. Women everywhere (and men too, by the way) are now supplied Forty Minute Clay. The laboratory where it is compounded sends it direct to the user. A jar is five dollars, but I have yet to hear of any one who did not regard it as worth several times that amount. For mind, in six hundred test cases, it did not once fail. It seems to work on all ages, and regardless of how pimpled, crippled or dull the skin may be.

The application is readily made by anybody, and the changes brought about in less than an hour will cause open-mouthed astonishment, I know.

When I see a woman now, with a coarse-textured skin that mars the whole effect of her otherwise dainty care of self, it is all I can do to refrain from speaking of this natural, perfectly simple way to bring a skin and color such as Nature meant us to have—and has given us the way to have. It is so healthful to use, it cannot grow hair (in fact, its action checks that undesirable downy growth) and it keeps pores their natural size because it is laid on and not rubbed in.

Keep your skin pores clean, open, tingling with life! My father has made you a remarkable offer in the next column. Read carefully!

New Shipments from Abroad!

Free Distribution of $5.00 Jar Extended

To the public: My first offer of full-sized jars without profit exhausted my small stock of imported clay. But we have just received more, imported direct from the British Isles. Therefore, I resume for a time the offer of a full $5 jar without any laboratory charge. You may have one only for the bare cost of getting it in your hands! The expense of compounding, refining, analyzing, sterilizing, packaging and shipping in large quantity has been figered down to $1.87 per jar, plus postage.

Even this small sum of $1.87 is not really a payment—regard it as a deposit, which we will return at once if you are not satisfied this miracle clay is all it is claimed to be.

Send no money, please, but pay when postman delivers. Just $1.87 plus postage. Or, if handler to receive jar prepaid, enclose $2; some guarantee holds good.

MARTHA RYERSON

Head Chemist

THE CENTURY CHEMISTS

Century Bldg., Chicago, Dept. 381

I accept your "No Profit" offer. Please send me a full sized jar of real Forty Minute Beauty Clay at the net laboratary cost of $1.87, plus postage, which I will pay postman on delivery. My money back unless only one application proves completely satisfactory.

Name

Address

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Just what is Listerine, anyhow?

YOU'LL be interested to know just why Listerine is so efficient and so safe as an antiseptic—why it has grown so steadily in popularity for the last half century.

Listerine consists of antiseptic oils and essences, such as thyme, eucalyptus, benjoin, gaultheria, and menthol, scientifically combined with a saturated solution of boric acid.

Thus it has a two-fold antiseptic effect—first, the liquid itself kills infection; then upon evaporation it leaves a film of pure boric acid to protect the wound while Nature heals.

Its action is safe and sure. Don't be without it at home. For with Listerine near at hand you enjoy that comforting feeling of knowing the antiseptic you use is both efficient and safe.

The booklet that comes with each bottle explains more fully some of its many uses:

A safe, unirritating antiseptic for cuts, wounds and scratches, affording protection against infection while Nature heals.

As a gargle for sore throat to ward off more serious ills.


As a mouth-wash to correct unpleasant breath (halitosis).

Lambert Pharmacal Company
St. Louis, U. S. A.

The Convenience of the Novel

(Continued from page 64)

herent pathos. As a panoramic picture of the complexities and conflicting desires, the tur- nmoil of ideas and the restlessness of society immediately antecedent to the war in the great centers of civilization such as Paris, London, and New York, *Babel* is in my opinion a much better novel than the more melodramatic work by Jacob Wassermann called *The World Illusion*. It is, for one thing, more credible and, for another, Gombrow is a live, pulsating human being while Christian Wahlshaefer is just a wrath.

Jane Austen's fame as a novelist, large and secure as it is, has never been, I think, so great as it should be. She was the greatest social satirist of her era, overtopping Thack- eay, I think, by a considerable margin; and she was one of the greatest character por- trayers in English fiction. There is literally no one who excels her in the choice of the precise phrase which gives the whole lineaments of a figure in marvellous caricature. She worked within narrow limits and concerned herself not at all with mannerisms, customs, con- ditions, or events outside of some immediate observation; but in that small field she cul- tured fiction which is an enduring glory to English literature.

Now comes to light a volume of the early manuscripts of Miss Austen, published under the title, *Love and Friendship*. It contains two of the burlesques of the romantic novels of Monk Lewis and other Ethel M. Dells of the period, and a comic history of Mr. Geo. of rich humor and subtle satire. Because Miss Austen was about seventeen when she wrote these delicious little pieces nearly all the critics, including Gilbert K. Chesterton who writes the preface to the volume, make the mistake of treating them as childish efforts and juvenilia. They forget that Miss Austen finished *Pride and Prejudice* before she was twenty-one and that one does not develop in three years from a naive child into one of the great masters of English prose narrative. No: the pieces in *Love and Friendship* are the deliberate fabrications of a mature and highly sophisticated mind. The seeming ingenuousness of the stinging satire and chuckling humor of these scraps are the calculated effects of a clever girl who knew what she was about and knew how to achieve it in the happiest and most successful fashion. They are apprentice pieces, true enough, in that they were never conceived as full-length novels, but they are, none the less, perfect even as fragments. I should not surprise me greatly if *Love and Friendship* found as much favor with the reading public as *The Little Vivantes*. It is, certainly, a much funnier book and no less certainly a permanent addition to the visible works of a woman who has never yet, I think, received credit commensurate with her achievement as an artist.

An autobiography to rank with one of the great personal confessions is Harry Kemp's *Travelling on Loan*. Here is the life story of a vagabond, loafer, idealist and poet set down with refreshing and amusing candor. It is difficult to conceive of an man telling his life's truth about himself in the fashion set forth in this book. This sort of thing is done once in a century or so and is left to one's heirs and assigns to publish posthumously. One cannot but congratulate the people Mr. Kemp writes about in relation to himself in this book, most of whom are living and presumably on friendly terms with Mr. Kemp on their good sportsmanship. For Mr. Kemp spares his friends no more than himself. He depicts the fancies underlying the disguises and exposes them to the criticism and ridicule of the reader. Indeed, Mr. Kemp permits himself the tolerance of cruelly ridiculing them him- self—never, mind you, in a spiteful or malicious fashion, but as an expression of sober opinion and truth, with occasional humor.

It is an absorbingly interesting story of a naif and rather clownish fellow, his heart pulsing at one moment for the working-man and at another moment for his friend's wife, a credulous and gullible utopian, always ready to swallow every radical nostrum, march in every unpopulous parade, follow every literary fireale and be blown about by all the winds of hokum doctrine. He has an instinct for martyrdom and not one grain of sense. At twenty-five, altho he slept in box-cars and barrooms, mingled with prostitutes, pickpockets, tramps and all the derelicts, misfits and outlaws of society, had been familiarly in contact with every vice and crime of the underworld, and had discussed sex from every angle with Emma Goldman, Upton Sinclair, Elbert Hub- bard and all the other sex radicals of the period, he was still worrying greatly about the probable effect upon his poetry if he should lose his chastity. The idea of alienating the atheist and his mis- impressionings by being slightly funny.

Of Rebecca West's excellent novel, *The Judge*, I shall treat in another causerie. I fell asleep on the tenth page of J. Middleton Murray's *Still Life* and this was such exquisite relief from boredom that I was not prompted to return to it. *Rita Coventry*, by Julian Street, I recommend as a novel of more than passing interest by a man who is not a shallow genius but a most competent craftsman with a knack for telling an interesting story. Rex Beach deserts the scenario marts in *Flooding Gold* and returns to his deck chairs as a writer of excellent stories in the Jack London tradition. Mr. Beach is a man of breezy and ebullient imagina- tion who sheds no light on the major problems of human life, brings to his pages no original or impressive viewpoint, but who spins yarns which have an appeal as stories of the arctic and explorers, I found nothing to amuse me. Chappell's talents for humor are good, but he invariably blows up every funny notion he has into proportions which take all the fun out of it. Great writers of parody and burlesque, like Thackeray and Beervorn, get all their effects within a few pages; it is impossible to burlesque a book successfully by writing another book as long as it is, for the greatest element in burlesque, as in the epigram, is brevity.

TWO VERSES

By James Edwin Reid, Jr.

FLOWERS

Flowers
Are but the unborn children
Of the world—
Children
Who pity us,
Because we are Mortals.

TREES

A tree just stands
The whole day long,
And shares
With laughter—
Laughing
At our puny efforts
To enjoy life.
Heroes or Human Beings?

(Continued from page 29)

Heroes? Yes, but also human beings, subject to the frailties of the flesh. Look at the list of those who stood on the borderline of genius and innumerable布莱克, Blake, Shakespeare, Delilah, Lamb, Chatterton, Pascal, Southey, Byron, Campbell, Goldsmith, Rousseau, Poe, and others.

The pituitary gland, a master gland, which other authorities besides Lombroso have sought to establish, is being traced thru an endless line of figures in all its possible ramifications. It brings to light such humanistic facts as that Hogarth conceived his grotesque scenes in a Highgate tavern after his nose had been broken in a dispute with a drunkard; that Socrates often danced and jumped in the street apparently without rhyme or reason; or that Fontenelle, when dining with a companion who was suddenly stricken with apoplexy, did not permit himself to be disconcerted, but simply took advantage of the incident to change the asparagus dressing from sauce to vinegar.

Another relationship, that between glands and personality, has been set forth in a book by Dr. Louis Berman. The life of the individual, he says, is dominated by certain endocrine glands, the products of his glands (the chemistry of the soul!)

These forces have made us what we are today—the pituitary glands in the head, the thyroid in the neck, the adrenal in the stomach, the testes in the male, and the ovaries in the female. Florence Nightingale followed her career of nursing so determinedly because of the high percentage of masculine endocrines in her composition. Her type was pituitocentric, as was Napoleon's, Nietzsche's, and Cesar's.

"The deficiency of the internal secretions which made Napoleon eligible for glory was also responsible for his downfall. His rise and fall followed the rise and fall of his pituitary gland. Before he made himself emperor, it was noticed that he was becoming fat, a pituitary symptom. A comparison of portraits at different stages of his rise and fall shows an increasing adipose puck and a laying down of fat in the pituitary areas, around the hips, the legs, and so on. The beginning of weakness in judgment that he was to exhibit soon in the invasion of Russia may be detected itself at the same time. His keen calculating ability attained the peak of its curve at Austerlitz, Jena and Friedland. Therafter the descent begins."

H. G. Wells, in his treatment of Alexander the Great, says, "The Great Alexander, has much to say of Alexander's wise father Philip and his mean and murderous mother, Olympias—stories which 'have to be told because history cannot be understood without them.' Here was the great world of men between India and the Adriatic ready for union. And the stories display the quality of human beings to whom these great opportunities came."

"Here was this Philip who was a very great and noble man, and yet he was drunkard. He could keep no order in his household. Here was Alexander, in many ways gifted above any man of his time, and he was sordidly, suspiciously, and passionately, with a mind set away by his mother."

Mr. Wells adds that we are beginning to understand what the world might be, were it not for our still raw humanity. We are only seventy generations away from Alexander, he says, and only four or five hundred since our ancestors who were savage hunters and charred their food over open fires or ate it raw. You can do much with a little if you use your mind. If we make men jealous or angry enough, the hot red eyes of the caverns glare out at us today.

"We have turned around the beasts, but we have still to tame and breed ourselves."

The Magic Power of A Few Little Lines

Have you ever noticed a cartoonist draw? A short sketch. Here is one. A small curve. A splash of shading—and you have a wonderful New Easy Way to Draw. As you see, without an easy—because you knew how—he knew which lines to use and just where to put them. Through this New Easy Way to Draw, you too can learn the Magic Power of A Few Little Lines and how to make big money in drawing them!

New Easy Way to Draw

Coupon Brings Fascinating Booklet

An interesting and handsomely illustrated booklet, "How to Become an Artist," has been prepared and will be sent to you without cost. It tells you how you can easily become an artist in a few minutes' daily spare time and at the cost of a few cents a day. Explains his beginner's process and tells you how you can learn to draw. Told by his students and their wonderful progress—and how we can qualify you for a high-placed position. Booklet gives full particulars about our "Free Artist's Offer." Offer: This booklet will be sent free, and without obligation. Read all about this amazing New Easy Way to Draw and how you can quickly learn, at home in spare time. Fill out the booklet coupon now. Mail it TODAY.

THE WIT OF THE IRISH

Laurette Taylor has it in superabundance. Harry Carr found this out when he talked with her in the Hollywood studio, where she is making "Peg O'My Heart." The interview was so delicious and out of the ordinary that he wrote it up for the JANUARY MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

Here are some choice paragraphs from it:

Says Laurette: . . . I don't like Harry. The only thing that anybody has said about Peg is that she's not likable. I believe me to be liked by my fan club, but we have played for a little while until he could knock a good one up; and he was writing good. But I did 'The Bird of Paradise' before I met Harry. It was on the first day.

Another amusing feature in the January number is "If I Were Mr. Hays"—two pages of surpassing cartoons by Kobert.
Importing Europe's Foremost Stage

(Continued from page 23)

painstaking stage, The Lower Depths reached the public and it was recognized at once as a work of supreme merit and moment. It has held its place in the theater's repertory ever since, hardly a season passing without its frequent repetition.

The scenes of the play, as many in this country will recall, introduce us to those who live and dream and doubt and believe below society's deadline; thieves and street-walkers and sots and raganoufis, their wily hostess, her offspring, producer and lover; and a pilgrim who is one of them and yet not of them and whom they tolerate because he understands them and not because they understand him. Death intrudes among them, murder and suicide, jealousy between sisters, the last faint flickerings of ambition, romance, revenge. At each intrusion of one of these natural forces, there is a ripple of feeling among the denizens of this night lodging, but it vanishes with only a trace upon souls whose defiance of life is beaten dull.

Never in any theater have I seen a play more emotionally and intellectually overpowering than Stanislavsky's production of this masterpiece of Russia's single living master of the drama...

Some will quarrel with me for calling The Lower Depths a play at all, according to strict academic standards; it has the slightest of plots, the minimum of structure. It moves slowly, summarily, to no certain goal. But whether it tells a story or not, whether it moves or stands still, it lays bare profoundly, impressively, poignantly, the secret hearts and souls of men and women who, like so many of the characters of Dostoevsky and Tolstoy and even of Dickens, have had to descend to the lowest rung of the ladder to catch a glimpse of eternal things. And that spectacle, when it is made convincing by novelist or dramatist, has the purging power of the noblest tragedy.

Aside from this kinship with the austerity of Greek tragedy, The Lower Depths draws much of its convincing power from its unusual use of and dependence on the channels of expression which are peculiar to the art of the theater. It is almost wholly independent of drama as literature. Less than any play I know, is it possible to imagine its potential effect in the theater from a reading of its printed lines. As I have analyzed this factor briefly and pointedly in my book on The Russian Theatre, I shall quote: "The Lower Depths is not so much a matter of utterable line and recountable gesture as it is of the intangible flow of human souls in endlessly shifting contact one with another. Awkward but eloquent pauses and emphases, the scarcely perceptible stress or duluing of word or gesture, the nuances and the shadings of which life is mostly made and by which it reveals its meaning—these, and the instinctive understanding of the vision of the playwright by those who seek to interpret him, are the invaluable and unrecordable channels through which The Lower Depths becomes articulate at the Moscow Art Theatre."

One of the most remarkable things about the presentation of Gorky's masterpiece is that today, twenty years after its première, its leading roles are taken by the same players who created them; Stanislavsky, the theater's co-founder, producer and first artist, as the tattered Satine, mouthpiece of the playwright's defiant faith in the God in man; Katelhoffer, first actor after Stanislavsky, as the Baron, neurotic remnant of better days; Moskvin, Russia's leading high comedian, as old Luka, the pilgrim who comes unobtrusively among these outcasts of society and gives those who are hopeless a gleam, at least, of faith; Luzhsky, admirable character actor, as the tozled Bubnoff; and the sturdy Vishnevsky as the stolid Tatar.

Madame Olga Kruppe-Tschewa, widow of the playwright, Tchekoff, the first actress of the company, used to play the role of the street-walker, Nastya, but today she is usually seen as Vassilissa Karpovna, the jealous and vindictive wife of the keeper of the lodging-house.

Realism is the ruling artistic doctrine of Europe's foremost stage. It has turned aside with characteristic firmness, but in the main its twenty-four years have been devoted to the perfection of the theory that the most effective esthetic interpretation of life is by way of representation or the imitation of life. Copy life so faithfully that the traffic of the stage has all the illusion of actuality, has been the motto of this theater.

But the Moscow Art Theatre has not been content with the imitation of the outer aspects of life. Year by year it has penetrated deeper and deeper into the psychological and spiritual problems of the new plays it produces and also the old ones it retains in its repertory. Year by year with the close association of a permanent group it has sought and found both the conscious and the subconscious means of conveying these hidden aspects of reality to the audience. And today the realism of this stage is so far superior to the realism we know, so living and vital and pulsating a thing, that it is hardly fair to call it by the old terminology. What it should be called, may be justly left with their American audiences when they arrive in New York shortly after the New Year. We are not fond of having labels made for us. We like to invent them ourselves. And something terse and to the point is likely to emerge to describe the means by which these artists from Russia convey to us so eloquently their interpretation of life.
Three Women Poets

(Continued from page 51)

Sara Teasdale says merely:

"Like girls at their communion
The peacock's tail
The image is there. The irony is missing. And yet Miss Teasdale is quick at unexpected turns and prone to brief bitter conclusions.

The essence of her art is economy. Often within a single line she strikes a more resonant chord than another poet will, tho' he use the fingers of both hands. She prefers the "single" line, the monosyllabic word. And with these simple tools she makes something so melodious, so magical, so memorable that you wonder why she is, after all, content with little.

For Miss Teasdale's theme is as unvarying as her method. Her songs are all of love, whether it be Sappho's or her own, its eb or its flow, its flame or its shadow. Some five years ago she collected many of the lyrics which had appeared in previous volumes together with a few new ones in a book called Love Songs. Here one finds some of the love-liest lyrics in modern English poetry. It is true that there is a startling number of cliches, almost inevitable in this type of verse. And Miss Teasdale's trick of surprise in her final couplet is a bit overdone. Yet her manner is always sure, and her sense often sharp. The following lyric is fairly typical:

COME
Come when the pale moon like a petal
Floats in the weary dusk of Spring.
Come with arms outstretched to take me,
Shine with lips pursed up to cling.

Come, for life is a frail wraith flying,
Caught in the web of the years that pass,
And png png png png png png
Will be as the grey stones in the grass.

The recent volume, Flame and Shadow, has in it less of the troubled hesitancies, the wistful joys of young love, and is richer in technical beauty as it is in emotional content than any of the earlier books. But it differs from them only so far as it is a deeper, graver, more mature appreciation of what they guessed and hinted at. Such poems as My Heart Is Heavy, June Night, and more especially The Last Hill are evidence of the poet's growth. Chief among the indications of change is the little eight-line poem not found in any of Miss Teasdale's books:

TORED
If I shall make no poems any more,
There will be least, as yet, so let it be:
Two years, and listen to the long yellow thunder of the sea.
The year will come that I, shall delight in
All animals, and some of my own kind:
Shall run with no one but myself the frosty
And half frozen walkings of my mind.

III: Lola Ridge

If Miss Teasdale frequently celebrates loneliness, one feels of Lola Ridge that she is lonely as few other poets dare to be. A fifteen-year residence in this country entitles her to be considered with these American poets, altho' she was born in Ireland and lived for some time in Australia and New Zealand. Possibly because she is a solitary, she has been able to realize the American scene and to disentangle the subtle complexities of the modern American world so successfully. Miss Ridge is at the opposite pole from Teasdale. Miss Millay seems to stand between the two; not distinctly between, but the latter, the social background, nor yet, like the former, more fiercely concerned with social issues and impersonal realities than with the vivid immediacies of love and death.

There is an almost masculine quality about Lola Ridge. She has been too clever and too sordid, ugliness and violence ever to escape completely into the serene, silken world that is the privilege of one with which it springs. Strength rather than beauty informs these poems. And yet there is beauty in abundance—that which she offers with supreme irony To the American People in the dedication of her first book:

Will you feast with me, American People?
But what have I that shall seem good to you?

On my board are bitter apples
And honey served on thorns,
And in my fagons filled iron,
Not from the crucibles.

Home should such fare entice you?

The opening poem, the title-poem of the book, The Ghetto, is perhaps the most powerful piece Mrs. Ridge has ever done. It is a long poem, and all the more remarkable for sustaining itself over twenty pages. The scene is sordid, the vigor, the color and the sensitive pity of which it is wrought. It is impossible to do more than pluck here and there some image torn from its context, leaving the poem in its full complex significance to be merely guessed. Scenes like this:

The heat in Hester street,
Heard of like a dray
With the garbage of the world.

Portraits like this:

... night by night
I see the long-picture of his arm
In its grey-green coat-sleeve
Circling the book,
And the candles gleaming starkly
On the black-plyer whiteness of his face,
Like a miswritten prayer.

Glimpses like this:

The sturdy Ghetto children
March by the parade,
Waving their ties high,
Provoking to the bungles—
Lusty, untroubled,
Shaking little fire-sticks
At the night.

The old blinking night—
Squeezing out of the way,
Wrapped in her darkness like a shawl.

And this:

Lights go out
And the stark trunks of the factories
Bleed into the drawn darkness,
Sheathing like a seamless garment.

And mothers take home their babies,
Wearied and dolorously,
Like little potted flowers closed under the stars.

Few of the other poems in this book, tho' they are all far lovelier—some faintly a few lines to form an image—are as sustained as was the opening one. The effect of the volume is cumulative. Yet each poem is the last section called Australian Lights but is added to by all its fellows. The poems about labor are like hammers on awl needles, struck with different force, with different rhythms and resonances, all contributing to a portentous, terrible symphony. Yet each separate poem, despite some imperfections of technique, such as unnecessary rhymes or Whitmanesque inversions, is tense and hot with passion, that fierce social passion, the love of love and hate of hate, which burns here as white and acid and devouring as the most fiery of our more vulgar bhangers. These images are alive with intimacy, swift as a blow, nervous as the fingers of fire. Here is Flotsam, with its

Slovenly figures like walled peacocks
And paws clamped about their backs.

And that old woman on the chilly park bench, sprawling gracelessly, diffused like a broken beetle. There is that smiling tenement mother:

With eyes like vacant lilies
Riding down of mean streets.
And endless washing days...
Very old on her toes.
And a dry, dry breeze.

The Everlasting Return, with its unforgettable pictures of the Carthaginian galleries all broken to bits, with the juxtaposed picture of submarine warfare, is brimming with strange things intensely realized. There are few

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The Devil Among the Critics

(Continued from page 31)

The Devil Among the Critics

musicians. Critic's book on Chopin is one example of my contention. It is the musician, writer or reviewer of limited accomplishment and restricted knowledge of the art who blunders and generally prays without judgment or discretion and blames more or less unjustly. He does not know enough, either theoretically or practically, to speak of crotchets and to give sound and impressive reasons for the faith which he would have his readers believe in him. If he ventures on analysis, he is generally wrong, and so, like a once well-known English judge, he hands down his decisions without giving reasons. Thus it is that the mass of musical criticism is comparatively worthless as a guide to opinion, while much of it is equally negligible as literature.

"Can you give examples of other great musicians as critics?"

"Yes, several. Germany has produced some really fine musical critics of this sort. Schuck, for instance; while Schumann's essays and criticisms should be read by all who wish to hear and read great music, as they are. There are, also, many branches of musical criticism, both equally interesting and important—the one which is a scientific analysis of the musical contents and treatment; the other the spiritual comprehensiveness of the aesthetic side and influence of music, possibly only to the mind keenly alive and highly cultivated.

"Schumann represented the ideal musical critic, for both these essentials are to be found in his writings. That is, they are based on sound and thorough knowledge and display an exquisitely refined appreciation. They are, moreover, rich in ideas, marked by not a little humor and occasionally sarcasm, alto Schumann was incapable of savagery in his comments, and would never say an unkind thing just because it happened to be smart.

"What about Wagner—he wrote a lot about music, didn't he?"

"Yes. In addition to his marvellously prolific creative faculty, both as musician and poet, he had the philosophic, analytic mind, together with the gift of trenchant, picturesque expression in words. His Opera and Drama opened up for the general as well as the educated, musical reader the vast vista of his imaginations and theories, and explained as nothing else could the scope of his achievements. Many have written about Wagner, but not one that brought the whole thing down to earth, as Bernard Shaw, has explained him as he explained himself."

"But Bernard Shaw didn't know he was a musician or a critic."

"He was both. He learned the theory and practice of music from his mother, a fine musician. His musical criticisms for the London Star were among the most trenchant and stimulating I have ever read, while he wrote a delightful little book entitled The Perfect Wagnerite."

Wagner wrote only about himself and his own music, did he not?

"No, there you are wrong. There is his little-known book about Beethoven, which, if you knew how it was originally written, you would find extremely interesting. It was his first book, and was very discerning, as well as pungent expression it is characteristic of his author. There is also his treatise Juditians in Music, largely provoked by his inexcusable dislike of Meyerbeer and his music, and this, like his work on Beethoven, compels one to read, and any writing which does that is valuable."

"Are there any French composers who are also critics?"

"Oh, yes. There are Berlioz, Franck, who was as much French as Belgian, Saint-Saëns, Delius and, among the most modern, Florent Schmitt. Berlioz wrote better than he composed, while Franck composed much better than he wrote, but both of them uttered wise and pregnant words about the art in which they achieved so much distinction, while they displayed a fine appreciation of the work of other musicians. Saint-Saëns was an erudite and admirable critic, as he was a composer whose achievements have been ridiculously undervalued by such men as Paul Rosenfeld and others who are iconoclasts of the first order, and who have given the world neither good music nor good literature. But all of the literary composers who, incidentally, are named support the accuracy of my thesis that the best musical critics are those who have created, and who must necessarily have a scientific and practical knowledge of their subject. These men are not only just, they are generous in their attitude towards other composers whom they occasionally criticize and understand and explain."

"Admitting all that you say, will you not give me your views about some of our modern musical critics—that is, the men who write for our papers and magazines?"

"You are trying to lure me on to dangerous ground. I have already given my views about Huneker and in so doing, I show to the others it is better to class American and English critics together. The trouble with criticism in both countries is that there are no outstanding figures like Huneker and Shaw, men of musical erudition—I am not thinking of mere musical historians or writers of what I will call 'musical pot-boilers,' but well-grounded, scientific, musical critics, who can pick up a score and read and analyze it as easily as the average man picks up his daily paper and masters its contents. There is no John L. Runciman, whose musical learning was on a parity with his literary skill, no Filsom Young, whose style as an essayist is as superior to that of George Moore as are his knowledge and appreciation of music; no Francis James Church, a splendidly equipped musician, with a fine capacity for delicate literary expression."

"You are only England's well-known musical critic, Ernest Newman."

"I would rather do so, for I find it difficult to respect his opinions or admire his style. He is the slave of his own phrases as well as of his prejudices, and no one has done so much to stir up ill-will between British and American musicians. There are, however, one or two English and American writers on music whose work I both admire and respect. I will mention the brilliant editor of The Chesterian, G. Jean-Aubry, of French descent evidently; Edward Evans and Robin Legge. Incidentally it is to be regretted that the critical work of Daniel Gregory Mason and Lawrence Gilman does not find a place in our daily press. Now, please do not ask me for any further expressions of opinion about our critics, some of whom are my personal friends, and I would not willingly offend them."

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CORLISS PALMER
Brewster Buildings, Brooklyn, N.Y.
Art Comment
(Continued from page 61)
for its object the advancement of commercial art, especially as it relates to magazine and book illustration, advertising in publications, or poster advertising.

The Stowaways, J. M. Bowles, President, is a unique organization whose members are drawn together both by vocation and avocation. They are all interested in prints, books, posters, original drawings, typography and design. Their main idea is that interchange of ideas encourages individual imagination and develops powers of usefulness in all organizations or related activities of the graphic arts.

As the Art Center is the rallying spot for all these organizations, it would be more than surprising if they didn’t accomplish a great deal.

During October these constituent organizations of the Art Alliance of America held an exhibit at the Waldorf-Astoria. Their main object is to educate the public and show what beautiful things can be produced for home furnishing if the principles of design are properly applied and a reasonable amount of care taken in executing the pieces.

Their Gallery, the first of the series of exhibits by Misses Hill Galleries, opening November 19 and closing on December 9th, will be the most interesting exhibit of Chinese Paintings.

During December will be shown a collection of Ralph Blakelock’s work and in January the colorful and decorative paintings of Zander Warshawsky.

DO YOU LIVE IN A HAUNTED HOUSE?
A House Haunted by the Ghost of Your Departed Beauty?

Does this Ghost peer over your shoulder whenever you glance into a mirror, an unhappy reminder that your figure has lost its slenderness, that your hair is scant and lusterless?

And, whenever you gaze upon exquisite colorful fabrics, does this Ghost whisper: “You cannot wear those tints—your skin is now muddy and sallow, your eyes are dull, your personality has lost its radiance and charm!”

And is this Ghost so omnipresent in your thoughts that you have become self-conscious—even morbid? Has it driven away your grace and your poise?

If this case is yours, then

YOU MUST BANISH THE GHOST BY REPEATING

Three Magic Words:

For January

A study of this magazine and an application of its advice and formulas will gradually materialize your departed beauty. But this cannot be accomplished perfectly unless your mind be rejuvenated as well as your body. So we offer in our New Year’s number three special features:

An “Imaginary Conversation” with Du Barry that will make you laugh—and laughter is the finest of beauty tonics. A short story by the author of “Violets and Spice” that will fire your imagination.

An illustrated article, “Good Looks for Xmas,” that will banish all the worry lines which have been forming because you haven’t been able to find suitable gifts for the holiday season.
WHY DO YOU MAKE PRESENTS AT XMAS?

Is it not because you want to make someone happy? Is it not because you want that someone to know that you have been thinking kindly of him? And, does it not make you too happy for words, when your selection turns out to be the most appreciated of all the gifts received by those you have remembered?

Gloves, neckties, stockings, socks — you know the usual list of gifts—all are welcome in their way—but, gifts of this kind don’t begin to express the real thought you wish to convey. If you give an umbrella, you will be remembered on rainy days only. The general line of presents soon wears out and the gift itself is then forgotten.

We Are Glad To Suggest A Gift Which Will Be A Constant Reminder Of Your Thoughtfulness

The Year Round

To those you think the most of, give a yearly subscription for the Motion Picture Magazine (price $2.50), Classic (price $2.50), Shadowland (price $3.50), or Beauty (price $2.50). Any one of these magazines will make a mighty acceptable gift, and as there are twelve monthly issues in a yearly subscription, the recipient simply cannot forget your gift until Xmas comes again. Inexpensive and a gift rich in value, the four Brewster Publications offer a wide selection to choose from.

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The Camera Contest

The committee of judges includes:

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Corresponding Secretary P. P. A.; Eugene V. Brewster, Editor and Publisher of SHADOWLAND; Louis F. Bucher, Secretary Associated Camera Clubs of America; Dr. A. D. Chaffee, President of P. P. A.; Arthur D. Chapman, Advisory Committee P. P. A.; W. H. Harting, Advisory Committee P. P. A.; Dr. Chas. H. Jaeger, contributing member Pittsburgh and Los Angeles Salons; Miss Sophie L. Lauffer, Secretary Dept. of Photography, Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Science; George P. Lester, Member P. P. A. and Orange Camera Club; Nicholas Murray, portrait photographer; John A. Tennant, Editor and Publisher of Photo Miniature; Miss Margaret Watkins, ex-Recording Secretary P. P. A.; Clarence H. White, ex-President P. P. A.

The jury of selection, to be announced each month with their selections, consists of three members, to be chosen from the committee or the members of the society. No member of the jury thus chosen for any given month shall submit pictures for that month’s contest.

SHADOWLAND desires that every camera enthusiast reap benefit from this contest and to this end makes the inclusion of the following data on contest 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.

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.

Prints received on or prior to the first of each month to be considered entered in that month’s contest.

Name and address of maker, title and number must be printed or plainly written upon the back of each print. Return address to be written plainly upon package.

Prints must be packed flat. A small mount makes for safety in handling, but is not required. 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.

Some care will be taken of all prints submitted, but neither The Brewster Publications nor the Pictorial Photographers of America assume responsibility for loss or damage.

All prints and all communications relative to the contest are to be sent to Joseph R. Mason, Art Center, 65 East 56th Street, New York City.

No prints will be considered if sent elsewhere than stated above. Submission of prints will imply acceptance of all conditions.
Collecting Old Glass

(Continued from page 26)

Connoisseurship in old glass is less difficult than it is in old china, for example, since pottery or porcelain collecting is more varied, more detailed and not as specialized. Old glass is mass produced, and involves much more specific knowledge than glass collecting does.

There are no pottery marks and no hallmarks to base one's value on. There is no such distinction, so difficult to comprehend, as that between "soft" china and "hard". At present, the glass is easy to know and not so difficult to find.

There are seven guides that are highly important in helping the collector to produce the tint of the glass over the sound of the glass; the quality of the glass material; the weight; the signs of use and wear; the possible repairs made. All these are rudimental. As the collector progresses and gains in knowledge and experience, other points will naturally develop.

The Tints of Old Glass—Old glass is darkly brilliant. Modern glass is whitely crystal. The experienced collector sees many tints and gradations of glass that the novice passes over without consideration. These varying tints are important guides as to the age of glass.

There is no difference in old glass, and when a piece of established age is placed upon a white tablecloth in juxtaposition with a modern specimen, it will show a pronounced difference in color. This serves as one of the most important guides and tests, as to both age and period, and after some experience will go far toward determining the life history of a given piece.

The Sound of Old Glass—Perhaps it was because there was more in the "mystery" of the matter raw material; at any rate, old English and Irish-made glass, for some distinctive reason, has a sound much more beautiful than any made elsewhere. The sound of old Dutch, French, Italian or German glass, is cracked, as it were, even when viewed in transit.

The Quality of Old Glass—Old English and Irish glassware had the best foundation of any glass made in the world. This applies not only to the material entering into the finished product, but likewise to its manipulation and the final effect produced.

The Weight of Old Glass—English-made glasses of the first period were all light in weight and cloudy in appearance. Later experiments added this dull and cloudy appearance and led to the production of a substance-like crystal.

The Signs of Use and Wear—Glass is easily scratched, and as the wine-glasses and decanters of the olden time were set down upon the hard unpolished tables of the period, and scratched the feet of the wine-glasses and the bases of the decanters logically became scratched. These scratches are as a vital means of differentiating an old piece from a new one which may be intended as a counterfeit. It is thus very important to give due consideration to the scratches on glassware as a means of determining their authenticity.

The Pontil-mark—This does not apply to all the old glass, but it does apply to all old blown glass. It is, in point of fact, a superlative test, and may be considered a safe and sure guide. The pontil mark or depression in the glass, about the size of a finger-end, or a lump about the same size standing up from the level of the glass around it. The pontil-mark indicates primarily that the piece of glass was originally blown and second, that before removing the blob of molten glass, the workman attached the blown glass to a pontil. The pontil or punt is an iron rod joined to the vessel by a little melted glass which will melt, and will hold. When the nail came for detaching the pontil, it was done by contact with cold water, which caused the glass to cool.

In the oldest glass, the pontil-hole is flaked with something which resembles mica. In every case where it is found, the signs of local fracture. As a rule, also, the older the glass the bigger and rougher the pontil-mark.

The Workmanship—The old glass of English and Irish origin presents many points of superiority. French glass of the same period seems meager, and the Dutch glass filmy or clumsy. The Italian glass is fantastic and tawdry. Both English and Irish ware were often gilded, while the Dutch was painted. Neither of these features appears as a rule upon either English or Irish glass. The substance was neither too thin nor too thick, the bowls were perfectly rounded, the stems strong and stout, but by no means heavy. Neither were they too tall or too short. The feet were not warped or uneven, but on the contrary they held on to the table well. Even in the freshest and finest pieces, the excellence of the workmanship is distinctly obvious.

British produced the finest glass paperweights. At the base of these you see flowers of colored glass, bright and varied in hue and executed with marvelous skill.

It is by no means out of the question for the earnest collector to happen upon an old crystal gazing-ball, used by the fashionable fortune-tellers a hundred years ago, or even one of the oldest glasses which eighteenth century ladies held in their hands to keep their palms cool for a lover's kiss.

In a well-known enterprise established in the United States was a glass bottle factory, which was erected in the Virginia colony soon after 1607. It was in the woods about a mile from Jamestown.

Grose bottles, and other articles, were made at Salem, Massachusetts, in 1639, and a glass house was built in Philadelphia in 1683. Glass factories were subsequently operated in New York, Boston and many other Eastern cities.

About 1810, and until the last quarter of the century, glass bottles were produced in various shapes and bearing different devices. Among the earliest of these were productives bearing portraits of Washington and Lafayette, those with eagle and shield, some with a car drawn by a horse, etc., as well as showing an early locomotive.

About 1840 certain patent-medicine bottles were made in long-cabin devices, and about 1850 tawd products were turned out. But it was said that the glasses in honor of her triumphs in this country under the management of Barnum.

Three Women Poets

(Continued from page 71)

abstractions in Miss Ridge's poems, and yet they are transported to the spiritual arbor which animates them.

Sun-up is on the whole a less powerful volume than its predecessor. It is chiefly interesting for the series of poems which gives the book its title—poems which sketch, with sharp, incredible, inevitable strokes, the con- sciousness of a child. For the rest, it is a book of protests, of desire no less rigorous for knowing it must be thwarted, of courage no less terrible for knowing it must be patient.

That Miss Ridge's anticipated third volume will be equally strong is evidenced by such a poem as the following:

WASTE

Down is like a broken vase, a broken pane of glass,

Spilled over the uneven edges of the clouds

That drench us.

Spies, peering over the mane,

Reach their tiny lips

like little piglet tongues,

First about a shining plaster,

And every window is a blossom

That needs not the flower to hold

Even the squat chimneys,

Roosting heaven

are the arches upon their mantels

And keep it balancing,

Only my heart,

like a broken vase,

Is everless of the light

It cannot hold.

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Murine contains no Belladonna or other Harmful Ingredients. It refreshes and Enlivens Tired Eyes. Use it Night and Morning. Sold by druggists everywhere.

From the "Portrait of a Woman of Forty"

by Helen Woljeska

"The modern Eve turns more and more from Adam to the Snake.

The 'love' in her eyes, it can at least be an exquisite experiment..."

"The fending of one's body is to prepare oneself gradually for an existence altogether without it..."

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RICHARD WALLACE
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

The Wayward Poet of England

(Continued from page 33)

in love with her body, her mind, and her soul.
From that first memorable evening the figure of
this charming young woman was forever in his
brain. Night after night he visited the place, sit-
ting quietly at a corner table till the guests had
gone and the bar was cleared so that they might
be used to play together. She represented for him
the very incarnation of that romance for which
his soul had yearned. It was a strange irony!
He, the disenchanted cow, in order to outrage
her most secret soul, had fled to the soul and
the ugly; and lo! there, like a flower come
suddenly in her heart, a little girl was born in a sun-
dy desert, he had found that which completely
satisfied his craving for beauty. Frank Harris
and others tried to reason with him. Why pour
the treasure of his heart at the feet of a minx
so unworthy? They were probably perfectly
right, for she died, after Dowson had courted
her for two years, elected to marry a waiter
in his stead.

For the rest of his life, as often as he
saw her, Dowson spent his time in writing verse,
charged with a poignant consciousness of the
transitory nature of all mortal things. “Then he
drank opaline. Memories and sorrows be-
set him. The past tore after him like a panther
and tore the blackness of the present he saw the
luminous tigers’ eyes of the things to be.
But he drank opaline.”

The wisdom of the world said unto me:
“Go forth and run, the race is to the
brave:
Perchance some honour standeth for thee!”

“Ah me! the grave is green!

With the emphysema reasonable light of
the sun, he indulged, more than ever, his taste
for all things that were moonstruck. Perhaps
he was born for an earth over which no
luminosity more brilliant than that of the sweet
moon or the “estranged stars” ever rose. The
moon! His imagination was so fired by its
silver magical shine as it fell upon the
correct terraces, the elegant statues, the
artificial borders of potting-in gardens.

Lunar rose pale and blue
Lilies of the world beneath.

In the Fiery of the Minute we are exactly
in touch with this delicate and
chaste mood of his. There in the Peco du Petit
Trianon he approaches a Doric temple under
the faint grey moonlight which mottled him
“Forthwith forget all joyance of the day!”
With an expression “puzzled and petulant” he
waits for dinner, coquets and dallys
daintily with her “Until bird’s twitter
beckons me away.”
The scene is most ex-
quistically and
“Orange and chowder
are read its fastidious lines, mingled with
the “white music,” the flittering sound of the velvet-
soft wings of the damask moths, who, awake
under that “ravenous moon,” slip their sweet sus-
tenance from many a curled and trumpet-
shaped blossom.

Moon-fissured mortals seek in vain
To possess their hearts again.
How won and pale do moon-fissured roses
grow!

And I went reading in that ruse of roses
Which to her votaries the moon discloses.

But the Ernest Dowson could escape the
cold unenlightened and of all trans-
poetry, in actual life it was different.
Each morning he looked out upon a world which lay
striped and complacent under its hard light.
He sought escape in dissipation. “Il faut être
toujours au vent treve.” He tried to drown his
memories in barbed bushes and tawny
It was ever as the shouts of the merrymakers grew
louest the slender girlish figure of his lost
love made him a lunatic.

I cried for madder music and for stronger wine,
First when the feast is finished and the lamps expire.
Then falls thy shadow, Cytherea the night
is thine:

And if Paul free and sick of old passion,
Yea, hungry for the lips of my desire:
I have been faithful to thee, Cytherea in my fashion.

And then remorse would follow this and
extraordinary boy would turn to religion.
But it was before the predawn that he bade the
world good-by, for he had cut his
knee. In a side chapel of the church of Arques
was the figure of a holy martyred virgin,
represented as she was, or rather was here,
before this bearded icon that the perfumed
spirit of Ernest Dowson spent long hours in
adoration and prayer.

Indeed, his pessimism had now become ex-
geragerness almost to madness. He grew to fear
the very room in which he lived, hardly daring to
there it. To his father than the
mantelpiece lest they should come to life in the
night time and strangle him!

It was during the time that he wrote cer-
tain short fragments of prose in a singular and
choice style peculiarly his own. Here is a
description, taken from France from
The Diary of Francis Donne.

“...It was brilliant with the promise of summer,
and the blue Atlantic, which in winter
charmed with its long crested waves so boisterously
below the little white lighthouse, which warned
Captain ‘sailing waters’ (vainly) against the shark-
like cruelty of the rocks, now danced and
glittered in the sunshine, rippled with
feline caresses round the hulls of the fishing-boats
whose brown snouts melted so idly in the faint
air.”

By the year 1899 he was back in England
living in extreme poverty, but his con-
sumption grew so much worse that he was
hardly able to leave the sordid room of his
lodging-house, where he was unable to
pay.
He was too proud to let his friends or
his relations know of his desperate straits.

Fortunately Robert Hardtough Sherard, Oscar Wilde’s friend and biographer, heard of
his plight, and tho’ at that time he was himself
in the greatest personal difficulties, had him
conveyed to his cottage at Cattford. It
was here that Dowson spent the last few weeks of
his life. He never went out of doors. All
day long he read and took long walks in a
small room, the window of which looked out upon a
suburban meadow. He refused to see a doctor,
instead he would send Sherard to the village
chemist, with prescriptions for the cure of con-
sumption culled from a volume of Health in the
House.

On Thursday night, February 22, 1900, the
two friends stayed up talking till five o’clock
in the morning. Dowson’s thoughts ran wide
and full of plans for the future. Then the gray
cock crowed he called for a glass of Gilby’s port,
the only wine that he drank, to
chink a glass of it, coughed, and fell back dead.

Upon those eyes, which for thirty years had
looked out upon a world so different from the
“pale amber” one they were now
placed two large silver coins. Before he was
buried however, the old woman, whose business
it had been to lay him out, with “that ecstatic
assumption of life in the presence of the dead—
the poor irreclaimable dead!” had spent the
money at a neighboring ale-house.

Would Ernest Dowson have resented such a
sacrilege? I think not.

The Father of Pictorial Photography

(Continued from page 43)

John Gibson, Lockhart (Sir Walter Scott’s
son-in-law and biographer), William Etty, the
painter, and Mrs. Jameson, the
novelist.

The late J. M. W. Turner, The Historical
Portrait Gallery of Scotland, put himself
on record as saying about Hill’s work that his
photographs “resemble nothing more
than powerful mezzotints in warm-colored
ink.” There is the same broad and
effective distribution of lighting, the same
exactness of composition and the same irrelevant
details, and that pleasant dead surface—delicate
in the light portions and rich and blooming in the
shadows—which is obtained in such en-
gravings.

Page Seventy-Six
**Wanderings**

(Continued from page 63)

Gabriel should not permit it to master him. He cannot afford to think less of the manner of his writing than its matter, and above all he should make a serious study of the art which he criticizes with more or less good judgment.

That was where Humeck towered above his colleagues—he was a practical, thoroughly well-rounded musician as well as an accomplished writer.

* * *

No one was greeted with greater cordiality by his colleagues than Norman Mason, who was acting temporarily as music critic of the Brooklyn Eagle, which has also added the distinguished artist and writer Joseph Pennell to its staff. Handsome and happy Norman is a trained musician, who studied singing in Italy, where he developed a very pretty tenor voice. But his inclinations were toward another art, painting, which he studied in Paris, where he has exhibited at the Salon. His portraits are also seen at leading New York exhibitions, while he writes about music as well as art in an informed and interesting manner. He is a worthy addition to the critics' circle.

* * *

It was good to see Harry Osgood, who was just back from Germany, where he interviewed Richard Strauss and the commission of Deems Taylor, and thus enabled the latter, who does not speak German, to write an article around the eminent composer The World. That is the sort of good turn Harry Osgood is always ready to do for a colleague. He is becoming quite a prolific and successful composer, and his latest composition, Heaven at the End of the Road, is proving a best seller.

Horace Liveright gave me the first copy of Ben Hecht's Gargoyle, hot from the press, when I happened to be in his sanctum. To speak frankly, it is a very Hechtie book and I do not like it at all, nor do I think it clever. I have rarely come across such an entirely unpleasant lot of people in the pages of one volume, and I heartily agree with every word that brilliant reviewer Mrs. N. P. Dawson, of The Globe, has said about it.

But Boni and Liveright publish many more good books than bad, and one must regard them as a temporary aberration like that horrid work by Evelyn Scott, The Narrow House. Horace Liveright has done some fine work as a publisher since he has been the sole breadwinner of his firm. He has had a hundred volumes or so of The Modern Library, one of the best cheap editions of classic works in existence; he gave Hendrik Willem Van Loon a chance when half a dozen other publishers had turned down The Story of Mankind, of which Horace Liveright expects to have sold one hundred thousand copies by the end of the year; he discovered Rose Macaulay, the brilliant author of Paterson and Dangerous Ages, whose new novel, Mystery at Geneva, is eagerly anticipated; and he is about to include Gertrude Atherton in his list of authors. Besides, he has published Eugene O'Neill's plays, Molnar's Life, an edition of George Moore, and that brilliant work, U Stream, by Ludwig Lewisohn. Many more could be mentioned, but this record is sufficient.

So one can forgive Horace Liveright for having been hospitable to Ben Hecht, Theodore Dreiser, Upton Sinclair, Mrs. Scott, and a few other “influenced” writers. I congratulate him cordially on the result of the action brought against him by a certain Mr. Samner, of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice. The charge had to do with the publication of the Satyricon by Petronius Arbiter, a work which we used to translate in the sixth form of Winchester College together with Ovid's Metamorphoses and Ars Amoris. The charge against Horace Liveright of having done something in this connection which was contra bonas moras was dismissed by Magistrate Oberwar in one of the best reasoned literary judgments it has been my pleasure to read.

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The Buffoon of Lar tonow ..........Barrett H. Clark

An illustrated story of the most extraordinary ballet ever staged.

The Whisperers

............Gay Pene du Bois

Three painters who have been inspired by the spirit of New England.

"Ah, Italy, Thy Fatal Beauty"

Two pages of cartoons by the inimitable Wynn.

Portrait of a Woman of Forty

...............Helen Woluska

A clever word-picture of a very modern woman.

The World's Greatest Failures

...............Maurice S. Sullivan

An amusing article about the discontented famous, with cartoons by Kelly.

In addition there will be a satirical article by Benjamin De Cassetes; Burton Rascoe will discuss the new books; Kenneth Macgowan the new plays; Jerome Hart the recent developments in opera; and the pictorial features will be of exceptional beauty and interest.

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**SHADOWLAND**

**SUADOWLAND**

**Page Seventy-Seven**
The Play, the Part, and the Time
(Continued from page 57)

At his own idea of the audience being a potted plant she burst into a laugh, the vibrations of which jarred some of the petals from the roses over her head. They fell softly on her golden hair, making a lovely picture. I had to put a brake on my sentimental complex.

"When I was acting with Ethel Barrymore," continued Miss Fisher, "I was astonished at the way she could pick individuals out of the audience. Back stage she would say to me, "So-and-so is sitting in the six-row; there is So-and-so in the second row of the balcony.' As a matter of fact--"

But at this moment my Japanese walking-stick attracted her eye.

"Japan!" she exclaimed. "Another one of my ambitions. I want to go to Japan. I am in love with everything Japanese."

She took down from her mirror a caricature of a horse made out of cutgut.

"That was done by a Japanese artist who presented it to me. They do curious things over there. Why didn’t I go to Japan instead of London?"

"How would you like to see," I interjected, "your name in electric lights billed as Hilda Wangel in front of a New York audience?"

"Too good to be true!" she cried, clapping her hands, childlike.

The clock ticked past half past one. It was time to make up for Charlotte, and to prepare to wait up for her baccarat-playing husband. "I’ll be in Morocco in an hour," she said as she clasped my hand.

A clear-headed young woman, I thought, as I vanished into Forty-second Street; one who will succeed because she knows that all real work is just play.

Charles Demuth
(Continued from page 11)

stories by Henry James and Zola. I invite those critics who are persuaded that modern painting has ruled the representative out of art to take a look at these water-colors. The vaudeville Caprice is tinged with genuine satire, and the illustrations are conceived in the true fictional spirit, but all the same the pictures are held together by an impeccable curiosity.

Cubism, which arose from an enlargement of Cézanne’s geometrical planes, and which was, by virtue of its reason for existence, admirably adapted to emphasize a tri-dimensional order, has, by a continual process of extension, given rise to a decorative art in two planes. Such a statement seems paradoxical, but reflection will show how obvious and natural this evolution has been. The three visible planes of a cube when projected beyond the limits of vision, that is, to the frame of the canvas, cease to function as indications of solidity and become simply three flat tones. In this process is to be found the source of Mr. Demuth’s flat and semi-abstract architecture. In his later work he has composed structures recognizable as churches, mills and barns; and so delicately balanced are the rectilinear forms of these buildings that the withdrawal of a single unit would cause the structure to collapse.

His art is decorative in the sense that it is opposed to the simple bulk of the modern realist who strives for solidity and depth. But it is none the less valid and beautiful. His flower pieces are a photographic perfection of values, and a remarkable variety of tone-contrasts and textural distinctions. Mr. Demuth’s work is so refined and fragile—at times fails to charm us with a quality that relates to the old art of China.
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'The moment just passed into the score of Time's count, the moment which the hand of the clock trembles over, a hair's breadth yet to go—these are no man's to claim. One is gone forever; the other may mark the passage of his soul.

"Only this moment, this throng of the heart, this half-drawn breath, is a living man's to claim. The beggar has it—the monarch can command no more."

The Value of Time

CHIEF train dispatcher for the world, I am chief life dispatcher for all men.

Fresh minted from my hand, behold a New Year now spread out before you.

Half a million golden minutes—a royal treasure! Beware lest it slip away through careless fingers.

A New Year's resolution? Aye, here is one. Say to yourself every morning of the year, "Today I will make every minute count!"

That this will make all your dreams come true, who should know so well as I?

For I am Father Time.

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A Russian fable transformed into a glorified absurdity

PORTRAIT OF A WOMAN OF FORTY. Helen Woljeska
An analysis that will provoke interest and comment

OLD LACES AS COLLECTING OBJECTS. W. G. Bowdoin

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TO A GUEST
I greet you,
Entertain you,
Am even gay with you,
But I know you
As I do deceit
Hiding behind a smile.

COMEDY AND TRAGEDY
As the clown
Makes grotesque his part
To win the crowd,
So have I seen
A mourner
Make ridiculous his grief
To impress his friends.

THE WIND
The wind is spiked
With sunlight,
Clearing my mind
Of thoughts
That cluster about one
Who cannot tolerate
Light
And the open spaces . . .

THEATER
And so they tremble
In the wings:
Fear, the forerunner,
And Sorrow, the shadow,
Of the tragedy
Death.

THE POET
The poet thought Life
Too tawdry at close range,
So decided to escape it,
That he might see it
In perspective . . .
He had not figured
On obstruction.

A SONG OF HATE
Oh, busy Whirl of Unimportant Things,
Creation of the Devil,
I hate you, for whenever my heart sings
You try so hard
To crush it to your level!
The Stage Setting and Costumes from the Boudour Ballet of Norman-Bel Geddes

An article about the experiments of this artist in stage-craft, light, and color, appears on page sixty-seven of this number.

The reproductions on this page are from the yellow sequence of the ballet. The painting and lighting of this scene was such that it changed from cool blues and greens at the beginning, thru yellows, to a burning orange and vermilion at the climax. The idol is made of layers of white wood and is decorated with gold.
GRACIA

GRACIA

C. Bosseron Chambers is an American who has studied in Berlin and Vienna. He is best known as a portrait painter, and many of his canvases hang in the rooms of the Missouri Historical Society, St. Louis, and the Osceola Club, St. Augustine, Florida. His decoration and altar-pieces in St. Ignatius' Church, Chicago, are worthy of high commendation.
While watching modern art movements with an attentive and not unsympathetic eye, Eugene V. Brevator's tendencies are toward the methods of Corot and Inness, for he has a consuming love of nature and its moods, and he aims at simplicity, sincerity, romance, and beauty, rather than sensationalism.
Cubism has taught Joseph Stella to subordinate his ecstasies to a rigid design, and in some of his recent pictures he has contrived a hard geometrical scaffolding to support his exuberant visions.
Since Cézanne turned the pictorial vision back to the fundamental consideration of design, art has produced an extraordinary variety of forms. Futurism, a sensational outburst of arbitrary symbols, has collapsed, leaving hardly a trace of its influence; Cubism, by its very nature a three-dimensional scheme, has paradoxically developed into a decorative art of two planes; Vorticism, a corruption of Picasso’s methods, is dead and forgotten. In Paris there is neither safety nor respose; the Dadaists, an innocuous group of humorists, are performing to a jaded public. Defeated in serious fields, these men have deliberately set out to delude art—occasionally their frivolity is amusing; in most cases it is no more than unintelligent buffoonery. In America I see more hopeful signs. Here, at least, we have sobriety, a consistency of purpose that is no longer eccentric, and a maturity that is rapidly distinguishing our own art from Continental mannerisms. And we have fully as much diversity as the French. From time to time I have analyzed the tendencies of our modern men, and have pointed out that individual deviations are consolidated by elements which make all art an enduring force. In the present instance we have Joseph Stella, a European by birth, but by right of his work and affiliations one of the most interesting personalities in contemporary American painting.

Mr. Stella was born in southern Italy in 1879. After a classical education which included drawing from life, he came to America at the age of nineteen to study medicine. He had little aptitude for science and soon abandoned it for painting. For a while he suffered the academic instruction of the Art Students’ League; later on he entered the old New York School of Art and won a scholarship; eventually he preferred to hire his own models. His first exhibition was held at the American Artists’ League in 1905. His work at this period, if I may judge from drawings contributed to a number of magazines, was still hampered by his academic training. He has told me that it took many years to free himself from the falsities and conventions of the schools. To get rid of early influences he made exhaustive studies in oil and pastel of the steel mills at Pittsburgh, and then went to Europe. He remained abroad for six years, exhibiting at Paris and Florence, and at the International Exhibition in Rome. In 1913 two of his pictures were included in the famous (Cont’d on page 78)
Miss Smithkins, age unknown, is now approaching the Bridge of Sighs. Her eyes are fixed on Byron's famous lines, which start, "I stood in Venice..." She just will be romantic.
Ah, Italy! Thy Fatal Beauty

THE GONDOLIER
Chianti is his favorite amusement, but under the stimulus of several lire he will pole you along the Grand Canal, moaning "Ave Maria" in a damp tenor.

ST. MARK'S SQUARE
Little do the pigeons realize that they are destined to have their pictures grace the nose leather photograph album, which will be the foundation of the continuous lecture carried on by the sweet young tourists, entitled, "Now, when I was on the other side."

THE VAMP
The signorina who has just caught a glimpse of an American film director.

ONLY A COP
Hero of the Piazza, as brilliant as one of his own Venetian sunsets.
LOUISE CARTOUCHE

The charming soubrette of the Viennese "Theater an der Wien," as Pierrot in the new operetta of Anton Lehar, "Chansons d'Amour"
ETTA LEE

Miss Lee will shortly be seen with Ethel Clayton
in the screen version of "The Commissary Woman"
Women
Three types expressed in three mediums
By
Guy Rowe

A WATER COLOR
More depth than is usually attained in a water color, added to an intense and vivid interpretation of a personality, marks this painting.

Guy Rowe says, "I am more interested in women than in anything else, all ages—all stages; in fact, I did not start to draw until I was seventeen years old, and decided I wanted to paint women as they looked to me. I am still looking and trying; I hope to do in paint what Balzac did in literature, and do it for American art, with regard to things, strictly as they are, in this country, as woman is, I mean."
Guy Rowe commenced his studies in the Detroit School of Fine Arts, under the personal direction of John P. Wilkes. Mr. Wilkes let him carry out his own ideas, and so Mr. Rowe came to draw what he saw in people rather than working up in the usual way from casts and posed models. Thanks to this method, his craftsmanship has remained unsophisticated and he has not that very common tendency of displaying learning—his ideas subordinate all other things, the character and life of his subject are the main things to him. He is not interested in technique for its own sake, only so far as it aids him to depict character. Mr. Rowe has exhibited at the Detroit Museum, at the Scarab Club's Annual Exhibitions, The American Water Color Society, New York Water Color Society and the National Academy.
Jests and Visions

Alexander Pope said, "Whatever is, is right." I say, Whatever is, is re-write.

By Benjamin De Casseres

JESTS and Visions—Puck and Prometheus—are the two escapes from the futility of living. Humor and dreams—if individuals and nations have not these, they perish. (I am writing this on Sunday morning, when the sermon complex swells to the top of our consciousness.)

Puck hath said in his heart, "What fools these mortals be!" But Prometheus, who preceded him by some comets, said, What immortals these fools be! I have not put Prometheus' epigram in quotation marks because the demi-Titan never said it. At least, it is not recorded. I put it in his mouth—and, anyhow, what's the literal truth between geniuses?

Well, if we immortals are fools, we are certainly guilty of some immortal foolishness. Look at the world today—behold its sublime damn foolishness. And the pathos of its stupidity. Its foolishness and its stupidity are not unique. It was the same yesterday—for it is the same human race—and will be the same tomorrow. For stupidity is immortal. In fact, stupidity is the collective genius of the human race. Everybody cannot be so wise as Mencken and myself.

Humor elevates life to the level of a sublime spectacle. Vision is the illusive bale of hay hanging a yard in front of the old mule. Humanity. I personally do not propose to spill any more of my tears over the woes of humanity. I went psychically dry doing that stunt when a young 'un. For the rest of my life I shall smile and smile without being too much of a villain, and glorify Illusion and all manner of lies, so that they be beautiful.

So I invite you to greet my colossal gold-dust twins, Puck and Prometheus—Jest and Vision.

If there is one man who has contributed to the gaiety of the wood-alcoholic times in which we Americans live, it is Colonel Harvey. Better fifty years of Harvey than a cycle of John Hay. Since the Colonel has been in London— he has contrived to shake up our prejudices and shake down some shams. The Colonel is the greatest ambassador that we have ever sent abroad. He is the only one of them that does not take the job seriously, the only ambassador to England that went there "for a corking good time," as Theodore Roosevelt said when he quit whitehousing.

Of course, a humorous or saucy diplomatist is anathema among the fussy-fossils. Most of our ambassadors have never said anything worth recording. Colonel Harvey knows there is nothing to say worth recording, so with the shade of a smile flitting thru his medulla, he stirs up bored America with sudden sallies and furious onslaughts—with his tongue in his cheek. His Puckishness is anti-traditional. Ecrasez l'infame!

Have women souls? No, said Colonel Harvey. When you remember that Victoria and Elizabeth ruled the British Empire, it required courage to utter that in England. Neither Queen Elizabeth nor Queen Victoria had a soul. Oliver Cromwell and Edward VII had. Lady Astor has no soul. Margot Asquith has no soul. Cleopatra had no soul. Bebe Daniels has no soul. Tom Meighan has one. Joan of Arc, like Dutch Kate, of Greenwich Village, has no soul, while Harry Kemp and Charles F. Murphy have one.

The whole matter comes to this: How can one tell whether one possesses a soul or not? As I write this, a portrait of Pola Negri looks down upon me. The first time I saw Pola (it was in Passion, I think), I exclaimed to Frank Wilsbach:

"That woman has a soul!"

"I believe," replied Frank, ecstatically, "she has an over-soul!"

How did we arrive at the conclusion that Pola had a soul? The close-ups revealed it. If you will study the close-ups of Pola Negri, you will notice a thin line of scorn running from the corner of both lips toward the plump part of the cheek. This is the soul-line in the face. She who hath scorn hath a soul.

Colonel Harvey's knowledge of woman is academic, I fear. He should study them—in close-ups.

The Huneker legend grows. The publication of his

(Continued on page 75)
An Experiment in Music Culture

By Edward Hungerford

P RINCE STREET, Rochester ... 1912 ... An old-fashioned, brown-brick, mansard-roofed house of the architecture that flippant novelists delight in calling "Late General Grant." A struggling school of music, if you please, without much backing, without many friends. Two musicians devoted to their high ideals, working almost hopelessly to make both ends meet with it. ... One musician drops out. Perhaps there is a living for just one man in it, without a sacrifice of ideals. ... Perhaps not even that. Yet the other musician struggles on. ... Gibbs Street, Rochester ... 1922 ... For more than three hundred feet there stretches the coldly beautiful Italian Renaissance façade of a white marble opera house and school of music combined. The opera house is the third largest theater in the United States—the music school, six stories in height, and with nine pipe organs in sound-proof studios, and with forty-eight pianos in sound-proof teaching-rooms, has a capacity for more than two thousand students. ...

This white marble structure is not a commercial institution; it is an educational one. For this reason its title has been vested in the University of Rochester; a rather quiet, old-fashioned college which for the past seventy years has been doing thoro and consistent teaching in that city. Upon the high-set lintel of the structure there has been graven the words: "For the Enrichment of Community Life." They express its real spirit.

It is indeed a community institution. There are to be no ultimate profits in the operation of either theater or school. Upon the cover of your program it is plainly set forth that the house is "to be operated and maintained for the promotion of musical interests generally in the City of Rochester." Any surplus from the operation of the theater is to be used in developing the musical interests of the city.

To that high policy is the new Rochester institution firmly committed.

The best minds in America were called into the construction and decoration of the building itself. The all-important problem of the acoustics was put in the hands of experts, with the result that in the topmost row of the topmost gallery one actually can hear a pin drop upon the stage. The remarkable acoustic properties of the famous Mormon Tabernacle at Salt Lake City have been duplicated.

It is a very democratic affair, this very newest of the great opera houses of the world. Its auditorium possesses no boxes. For the permanent subscribers, whose guarantee subscriptions are a necessity to its musical plans, a sweeping mezzanine balcony has been installed at the rear. Yet even this "super-box"—if you are disposed to call it such—has more than four hundred seats, the greater part of which are freely available at the box-office. ... But the most democratic feature of the opera house is its great gallery; locally known as the grand balcony. Its fittings are quite as fine as that of the mezzanine just underneath.

The old idea of a segregated folk in an upper gallery, who must enter and leave by a separate entrance and never mingle at all with the rest of the audience, and who must study the cast from inferior programs, has no place whatsoever in the Eastman Theater. The top row of the top gallery has the same type of chair and the same upholstery as the front row of the orchestra. Personally, I vastly prefer the gallery to any other part.
of the house. In no other place does one get the
great sweep and the real grandeur of this magnifi-
cent auditorium.

Sweep and grandeur—and amazing simplicity. If
the Eastman Theater teaches any one thing in its
lines and its decoration, it is the high value and the
real beauty of good taste. ... It is ornate; it is
gloriously ornate. The huge crystal chandelier with
a thousand separate lights, which came all the way
from Vienna to illuminate the theater, drops from a
domed ceiling and a golden sunburst. Yet it never
for a moment violates a single canon of good taste.

The complete absence of boxes from the house gave
great side-walls; and these, in turn, an opportunity
for murals such as no other theater ever has given.
For the decorative scheme of these walls two eminent
American painters—Ezra Winter and Barry Faulk-
ner—were enlisted. The six panels of heroic size
which they have prepared depict the history of music.
Already these have taken their stand as art trea-
ures alongside the murals of the Boston Public
Library and of the Library of Congress at Wash-
ington ... .

There are many minor decorations. One can
spend several days studying them out. For a turn
in one of the main stairways, Maxfield Parrish
painted a panel; at a little half-hidden corner of a
side corridor one hears the splash of running water
and discovers an Italian fountain of exquisite
beauty; Japanese tapestries in this corner and in that,
and here, there and everywhere—paintings, old and
new, that have been culled to make the new house
artistically complete. And these extend from the
opera house itself into the long corridors of the
adjoining School of Music, which upon opera and
concert nights are used as promenades for the
ent'actes.

George Eastman believes that appreciation of
music does not come to a community by the wave
of a wand or the building of an opera house.
Years, and even generations, of the slow and con-
sistent training of the youth of a town alone bring
the widespread musical taste that can place so gi-
gantic an undertaking as permanent, resident grand
opera upon a solid footing. With this in view the

The simple lines and perfect proportion give an air
of dignity to the corridors of the School of Music
THE REHEARSAL
A camera study of Ethelynd Terry, by J. Willett

IN PERIWIG AND PEARLS
In the screen above, the design is leather of varied and beautiful colors inlaid on a solid leather background, upon which the design was first carved by hand; the frame is Macassar ebony.

The fire-screen has a bronze base and frame; the figure is leather outlined in fine gold wire, which goes thru and forms an outline on the asbestos back. At the left, the solemn leather raven sits amidst a colorful leather background, the design of which was first pressed in by hand with a hot die and then painted.

Decorative Leather from Amsterdam

This interesting leather work, recently on exhibit at the Waldorf-Astoria, is from the shops of J. Brandt, and is designed and made by artists.
Hazel Lindsley's appealing beauty charmed all who saw her in the photoplay, "Sea of Dreams." She is an entrant in the Beauty Contest.
The Economics of Experiment

If the new stagecraft is but a new and more lavish way to spend money, it will accomplish very little for our theater; if it simplifies as well as intensifies, then it will open a whole new range of possibilities.

By

Walter Prichard Eaton

Illustrations by Everett Henry

EXPERIMENT in the theater depends not only on the enthusiasm of the artists, but on their financial resources. This is a commonplace which the artists are prone to forget and the public to ignore. The public, indeed, is interested only in results, and has been too long accustomed to a comfortable richness in the playhouse to tolerate anything skimpy, except under very special circumstances. Accordingly, if an author writes a play in seven or eight scenes, as O'Neill has twice done, and as Shaw did in Back To Methuselah, or if the play, like Shaw's, is of such great length that it has to be performed in sections, or if the producer wishes to try some novel method of presentation, of uncertain value as popular entertainment (like the Jones-Hopkins Macbeth, for instance), one of two things is essential if the experiment is to be made on a scale that gives it any hope of success—either the producer must have a considerable bank reserve, or he must have the ingenuity to make his production with the minimum of expense, and the maximum of effect.

It is not entirely unfortunate that the experiencer seldom has the bank reserve. Tree's answer to the riddle: When is a repertoire theater not a repertoire theater?—When it is a success, tells the story of more than one experiment which ended on the rocks of the tame and respectable, or which came to make its productions on such a scale that they were of little or no service to the theater in general. Subsidy seems especially to work either for display or conventionality. On the other hand, the ingenuity of the directors in accomplishing much with little is of direct benefit to every theater, professional and amateur, and free experiment in our playhouse perhaps depends more upon this ingenuity of the director than upon any other one factor.

For example, the projector which Lee Simonson procured not long ago in Germany, from the inventor, Adolph Linnebach, while it is primarily a device to paint a backdrop with living light instead of flat color, is an enormous money saver. If (as in Back To Methuselah) you have several outdoor sets, it is perfectly possible to paint each backdrop on a slide hardly two feet square, which is projected on a translucent white cloth, thru which it shows, thus doing away with a great deal of labor and material. It is also used in R. U. R. to paint sky and smoke-stacks. Mechanical aids that do away with labor and material are common enough in all industries, but they have been slower in reaching the theater, because in the theater they have to be invented less by mechanics than by artists; they must increase illusion and beauty as well as decrease cost, or they are vain. That is why modern Germany has made so many valuable contributions to stagecraft; her theater artists have been also mechanically inventive.

In the Jones-Hopkins production of Macbeth, the action took place in front of a vast black hanging which swept around into the wings, and all the light came down from
overhead in three pencil beams. There was a definite emotional read for this, of course, but it should be noted that it also served to screen out the wings with shadow. If, for every scene of the play, special scenery had been built to screen out the wings, the cost of production might have risen to prohibitive prices. But light and shadow are the cheapest scenery in the world. In *Back To Methuselah*, Lee Simonson, the designer, framed his proscenium arch with a "cut-out" of conventionalized foliage which seemed quite in place, of course, in the opening act, "the Garden of Eden," but which remained for all the rest of the play. It served a double purpose in his scheme: it caused the audience to be reminded in subsequent acts of the play's beginnings, as if it were all viewed thru the arch of Eden, thus aiding in a unity of impression, and it cut off enough of the audience's chance to peep into the wings or up into the flies, to enable him to do away with a considerable number of pieces of scenery which would otherwise have had to be built as screens, and each night moved about by stage hands. Similarly, a low platform, used first in the act called *The Thing Happens*, served to elevate the president's chair into prominence, and enabled more people to be comfortably handled on a smallish stage; but the same platform could be manipulated into a temple step, into the base of temple columns, and finally into a masking screen for the projector which painted the big cloud on the backdrop in the final act. These devices had their definite place in the play, so that if they were not realized by this means or device at all, but they made it easier to finance a daring experiment, and they made it easier for other producers, especially those of restricted resources, to accomplish good things.

It is doubtful if *Back To Methuselah* lost the Theatre Guild much money, but it certainly made them none—directly, that is. However, by being able to put it on, they gained so much public interest that this year, only eight months later, they have more than five thousand subscribers, and they have a European reputation which enabled them to secure for their first bill this autumn the fascinating and important Bohemian drama, *R.U.R.* With five thousand subscribers, which actually means nearer ten thousand seats, the Guild is now bound to take in enough money to pay for any reasonable production. They cannot absolutely fail. They have removed the worst of the gambling element from the theater.

In the delightful reminiscences of old Sol Smith, you will find the account of a stock company in which Sam Drake, the leading man, quite literally doubled in brass. Not only would he play three or four parts of an evening, but in *Pizarro*, after his death, he had to fall far enough off stage to play slow music to bring down the curtain. Actors in those palmie days had to be actors! In the modern company, chosen entirely for its fitness to present one specific play, versatility has given way to specialization to "the type" and infrequently, even when the cast is long, does the same actor play two parts. If, however, a producer wishing to experiment either by the frequent production of new plays for short periods, or with certain dramas calling for long casts, or with unusual dramas put on for a special performance or two by his company engaged regularly in another play, hopes to make his experiments effectively and yet at a minimum cost, he will have to secure actors who are flexible, and even who are willing to double.

*Back To Methuselah*, played in three sections, each running for a week, if it is to be presented without staggering expense, must be acted by a rather small company. If different people were employed for the different sections, two-thirds of the company would be idle all the time. The salary bill would be tripled, or nearly so. Of course, a certain few characters run thru the play and have to be acted by the same players. However, on the whole, the play could be acted by three sets of players, and would be so acted if it were cast in the usual way. The Theatre Guild, in casting it, had to try out a great number of actors, many of whom were entirely satisfactory in one part, but could not meet the test of some other part they would have to play. It became a search for versatile players.

The point is, of course, that the experimental theater, to be free, needs besides the inventive talent of its scenic and producing artists, the services of willing and versatile actors. Far less than in the so-called (Continued on page 75)
I walked alone in the mountains where wonders and glories are,
And I lifted my hands in gladness to clasp a luminous star;
I reached thru infinite spaces—O Love, do you understand?
When I held the star of my dreaming, I thrilled to the touch of your hand.

—Edgar Daniel Kramer.
Czech Puppets With a History
Photographs by Sherril Schell

A CENTURY or so ago, when the first Bohemians settled in New York, there came with them a poor cobbler, and like most people he had so many children he didn't know how to amuse them. Back in Bohemia he had delighted not only his own children but the children of all the villagers as well with his puppet shows. Unfortunately, the puppets and toys had been left behind and the cobbler could not afford to send for them, so he sat down and with his cobbler's tools carved a new set, from memory, including all the types that had been handed down for generations. For in Bohemia nearly every family has its own puppet show, and it isn't used only for the enjoyment of the children, either.

Altho the children are always put in the front rows at the performance, the whole community attends and when which the devil very meekly gives to Kasparek, who hands them over the footlights to the children.

The whole cast is the group in the picture at the bottom of the page. Reading from left to right they are: the guardsman bold, the simple peasant girl, the good, old devil, who later becomes a monk, the woodsman, another peasant girl and her lover, the daring robber, a farmer and a wealthy householder of Prague.

Modern Czech puppets are smaller and respond better to the fingers of the puppeteer. They still retain the characteristic modeling of their predecessors, even for the dramas that are written for them today. Even now practically every family has its puppet theater. At the Webster Branch of the New York Library there is a collection of puppets and a theater equipped with modern scenery and a light-board, the puppets themselves change character by changing costumes. The Czecho-Slovak Art Shop makes a business of importing the puppets and the theaters that go with them. Not the least fascinating importations are the wooden toys; a few of them are shown above. Of course, all are exaggerations and to some no name is possible. The Jan Huss church is now the home of the old cobbler's puppets.
Another Yvette Guilbert, whose singing of “J'ai Pas Su y Faire” in “The Greenwich Village Follies” is creating a sensation in New York that is only comparable with the popularity of her “Mon Homme” in Paris during the war.
The Toast of the Continent

The vivacity and sparkle that characterize the beautiful women of Vienna is intensified in Catherine Brunner, the dancer (above).

Endja Mogout (left) is a piquant nineteen-year-old dancer and screen star of Hamburg, Germany.

Charlotte Waldow (above) is a leading tragedienne of the Deutsche Volks-Theater in Vienna.
American Civic Opera
An Experiment at Chicago

By Jerome Hart

twenty million to forty million dollars, and, like the ministry of fine arts, it is still in cloudland.

In some of the large cities the municipalities are assisting the symphony orchestras and other musical projects for the benefit of the public, and music is being increasingly recognized throughout the country as what it is, the most democratic and widely popular of all the arts, and therefore one which should have the support of the government and municipal authorities. There is, however, a phase or branch of music which has not been popularized and democratized to the same extent as the rest, and that is grand opera. It remains in America, as it began in Europe, the most exclusive branch of music, which can only be enjoyed by comparatively a limited number because of its high cost, a cost which places it beyond the means of the masses of the people except for the occasional visits of peripatetic companies.

A real attempt to reduce the aristocratic and plutocratic exclusiveness of grand opera has recently been made in Chicago, and the result will be
It is much to be regretted that New York will not be included in the itinerary. The annual visit to the Eastern metropolis was always an event of first-class importance, one which was looked upon by music lovers and confirmed operagoers as giving a much-needed fillip to the season, for it tended to stimulate a wholesome and desirable spirit of rivalry on the part of the wealthy and influential Metropolitan Opera Company.

New York opera lovers will miss above all the richly varied repertory of the Chicago Opera Company, in which French opera had its due part. We can never be too grateful to a company which enabled us to hear such interesting works as Pelleas and Melisande, Le Chemineau, Les Contes d’Hoffmann, Louise, Le Jongleur de Notre Dame, Herodidade, Thais, and others done by French artists of such admirable quality as Maguenat, Dufriee, Dupanne, Defrere, Cotreuil, Yvonne Gall, our own Mary Garden, and others eminent at the Paris National Opera and Opera Comique. French works were sung by the Chicago organization in their native language, for the most part by French artists, and the performances set standards of the highest value, which the Metropolitan would sometimes have done well to emulate.

Which reminds us that there is some room for disquiet in the fact that Mr. Gatti-Casazza’s almost autocratic position in New York will be strengthened by the discontinuance of the visits of the Chicago company. This may be to the advantage of the committee and shareholders of the wealthy and powerful Metropolitan Opera Company, but whether it will be altogether in the best interests of artists and the public remains to be seen. The very able but almost too dominant general director of the Metropolitan is now operatic monarch of all he

(Continued on page 76)
THE DANCERS

Wayne Albee has very effectively posed Betty and Leonora after Harriet Frishmuth's well-known and delightful piece of sculpture
Littérateurs of Modernism
A Novelist and a Poet Who Chronicle and Characterize a Disenchanted Age
By Burton Rascoe

THE publication in English of an incredibly good translation by C. K. Scott Moncrieff of the sizable first part of Marcel Proust's monumental _La Recherche du Temps Perdu_ (Remembrance of Things Past), under the title _Swann's Way_, reminds me of the story, with its piquant moral, of the discovery of Marcel Proust. In 1913 there came into the office of the _Nouvelle Revue Française_, the booming organ of what was then the most significant and articulate section of the Parisian younger generation, a huge, unwieldy, closely penned, almost illegible manuscript bearing the title, _Du Côté de Chez Swann_. It was dedicated, of all persons, to Gaston Calmette, former editor of the _Figaro_, a man certainly of some political and journalistic notoriety but of no literary significance. The busy editors, Jacques Rivière and Gaston Gallimard, regarded the weight, bulk and illegibility of the manuscript, raised skeptical eyebrows at the dedication and returned the work with no more than a casual glance at the first few pages. A few months later the novel appeared under the aegis of a publisher who prints books at authors' expense. Rivière and Gallimard read it and recognized it as the novel they had rejected. They also recognized it as one of the most remarkable literary works of their generation, almost an epoch-making achievement in prose. They considered the possible expectations for their stupidity and carelessness, viewing with some favor a hand-in-hand leap from the top of Eiffel tower; but, in the end, they decided that one of them ought to go to see Proust.

Gallimard sought out Proust's address, which was that of an ancient and musty hôtel in one of the aristocratic neighborhoods. Arriving at the house, he passed thru a number of dark and deserted halls and came at last to the door of a vast, murky, vaulted-ceilinged bedroom. As soon as his eyes began to focus, he descried, by the light of a single guttering candle, a little, wizened old man in bed, wearing a nightcap, swathed in heavy robes, and beside him on a _table de nuit_ a towering mass of scribbled sheets. Introductions, apologies, compliments, contrition, forgiveness, and a contract, ensued in that interview. Proust accepted the N.R.F. as his publisher. When the first two volumes, of which the English translation is now available, were set up, Proust objected to the typography and the paging, and to please him the entire double volume was reset by the publishers at their expense. Such was their pittance.

Proust's _Remembrance of Things Past_ comprises five volumes. It is a presentation of Parisian "old family life of the last generation. It is a curious, meticulous work of infinite detail, devoid of plot and "action" and given over to the minute recording of characterizing incident. While you read, a firmly etched impression is made upon your mind of subtle and civilized decadence in a fashionable, cynical, blase, and debilitated society. Proust writes whereof he knows. He is now an aging valetudinarian, said to be so delicately sensitive to colds that he sneezes when the lawn is mowed outside his window. He spends most of his time in bed, writing in a delicate script these memories and impressions of what our moralists would term a "wasted life." He was born into a financially secure and aristocratic family. He possessed both sensibility and curiosity and he lived the life of a man about town, a dilettante, a connoisseur of amatory emotions, with no purpose save to enjoy himself in a manner consonant with his taste and abilities. He was a dandy and a Don Juan, an aesthete and an erudite man. When age and declining health cut him off from contact with life, he withdrew gracefully and without regret to the ivory tower of a littérateur and began to compose these memoirs of a rare and gifted and interesting personality.

Proust's method, but hardly his manner, is somewhat analogous to that of Dorothy Richardson. His (Cont'd on page 64)
Other Beverages that Should be Prohibited

Sketches by Henkel

NEAR-BEER

The workingman's noonday solace was a glass of beer with his lunch—before Mr. Volstead acted. Now he spends his hour of leisure glooming over the passing of the good old days and endeavoring to extract one-half-of-one-per-cent solace from a bottle of near-beer. The endeavor never meets with success. Therefore, we contend that any beverage which adds to the depression of the workingman and subtracts from his content and multiplies his worries should be prohibited.

AFTERNOON TEA

You see them every day between three and six in every aristocratic tearoom in the city, these little twosomes and threesomes and foursomes, drinking innumerable cups of Orange Pekoe and Oolong, and helping themselves generously to dishes of scandal and gossip. "The cup that cheers" has become "the cup that sears." Shall we prohibit it?

BUTTERMILK

We have all met him—the Buttermilk Bore. "Absolutely cured me of that nasty dyspepsia... four glasses a day... won'erful stuff...ought to try it, old fellow...most rejuvenatin'... 'member how seedy I looked last summer? Well, look at me now...Look At Me!!" His vis-a-vis looks—and if looks could kill...
ICE-CREAM SODA

Poets rhyme "love" with "dove" and "stars above," but George-of-the-soda-counter-in-any-drug-store (you see one of him grinning below) would rhyme it with "shove." He would tell you that these "calf-lovers" are a menace to his business. They sit and slip and smirk for hours at a stretch. "They're public nuisances," says George—and we, being in the crabbed thirties, agree with him. We have forgotten that once-upon-a-time we looked into Her face at a soda-counter, our heart singing, "Drink to me only with thine eyes." Or was it that less elevating ditty: "The prettiest girl I ever saw Was sipping soda thru a straw."

HOT CHOCOLATE

Any dietician will tell you that one cup of hot chocolate, with three lumps of sugar, and topped by a four-inch pyramid of Grade-A whipped cream, will, if taken twice a day, increase the scale register of those under weight from three to seven pounds a week—thus increasing the attractiveness of the weigher. But, alas! It is always the overplump damsel who indulges in the beverage so rich in carbohydrates, and asks for more.

CEREAL COFFEE

What is wrong with the above picture? You see a chic French maid presenting her mistress with a coffee service for two. The hostess obviously is embarrassed; the guest is puzzled. What ghastly thing has happened? Is there a crack in His Reverend's cup? Is there a fly in the cream? No, indeed. The guest has just remarked, reprovingly, that he never partakes of stimulants in any form—that he drinks only cereal coffee. How should the hostess meet this situation? How would you meet it?

PINK LEMONADE

Scene—Circus Grounds

Characters—Lemonade Vendor, Popper, Bobby, Baby

Lemonade Vendor: Here's your pinkest lemonade . . . t-i-i-ce cold . . . f-i-i-ve cents glass!

Bobby: I wanna another drink, popper.

Popper: No! You've had three and you'll be sick, and then what will your momma say to me?

Bobby: W-o-o-o-a-a-a, w-o-o-o-a-a-a-

Baby: Y-a-a-a-a-a-a-

Popper: If I ever get these young'uns home, I'll never take 'em out again!

(Chorus of Bobby and Baby and the Lemonade Vendor.)
To the gratification of her many admirers, Miss Taylor will bring the much-beloved "Peg o' My Heart" to the screen in the not distant future.
Insects, Actors, and Frankensteins

Broadway Sees Some Remarkable Heroes in Some Still More Remarkable Plays

By Kenneth Macgowan

JUST twenty seasons ago Broadway fed upon A Royal Rival, Don Cesar's Return, If I Were King, The Helmet of Navarre, Alice of Old Vincennes, A Gentleman of France, and Monsieur Beaucaire. The soldest fare that it could stomach that year was A Message from Mars—and two plays in which certain young players named David Warfield and Maude Adams were beginning to attract attention: The Auctioneer and Quality Street.

Some time in the winter of 1902 somebody or other recklessly gave two performances of an odd thing called Péleas and Melisande, and two performances of a reckless attack upon society known as A Doll's House. A visiting star acted Madga a few times in repertory, and Mrs. Patrick Campbell managed to drag out a run of fourteen nights in another play by that eminent second-rate, Hermann Sudermann: The Joy of Living. That was the sum of serious Continental drama presented to New York in the eight months of the season of 1901-1902.

In the thirty-one days of October, 1922, Broadway has turned up—besides two rather tedious and thoroughly artistic dramas from France and Spain—an Italian comedy and two Czecho-Slovak dramas of devastating originality. These five are Paul Géraldy's To Love, the Quintero Brothers' Malvaloca, Pirandello's Six Characters in Search of an Author, Karel Capek's R. U. R., and The World We Live In, by Karel and his brother Joseph.

The World We Live In is a bitter satire on humanity in the terms of the lowest forms of animal life. R. U. R. is a morbid and powerful labor-tract showing the red revolution that comes when workers are only machines. Six Characters in Search of an Author is a comedy on the conventions of the theater plus a dramatic dissertation on what the philosophers call "identity" or "reality of experience."

The cast of characters in The World We Live In is a list of insects. The dominant figures in R. U. R. are Frankenstein workmen called "robots" and stamped out by machinery. The principals in the Italian piece are six characters from an unknown dramatist's brain who invade the theater looking for someone to write their story.

A mad mimic world, my masters, but a most interesting one.

It is a bit of rather extraordinary internationalism which unites William A. Brady and the Theatre Guild with these two dramas of the Capeks of farthest Prague—either of them a play that would make a pretty good text for a bolshevist political speech.

R. U. R., the one the Theatre Guild is responsible for importing, is a good deal more like a dramatization of the Communist Manifesto of 1848 than of Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley's Frankenstein. It shows us a picture of what the communists tell us our world now is. Labor has become a machine—it has become the machine of a machine. For the purposes of Capek's parable, this machine is a manlike figure invented by one Rossum, and sold all over the world as Rossum's Universal Robot (hence R. U. R.). The rulers of the world live in luxury and idleness upon the labor of the robots. These rulers decay, morally and physically. For one thing, race suicide sets in. Is it so very different a picture from the painting of Marx and Engels or Lenin and Trotsky?

At this point in the drama—just about the middle of the second act—enters the battle cry of the Communist Manifesto: "Workers of the world unite! You have nothing to lose but your chains. You have a world to gain." The robots, who have been doing the fighting of the nations as well as their work, rise across a red sky, and exterminate their masters.

There is a certain difficulty here—a difficulty that Lenin would be the last to deny that he had encountered.

(Continued on page 66)
The children of the Modern School at Stelton, New Jersey, made the three drawings on this page. Two are done in brilliant crayon, and the third in water color. The two dancing figures are in white against a vivid green background with a rainbow flashing across the sky. The nude figure is in green against a red background with the high-lights in yellow. The sketch in the lower left-hand corner is a water color which runs thru the whole color scale from red thru orange, yellow, green, blue and purple, and is the creation of Sammy Pearl, who is thirteen years of age. Sammy also makes woodcuts by a method which he has evolved himself; some of his results are excellent, and great deal of his work is used in "Voice of the Children," which is the magazine written, illustrated, edited, planned and printed by the children of the school. The remarkable thing is that the children, whose ages range from eight to thirteen, have had no training in art. They create their own designs and conceive their own color schemes. The results are examined by the teachers, and the good points are praised; the bad points the children have to work over and find out the best way to correct them.

The idea is that everything in art comes from within, and that if the restriction of a technique is imposed upon an artist, he may try to hold himself to the limitations of that method and therefore lose some of his inspirational values; whereas, if he worked out his own system, he would give a clear portrayal of his artistic concept of a subject. The children recently gave an exhibition of their work at the Civic Club gallery. The youngest exhibitor was five, and the oldest fifteen; these pictures were chosen from that exhibit. As a whole, it was a remarkable showing, and lined up very well beside many of the "impressionistic" exhibitions that have invaded New York this season. Many of the older artists seem to be trying to lose their training and return to the primitive—in most cases they have not succeeded. Whereas the children, having nothing to forget, approach their subject in a direct and simple way, thereby producing a true primitive concept.
The Modern Child in Sculpture

CYRIL Mccormack
By Mario Korbel
Mario Korbel is of Czecho-Slovak descent. He studied at the Chicago Art Institute under Lorado Taft. He has made some of the finest portrait busts in America; several examples of his work are at the Metropolitan Museum of Fine Arts.

Mr. Purdy, of the School of American Sculpture, says, "too much cannot be said of his brilliance as an artist or the brightness of his future." The two busts on this page are the children of John McCormack.

BOBBY (Left)
By Frederick C. Guinzberg
The young American sculptor, who made this, went to the Art Students League, giving up his work to go to war; he later returned to it and has exhibited in Paris.

HEAD OF AN AMERICAN BOY
By Polygnatis Vagis
This young Greek sculptor studied at the Beaux Arts Institute of Design. For a time he was assistant to Gutzon Borglum. Two years ago he exhibited at the National Academy, and this year his work has been shown at the Art Center.

CHILDREN OF MR. AND MRS. E. SPENCER MACKY
By F. Petrie Collin
Dr. Collin is a practising physician as well as a sculptress.

GWEN
McCORMACK
(Right)
By Mario Korbel

Page Forty-One
Madame Louise Homer Stires has a rich musical inheritance, and her delightfully clear soprano voice has lyrical qualities that make it one of great promise. Her success in recitals with her mother, for many years leading contralto with the Metropolitan, but now identified with the Chicago Opera Company, is also due in no small measure to the charming compositions of her father that are almost invariably a part of each program.

The world of the theater contributes many instances of talent in the second generation. Among them, Marjorie Kummer, whose first notable success as an actress was achieved in her mother's brilliantly witty play, "Rollo's Wild Oats," as a writer of clever dialog for the theater, Clare Kummer has few rivals, as those who recall "A Successful Calamity," "Good Gracious Annabel," and "The Mountain Man" will testify.

The poems of Grace Hazard Conkling and those of her small daughter, Hilda, are strongly individualistic in spite of the bond of kinship. Where Mrs. Conkling's verse is dominated by a quaint whimsical quality, Hilda's is often characterized by emotional impulse written with an unerring instinct for expression. Mrs. Conkling's "Afternoons of April" has recently been reissued, while Hilda's second volume, "Shoes of the Wind," has just come from the press.

Honors Are Even
Or Are Rapidly Becoming so on the Distaff Side of Certain Well-Known Families
The World's Greatest Failures

Many of whom would like, with old Omar, "to grasp this sorry scheme of things entire ... and then remold it nearer to the heart's desire ... ",

By Maurice S. Sullivan

Sketches by Eldon Kelly

Sarah Bernhardt, the great French novelist, Mary Garden, the detective, and Charles Chaplin, the eminent tragedian, were chatting.

"What," asked Chaplin of the novelist, "do you think of the art of Joseph Jefferson?"

The Bernhardt was positive in her opinion.

"He made a serious mistake in painting pastorals. He should have done portraits."

"What nonsense is this," you ask, "Bernhardt a novelist, Garden a detective, Chaplin a tragedian, and Jefferson a painter?"

This may seem nonsense to you, but it would not to the persons mentioned. If their ambitions were realized, Bernhardt, Garden, and Chaplin might meet as novelist, detective and tragedian; and had the goal of Joseph Jefferson been attained they might discuss his canvases.

Sarah Bernhardt, who shares with Duse preeminence on the emotional stage, greatest in popular estimation, wishes to conquer in the world of letters. She has written her first novel, The Idol of Paris. It is not an autobiography, as the title might lead one to suppose.

Mary Garden, among the leaders in grand opera, would like nothing better than to have a shiny badge pinned on her bosom, certifying to the world that she is a duly qualified and authorized special investigator. In Los Angeles recently she confessed, thereby startling her most intimate friends.

"Women," says Miss Garden, "are naturally curious, and therefore might have great success in detective work."

It should be a pleasure to be investigated by Miss Garden. One would almost get into trouble purposely for the sake of boasting that he was being trailed by such a famous person!
Shadowland

Chaplin’s friends know he harbors a plot to snatch the wreath from the brow of Walter Hampden. He is serious in his belief that he can play Hamlet.Phan. He is serious in his belief that he can play Hamlet.Phan. He is serious in his belief that he can play Hamlet.Phan. He is serious in his belief that he can play Hamlet.Phan. He is serious in his belief that he can play Hamlet.Phan. He is serious in his belief that he can play Hamlet.Phan. He is serious in his belief that he can play Hamlet.Phan. He is serious in his belief that he can play Hamlet.Phan. He is serious in his belief that he can play Hamlet.Phan. He is serious in his belief that he can play Hamlet.}

One may easily understand the envy of a king for a master of literature, for many a king’s fame is and was inferior to the fame of a subject. But a king of France nourished an ambition not so likely to result in the plaudits of posterity. Louis XVI fancied himself as a replacement. Perhaps there were a few objectionable gentlemen to be hanged, and one craved an audience with His Majesty, as he had rather good reasons for believing himself innocent. His Majesty was busy repairing the work on the pantry door, and could not be disturbed. Perhaps the ambassador from Albion awaited without, His Majesty presented his compliments, and requested his noble visitor to step around to the toolhouse.

Another example among royalty was the Prince of Monaco. Almost everyone knew that Monte Carlo, the celebrated gambling resort, was conducted by the prince. Few were aware that he bore on his breast an American decoration for his achievements in science. He contributed much to our knowledge of the ocean bottom; its topography, creatures, and flora. He invented a diving-bell capable of withstanding tremendous pressure. A useful potentate, the Prince of Monaco. He took money from persons who didn’t know how to care for it and devoted it to increasing mankind’s store of knowledge.

There have been American kings whose royal bliss was alloyed with envy. The case of Frank Gotch, the ruler of wrestlers, was sad. Gotch was the champion wrestler of the world, and there are many who would rather be that than King of England. But Gotch was not happy. Why, reasoned he, did he not have two crowns, when it was apparent that he had the toughest muscles in all Christendom? He was jealous of another king, the champion boxer of the world. Gotch decided to win that title too. Just to get practice he entered the prize ring with a second-rate fighter. It seemed but a stepping-stone to his new kingdom; but alas! he was ingloriously knocked out.

What impels men to look with longing eyes upon the laurels of others when their own heads bear proud coronets? Vanity, envy, and ambition seem to be the dominant motives. It is certain that Nero was actuated by vanity, Hadrian by envy. Chaplin doubtless is honestly ambitious.

How this ambition, when unattained, eats at the heart of the ambitious one, is vividly illustrated in The Journal of a Disappointed Man, a book written by W. N. P. Barbellion, and prefaced by H. G. Wells. Barbellion, a competent English naturalist, records his longing to become a famous writer, and his fail-

(Cont’d on page 77)
THE SWORD

Mlle. Theo Hewes, assisted by M. Symanski, in a picturesque Oriental dance developed from an old Japanese legend.
CUBISM, according to Louis Bouché, is doomed. France, the land of its birth, is repudiating it and returning to first principles and realism. Whether the younger modernists became tired of its difficult angles or whether the appearance in this year’s Salon of Geometrism, fathered by the Spanish painter Picabia, who also was responsible for Dadaism, pointed a formless or perhaps mathematical finger in the direction toward which they were going, proved too much for their artistic eyes will never be known. However, the fact remains that realism is once more in evidence. To prove that his statement is correct, Mr. Bouché will hold an exhibition of the young French modernists, in March, in the Belmaison Gallery, which he has promised will be representative and comprehensive.

* * *

Mlle. Cecile Sorel has evidently felt the artistic unrest, for she has sold all her furniture, her art treasures and everything she had collected for her eighteenth century house. “One needs,” she said, “to change one’s skin every so often.” Her new skin is to be a Renaissance country house and a modern house in town. Emulating the example of Madame Pompadour, she is gathering her artist friends to help plan her scheme of decorations. In fact, Mlle. Sorel has had quite an artistic year, for Eugene Carroll-Kelley, the Chicago artist, made a series of pastel studies of this Comédie Française comédienne. Most of the drawings were made either in the loge or in her dressing-room. Perhaps the influence of her recent American trip will be noticed when her new houses are complete.

* * *

Walter Biggs has decided that his teaching at the Washington Square School, which recently broke away from the Artists’ League, and his illustrating work isn’t enough to keep him busy, so he has started an evening class at his studio, one night a week. Only a chosen few are asked to attend.

* * *

Temperament seems to be affecting the artists this season; Haley Lever and George Luks went to Pittsburgh on a committee. Just what it was about the Pittsburgh scenery that attracted Mr. Lever is a difficult thing to say. However, it did, and he left Mr. Luks to make the return trip alone while he stayed on several weeks painting furiously. The results are awaited with interest both by Mr. Luks’s and Mr. Lever’s large and appreciative public.

* * *

The staying habit also hit John Sloan, who, sometime last summer went to Taos, New Mexico, planning to stay two weeks. But that fascinating place proved his undoing. He stayed four months. Meanwhile his classes at the Artists’ League had to commence without him. Homer Boss came to the rescue, and work at the League went merrily on in spite of Mr. Sloan’s absence.

* * *

Now that Mr. Sloan has returned and taken over his classes it is quite probable that Homer Boss will give a series of twelve lectures at the League on anatomy. Mr. Boss studied under Clifford Beale, who was a pupil of Anschutz, the originator of this particular style of teaching anatomy. Mr. Boss starts with a skeleton and builds up the muscular system with clay. By the time the course is completed the pupils have positive knowledge of the structure of the human body, the shape and size of the muscles and exactly what their functions are. This is a new method of teaching anatomy here, but has been a hobby of Mr. Boss for several years; in fact, he gave up his portrait painting for a time to master it thoroly. Mr. Boss was one of the charter members of the Independent Society of Artists.

* * *

There is a rumor that Wladyslaw T. Benda, whose exotic-looking women with inscrutable eyes add so much charm to the illustrative world, is to have an exhibit. The only thing that has been keeping Mr. Benda from having one is that he thinks it is too much work. He absolutely refuses to make the arrangements for it, but now some good Samaritan has come forward and offered to take the details off his shoulders if he will supply the material. If it takes place, it will not only include Mr. Benda’s illustrations, but his posters, murals and

(Continued on page 71)
Sculpture in Porcelain

Five Examples of that Beautiful and Difficult Ceramic Work Called Pâte-sur-pâte

Lois Whitcomb Rhead is the young sculptor who created these charming figures in ceramic sculpture. Mrs. Rhead is a member of the National Association of Women Painters and Sculptors, at whose exhibit her things were shown. Albo Pâte-sur-pâte is one of the most difficult mediums to work in, consisting of a cutting process, similar to a cameo, thru layers of white porcelain which have been superimposed on a blue base. Mrs. Rhead has chosen to specialize in it, and the results she obtains of white bas-relief against blue are exquisite. She has studied under Conrad Dressler, Leon V. Solon and Frederick H. Rhead, who was a pupil of Taxile Doat. Taxile Doat, the famous French maker of ceramics, adopted the Pâte-sur-pâte process after it had been developed in the Royal Manufactury of Sevres. Mrs. Rhead has also exhibited at the Architectural League, The Art Institute of Chicago, and the San Francisco Museum of Fine Arts.
The Buffoon Ballet of Larionow
A Russian Fable Transformed by Color and Movement into a Glorified Absurdity

By Barrett H. Clark

In the early days, long before America had heard of Cézanne or had a Greenwich Village of its own, a picturesque group of young revolutionary artists, led by Michael Larionow, founded a society in Moscow whose professed purpose it was to accept all that was new and reject the traditions of the past. Their manifestos and expositions—not to mention their antics in public—scandalized the old, but roused the enthusiasm of the young. New schools succeeded one another so fast that even Larionow could not remember all the écoles which he inaugurated or those in which he participated.

After fifteen years of experimentation, it chanced that he was given a definite piece of work to do, a work that demanded specific effects, designed for actual use in a theater. This was the Soleil de Minuit, produced by the Diaghilev Russian Ballet in 1915. It was a triumph for Larionow and marked a turning-point in the Russian ballet—the theorist forgot his theories and gave free rein to his instinctive passion for color, for strong and even violent contrasts, and to his love of movement and rhythm.

Larionow’s next ballet was Contes Russes, produced in 1917. It too created a sensation, tho the critics were antagonized because he “mixed symbolism with realism” and “defied all the canons of art in his juxtaposition of colors.”

Following Contes Russes, came the most strikingly original ballet of all—Chout, or The Buffoon. It is a Russian Legend in Five Tableaux, and the story goes:

Once upon a time there was a Buffoon and his wife. The Buffoon racks his brains for some trick to play on the other buffoons. All of a sudden an inspiration occurs to him:

“Listen,” he says to his wife; “I am expecting seven buffoons. I will order you to prepare dinner, you will refuse and I will pretend to kill you. Then I will strike you with this whip and you will revive. In that way we can sell the whip for a high price.”

No sooner said than done. The seven buffoons arrive, witness the miracle, buy the whip, and return home.

The buffoons then kill their wives and try the whip, but the wives make no move.

The seven buffoons then decide to kill the Buffoon, but the latter, fearful of their wrath, disguises himself as his own cook. The buffoons are furious at the disappearance of the culprit, but as they are pleased with the cook, they carry her off, determined to keep her until they find her master.

Now the seven buffoons have seven daughters. A wealthy merchant arrives to choose him a wife. But the rich man chooses the cook, and carries her off. That...
night the poor Buffoon is
at his wits' end. He finally
begs the merchant to allow
him to disappear out of the
window for a moment. The
merchant ties a sheet
round him and lets him
down to the ground. But
when the sheet is pulled
up, lo and behold, there is
only a goat on the end of it!

Suddenly the Buffoon
marches in, followed by
seven soldiers, demanding
his cook. The buffoons
offer to give him the goat,
whereupon the Buffoon
orders their instant arrest.
The merchant must pay a
fine of a hundred rubles.
The Buffoon and his wife
return home in high glee.

In the production of this
ballet the curtain, a riotous
symphony of gorgeous non-
sense, rises on a delightful
Cubist setting: reds and
yellows and blues seem to
be thrown about at ran-
dom, three-dimensional
vistas crudely painted on
flapping canvas running off
in every direction. In the midst of this patchwork we
see the Buffoon and his wife, themselves bright patches
in the midst of other bright patches. They begin to
dance: it is Cubistic dancing, thoroly nonsensical and
delightful.

The Prokofieff music is as odd and apparently mean-
ingless as the costumes and settings and dances.

"This is absurd," you say to yourself, and laugh.

Above, two of the
seven buffoons look-
ing on in amazement
at the Chief Buffoon
who, having killed his
wife, brings her to life
at a stroke of a magic
whip

Here are the chief
Buffoon and his wife,
who are so pleased
with the success of the
shrewd trick they have
played upon their
friends (winning
thereby one hundred
rubles) that they pro-
ceed to perform a
thoroughly nonsensical
and delightful Cubistic
dance

But this is precisely what
Larionow intended you
should do. You laugh be-
cause the drawing of the
scenery is off center, be-
cause the Buffoon is awk-
ward, because the music is
"crazy," but you laugh.
The room is not a room at
all, and the stove is the
sort of thing a child of six
might execute. The great
gold coins which the buf-
foons give to the Buffoon
for the whip are like large
wedding-cakes.

You are not for a mo-
moment deceived; it is all so
deliciously childlike, so
transparent, that you for-
get to analyze and to
judge. Larionow realizes
that a stage is not a picture
but a stage, and he will tell
you that the essential spirit
of a ballet or a play is to
be got out of the ballet or
play, and not out of any
picture that may be set on
the stage; for him the set-
ting and costumes are sim-
ple means to an end; they
must serve at most to accentuate what is happening on
that stage. You must therefore judge a setting by its
spirit, which is and must be produced by means totally
different from what goes to the making of a picture in
a gallery.

The spirit of Chout is not "picturesque," it is not static,
or intellectual: the little fable is high nonsense; absurdity

(Continued on page 73)
Who has seen the wind?
Neither I nor you:
When the leaves hang trembling,
The wind is passing thru.

Who has seen the wind?
Neither you nor I:
When the trees bow down their heads,
The wind is passing by.

—Christina Georgina Rossetti
Portrait of a Woman of Forty

“I am happier at forty than I was at twenty. For I now hold what I then only hoped for—and now I do what I then only dreamed”

By Helen Woljeska

We usually are classified as young women and old women. This is just as tho one should classify roses as budding ones and fading ones—leaving out those that glow in full bloom.

Shakespeare was mistaken. There are three ages only: youth, the ascent—maturity, the mountain-top—age, the descent. Some of us never reach the summit, but, after a little climb up, begin to creep down again.

There are many more blossoms than fruits—among humans, too.

A beautiful maturity is not the preservation of a beautiful youth, but the growing into a new beauty.

I laugh at the silly legend invented for and by brainless women that after a brief and pretty spring we have to fade with good grace—or make ourselves ridiculous. The pretty spring is nothing compared to the glowing summer, the superb autumn—and even my winter shall be beautiful. Not in a futile attempt to imitate the gaiety and romance and innocence of youth, or the pride and passion and compassion of maturity—but in the majesty of sumptuous age, a body of ivory and silver, a spirit of wisdom, forgiveness, irony and peace.

Perhaps the fading of one's body is to prepare one gradually for an existence altogether without it? Oh, you long, cream-colored body of mine, you coppery hair and yellow eyes—I shall be sorry to part with you.

Everybody consists of earth and flame, and during his lifetime can convert the one into the other. Some of us finish by being clods of clay.

The difference between a primitive and a developed personality is the difference between a block of marble and a marble statue.

The god besides whom no other god should be tolerated is the deepest I.

How I stand with myself is the important thing, not how I stand with others.

To me, there is only one sin—violation of one's own laws. Every time one sins against them, whether from base or noble motives, one weakens one's essential individuality. And finally it will disappear completely, leaving nothing but an empty shell, a nonentity, of zero.

Our own deepest consciousness is the only little part of God we'll ever be able to grasp.

I am in this life I must be interested in my body as well as in my soul. If I have a charming soul, but fail to keep my nails manicured, I am not a charming personality.

I have made for myself a little ante-Copernican universe. In its center, immobile but variable, stands that little part of God which I have been able to recognize—my Ego. All the happenings of life, “good” or “bad,” “physical” or “spiritual,” serve the same purpose of revealing to me more of God; of learning to revolve about him, in my acts, in more beautifully balanced circles.

By pretending that we “wish to make the world a better place to live in” or “help our weaker brethren,” we flatter ourselves and blur the issues. Our task is with ourselves only. That way only can we eventually help others. For a clear, deep, strong personality will always be inspiration and support to those he meets.

Freedom is always within reach of him who dares to grasp it.

Philosophers and idealists, from Socrates to Malvina, have simplified the problem of life, which is both physical and spiritual, by simply dismissing the physical side with all its claims. That, to me, is not a solution. It is a shirking.

Love gives the supreme possibility of creating beauty and grace and secret, enchanting things—even when we ourselves do not feel it.

Some people judge love as one judges a piece of cloth, according to how long it lasts. But love is a fragile work of art, a rapturous song, a delirious perfume—to be judged by its intensity and fire and magic, not by its durability.

If love is nothing else, it can at least be an exquisite experiment.

We must find a new, broader, freer way to love. The old one—which made love an end in itself—is strewn with the victims who starved and perished on it. Perhaps to us it will become the most wonderful way for plumbing our own depths . . . ?

Some lovers treat us as tho we were a new cravat, to be enjoyed and displayed in fair weather only. But we want to be our lover's monk-cowl, in closest contact with him, enveloping and shielding him completely.

If you play with a panther, you must not expect him to display the virtues of the ox.

Those who build the happiness of their lives on love, build on quicksand. Love—but do not overestimate its power.

(Cont'd on page 69)
The Camera Contest

Editor's Note: Mr. Mason, who has written this month's article, is Chairman of the Judging Committee for The Camera Contest. He gives an excellent idea of the proper way to plan a photograph.
THE SHEPHERD AND HIS FLOCK

By W. H. Zerbe
Second Prize
Pastoral with a pleasing composition

THE STONE-CRUSHER

By K. B. Lambert
Third Prize
The building up of the composition and an air of activity make this picture interesting

What Lens Did You Use?

By Joseph R. Mason

WHEREVER a group of camera studies or photographs are exhibited, persons invariably ask, “What lens did you use?” Not because they are interested in the texture or quality, the sharpness or the softness of the print, but merely because the picture, the subject and its arrangement, has attracted them. The query, then, is synonymous to saying: The intelligence that “saw” the picture was, originally, concealed somewhere in the glass that composed the lens.

Reasoning further along these lines, one would reach the conclusion that the more costly the lens the better should be the picture. Let us see if this be true. First, we are agreed that the camera is a light-tight box and that light must be con-
lary, and when he sees a picture he studies the arrangement—and the lighting.
I should like to see a real picture in which the basis is not composition, first of all. To do this, it is necessary to have a subject or principal object, and the remainder of the picture subordinated to it.
It is my opinion that photography is the only business in the world in which the amateur excels over the professional. If there is another, I should like to know of it. The amateur is constantly striving to do things differently, and he arouses a desire in the prospective purchaser for a different treatment. The professional, with a heavy overhead expense, will only experiment when he is assured of a sale. He cannot afford to waste time and material otherwise.
There are laws that apply to photography as well as painting. The painter can use color—it is impossible for the photographer to do so. He is restricted to black and white and the tones thereof. When you look at a beautiful scene, ask yourself: "Am I looking at the arrangement or am I being tricked with the coloring?"
During the month of November there was an exhibit of Mrs. Kasebier's prints on the Pictorialist's walls at the Art Center. This exhibit was the subject of much praise, yet she told us that some of these prints had been taken with an outfit that had cost exactly four dollars. One young man said that he wished to ask her, "What lens did you use?" but at my suggestion refrained from doing so. Mrs. Kasebier's usual reply to that query is: "Some of us take pictures with lenses that are not for sale in the open market." Meaning a mental vision. The model

(Continued on page 68)

STILL LIFE: SUNLIGHT
By Dr. F. Detlefsen
Honorable Mention
Lights and shades, black against white, make this
a striking example of still life photography
As vivid, exotic and colorful as the new "Music Box Revue" itself is the Oriental dance number of Ruth Page and Hubert Stowitts.
The Misfit Audience

The traveling salesmen, whose business territory is the Middle West, have heard that a certain Russian revue is the peppiest show in New York. Behold them endeavoring to register joy when, instead of saucy chorus girls in tantalizing costumes, they find demure maidens in the voluminous skirts of the Russian peasant; instead of American jazz, they hear haunting folk tunes; even the jokes—if there are any—cannot be appreciated, for no word of English is spoken on the stage.

From the outskirts of New Jersey come Uncle John and Aunt Bessie with their niece and nephews from back home in Indiana, to treat them to a show in the Big City—first-row-box seats. But as the curtain falls on the first act, they are all feeling more like making a retreat of it than a treat. What is this Eugene O'Neill driving at, anyway? And what was the High School Principal thinking of when he told them this was the best play in town?

Below, observe a quartet of T. B. M.'s trying to enjoy a popular domestic farce in which the wife is domineering and extravagant, the children are pert and petulant, and the husband is harassed and unhappy. The story lacks novelty—it is much too true to life to interest them. They leave before the final act, thereby missing the happy ending and the opportunity to inject a little hope for the future into their own lives.

The head of the English Department of the University, with his wife, introduces the four new instructors in the department to the Rialto from an upper box at a popular musical revue. To these young men, who have worked their way thru college, chorus girls, and ultra-modern music and dancing and humor, have been non-existent. The comedies of Aristophanes and the "Divina Comedia" of Dante they understand and relish, but comedies musical leave them bewildered and embarrassed.
Wanderings

By

The Man About Town

The playwright who sat and sniggered at the initial performance of the 49ers at the tiny Punch and Judy Theater must have had fellowship with Job, who exclaimed, "My desire is . . . that mine adversary had written a book." That happy band of brothers who so nobly assist one another in the toilsome task of trunk trundling gave what the posters described as "a new form of entertainment." As a fact, most of it was *vieux jeu*; at any rate, what was new wasn't good and what was good wasn't new. Alexander Woolcott, who has transferred his shrewd and competent comments on the theater to the *Herald*, wisely kept his name out of the program, and was thus able to speak of the show with his customary frankness and freedom.

* * *

A few of the turns were downright silly, and even the work of Heywood Broun, one of the prominent contributors, was far from entertaining. This may have been due to the fact that that excessively proud parent was depressed at the charge recently leveled at him of having written the worst novel of the season. Certainly his sketch was of the sketchiest description. He, himself, has related in the *World* how he went to see it twice, and that on the second occasion he suffered a little more acutely than he did at the initial performance. Critics and commentators do well not to try to show how much better they can write operas, plays and sketches than the rest, for usually they fall down in the attempt, and lose whatever reputation for superior ability they may have gained from cutting up the works of others.

* * *

Hugh Walpole, the brilliant English novelist, altho he admitted having suffered severely from the violent attack of hospitality made upon him on the occasion of his first visit to America, has ventured upon a second, this time by request, to deliver a series of lectures upon the modern novel. Few are better qualified to deal with the subject, and he is not likely to be guilty of the stupidities and indiscretions of some of his British predecessors on the lecture platform.

* * *

Singularly enough, tho for years past we have been constantly reading on each others heels, Mr. Walpole and I have never met. He was living at Epsom, near the famous Downs on which the classic Derby is annually run, when I was staying in the same neighborhood, and a literary friend whom we have in common wished to arrange a meeting between us which never came off. When I was in Lemberg, Galicia, in the early stages of the great war, and later, when I entered the famous fortress of Przemysl after it fell into the hands of the Russians, I heard he was there with the Russian Red Cross, but again we managed to escape each other.

* * *

Then at Petrograd, a few months later, I needed some official reports typed in a hurry, and the head of the office where I took the work told me she was busy typing Mr. Walpole’s new novel from the MS. he had just delivered. This was that fine book "The Dark Forest," much of which he had written while at the Russian front. But once more we missed each other. He is a clever writer and shrewd commentator, and I was glad to notice that in his first lecture here he recollected the literary affectation and highbrow pose, of which we get so much in certain quarters.

* * *

Broadway is now at its busiest, brightest and best. The difficulty for The Man About Town is to decide where to go and what to see or hear first. One is almost as perplexed as was the chameleon when some practical joker deposited it upon a crazy quilt, and the poor creature did not know what color to assume. I try not to miss the (Cont’d on page 70)
The world’s master maker of violins was Antonio Stradivari, of Cremona, who lived for ninety-three years, from 1644 to 1737, and during that period turned out instruments which have never been surpassed and rarely equalled. Many of these are making sweet music at the present time or are in famous collections.

The period 1600-1785 in Italy witnessed the development of the art of violin making to the highest point it has ever attained anywhere. Italy became the storehouse of exquisite treasures of the luthier’s art, and in addition to Cremona, the cities of Brescia, Venice, Milan, Rome, Genoa, Naples and Florence became famous for the violins made within their gates. But Cremona, thru the consummate art of Stradivari, Guarnerius, the Amati, Bergonzi, and others, earned a world-wide reputation. To this day mention of “Cremona” means to violin players and lovers of the instrument in all lands a violin or violoncello of surpassing beauty of workmanship and tone.

By 1785 activity in violin making in Italy had almost ceased. The great wars which deluged Europe in blood caused a well-nigh complete extinction of the gentler arts, including that of Stradivari, his contemporaries and successors. However, violin players had learned the superiority of seasoned and perfectly fashioned instruments of a previous period and so refused in large measure to patronize the violin makers of their day.

The migration of violins from Italy to prosperous European countries then began; France, Belgium and Holland especially absorbing the best of Cremona’s treasures. As economic conditions improved in Germany and Russia, those countries also took large numbers, and by the middle
of the nineteenth century the most celebrated Stradivari had been found and carried out of Italy. It should also be borne in mind that during his life Stradivari was patronized by kings, princes, nobles and others in many countries, and thus some of his choicest masterpieces were sent direct to foreign lands.

About 1860 a few wealthy amateurs in the United States became interested, and from that time there has been a steadily increasing flow of famous violins to this country. As far back as 1890 I made my first trip to Europe for the sole purpose of collecting rare instruments. It was possible even then, traveling off the beaten track and in comparatively unfrequented places, to make finds which were eminently worth while. Today one may travel the length and breadth of Italy and not even see a masterpiece, except in a museum. Where have they gone? To every civilized country in the world, and especially to America.

They do not go out of existence. They go out of circulation, as it were. Changing economic conditions, however, bring them out of hiding. Such has been the history of the past hundred years, and this is what is happening today. The great war has impoverished the world, especially Europe. Consequently, fine violins, beautiful paintings, rare books, and other works of art are rapidly crossing the Atlantic. It is safe to say that within the past twelve months at least as many Stradivari violins have been brought over as there were already in the United States.

By far the largest and finest accumulation of famous in-

Professor Leopold Auer's Strad, made in 1691. It has been used by Heifetz and Elman pupils of the well-known virtuoso and pedagogue

Fritz Kreisler, with his superb instrument made by the Cremona master in 1736, when in his ninety-second year

struments in this country is the Wurlitzer collection. The Lipinski, 1715; the Artol, 1721; the Piatti, 1717; the Pingrie, 1713; and L'Evêque were all acquired for that collection. The Pingrie recently became the property of Mr. Kane, of Philadelphia, and L'Evêque of Mr. F. J. Frost. Another fine Strad, I hear, has recently been purchased in Europe by Mr. Nahan Franko. The Sancy, 1713, one of the finest, was secured in April of last year by Mr. Felix E. Kohn, thru the Wurlitzer collection. Mr. Kohn already owned the Huggins, a very admirable example.

The great violinst Joachim once owned a “long model” Strad, made in the year 1698. This also is a recent addition to the Wurlitzer collection. Others which should be mentioned are those recently acquired by Mrs. Conway, 1722; Mr. Andrews, 1721; and the beautiful instruments of Lady Speyer, of New York, and Mr. Max Adler, of Chicago.

Restricting myself to violins by Stradivari, I shall endeavor, as briefly as possible, to outline the characteristics of a few of the fifty or sixty instruments which were in this country prior to the war. The pioneer American amateur collectors were the late R. B. Hawley, of Hartford, and John P. Walters, of Brooklyn. Ordinarily the average man is content with one, or possibly two, fine violins. Hawley, however, when he died owned twelve, among them two Strads and a Guarnieri. These and his other violins I have already fully described in the brochure I wrote in 1903, entitled “The Hawley Collection,” published by the Chicago firm with which I was formerly associated. Hawley, however, owned two other Strads, one of which afterwards (Continued on page 72)
The Comic Page

Some maintain that the strip cartoons constitute a remarkable iconography of modern American ideas and institutions, from which posterity will be able to learn much of the present trend of thought.

By Frederick Hugh

If you asked any schoolboy, or, for that matter, any adult, to mention the names of ten American presidents, he would undoubtedly experience considerable difficulty in doing so. On the other hand, very few people sufficiently educated to read simple words would find it hard to enumerate ten nationally known characters of strip cartoons. Who has not heard of Mutt and Jeff? Of Jiggs and Maggie? Of Polly and Her Pals? Of Them Days is Gone Forever? They are known from the Atlantic to the Pacific—from the Canadiana to the Mexican borders, and their daily exploits bring joy to millions of simple hearts.

It is a phenomenon of absorbing interest—this curious devotion of a nation to the creatures of a cartoonist's brain, and one which well repays investigation. For whom are these ostensibly humorous pictures primarily intended—children or adults? What class do they cater? Wherein lies their uncanny attraction? What is their effect upon the circulation of the paper?

Let us take one example, probably the best known and most widely syndicated—"Bringing Up Father." Briefly, this is the Odyssey of one Jiggs, a gentleman of humble antecedents and vulgar habits, married to a lady with social aspirations and pugilistic tendencies, by name Maggie. This Jiggs has, among other distressing habits, a passion for corned beef and low company, to attain which, he is constantly seeking to avoid the company of his wife. As often as he temporarily succeeds in this endeavor, Maggie trails him down and proceeds to beat him up. The last picture in the strip usually shows him in a hospital as a result of his marital infelicities.

Now there is nothing very depraved in this, but at the same time it must be admitted that the humor is not of a very high order. Nor can Jiggs be considered a triumph of draughtsmanship, tho he is infinitely better than many of his contemporaries. The outstanding wonder about "Bringing Up Father" is the fact that for the last ten (?) years Jiggs has been planning to escape from Maggie in this manner; he is always detected, always beaten up—and still the public never tires of him. Granted that the ingenuity of Mr. McManus in devising new variations on this domestic theme is little short of marvelous, one is still left to ponder on the mentality of a people who can endure such rubbish for so long.

The strip cartoon is a typical and indigenous American creation. Nowhere else does it flourish; nowhere else could it flourish. It is at the same time a remarkable tribute to American mental dexterity—just conceive of the strain required to devise a new joke every day!—and a very severe indictment of American intelligence. In New York City, only one large daily is published which has not got a comic section. No provincial paper could exist without one. The absurdities are syndicated throughout the length and breadth of the country, and it is no exaggeration to say that many a man subscribes to his paper, not because he approves of its policy or its politics, but because it chronicles the doings of the Gumps, whereas its rival merely contains the daily ravings of Krazy Kat.

There are some who maintain that the cartoons are harmful and immoral; that they teach boys to secrete carpet tacks where their elders seek to sit, and to trip up old gentlemen on slippery sidewalks. That may be so, but it is not their chief dement. There are others who claim that they constitute a remarkable iconography of modern American ideas and institutions, from which posterity will be able to learn much of the prevalent trend of thought. There is more than a little truth in this assertion. They undoubtedly reveal a phase of American life as nothing else can do. Their great fault would appear to be that they are vastly overdone. There are too many of them, and they appear too often to preserve the right proportions of humor, satire, individuality and spontaneity. They cease to be an expression of the American spirit—their great justification—when they become, as they have done, merely the vehicle for unloading upon a long-suffering public all the most hoary old jokes and wheezes.

The blame is not with their creators, who merely supply a demand, and wax rich on it. It is the people with slaughtered imaginations who create the demand that are worthy of censure.

Meanwhile—I must really hurry out and buy my paper. I wonder where the skipper is taking the Toonerville trolley today.

It's just a habit . . . .
Knights of the Knapsack

Said Harry Kemp to Harry Franck,
"You are the champion outdoor crank!"

Said Harry Franck to Harry Kemp,
"I scorn to tramp where you have tremp!"

Said Charley Furlong to the others,
"Come, Come! We're all good hobo brothers!"

Carl Clausen then addressed the three:
"Please dont forget I tramped the sea!"

Carl Clausen's days had been spent roving the high seas in Danish barkantines until he discovered California three years ago. He liked the lay of the land, and wrote a yarn of buccaneers to line his pockets. He is still writing stories and his pockets are overflowing. "But some day the sea will get me again," he declares.

Harry Franck is the Lord High Knight of the Knapsack. He has gone adventuring the world over—in fact, we suspect he has led many a youth to stray. His first book, "A Vagabond Journey Around the World," was followed by "Four Months Afoot in Spain." Later he became a Zone Policeman; then he abandoned down the Andes. Last year he was Working North from Patagonia; some of these days he may around the world with his experiences On the March on Mars.

Charles Wellington Furlong, the helmeted knight above, has been a daring explorer, a roving plainsman, a cowboy—an all-round adventurer who heeds the call of his publishers occasionally and returns to snug civilization to chronicle his adventures in "The Gateway to the Sahara," "Tripoli in Barbary," and "Let 'er Buck.'"

Half a dozen years ago Harry Kemp ventured on a trip around the world with a bank-roll of twenty-five cents. On his return he ventured into the hazardous fields of Poetry and Drama. So successful was this departure that he ventured into book-writing, with the result that his "Tramping on Life" is the joy of the critics and the talk of the towns.
MYRTA BONILLAS

A screen actress of ability who played opposite William Farnum in "A Stage Romance" and "Shackles of Gold," and will soon be seen in "Penzie," a Fox picture, featuring Mary Carr.
Old Laces as Collecting Objects
By W. G. Bowdoin

The origin of lace is veiled in obscurity. There is much contention for the honor of the discovery and application of this art, and claimants have appeared in nearly all the countries of Western Europe. Legendary traces of lace-making appear among the ancient Swiss lake dwellers and frequently in the Orient. The Egyptians knew and loved it.

However, we know that needlework was, in the earliest recorded ages, the solace, pastime and occupation of queens and great ladies. It was the daily employment of the convents. Lace was constantly made by the nuns expressly for the service of the church, and as early as the fourteenth century, lace was familiarly and popularly known as "Nuns' Work." This early nomenclature has survived, and even today, in some districts, ancient lace is still thus styled.

The nuns, however, did not enjoy a monopoly in the field of needlework and they had no combination in restraint of trade, as early manuscripts inform us the monks also were commended for their dexterity in embroidery as well as for their skill as calligraphers and illuminators.

But while there is much to indicate the extended practice of needlework as far back as the primitive Egyptians, in connection with those wonderful textiles of theirs that have come down to us thru the tombs, yet no absolute proof exists of extended lace-making, as now commonly understood, prior to the late fifteenth or the early sixteenth century.

Some have been inclined to the opinion that lace owes its origin to the difficulty of disposing of the unraveled ends of linen garments and hangings; while this may account for the first formation of fringes with ornamental headings, the art of lace-making was more gradual in its evolution.

Embroidery came first, then it and lace went hand in hand until finally they diverged; the line of demarkation grew more and more pronounced, and finally they became separate and distinct entities.

For many of its earlier years lace, because of the amount of labor required in making it, was regarded as sacred to the service of religion alone, and it was not until some time after the fourteenth century that this idea was finally dispelled.

Even then kings and queens alone had the right to use it in quantity. Later the nobles were thus privileged, and finally lace became so lavishly employed that numerous cases appear upon the records, where financial ruin overtook those who were over-extravagant in its purchase for the trimmings of cravats, ruffles and even for the garniture of seventeenth-century boots, that were then fashionable in France.

(Cont'd on page 78)
strange syntax, his involved prose, his tempestuous sentences running sometimes to three pages, is a premeditated, conscious means to an effect of analytical narrative. He has shown by his parodies in *Pâtesich et Mélanges* that he can imitate the vigorous directness of Sainte-Beuve and the cadenced simplicity of Renan; and, indeed, in his later volumes, particularly in *Sodom et Gomorrhe*, he has lightened the texture of his paragraphs, abbreviated his sentences, and achieved a characteristic French clarity and lucidity. Over his style many critical wars have already been waged. Some have gone so far as to say that Proust doesn't write French at all, but a barbarous language fashioned out of a French vocabulary. This is merely the jealous regard of the conservative French for the preservation of perhaps their most cherished possession—the clarity and simplicity of their prose. Something is happening to that prose: Proust and Giraudoux, Romain and Caro, Gide and Larbaud, are introducing into it solvent elements to give it the weight and grandeur, the diversity and novelty of English prose. They are all men who have been influenced largely by English writers.

Anatole France, carrying on the tradition of Montaigne, Chateaubriand and Renan, has brought French clarity and simplicity to perfection; it has been found necessary to develop other qualities. Proust has contributed much. He has gone to school to Ruskin and (in contrast) to Pater, to Meredith, and, most assiduously of all, to Henry James. His long and exhaustive novels, which are to be enjoyed attentively and leisurely, are psychological documents in which care is given to the significance of the smallest details in the delineation of character. *Swann’s Way* relates the progress of the love affair of a young aristocrat, erudite in the preciosities of amour, with Odette, a woman of the lighter sort, whom he endeavors her to realize. It is but a long and delightful elucidation of the truth that we adore in each other an image we ourselves project. Meanwhile it is an amazingly acute analysis of the surface and hidden emotions of well-bred people, upon whom rests the weight of centuries of tradition in matters of courtesy, manners, in short, of good form.

That anyone could put into excellent English, the elegant tenuosities of M. Proust’s prose, preserving at once the sense and flavor of the original, was hardly to be expected. Mr. Moncrieff has achieved this feat, in recognition of which he should be saluted as the model translator. As a rule, translators are an incompetent and insensitive lot; Mr. Moncrieff gives us Proust and at the same time a fine bit of English literature.

The publication of T. S. Eliot’s long poem, *The Waste Land* (Boni & Liveright), is, I think, an event of the first importance, to be celebrated by the literate with at least that measure of interest they reserve for the latest news of the Fascisti, political campaigns, changes in the British cabinet, and the front-page murder; for in *The Waste Land*, Mr. Eliot surveys, if not precisely these, at least analogous events in their proper perspective and gives to us their ultimate values in terms of beauty and with beauty’s speech. If I were to obey my first unreflective impulse, I should say that *The Waste Land* is one of the finest poems in the English language. Certainly it is one of the most curiously beautiful—a perfect blending of a sick epoch, a literary creation to place beside *Ulysses* and *Jurgen* as reflecting an age in which the irony of indifference is made more provoking by a hint of balked idealism.

Let me be frank: This poem sings of modern life in accents so anguished, passionate, bitter, hurt and plaintive that it tortured my emotions almost beyond endurance. . . . That experience, I know, has nothing whatever to do with the poem’s artistic value: that thousands have drenched with copious tears the printed page whereon are written the words of *Over the Hill to the Poorhouse* does not prevent that composition from being a very tawdry and inferior work of the imagination. Discount, then, the irrelevant fact that a mere reading of this poem induced in me such physiological phenomena as may be described as a rushing of hot, feverish blood to the head, a depressing sense of weight about the heart, moisture in the palms and eyes, tremors in the nerves, an increased rapidity of respiration—in short, the accountable and visible phenomena attending ecstasy, wonder and despair (or, perhaps, intimations of poignant beauty); and then ask, appropriately and reasonably: “But what is the poem’s aesthetic significance? Wherein lies its beauty?” That beauty and significance lies in the personal expression Mr. Eliot has given to his vision of modern society. He has limned (Continued on page 70)
THE DOG SPEAKS

Calm tho' not mean, courageous without rage,
Serious not dull, and without thinking sage;
Pleased at the lot that Nature has assign'd,
Snarl as I list, and freely bark my mind:
As churchman wrangle not with passing spite,
Nor statesman-like caressing whom I bite;
View all the canine kind with equal eyes,
I dread no mastiff, and no cur despise:
True from the first and faithful to the end,
I buck no mistress, and forsake no friend.
My days and nights one equal tenor keep,
Fast but to eat, and only wake to sleep:
Thus stealing along life, I live incog.
A very plain and downright honest dog.

—WILLIAM HAMILTON.
Stage Plays of Interest

Drama—Major and Melo-


Humor and Human Interest


Motion of the Cows. Cort. Glenn Hunter and Florence Nash are perfectly cast in an excellent dramatization of this hilarious satire. The Old Soak. Plymouth. If you liked Lightnin' you'll like this.

The Romantic Age. Comedy. Helen Hayes is her familiar "flapper" role.

Melody and Maidens


Fantastic Fricassee. Greenwich Village. All that the name implies.

The Ginger Girl. Earl Carroll. Both on Saturday. Greenwich Village Folies. Shubert. Excellent spectacle, with Savoy and Brennan to provide the tone of humor.

The Lady in Ermine. Ambassador. A musical show that is something more than vaudevillian.


The Best in the West

A list of last year's successes now on tour

Anna Christie. Eugene O'Neill at his best. Worth seeing.


Rombo. Good music and new jokes.

Bulldog Drummond. A mystery play everyone will like.

The Circle. An excellent comedy with an all-star cast.

The Demi Virgin. An underdone, undervalued farce.

Julia. Demonstrating that beauty triumphs over brains.

Fools Errant. Thrilling situations and ex- ceptional acting.

The Gold Diggers. A snappy, colorful comedy.

Good Morning, Dearie. Excellent musical entertainment.

The Hairy Ape. The tragedy of a stoker. Good.

Rain. Maxine Elliott's. A bitter tragedy by Somerset Maugham; a violent attack on the repression of the N; and of the steamer.

Rose Bernd. Longacre. Ethel Barrymore does some fine work in an obscure and difficult drama.

R. U. R. (Rossum's Universal Robots). A social satire done in terms of the most hair-raising melodrama.

To Love. Bijou. Grace George is the star. Good.


So This Is London! Hudson. Makes a hit with those who like English comedy.

Spite Corner. Vanderbilt. A pleasing homespun comedy with a skinny plot.

Thin Ice. Belmont. Worth while you enjoy listening to clever lines.


The Music Box Revue. Music Box. Very easy to look at and listen to.

Orange Blossoms. Fulton. Dancing and music and dialog equally good. Don't miss it.


Sally, Irene and Mary. Casino. An impudent show of New York-Irish manners.

Up She Goes. Playhouse. Excellent musical version of Frank Craven's "Too Many Boobs." Including Donald Brian and Gloria Fay.


The Ziegfeld Follies. Ruff Amsterdam. Amusing, dazzling and distracting.

Insects, Actors, and Frankensteins

(Continued from page 39)

The robots have trouble with the future. Their bodies wear out and die. The formula of making them has been destroyed. How shall they be continued? They exist by reproducing, and this is a difficult process. Love comes to two young robots. And the cycle of life begins again. Robots will invent robots at the end of the world. In The World We Live In the Capkeds contain themselves with analysis. In the first act they let us see the aristocratic and the millionaire, the pretty wasters, the rich and flaky. The second act is devoted to the bourgeoisie—the busy, harmless, just-plain hard-working folk, and the three young robots set up housekeeping in a room already vacated, so very fortunately, by a cricket which a bird has impaled on a thorn; the shemueli-by industriously murder the crickets to bring food to his precious little child; and the parasite bug, who scrambles down the hole of the fly and consumes its store. In the third act, we are with the proletariat—the ants. Here the drama, as well as the plot, is a splendid spectacle of the latest plays of commerce and stagecraft come in for devastating attention as the ants of this regimented state curb all in endless repetition. The ants pick up rifles to go off to battle for "the road between two blades of grass." Now, apparently, it can be done to the satisfaction of all.

The production of R. U. R. by the Theatre Guild is natural enough, and they have done it in a manner that characterizes the current perfect fashion. But to find Brady—champion of The Man Who Came Back and Way Down East, who directed friend old scenes—doing a New York—staging The World We Live In, and staging it sumptuously and intelligently, is the most blooming and satisfying of the spectacular scenes presented by the New York theater since the founding of the Theatre Guild. Perhaps he has learned that the old staff losses as much money as they have; at any rate, he has let Lee Simonson to making a lovely and expressive and very expensive production out of the original theater designs used in Philadelphia. His cast is ambitious enough, but, outside a few players like Kenneth MacKenna, it isn't what it is supposed to be.

Six Characters in Search of an Author carries us out of politics and into aesthetics. It is quite as a spectacle as any of the Capkeds play. It is theatrically a little less entertaining and mentally a lot more exciting. The scene is the playroom of the three réalistes, like a set of cards at you thru the first intermission. Upon this stage occurs the most curious drama I ever saw. The set is a rocky compass, and a play by Pirandello, interrupted by the advent of six people who announce that they are characters out of a certain little human story, who want to have their lives acted out to completion on the stage. They persuade the manager to let them show what happened to them, and soon they are playing scenes for the company of actors who are to give their drama. The remarkable part of Six Characters in Search of an Author is the manner in which the play within a play is worked. This terrible and poignant slice of life is broken in upon by actors who stupidly misunderstand; by the manager trying to enforce the realism of the theater; by the leading character, who cannot resist the temptation to philosophize on metaphysics and the pretences of art; by other characters to whom the story as a moving and terrible as their own living of it to whom, indeed it is their own living of it. All these leads into an extraordinary pattern of life and art intersect in a most extraordinary pattern, until in the last minutes the two characters are acting themselves. They are carried off dead. Are they real, asks Pirandello, and are actors real? Is the man we see real? Which is it that truly exists—Life or Art? Brock Pemberton stages Six Characters in Search of an Author with a simplicity and care well. Certainly, Florence Eldridge, Moffat Johnston, Margaret Wycherly, and Dwight...
The Stage Settings of Norman-Bel Geddes

Reproductions in color from the "Boudoir Ballet" appear on page seven

By Katherine D. Gridley

WHERE to begin when writing about Norman-Bel Geddes? That is the question. First you begin with his theories of stagecraft, of light and color, of interpretation versus realism, of radicalism versus conventionalism. You find he is a searcher for pragmatic truths—it is such a long story. If you begin with his past and work forward, or with his present and work backward—that's a long story, too. Perhaps the best thing, when space is limited, is to do neither. Unlike so many artists before him and off the stage whose treatment of all subjects is so disarmingly similar, Norman-Bel Geddes stands out as a very definite relief. You can't card-index him. It is impossible to say this is a typical Geddes setting, just as it is impossible to know what he is going to do next. It is not as if he were a star of the theatrical world.

Every play, according to his theory, has an imaginative or spiritual atmosphere of its own just as an individual possesses. The modern theater which he built and which we know today differs from another, no matter what physical resemblances they may possess. Geddes seems to have a faculty for not only developing theories but for working them out as well. His technical and spiritual realms do not clash—they work together. There are few men in the modern theater who have this faculty, which amounts to power. Nothing daunts him. We know that in his work with both the Metropolitan and the Chicago Opera Companies he dares to break through the conventional time-worn standard of theatrical impersonators and give them modern scenic art. The Boudoir Ballet (as produced by the Chicago Opera Association) differs from the other, and created an even greater sensation in New York than in Chicago. The painting and lighting of the scene was such that it changed from cool blues and greens at the beginning thru yellows to a burning orange and vermillion at the climax.

At the time of the world-wide celebration of the three hundredth anniversary of Dante's death, Geddes was prompted to work out a marvelous and as yet unrepresented production of The Divine Comedy, which he himself dramatized. The production combines practicality and imaginativeness to a remarkable degree of light, movement, and sound, demanding what no New York theater could give. So Mr. Geddes planned and built the model of a stage, with all its dignity of the theater of Dionysus at Athens. It is a curving cascade of steps rising away from the auditorium, with enormous plinths rising in the back and giving to the movement and lighting whole production and never with such authentic beauty. To quote Robert R. Benchley, in Life: "They made one wonder why there weren't extras out on the streets following the performance announcing that the perfect stage settings for all occasions had been discovered."

He never knew why.

They met at a house party: she was a charmingly demure young thing, that luminous blonde type so fascinating to me—men he is an attractive, handsome young chap who already had achieved a very unusual start in business.

It looked like a new romance right from the start.

After the week-end they parted. Business took him out of town for several days. He could scarcely wait to get back.

The first thing he did on his return was to phone her from the station. He wanted to call.

He offered some excuse or other. It couldn't be arranged.

Again and again he phoned. Always something interfered.

He was persistent; but to no avail. And he never knew why.

* * *

Some friend—some intimate friend—might have told him. It would have saved him endless hours of doubt and miserable speculation.

Of course, halitosis (the medical term for unpleasant breath) is not a very pretty subject, yet why should it be allowed to stand in the way of one's happiness?

Particularly, when a very simple precaution will correct such a condition.

Listerine, the well-known antiseptic, used regularly as a mouth-wash and gargle, will usually defeat halitosis. It halts food fermentation and its remarkable deodorizing properties leave the breath sweet, fresh and clean.

Any druggist will provide you with Listerine. And Listerine will put you on the safe and polite side—Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.
The Camera Contest
(Continued from page 54)

The most Luxuriant Brows and Lashes will not bring beauty to your face, which has become Drab and Lifeless. Restore the Enchanting Sparkle of Youth through the Daily Use of Moisturizing Lotion Enlivens Weary Eyes and Soon Makes them Radiantly Beautiful.

Our 1105 Annual Production, in cartoons, has contributed, at a Succinct $100,000, to the World of Cartoons with prominent cartoonists, without their knowledge. Our 1115 Exhibition, in cartoons, $60, has contributed, at a Succinct $3,000, to the World of Cartoons with prominent cartoonists.

Within this Fictitious, a forceful and delightful article on the artistic future of the Motion Picture

The Camera Contest
(Continued from page 54)

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Sport, humorous, serious and animated cartooners never lack for big demand! Successful cartoonists earn up to $5,000 to over $100,000 a year. You can learn to do these cartoons that sell. Many of our students earn big money even while learning!

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If you are one of the unfortunate women whose beauty is marred by unsightly eyeglasses and spectacles

Read the convincing article by Frank G. Murphy, M.D.

*"How to be Beautiful in Glasses"

Dr. Murphy says:

"Eyeglasses and spectacles should improve the appearance of the face and not detract from its beauty as they usually do . . . ."

"There is much about the face that determines the composition of the eyeglass frames: its contour; the shape, size and length of the eyebrows; length and size of the nose. . . . ."

"Spectacles make thin faces look more round than eyeglasses do . . . and the eyebrows frequently appear deformed by ill-chosen eyeglass frames. . . . ."
Wanderings
(Continued from page 57)

Still, I, for one, derive no pleasure from watching a lady of ample proportions in extremely scanty attire, posturing and pirouetting in order to express her choro-
bacchanalian, crepuscular drivel, which consists of such operatic marvels as Tschaikowsky's Pathétique Symphonie, Wagner's ENTRY OF THE GODS into Valhalla in act one, this time followed by the Venusberg episode in Tannhäuser. That sort of thing
soon becomes tiresome, especially when the musical accompaniment is worse than indifferent.
I regard for veracity compels me to state that the public applauded Miss Duncan rapturously, while no one seemed more pleased with her performance than the young revolutionary poet husband. As Tom Moore wrote, 'There's nothing half so sweet in life as love's young dream.'

* * *

It was fitting that America's best orchestra, the Philadelphia, should open the season which it did with the finest delivery of the Meistersinger Prelude I can recall, followed by Beethoven's noble Fourth, with its lovely Adagio, and Strauss's HELENUS, which is as full of quotations as Hamlet, and under Stokowski's direction sounded like great music, which of course it is not. The New York Symphony gave its initial concert of the season a few days later, and it was in admirable form. The program comprised Brahms' glorious second symphony, a Waldi
certo, well arranged by Sam Franko for strings and piano, the latter excellently played by Walter Damrosch himself, and an enjoyable novelty by Saint-Saëns, Le Carnaval des Animaux.

* * *

The last was a delightful jeu d'esprit, albeit one crabbed critic wrote of it very contemptuously. Possibly he was annoyed at the inclusion by the composer of the critics with the 'long-earled gentleman' who bragged so realistically in the carnival. It was capital fun, and to one who has seen several learned musicians who were present, the aforesaid crabbed critic should have been sitting, as I was, next to the eminent Russian musician Silito, who applauded the different descriptive numbers with enthusiasm, roared at the bray-
ing of the crit—asses, I mean—and went out humming the pretty melody in the last move-
ment, "Ab! vous dirai-je, maman."

Littératière of Modernism
(Continued from page 64)

Littératière of Modernism
(Continued from page 64)

in the field of Portraiture, Impressionistic Painting, Stage Decoration, and Artistic Photography.
Art Comment

(Continued from page 46)

masks, as well as a model of an old French village that he has been working on for the last two years. It is complete to the detail, built of heavy paper for a foundation with strips of paper pasted on to build it up. Mr. Benda was both architect and builder. The scale is one-eighth. The design is Gothic, but scaled the rather formless additions that the French were so fond of building onto their examples of pure Gothic buildings. It is absolutely enormous, for among other things Mr. Benda is an authority on architecture. It is surprising to the layman to learn that pure color is a thing of vivid color, red, scarlet and black decorating the ceilings and vivid blues and reds over the archways. 

Mario Korbel, the sculptor, has left Mr. King’s studio, which he had been using since his return from abroad and is now at 814 Madison Avenue. As soon as he unpacks his new things and repairs them he expects to hold an exhibit. A great many of his things were broken in shipping, and each case he unpacks has some disheartening thing in it to greet him. One of his latest things is called Adolfoence, an exquisite figure of a girl, her hair half-waving her face. 

Jo Davidson, who came over from Paris especially to make a bust of E. H. Scripps, of the Scripps-McRoy syndicate, took extra time and spent an evening with Chalapin, which is destined for the collection of his great conception. He is trying to make a contemporary plastic history. He did make a plastic history of the Peace Conference, and during those strenuous times Wilson, Lloyd George, Clemenceau, Pershing, Foch, Colonel House, Henry T. White, in fact, all the outstanding personalities who were making history, passed thru his hands. He worked on them with the greatest experience of their lives was impressing his personalities and he has made, probably, the greatest monument to the world possible because his array is not symmetrical but actual. That is what he is trying to do with people, make an everlast collection of the outstanding figures of the people of today, who are international and have worked for the race.

Men like Conrad, Anatole France, Barney Baruch, even Mother Jones has just been added to his list. He wants to add Edison, Rockefeller, perhaps Bernard Shaw, and if he can get hold of Henry Ford, he will make another special trip to the States to model him.

But from now on he plans to spend three months of every year in the United States, also still doing most of his work in Paris, where he has been for the last seventeen years. But America will now have a chance to see his work as it is to be permanently on view at the Farron Gallery, 25 W. 54th. It is not going to be an exhibit but a collection, so that people who admire and appreciate his marvelous artistry, his faculty of showing character and the soft feeling of flesh over bone, wrought in marble and bronze, can go there and see it. As he completes his new things, they will be shipped over here and put on view. It will, in truth, a plastic history and it is doubtless the greatest large scale conception that a sculptor has had since the days of the Greeks and Romans.

The New York Times Book Review Section published the following story: “Edward Simmons, the mural painter whose memories have just been published by Mr. Benda under the title, From Seven to Seventy, confesses that breaking into print at his age has its inconveniences. ‘In fact,’ he said recently, ‘it is one thing to think to tell all you know in one book. A friend looking over my book the other day stopped and said in a frightened tone, ‘But, Simon, this is terrible. You have put in all your pet stories. Don’t you know that you will never be able to talk again?’ ‘Never be able to talk again! What an awful thing to contemplate! Half my life gone, as it were, without one swoop of my pen!’ ”

Lucy Perkins Ripley, the sculptor, has been invited to hold a joint exhibit with Arthur Charles of Philadelphia, at the Chicago Art Institute in March. Mrs. Ripley recently spent six months in Italy and southern France, where she has been making a study of Byzantine sculpture.

Erich Galleries, 707 Fifth Avenue. The first part of January there will be a group exhibit of portraits by some of the best-known portrait painters. The latter part of the month there will be an exhibition of paintings by Henrietta Shore.

Ferargil Galleries, 607 Fifth Avenue. These galleries will undoubtedly show during January the works of John La Farge, Eric Hudson and Jerry Waltham.

Folsom Galleries, 104 West 57th Street. The last two weeks of January will be shown the paintings of Henry L. Hoffman. From the first of February there will be a group exhibition which will include the works of Chase, Wyant, Twauchmann, La Farge, Weir, Blake and others.

Knoedler Galleries, 556 Fifth Avenue. The month of January will see the works of Philip de Laszlo, the English portrait painter, hung at this gallery.

Montross Galleries, 550 Fifth Avenue. From January 1st to 20th will be shown the paintings by Arthur Streeton, also starting on the 1st and lasting until the 13th will be an exhibition of Harry Burndich’s pictures. Starting the 15th until 3rd of February the paintings of Walt Kuhn will be hung.

Mussman Galleries, 144 West 57th Street. During January there will be a group exhibition of paintings and etchings which will include the works of Philip Little, Henry B. Shope, Eugene B. Higgins, Saterburg, Gage, Ross Sante and others.

Milech Galleries, 108 West 57th Street. From January 1st to 13th there will be paint- ings by Henry C. White. From January 13th to 27th, paintings of Spain by William Potter. From January 8th to 28th etchings by William Myrowitz.

Scott and Fowles, 667 Fifth Avenue. There will be an exhibition of eighteenth century portraits and a showing of Bronzes by Paul Manship.

Howard Young Galleries, 620 Fifth Avenue. During January these galleries will show a collection of Modern French Art.

Belmaison Galleries (Wanamaker’s) Astor Place, The Annual Exhibit of American painters and sculptors will be on view at this gallery during the entire month of January. The works of Denham, Sheeler, Nan Ray, Dickinson, George Biddle, Gasto Lachance, Donald Cusick, William Yarrow and many others will be shown.

The Misses Hill Galleries, 607 Fifth Avenue. There will be a showing of paintings by Julie Sturh the first two weeks in January. The last two weeks will be paintings by Jane Peterson.

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A well-known psychologist has analyzed the reason for Rudolph Valentino’s enormous popularity with the feminine element. What the scientist has to say will amaze every woman and make every man think. Valentino is the symbol of the romantic lover, the writer asserts; which means that the American woman must be in sore need of romance—a terrible indictment of the American Husbond.

An Experiment in Modeling — —

Harry Carr tells how that genius, Don Strohlein, is taking little Mary Philbin, the child with an unformed mind, a pure and beautiful face, and a soul as plastic as virgin snow, and is absolutely absorbed in the process of molding her into a great dramatic genius.

Hollywood’s “Little Church Around the Corner” — — —

New Year’s Day 1923

Famous Stradivari

(Continued from page 59)

came into my hands. It is dated 1725, and now belongs to Mrs. Hay, of Chicago.

Hawley’s 1716 Strad, a very unique instrument in model, is owned by Mr. Patiner, of Philadelphia; and his so-called Earl, 1722, is in the possession of a gentleman residing in Portland, Maine. The Hawley collection, all year, of which passed thru my hands, is now distributed among players and amateurs throughout the country.

Mr. Waters imported the well-known King instrument by Joseph Guarnerius about 1872, and this I sold to the late Mr. O. Havemeyer, of New York, in 1908. Had Mr. Waters never done anything else, the single act of bringing this lovely violin to America would deserve the lastest appreciation of all of his countrymen who are intelligent lovers of fine violins. Mr. J. E. Griener, of Baltimore, is the present owner.

It is dated 1725, and was thus made when the master was in his eighty-first year. It is known as exceptionally rare. Both this and the Stradivarius model are in the Wurlitzer collection, New York. Dr. Franz Kneisel, a few years after joining the Boston Symphony Orchestra, returned to Vienna. He brought back with him to America Professor Grün’s Strad, dated 1715. Its dulcet tones have been heard by thousands of concertgoers in the past thirty years. Indeed, it has received as much usage as any Strad I know of. Mrs. Griener, of New York, possesses a Strad of fine type, dated 1716. Mr. Jacques Gordon, concertmaster of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, has the Marie Strad, which belongs to 1698, and in it beauty both in tone and appearance. It is of the large Amatist pattern.

Mr. Michael K Flyer, one of the talented concert masters of the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra, possesses one of 1658. It is remarkably rich in tone. Both the Violin and the viola Stradivarius instrument were in the Wurlitzer collection, New York. Dr. Eugenio Sturchio, of Newark, possesses one of 1697, known as the “Russian.” Two eminent violinist and teacher, Professor Frank Mendelssohn, has a Strad of the 1690 period, of the large Amatist type and is unusually full in appearance. Mr. Auer prefers the sound of this Strad, having found that its tone, crisp tone is most effective in concert. Experience corroborates that of Mr. Auer.

The tone of Strad violins made after 1700 are flexible and melting, instruments made in 1690, of the large Amatist and Long and., have a combination of qualities, including brilliancy, and what I may call a certain character, that make them most suitable for popular music. I believe that for a master there are unequaled, as the leader symphony orchestra requires an instrument of this acoustics.

New York’s Day 1923

Page Seventy-Two
The Buffoon Ballet of Larionow
(Continued from page 49)

raised to the nth power. This being so, why not make everything contribute to the sole end of glorifying absurdity? Rabelais did this, Edward Lear did it; the one with words, the other with words and colored fantastic illustrations: Larionow does it with color and movement.

The second scene is the home of the seven buffoons. The setting is a series of irregular arches, each one colored in the crudest primary colors, and designed in the most casual freehand. The wives, on the other hand, are dressed in rigid costumes, with queer cardboard triangles and pentagons flapping from their skirts. At the extremity of each skirt is a number: there are seven wives, and the fun of it all is to number them. Every wife stands at the side of a table, which is so arranged as to show everything on it: the tables are literally tip-top tables, and to the vertical side of each are fastened plates and glasses, knives and forks. "Why," asks Larionow, "should we not see everything?"

The majority of those who have watched the Buffoon Ballet are unable to give a reason for their enjoyment of it. But the reason is this: Larionow has done what not one artist in ten thousand can do, the many have tried: his has captured the spirit of childhood—not its externals, but its very essence. He has adopted the child's point of view, or, rather, it has adopted him. The man and the artist are one, and his art is the expression of himself. He is simpler than Dickens; simpler than Barrie; and his delight in the visible world is more genuine.

Insects, Actors, and Frankensteins
(Continued from page 66)

Frye convey a sense of vitality to the characters they play, and Ernest Cossart is uncommonly deft and amusing as the manager. I don't suppose that To Love would have had any trouble in getting itself produced twenty years ago, even tho there are only three people in the cast, and the whole thing is an almost actionless discussion of the eternal triangle. After all it is French, and Frohman was very fond of French drama if it had been played at the Comédie Française. To Love is not precisely typical of France, however, for Paul Geraldy, author of The Nest, writes with an earnest restraint that old boulevardiers like Bataille and Berstein never had much use for. Here is a sincere, fine-fibred and not very moving drama, acted capably enough by Grace George, Norman Trevor, and Robert Warwick; but it's not half so deserving of the theatrical order of merit as Brady's other production, the insect comedy.

Among the remaining productions of the month are a new and still more entertaining bill from the Child-Spinx; a dull "coup d'etat" by Mme. Kousouvoff's Revue Russe; a moral preachment by Channing Pollock called The Fool, at which Alexander Woodcott cried once in spite of its arrant artificiality; a sentimental drama by Austin Strong called Seventh Heavens at which the present writer cried twice in spite of its arrant artificiality, but was able to excuse himself with the vivid acting of Helen Menken; The Last Warning, an utterly incomprehensible and thrilling murder-mystery; The Faithful Heart, a sentimental drama by Monkton Hoffe, neither conspicuously false or conspicuously important; a new Music Box Revue, again glorifying the interior decorator, but without so much humor as before to match Irving Berlin's gorgeous synopses; a first-rate Shubert musical show, Springtime of Youth, in which Sigmund Romberg is melodious and Harry K. Morton and Harry Kelly are extraordinarily funny; and a second-rate Shubert musical show, The Lady in Excelsa, in which nobody at all is very entertaining.

GIFTS FOR A CHILD

By Thelma Stillson

I'd bring you veils from Araby
And incense from Cathay,
If I could have my way:
Japan should send a lacquered box
Your trinkets bright to hold,
And from the land of some dark king
Would come a bale of gold.

There would be lovely, silken robes,
And jewels for your hands,
And strange, unnamed, exotic things
From far and unnamed lands.

These are the gifts I'd bring to you,
If I could have my way—
Scarves spun from virgins' sunny hair
And incense from Cathay—
A N article by Edgar Ca- 
hill on the work of 
*Jons Lie*, with a reproduc-
tion in color of his painting, 
"Silent Stream." *Mr. Lie* is a 
Scandinavian, widely known as a painter of Nature and 
American industrial life. It 
is not the faithful transcrip-
tion of a given scene which 
he achieves, it is a frankly in-
dividualized version of some-
thing seen, remembered, and 
re-created on canvas. It 
has been said of him that he 
"chants in paint."

A mid-season musical re-
view by Jerome Hart, who 
discusses the operas, sym-
phony concerts, and recitals 
—the high spots of a brilliant 
season.

"Chaliapin of the Uni-
verse" by Ernest Ernesto-
vitch—a study of the great 
Russian actor-singer, with 
numerous photographs of 
him in his leading characters.

Critical and satirical ar-
ticles by Burton Rascoe, Ken-
neth Macgowan, Thyrza Satter 
Winslow, and Benjamin De Casseres.

Reproductions of three im-
pressionistic drawings in red 
chalk by Eugene Higgins; an 
unusual number of exquisite 
camera studies; two pages of 
cartoons by Wynn, and two 
by Henkel.

---

**Echoes of the Jungle**

*I am Memory—*
*I am Torment—*
*I am Town—*
*I am all that ever went with evening dress!*

*From Kipling's Song of the Banjo*

By Franklin H. Hitchcock

T has been truly said that the loveliest 
music in all the world—that of the violin— 
is produced, paradoxically, by rubbing the 
tail of a horse against the entrails of a cat. 
The anatomical nicety of the aphorism is almost 
blasphemous when you consider Kreisler play-
ing the Kreisner Sonatas, let us say—but then, 
of course, when Kreisler plays, your soul is 
soaring in realms where thoughts of horses and 
cats do not intrude, and therefore it really 
makes no difference.

But the materials by which music, or, since 
we are treating of Jazz, it were proper to say 
noise, is produced are none the less interesting. 
Wherein precisely lies the fascination of the 
weird cacophony produced by the vibration of 
tin kettles and wooden clappers? What is the 
exact explanation of the near-madness induced 
by the tortured air that seeks to escape from 
the twisted brass and the bursting, belabored 
drum?

If Kipling's Banjo sings of itself:

*I am Memory—*
*I am Torment—*
*I am Town—*
*I am all that ever went with evening dress!*

May we not say of Jazz:

*I am Passion—*
*I am Carnal—*
*I am Lust—*
*I am all that ever went with sheer desire!*

And yet, is there not perhaps something 
plaintive and wistful in the moaning saxophones— 
something expressive of the negroid fatalistic, 
fanatic philosophy? If it be so, then at least 
it is a mode of expression, and it is immediately 
rather raised from the level of an impotent aegis to 
that of a meditated hysteria, and as such 
serves consideration.

The psychology of Jazz is really very simple. 
Everyone of us, at some crisis or other in our 
lives, has experienced the very natural and 
overwhelming desire to scream. It may be 
wrath, pain, exasperation, relief or danger that 
produces the desire, but to scream appears at 
the time to be the only safety-valve to our 
pent-up emotions.

As the World War drew to its sickening 
close, the world appears to have experienced 
this same desire, and gave expression to it 
by an orgy of Jazz. And because it has felt 
very much better for screaming (even as you 
and I) it has gone on screaming. And it will 
continue to scream whenever it feels that way 
inclined. And a very good thing, too.

To say that Jazz is immoral is absurd. It 
is immoral, if you like, because it is primeval 
and savage and unrestrained. It is not music, 
for music is harmony and rhythm, whereas Jazz 
is discord and synopagation. It is not beautiful, 
but then a woman in a temper is not beautiful, 
and the two are not dissimilar. It is not even 
new—thousands of years ago the jungle echoed 
to its crazy dissonances. Today we call them 
The Sombering-or-Other Blues—the Heidelberg 
man probably has some equally foolish name 
for the version current in his day. But we may 
be sure that he never treated it as a great 
problem, as we are rather apt to do in these 
days of passionate introspection. No, he 
either joined the crowd and simmered with the 
rest, or he felt like it, or if he didn’t he 
probably beaved a mammoth tank at the 
revellers and urged them to cease, for the love 
of Mike, or whatever Deity was popular at 
that time.

Like everything else that comes into con-
tact with our so-called civilization, Jazz has 
been exploited and commercialized until much 
of its spontaneity has been destroyed. The 
colored gentleman from West Africa, in whose 
blood runs the veins of thousands of genera-
tions of West African savages, knows how to 
play Jazz; the sallow young Israelite from 
Chicago may be an excellent pants-presser, 
song writer or financier, but he does not 
know how to play Jazz.

People are forever trying to refine Jazz, to 
blunt its savagery, and to tone down its 
arsenalism. They only succeed in making it 
worth less than it was before, just as a Kirchner 
made, with one silk stocking, is worse than a 
model which does not pretend to be anything 
else. Jazz, to be enjoyed, is essentially unre-
strained. It is intensely sensual, but not neces-
sarily sexual. It is emotion to the nth degree, 
universal, startling, devastating.

An ardent admirer of Jazz once took a 
friend to whom it was unknown to listen to a 
selection. He noted with pleasure the im-
pression it appeared to make upon him.

"What do you think of it?" he shouted above 
the din.

"What’s that?" queried the friend.

"The music!" screamed the man, "what do 
you think of it? Isn’t it wonderful!"

"I’m sorry," said the friend; "you’ll have 
to speak louder—I didn’t hear you on account 
of that damned noise they’re making!"

_Deputibus non disputandum._

---

**IDYL**

*By Jeanette E. Talcott*

I’d like to be a vagabond 
And stroll the woodland ways 
*With no one near to criticize*

Nor yet to sing my praise. 
**Alone with God and wind and wood** 
Contended I would be 
A-strolling from the woodland 
To the ever-changing sea.

I’d bathe me in the moonlight, 
I’d warm me in the sun, 
And I’d sleep beneath the starlight 
When the joyful day was done. 
A happy heedless vagabond 
Ah—that’s the life for me 
A-strolling through the country 
Where the gifts of God are free.
Letters has stirred up a controversy—and controversy is much more than mere 
theatrical, for the meat of it. In his legend is a mere legend, but 
"Jim" Huneker was a legend to me before 
I ever met him. He was legendary while I 
was in his confidence by the lobby of the Metropolitan Opera House, he was 
just a legend more than ever before he repose in his ironic ashes.

In life he was a radiant magnet. If 
I stood near his stroll thru the 
set of the blackguard, the State 
Congressman not after all, the 
mask is a mask to keep the flies of mediocrity from 
soiling his real self. And what a mask that 
was—sky-high, pride, and 
irony!

The machinery of getting to places destroyed 
his life. He could have ridden in 
the king's coach, spent his life climbing 
subways.

He was the traffic cop on Parnassus.

If you want to have some fun—and can 
pen a book—try writing yourself 
self—write a book of essays, air your own 
philosophical and emotional complexes, as I 
did in the first volume of the 
Myself. You will get the big kick out of 
the critical notices. You will see your 

I have been called a mountebank, a 
great artist, a set piece of verbal 
heaviness, the superiority of Emerson, a Big 
Noise, America's foremost 
epigrammatist, a vulgar 
utterance, a sublime generalizer, a common 
literary thingy—

in fact, everything but a Congressman or a 

And so it went and so it went.

Eugene O'Neill, the writer, was 

Christopher Selves.

In the New 
Number, you will see, that the play has 

out the fall of idols and the rise of bootleggers.

A curious letter lately appeared in one of 
the New York papers about my favorite word, 
the word Abracadabra—

The writer tells us that Abraca-
dabra was used as a charm by the 

Later a Mr. Cook applied the term to 
the evolution theory.

now, no one has used the word Abracadabra 
more than I have in writing and speaking. It 
has a precise and definite meaning. It has 
nothing to do with Gnostics or evolution.

Abracadabra means a newspaper of terror 

On politics, Conan Doyle's lectures, the 

plays of O'Neill, What's-His-Name?—you 
know, the poetry of C. K. Kemp, the 

Versailles Treaty and the Einstein theory.

Abracadabra is a word which pronounced in a 

downright, noisy, cadenced manner explains, 

clarifies and simplifies to the most 

childlike mind the mental acts of about 

eighty-two per cent of Americans at the present 
time.

If you have read the ex-Kaiser's memoirs, you 
will get a perfectly clear meaning of the word 

Abracadabra.

If you have read John S. Sumner on Art, 
you will understand without the aid of a 
dictionary the meaning of the wordful 

and miraculous word Abracadabra.

As a matter of fact, Abracadabra has only 

one perfect synonym: 1922 (or any current 
year in which you live).

Jests and Visions

(Continued from page 19)

The Economics of Experiment

(Continued from page 27)

"commercial" theater—which means merely the 
convivial theater—the "type" actor is useful 
and desirable. This is not because there 
is any special merit in versatility, or that an actor 
who is versatile is necessarily 
your finer an artist than the player who does one 
or two things exceptionally well. It is merely 
the case that if an actor is more of 
the same meaning theatrical, and that is just what it is.

We might easily go further, and show how the 
lengthening of the rent affects the 
American drama. The truth is, that to speak 
of the professional theatre as anything but 
a commercial theater is nonsense, and to have it 
anything but a commercial theater, that is, 
a self-supporting and self-respecting, theater, 
would be a misfortune.

To be free of the economic bondage which 
restricts and is independent and 
belittles, the theater must win public 
support (which it can only do by being interesting), and it must find constantly new ways of 
achieving the maximum of effect with the minimum 
of expenditure. If the new stagecraft is 
but a new and more lavish way to spend money, 
it will accomplish very little for our theater.

If it simplifies as well as intensifies, then it will 
open a whole new range of possibilities. For-

mately, that seems to be the goal of its best practitioners, and every fresh experiment they 
make should be studied on its economic side.

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**RICHARD WALLACE
BROOKLYN, N. Y.**
The World’s Greatest Failures

(Continued from page 44)

ure. Capable of achieving distinction in the study of bugs and birds, Barbellion looked with jealousy on the glory of Stevenson. He died oppressed with a sense of having misspent his life.

The fame of many a noted man has been diminished by his seeking more worlds to conquer. Nero’s famous literary aspirations would have been a blot upon his name, even tho he had not blackened it with cruelty. Caligula made an ass of himself. Frank Cowper’s best efforts earned for him a lasting black eye. Henry James’s prestige suffered when he tried to be a playwright as well as a novelist.

A great poet warned serious writers who were building monuments in literature never to publish anything light. A frivolous line or two, he thought, would bring lasting regret to the author of serious work. Mark Twain so painstakingly acquired repute as a humorist that when he tried to be serious he was not taken seriously.

An anecdote is told of Twain reading to a group of guests. When he was reading, a young woman in the audience may have a great demonstration of mirth, somewhat to the author’s annoyance. When he concluded, she approached him, giggling, and said:

“Oh, Mr. Clemens, I thought I would die! I believe I am the only one who perceived what you meant. It was a satire on Browning, wasn’t it?”

The surprised Mr. Clemens assured her that he had not intended to be humorous and really had been reading Browning!

A modification of an ancient proverb is “Shoemaker, stick to thy last!”; excellent advice, as many an artist who has been lured by the will o’ the wisps of vanity or envy.

One of the most amusing eases of vanity leading a man into the sphere of another, is that of the Earl of Limerick, who must have revised this advice to read, “Shoemaker, I’ll stick to thy last.” The earl had been doing well as a professional peer, but he longed to be a cooher. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., relates that when one visits the earl, he deftly turns the subject upon shoes. He takes tremendous pride in guessing the cost of one’s footwear, where it was manufactured, and whether it is imitation kid or the genuine article. The earl’s friends are never embarrassed when he peers thru his monocle at their feet. They know it isn’t because they lack the size. The earl merely is utilizing his practical knowledge of shoemaking.

Perhaps the leather-learned earl is not more amusing than Chaplin would be playing Hamlet. There is a divinity that shapes our ends, and Charlie’s seem to have been shaped for comedy.

An Experiment in Music Culture

(Continued from page 21)

The remarkable motion picture hall under the main auditorium—it has a fine pipe-organ, a silver screen and adequate projection machinery, but no seats—in which students of the adjoining School of Music may properly be taught the artistic use of the organ in connection with the showing of the motion picture is a recognition of this high purpose of the founders.

Into the hands of Rochester has been given a real treasure-box. If it fails to enrich that community, it will not be the fault of the donor. That responsibility would then come directly home to Rochester. But I have no fears for the town. It is both ready and anxious. Twenty-five thousand folk in six days struggling for admittance to real musical drama should be interpreted as an evidence of both.
Joseph Stella
(Continued from page 11)

"Armory Show," the first official presentation of radical painting to the American public. Since then he has been a frequent exhibitor at galleries devoted to modern art. During his many years of hard struggle he has maintained his personal freedom from the high-minded and pretentious influence of his brother, the eminent Dr. Antonio Stella. In a lecture delivered before a gathering of artists in New York City, the sculptor made this statement: "I don't know why, but when I look at the face of an aesthetic, critic, teacher, I get the same feeling of common kindness that comes over me when I see wax tears sliding gently upon a coffin." I can understand his horror. A man of rich symbols and extensive enthusiasms, he objects to dissections and frigid appraisal; he abhors labels, and pledges allegiance to no particular school. If the critic can help the public to appreciate pictures, he has in turn helped the artist. In writing of the new movements I have found it useful to revive the old terms: realism and decoration. By realism I mean not photographic illustration, but an imaginative concept in three dimensions, in which the preservation of the solidity and depth of the classical tradition; the term decorates refers, not to the trivial decoration stored merely on the surface, but to a rhythmic, two-dimensional order which goes back thru Matisse to the Primitives and the Chinese, and which is valid—that is, the choice is a matter of temperament. Mr. Stella is a romantic decorator. Most painters, confusing the word decorator with some sentimentality which we associate with certain English schools, would strongly resent this designation. But the romantic decorator Painting may contain anything. It may be flat or solid. Propriety has nothing to do with it—the pertinent question is, "Have the selected materials unity and order? Have they a relationship which is productive of an idea or meaning?" Mr. Stella asks for freedom, that he be allowed to do as he pleases. In this he is quite right. His attitude toward life is visioned and based on the assumption that the result is a curiously personal transvaluation, the intricate conflict of sensitive line with definite orientation. His conception of art is legiti-

Old Laces as Collecting Objects
(Continued from page 63)

Laws aimed at the suppression of such lavishness were enacted, however, and since then the wearing of lace by men has gradually ceased. There are two great classes of lace with which collectors and lace admirers have to deal: point-laces and pillow-laces; and these are subdivided. Point-lace is the result of work done entirely with the needle and a single thread and is made from a design drawn on parchment or other paper. Pillow-lace is the result of weaving, twisting and pleating various threads upon a lace-maker's pillow or cushion. Bobbin lace, which is used to several hundred, are used in the making.

The legendary basis of the fairy-like "rose point" ("l'auto di Rosa") is a most interesting contribution to lace folklore. In the days of long ago, when maidens in every station were lace-makers, a sailor brought home to his sweetheart some treasures of the sea that he had gathered while diving for coral. Before sail-
ing away again upon a long and dangerous voyage, with one last glance of love she wound into soft, fleshy lace, each loving gift of tiny shell, delicate marine plant, starfish, and other forms of sea life, and returned. When the wedding day arrived, she was dressed in a head-covering of delicate tissue of the tiniest lace. It was so fine that even before she walked, thought worth to adorn the persons of queens and princesses.

This point made on fine batiste, by stitching-coarse thread around the design and then cutting out the groundwork and filling in the open spaces, sometimes using loops for laces and knots and at other times with Punto di Aria.

Valenciennes lace (French), as is the case with Brussels lace, is made of flax thread of extraordinary fineness. The former was used by Marie Antoinette, to trim her favorite lawn dresses and fichus when she and the ladies of her court retired to the Petit Trianon to play at being shepherdesses. The finest of these laces are spun in dark and damp underground rooms to avoid the dry air which causes the thread to break—a serious matter, for it is valued at more than two thousand dollars a pound. A single beam of light is admitted, the air is kept free from dust, and the work is done in the dark; the whole with the delineation of industrial activity. Factories, skylighters and gas tanks are molded by his imagination into architectural fantasies. His position in painting will depend upon his ability to give meaning and coherence to his romantic interpretation of modern life.

CORLISS PALMER
Brewster Buildings, Brooklyn, N.Y.

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THE heroines were introduced to you in the December number—the fiery seventeen-year-old Lissa and her gentle sister Mary, two years older. You read of their departure from the dull home town for Hollywood—of their disappointments—of their try-out as extras—of the dangers that Mary feared and that Lissa challenged.

In the January number the Villain is almost crowned King—but Mary outwits him, saves her irresponsible young sister, and is given a glimpse of the hero, Dermott Trent.

In the February instalment many thrills and surprises await you: Mary's desperate resolve for the sake of Lissa—the frenzied party at the villa of a millionaire roué—the threat of the younger sister—the contempt of Dermott Trent—Mary's visit to the House of Mystery.
"A man has but one moment of life to call his own. The moment just passed into the score of Time's count, the moment which the hand of the clock trembles over, a hair's breadth yet to go—these are no man's to claim. One is gone forever; the other may mark the passage of his soul. "Only this moment, this throb of the heart, this half-drawn breath, is a living man's to claim. The beggar has it—the monarch can command no more."

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Fresh minted from my hand, behold a New Year now spread out before you.

Half a million golden minutes—a royal treasure! Beware lest it slip away through careless fingers.

A New Year's resolution? Aye, here is one. Say to yourself every morning of the year, "Today I will make every minute count!"

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This brings about a period of keen competition. It means that everybody must work harder and accept less in order to overcome the sales resistance of a curtailed demand.

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Advertising and Selling ought to be considered as “fifty-fifty” in importance. Advertising creates the consumer demand. Selling connects this demand with the supply. Each needs the other to make its work complete.
FEBRUARY, 1923

SHADOWLAND

Expressing the Arts

Important Features in This Issue:

PAINTING AND SCULPTURE:
Jonas Lie: Poet of Today ............................................ Edgar Cahill
The Quaint Netsuke of Japan ........................................ W. G. Bowdoin

ARCHITECTURE:
The Spirit of Swedish Architecture ................................ Eric Ingre

LITERATURE:
A Cantrip of Critics ...................................................... Burton Rascoe
The Black Dress (translated from the French) .................. Jean Moara

SATIRE AND HUMOR:
Shaw, D'Annunzio, Tolstoi: Diabolistic Idealists .......... Benjamin De Casseres
The Passing of Finest .................................................. Thyra Sumner Winslow

DRAMA:
The Hamlet of a Generation ......................................... Kenneth Macgowan
Indian Summer (a ten-minute play) ............................. Pierre Loring

MUSIC:
A Memorable Rehearsal ............................................... Henry Osborne Osgood
A Mid-Season Musical Review ..................................... Jerome Hart

DANCING:
A Pictorial Feature—Camera studies of Pavlova and members of her Ballet; the Morgan Dancers; Rose Rolanda, Gilda Gray, Doris Humphrey and others

MOTION PICTURES:
Ostentation versus Art ............................................... Konrad Bercovici

CARICATURE:
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The Art of the Silversmith .......................................... Margaret Breuning

PHOTOGRAPHY:
Look to Your Composition ......................................... James Wallace Gillies

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A WINTER MORNING
THE COQUETTE

From the water-color poster

By F. Fabiano
SPANISH DANCER

Louis Kronberg received his first instruction in the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston; later he studied in New York, and under Benjamin-Constant in Paris. His work has received many awards, and he is represented in the art museums of our leading cities.
THE PERSIAN MAID

Charles Allan Winter has studied in France and Italy—but he remains an individualist. We have no other painter in America with his peculiar haunting treatment. The painting here reproduced was inspired by the "Rubaiyat"
Jonas Lie does not attempt to symbolize nature, but in portraying nature to impart a sense of what is within and what is beyond.
Jonas Lie: Poet of Today

Who records on canvas the various moods of Nature and the deeds of Man

By Edgar Cahill

WHERE does Beauty stand in the eternal struggle between radical and reactionary? Is she right or left wing—bolshievik or bourgeois? Is she an urn for the ashes of the past, or an arrow of longing for the future? To those of us who take our art as we take our "hooch"—on prescription—she must be one or the other. Either a dream from a dimly glorious and press-agented yesterday, or a vision pointing to an impossibly perfect tomorrow. But, to that artist who has real significance for his time, Beauty is a girl of today, to be loved and lived with and endured by him who can capture her. And it takes an artist of talent to do the capturing. I have in mind an artist who has been unusually successful in capturing the beauty of today. His name is Jonas Lie.

In approaching the work of Jonas Lie from this point of view one thinks first of all of his industrial paintings—his canvases of Broadway canons, Brooklyn Bridge, the teeming waters around Manhattan, Utah copper mines, and certainly of his Panama Canal paintings. In the Panama pictures, The McGill Locks, The Heavenly Host, The Conquerors, one feels the spiritual beauty and greatness of man's conspiracy against space and matter. The dignity and power of industry are in these records of modern man's gravitation-annihilating contrap- tions, these intense, terrific thrusts of lines and masses against the obstinate resistance of space.

"The poetry of industry has not been fully appreciated," says Mr. Lie. "Just as Velasquez did not find it necessary to clothe his sovereign in the mantle of the Greeks, as Whistler pointed out, so it is not necessary for us to clothe the tremendous frame of industry in antique trappings. We can and we must use the material of our surroundings for art. Art does not live in the past. She lives to show us the beauty of the present moment, to make today beautiful for us."

Tho Jonas Lie has read beauty into industry, into modern cities, into the tumult and the vibrant disorder of today, that is not his whole story by any means. He began some twenty-two years ago, exhibiting paintings of snowy hillsides, windswept trees, brooding sky and water, grey-white things of somber beauty and repressed power.

A Norwegian by birth, he has always loved snow, feeling, as Scandinavians do, that snow is the year's coat of ermine, the white mantle that protects grass and shrub and tree against winter's rigors. He sees more than the pictorial side of snow, he sees its whiteness, its stillness, its rich lusciousness. That is part of his Scandinavian heritage, for tho he has become an American of the Americans, both as painter and as citizen, the influences of his childhood are there, about the deep subconscious roots of his personality. That is why he loves sea and landscape that look Norwegian—upheaving, rugged, wind-swept landscape, snowy hillsides, sails sweeping the grey sea, the splendid disorder of mast-studded harbors.

Mention of the sea brings home to us that Jonas Lie is nephew and namesake to Norway's greatest writer of sea stories. The first dozen years of the painter's life were spent in Norway. At the age of twelve, when his father died, he went to Paris. He had studied drawing and painting with Christian Skredsvig, and in France he continued his art studies. In Paris, he lived at the home of his famous uncle, around whom revolved, in those days, the circle of distinguished Scandinavians in the French capital. At the end of a year the young artist came to America.

(Continued on page 70)
Posed for Hori by members of the Pavlova Ballet

GRETCHEN AND HANS

Page Thirteen
Ostentation *versus* Art

So long as producers believe beauty is synonymous with costliness, motion pictures will have no artistic value

By Konrad Bercovici

During my half year's stay at Hollywood, visiting every studio of any importance there, and closely associated with a few, I tried to understand why the studio products bear so little relation to art. With photography advanced as it is now, and lighting and all the other technical developments brought almost to the point of perfection, it seemed to me that the cry that the motion picture industry is as yet in its infancy is far from the truth. As a matter of fact, it has reached the height of its maturity, even almost to the point of senility! For, with all the marvelous means now available, results are, generally speaking, still ridiculous.

As for the wretched literary quality of the pictures, it has been said that the fault lies with those who write for the screen. It is easy to dispose of this accusation by recalling to mind the picturization of this or that well-known story or novel. The result is, almost always, the same. There is hardly any semblance left of the original.

The writer is really allowed no opportunity at all.

A story is generally bought by a moving picture company for certain original values which it contains. Yet, in its translation to the screen, all these values are lost. Conveying the author's words and thoughts on the printed page to the screen is like carrying a fine wine to its destination in a sieve. Nothing whatever is left when it reaches the end of the journey. Scarcely even the color of the wine!

It seems to me that the chief cause of the "cheapness", of pictures lies in the fact that the making of them involves the outlay of too much money. Because of this, only opulent business men can afford to be interested in the creation of moving pictures. When a picture consumes anything from a quarter of a million dollars to a million and a half, the question can no longer be one of art, but of returns on the capital invested, and the high salaries of directors and actors eat up no small part of the total amount expended.

Because the producers are business men and not artists, great weight is put upon expensive scenery and expensive costumes that often bear not at all upon the theme of the story, thus diverting the attention of patrons from the meat to the dressing. And, like all rich dressings served with inferior meat, this brings about dire results in regard to what might be a wholesome inherent artistic appreciation, for which one is entirely willing to give an audience credit.

The idea most producers have is that if the picture is sumptuous, if it has cost a fortune to produce, the spectators get their money's worth. If the producer is, say, a former cloak-manufacturer, he insists that the actresses and actors wear the most expensive costumes, for he is sure that such things will interest the people. If he is a builder, there must be magnificent interiors, sumptuously decorated and expensively furnished, for this, he thinks, is what interests the people most.

It is not only that there seems to be deliberate and stupid intent to make moving pictures acceptable to children of twelve or to people of twelve-year-old intelligence, but it is also that producers can think of nothing but the returns on the investment made. Which, after all, is quite natural. For no one but a philanthropist would put a vast sum into a project and care nothing about the monetary fruit to be born of it. Just as long as this obtains there is no hope for more artistic results in the picture world.

It is safe to estimate that of the total cost of a moving picture, only one-fortieth goes to the author. He is, as a matter of fact, considered the least important and the least expensive item in the making of a picture. After the amount agreed upon is paid to him, he is more or less politely bowed off stage, and his function practically ends. Seldom, if ever, is he consulted subsequently as to matters pertaining to the "screenic" production of his work.

At least there is this to be said, that the public now
knows the author cannot be blamed for what is done to his story on the screen. The author knows too that the people are "wise," for they have frequently first read the story, in a magazine, perhaps, or in book form, long before its transfer to the screen. This in a way soothes the author's artistic conscience. But not his artistic sense.

It seems to me that no story or book should be bought from any author outright. There should be a royalty basis, as in the theater and publishing world. Then the author, if permitted, will be interested, as part owner of the picture, to stay with it and help supervise the production until the very end, so that he can endorse the transcription to the screen as his own work; be ashamed if it is below his standard, and proud if it reaches up to it.

This has another advantage. It is almost certain to lessen the cost of production, the author being more concerned with the development of the story than with the redundancies and "side-shows" that movie-parasites seem to think so important, such as unnecessarily elaborate gowns and bizarre accessories that have little or nothing to do with the main drift of the author's original story.

Except for perhaps a half dozen spectacular pictures, I have seen but few that could not have been greatly beautified at one-fifth the cost, merely by the art of simplification. Indeed, it seems to me that the smaller the amount of money expended, the greater the artistic possibilities for a good picture. Chaplin's pictures are an example in point. Of course, I am told that these simpler pictures would not realize as much money as the gorgeously mounted ones. Even if I were ready to believe that, it
I S N'T it simply wonderful," the modern matrons exclaim, "how our young people get along together—doing the same things, playing the same games, so frank and clubby—none of this mock-modesty that existed among girls of older generations!"

Yes, it is—simply wonderful. It's even more than that—far more. The results seem to curve slightly toward the terrible. Girls have stepped down, not up, to their present state of frankness and clubbiness. They have been so busy buying golf sticks and knicker suits and learning how to inhale that they have forgotten the most important thing in their relationship with men—finesse. Finesse, alas, passed away when mannish opinions and freedom for women came in.

Dont misunderstand me. I'm not against freedom for women. If women want to vote or smoke or work—let 'em. The only trouble with the whole thing is this: Wom en do not want to work. They want to be just as idle and just as catered to as did the women of generations ago. They want the other things, too. They can't have both. They have gained cigarettes and lost beaux. They have gained the vote and lost adoration. They have gained business equality and lost a chance for graceful idleness.

The only trouble is—the women aren't happy. They have gained the right to work—and men are perfectly willing to let them work—and support themselves. They have gained the right to keep their own names—and men are rather insisting that they do keep them, without offering any benefit of clergy toward a change. Of course, some women are marrying, but these are the superwomen who have been able to keep a certain skill and artifice, in spite of the times. The frank, jolly, clubby girl isn't marrying. The men just don't want her.

The girls, the average man of to-

The Passing of Finesse

By

Thyra Samter Winslow

While awaiting the arrival of her suitor, the Eighteenth-Century lady held a glass egg in her hands, that they might be cool when he kissed them

(Continued on page 70)
A camera study, by Edwin Bower Hesser, of Madge North of the Greenwich Village Follies

A FLORENTINE LADY
At the right is young Sitwell, an artist of the unconscious, who never leaves his studio; he dreams over his subjects for days.

It is unnecessary to introduce the art teacher at the right—we have all met him. He has just told Mamma that there is something in Little Genevieve's sketch that reminds him of Botticelli. He wins another pupil immediately and without having the usual questions asked about the cost of the course.

At the left is Harold Holdout starting out at sunrise to look for a subject to paint. He will return at sunset, after tramping miles and miles in the country, with sketch-book and brushes unsullied. His excuse will be that he has seen so many interesting things that he just couldn't decide which one to paint.

We introduce Doris Dumm (above), the champion heavyweight painter of miniatures and thumbnail sketches. Much interest is added to her work because she wields her wicked brush with her left hand.

Artists We Have Met
By Stuart Davis
A Memorable Rehearsal
How Richard Strauss directed his famous opera, Der Rosenkavalier
By Henry Osborne Osgood

Scene: A palatial apartment in the best Urbanesque style. A canopied bed discreetly occupies a corner of the room. A beautiful woman in the midsummer of life, clad in a very unbecoming peignoir, is seated at a dressing-table while she fixes a somewhat disordered and equally unbecoming wig. A handsome youth is kneeling at her feet. The two become greatly preoccupied with each other when there is a noise of someone coming.

"My husband!" cries the Feldmarschallin (Flor-...
GILDA GRAY

Who is one of the highest attractions of the "Ziegfeld Follies" and the Rendezvous, and who plans to spend the spring and summer in Europe.
ROSE ROLANDA

Whose vivid personality and artistic dancing have won her an enviable host of admirers. At present Miss Rolanda is one of the stars of the "Music Box Revue" in Chicago.

VALERIE CARLSON

One of the most beautiful women on the English stage, and an actress of great talent. She is the daughter-in-law of Henry Arthur Jones, the famous English playwright.
WHEN is a building just a building and when is it a piece of architecture? That is a question for our American architects. It is a question which has been answered in various ways down the generations of man. Each generation must answer in its own manner and stand or fall by its decision. Our generation has seen many attempts to produce buildings that are architecture. But nowhere, I think, in our day, has there been a more interesting architectural development than in Sweden.

Architecturally speaking, the Swedes are in the same boat, or nearly the same, as we in America. They have a conglomeration of influences working upon them. They have their old castles and country churches in a more characteristic Northern style, and then a succession of waves from the seven seas of architecture. There are the Byzantine and other semi-Oriental and Oriental styles brought in by the Vikings and traders with Constantinople and the East. There is the Russian which filtered into Sweden thru long centuries of war and commerce with Muscovy. There is the Gothic coming by diverse channels from England, France and Germany, and then there is the Renaissance and the baroque, brought in by a line of art-loving and classicistic kings, like Gustavus III. Not to mention the more modern styles from France, Germany and elsewhere.

Out of this heterogeneous mass of influences, it was up to the Swedish architect to develop
The impressive Town Hall of Stockholm, designed by Ragnar Ostberg

A style of his own, and he has done it rather well. The influences are unmistakably there. But they have been fused, and something has been added. And what is originally, and just that—a fusion of old things with something added. The Swedish architect has taken out of his wealth of influences what he considered good. To these he has added the principles of modern art, filtered both thru the alembic of his personality, and the result has been such magnificent distillations as the Stockholm Town Hall, the Stockholm Technical High School, the Enskilda Bank, the Mashugs Church in Gothenburg, and the extremely interesting buildings of the Gothenburg Exposition for 1923, now in process of construction.

The modern art impulse has been an active leaven in Swedish architecture. When I asked Arvid Bjerke, who with Sigfrid Ericson, is putting up the Gothenburg Exposition, just what his idea had been in planning that remarkable group of buildings, he replied:

"What first occurred to us was to do something in the style of a modern painting. We had a hill to build around. We wanted to construct a series of architectural masses about that hill to achieve with solidity the liveliness, the subtle balance, and the musical relation of volumes you find in modern painting. That plan was not practicable. The present group of buildings is a compromise with the original plan."

Looking at the Gothenburg Exposition buildings, at the Stockholm Town Hall, and at any number of other modern Swedish structures, one discovers what Mr. Bjerke was driving at. Like all artists, he is more eloquent in the deed than in the word. Two things stand out in all these buildings, vivid life and severe solidity. These buildings are alive in all their parts, and they are severely, solidly, massively planted on their foundations. Every weight has its proper visible support. Everything is firmly integrated. But there is life and movement. The arches leap together. The masses balance each other in unexpected ways. Brick and stone are handled with great freedom. There is a fine use of slight variation. Little irregularities add to the expressiveness of the building.

In the Stockholm Town Hall a veritable riot of influences is discernible—Russian, Renaissance, Byzantine, even Moorish. The picture here reproduced looks Oriental. But the effect of the whole building is not Oriental. There is a sort of architectural democracy in the Stockholm Town Hall, as in other Swedish structures, in which each influence has its vote. Yet the total effect is something different. It is said that democracies—even architectural ones—never get what they want. Happily, in so doing, they escape one of Oscar Wilde's two great tragedies. They get something else. That "something else" in the case of Swedish architecture is usually a very delightful thing.

Modern Swedish architecture is a development of the last two or three decades. Its leading exponents are such men as Ragnar Ostberg, creator of the Stockholm Town Hall and of the Tengbom, Carl Bergsten, Sigfrid Ericson, Arvid Bjerke, to mention a few. Each has a different angle on the problem, but all meet at a common center. All have succeeded in infusing spirit into the building of their time. And even buildings must have spirit if they are to be considered as works of art.

Our architects might well go to Sweden for ideas. Trumpets have sounded more than once for a resurrection of architecture in America. And they do not seem to have sounded entirely in vain. Out of the spacious graves of dead European styles we have raised enormous-bodied buildings. But most of these great structures still belong to the architectural Robots. They lack that indefinable thing called spirit.

"I think your American buildings—by that, I mean especially your skyscrapers (I find your villa architecture very good)—interesting as buildings, but not as architecture," said Arvid Bjerke. And there we are, at the same question with which we began.
Famous French Tapestries

At the left is one of three fragments of a large hanging, presumably made for Charles VII of France. The rose was the King's emblem; the red, white and green of the striped background were the King's colors. This tapestry was probably woven in 1435, when a treaty of peace was signed at Arрас between Charles VII and Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy.

At the right is the fifth in a set of six Gothic tapestries representing "The Hunt of the Unicorn." This magnificent set was woven by order of Jean I de La Rochefoaucald and his wife, between the years 1450 and 1460, and has been hidden for centuries in the Castle of Verteuil in France, the ancestral seat of the family. The tapestries were brought to this country recently and have been acquired by an American collector. They are thickly interwoven with gold, and are more beautiful in design and richer in quality than the famous Cluny series in the Museum of Paris.
ANNA PAVLOWA
The High Priestess of the Dance, who is claiming numberless devotees in her tour of the Far East
Eugene Higgins is one of the foremost of our American impressionistic artists. He has vision, intellect and personality. His work shows no direct influence of any school; it is neither conservative nor radical. When a student at the École des Beaux Arts in Paris he made a series of sketches and drawings bold in technique, depicting the darkest side of the gay city. Wandering thru the slums, he found inspiration in the dives and hang-outs of the underworld. Such environment leaves a lasting impression on a sensitive mind. It decided Eugene Higgins' career for him—to the present day he prefers to search for his compositions among the poor and oppressed. There is nothing pretty, nothing frivolous about his work. There is no attempt to please thru surface quality. He tells his story in simple language, eliminating everything that is not absolutely essential. There is a remarkable dramatic mood—at times almost depressing—in his masterly interpretations of sorrow, suffering and poverty. Mr. Higgins was elected A. N. A. in 1920. His work has been included in exhibitions, both here and on the continent. At the showing of the National Academy this year, he was represented by five etchings and one oil, "Primitive Conveyance"
Drawings in Chalk

By

Eugene Higgins

Courtesy of Mrs. Albert Sterner

HEAD OF AN ANARCHIST

THE CART-MAN

The three drawings here reproduced are made in red chalk, and exemplify the simplicity of Eugene Higgins' work, the directness of his method, and the effect of solidity which he achieves. The sketch, "Motherhood," on the opposite page, is almost like a sculpture in its modeling. The figure of the Cart-Man is a true impression, for it arouses not so much a feeling of admiration for the realism of the drawing as a feeling of sympathy for the forlorn, patient laborer. And surely it was this emotion that inspired the artist.
THE ROCKS
MOORED IN THE SHADOWS
A twelve-hundred-mark dinner at a certain emporium designed à la Picasso is always the cure prescribed by the Herr Doktor of the wealthy for a severe case of boredomitis
A Cantrip of Critics

Mencken and Sherman find they have been arguing for the same things

By Burton Rascoe

On looking over my files for the past five years I find that I have written to date some twenty thousand words about H. L. Mencken. Still, the publication of his new book, Prejudices: Third Series, makes me sensible of the fact that much about him remains to be said. This is proof enough that, at least, so far as I am concerned, Mr. Mencken is a lively topic for discussion. But to my coevals he is a topic equally lively; no one, it seems, may write of criticism in this country today without both general and particular reference to Mr. Mencken. He is quite as much on the minds of the professorial and conservative writers as on the minds of the young and radical. He has put his stamp indelibly, for good or ill, upon the literature of his period in America.

A curious phenomenon may be observed in the attitudes assumed toward Mr. Mencken five years ago and now. Five years ago he was a demigod to the writing youngsters and the Evil One incarnate to the others; he was exalted by the former in direct proportion to the denigration he suffered at the hands of the latter. Now, however, no one between the ages of thirty-five and ninety writes of him without an appraisal in which admiration is commingled, and no one between the ages of eighteen and thirty-five writes of him without an eye to his shortcomings. This means merely that both camps have come to accept him, the one as a force more vital than was apparent five years ago, the other as a matter of course. The oldsters want to argue about him as a personality, while the youngsters, long ago having got over their concern with that, want to decide as precisely as possible just what he has contributed to American literature. In fine, the oldsters still think of him as "news," while the youngsters think of him with a retrospective air, as "editorial" matter.

Biographically, it may be said of him that Mr. Mencken is a Baltimore newspaper man who was so talented in his profession that while yet under twenty-five he was managing editor of a great metropolitan daily; that books and music, biology and general ideas, however, were his heart interest; that he turned critic and man of letters; and that so energetic, provocative, brilliant and unusual a personality did he reveal in his writings that he came shortly to command the attention of a considerable, intelligent, and interested audience. When he entered the field of criticism, there had been but two men in America since the days of Edgar Allan Poe and the Concord group who had got enough life into their critical writings to interest anyone to any disputative extent in what they had to say—James Huneker and Percival Pollard. There had been scholars, like W. C. Brownell, Irving Babbitt, and Paul Elmer More, but so remote from contemporary life were their speculations that they did not succeed in interesting or influencing even their fellow scholars to any perceptible extent.

Pollard had been a wide-awake intelligence, roused to artistic enthusiasm by contact with the leaders of the Ueberbrettl movement in Germany and had brought that enthusiasm and intelligence to bear upon the meritorious work that was being done by Americans. He spotted Stephen Crane, Ambrose Bierce, Edgar Saltus, James Branch Cabell, David Graham Phillips, Harold Frederic, Frank Norris and Theodore Dreiser and began trumpeting their virtues. Unfortunately he was in a wilderness, the men he admired were pioneers, and his instrument was a weak one, a New York scandal sheet with a small and unimportant circulation.

Huneker came back from Europe bringing ivory, apes and peacocks from the capitals of culture and exploited them with so persuasive a ballyhoo that almost single-handed he changed American literary and artistic interests from a narrow and isolated provincialism into some semblance of cosmopolitanism.

Huneker was a sort of Burton Holmes of the beaux arts familiarizing Americans at second-hand with the cultural landscape of the Continent. There was about him an ineffable quality, peculiarly American for all his exotic interests, which captivated the imaginations of his readers, communicated his own enthusiasm, and led them to investigate the contemporary art and literature of Europe for themselves.

That American flavor to Huneker's writings was Barnumesque and extravagant; it was in line with the spirit which gave us modern advertising methods and publicity; it was gossip and personalia more often than criticism; but it was, finally and gloriously, alive. What our dry and complaisant critics before him had failed to do, that is, stimulate a desire for knowledge and increase the native range of aesthetic satisfactions, Huneker did with a brilliant stroke of pure journalism. He was hated and execrated; he was denounced as an immoral and dangerous influence; he was sneered at or ignored—but only by the academicians intent upon preserving the tight, self-satisfied, English Puritan tradition of what they termed, from Matthew Arnold, sweetness and light, but which, on the contrary, was neither sweet nor light but sour, dry and heavy.

Meanwhile, the alert and eager young minds of the country were acquiring from Huneker a vast and riotous aesthetic enthusiasm. He had jangled fascinating curiosities before their eyes—Nietzsche, d'Annunzio, Stendhal, Shaw, Strindberg, Dostoievsky, Gauguin, Cézanne, Ma...
SHADOWLAND

tisse, Hauptmann, Sudermann, Schnitzler, Artzibashef, Stirner, France, Gourmont, Stravinsky, Shoenberg, Franck, Wedekind, Dehmel, Stuck, Ibsen, Conrad, a riot of exotics—and had fascinated them. Curiosity, such as it was, about American cultural traditions, the Concord sages and Transcendentalists, Hawthorne, Emerson, Holmes, Lowell, Thoreau, and coming down to later dates, Mark Twain, Artemus Ward, W. D. Howells, Edith Wharton, Henry James, were all forgotten or neglected, not because they were not intrinsically interesting, meritorious and culturally valuable, but because the critics of this country had been so colorless and lacking in personality that they could not arouse interest in these native authors, while Huneker, so great was his power to communicate enthusiasm and so dynamic was his personality, could arouse interest in almost anything.

Huneker was to a large extent responsible, I think, for the foreign influences now discernible in American literature—the Russian influence in our novels and short stories, the Scandinavian influence in our drama, the French influence in our poetry and criticism. It may be that he merely gave self-assurance to alien artists among us and enabled them to express, in the American milieu, the personal reactions to life of sensibilities inherited from fathers and mothers who lived under the knout in Russia, in the tenements of Naples, on the bleak rocks of Norway, among the peat bogs of Ireland, in fear of the Russian junker, or in servile poverty in France; but whatever the components of those sensibilities, how or by what suffering they were acquired, they were sensibilities and not aptitudes and they did and do express human reactions of a significant and vital kind to the welter of American life. Therein do they attain to the dignity of art, and they are artistic and aesthetically precious to the extent that they reflect the aspirations and wonderment of mankind in an artistic or aesthetic fashion.

MENCKEN came upon the field equipped in a manner that set him apart from either Pollard or Huneker, both of whom had been his immediate preceptors and from both of whom he had learned much. For one thing, he was closer to actual, average life than either of them. For all his diverse and multiple interests in cuisine and Cézanne, beer and Brahms, aeroplanes and Artzibashef, knock-knacks and Nietzsche, Wiener-wursts and Widor, Huneker was a romantic dilettante, a dabbler, a taster, a dreamer, living an operaetta life of the imagination among books, pictures, music, concert halls and beer gardens, seldom catching even a glimpse of what was going on in the real world of democratic government at Washington, business enterprise and slum poverty in the city, birth, love, and death in developing communities of this country.

Huneker was only vaguely interested in sociological, political or general ideas, or, indeed, in life at all except as it is expressed in the arts, particularly in the arts of other countries. Pollard was more cognizant of the relation between the literature of his country and period to the life of that country and period; but he, too, was a bit precious, a bit too much pre-occupied with artistic problems, too reticent and diffident or too deficient in vitality to give battle in the field of ideas.

Mencken, on the other hand, was first and foremost interested in the major problems of human life. He was a student of theology, of science, and of economics; he had read Darwin and Huxley, the Christian apologists and Nietzsche, medical journals and the Congressional record. He had been a newspaper reporter, covering police courts, fires, murders, divorces, political campaigns and ecclesiastical inaugurations. He had studied Marx enough to refute his theories, brilliantly, categorically and in detail, during a spirited controversy with Robert Rives Lamont. He had, in fine, learned a great deal about life as it is lived in this country before he ever took that knowledge over into the work of criticism.

Mencken was never much of an aesthete, never particularly interested in the subtleties of form and expression; but, so fine was his intuitive perceptions from the very first that he seldom failed to spot and acclaim a significant or important writer when that writer appeared upon the scene. He did not have the faculty of minute critical appraisal, of tracing aims and effects; but he had a certain sense of artistic worth even in the work of men whose full significance he could not comprehend or articulate. He knew, moreover, when a writer had been honest and truthful with himself and had put himself into his work without fear or compromise; he knew, for instance, that Theodore Dreiser was a significant and important artist endeavoring in an impressive and laudatory fashion to articulate and record something of the spirit and life of America in the great cities of a material era of industrial competition. He knew these things because he was himself, first and foremost, sincere, courageous, candid and without compromise so far as his convictions were concerned.

FROM Pollard, Mencken learned the trick of directing attention to himself by the persistent exploitation of the name of another writer. Pollard had used Ambrose Bierce. He took an underdog even more the butt of abuse and ridicule, Theodore Dreiser, and fought his battles for him, tooth and nail, with all the resources of his brilliant vocabulary, his valorous spirit, his faith in himself. He began by a brilliant species of iconoclasm which consisted in knocking off the heads of as many plaster saints as he could find about him. Every one likes to see a fight, and Mencken was a good fighter; and so he drew, bit by bit, an applauding audience.

Beneath the surface of his literary criticism, it soon became apparent that he was interested primarily in general ideas, in political, social and philosophical theory, and that he used books as only a point of departure in impressing upon his readers his own convictions, giving them his personal reactions—in fine, that he was making literature of criticism by the process of "erecting his personal impressions into laws," which, says Remy de Gourmont, is the aim of every critic, if he is sincere.

It turns out, of course, that Mencken's two greatest qualities are that of a socio-political irritant and that of a

(Continued on page 78)
Numa Patlagean is a Russian Jew. His father was massacred when Numa was about sixteen; soon after this the boy went to Switzerland and later to France. He is practically self-taught; in France he is called the "Sculptor of the Soul." He has an extraordinary dynamic vitality, and is a creator in the full sense of the word.

Hans Wyss is the foremost wood-carver of Switzerland, and has exhibited throughout the Continent, as well as in England and the United States. He not only has given us an entirely new conception of wood-carving, but his paintings also show a striking note of originality.

Robert Laurent studied painting under Maurice Stern and also with the late Hamilton Easter Field. More recently he turned to wood-carving, in which he shows a wonderful technique and imaginative quality.

William Zorach, one of the most active members of the Independent Society of Artists, shows an almost primitive conception in his wood-carving.
The Hamlet of a Generation

John Barrymore plays the Dane brilliantly tho too sanely

By Kenneth Macgowan

SOME generations ago critics and ladies' reading circles debated: "Was Hamlet mad?" In a few generations more they may get round to the question: "Was Hamlet a perfect gentleman?" If they do, it will be a very, very hopeful day indeed.

For that second question was the only shadow cast across the most brilliant and exciting evening that the American theater of the twentieth century has ever known, the evening when John Barrymore, shepherded and caparisoned by Arthur Hopkins and Robert Edmond Jones, appeared for the first time in the greatest part in the English drama.

The only unkind thing that can be said of America's newest Hamlet—and except, perhaps, for the Hamlet of Moissi, the German actor, it must be the finest since Booth's—is that John Barrymore forgot all the crazy, indecent, "wild and whirling words" with which the Prince of Denmark strews his speech. Barrymore is so sure Hamlet was sane that, in trying to convince us, he seems quite as sure as Forbes-Robertson, E. H. Sothern and Walter Hampden that here was a thoughtful, charming gentleman kept from the natural revenge of his time by the literary man's indisposition to action. Accordingly we are expected to believe that a man who has just heard the truth about a father's murder and a mother's in-

fidelity will take out a notebook in perfect good sense to write down the fact that "one may smile, and smile, and be a villain." We are expected to believe that such a stricken man—again in perfect good sense—will copper the deal by cautiously adding "At least I'm sure it may be so in Denmark." We are asked to believe that this philosopher as well as outraged son will observe—perfectly, politely and sensibly—that "there's ne'er a villain dwelling in all Denmark, but he's an arrant knave." And so on, thru frisky gibberings at his father's ghost "in the cellarage" clear on to the moment when the pathos of Ophelia's death seems to clear his mind for his own tragic end.

We are asked to believe in a well-bred as well as a sensitive Hamlet, a perfectly sane philosopher as well as a devoted son who meets news that should shake the mind of a far sturdier man. And we do believe—for an evening, anyway—such is the reasoned beauty of Barrymore's performance. We do not demand a gentleman who is also, now and then, a neurotic on the edge of madness. We are content with a magnificent grace, a voice of most lovely quality, a splendid sense of expressive and picturesque movement—everything, in fact, that the perfect Hamlet should have except the torturing threat of the torturing threat of the torturing threat of the torturing threat of the...
Hopkins has never cast a play so well as this Hamlet. Jones has seldom brought such an appropriate beauty to costumes, lights and background. The one major mistake of Hopkins is the will o' the wisp ghost which he sets flickering on the backdrop by means of a magic lantern. Otherwise the performance is in almost every way unusually good. The cast is always adequate, mostly excellent, and in the case of Rosalind Fuller exceptional. Her Ophelia is mad with the pitiful indecency of so many maniacs of Shakespeare's words.

Robert Edmond Jones's share goes farther, I am sure, than the setting, the atmosphere of light, and the clothes of the people, but these are fine enough. Again, as in Richard III, there is one permanent and suggestive setting to bring us back to the frank theatrical pretense of Shakespeare's own stage, to make waits as unnecessary as they were at the Globe, and to provide an atmosphere of the time and the deeds. Lights and costumes, patterning the foreground of this great hall, complete the image of a remarkable Hamlet.

REMARKABLE, too, in its own way, is the second event of the month in the New York theater. This is Merton of the Movies. Fine satire, this. Harry Leon Wilson supplied the essential materials when he wrote the story, but to George S. Kaufman and Marc Connelly belongs unstinted credit for both the fidelity and the effectiveness with which they have given the story theatrical life. Acting, too, plays its part. There is considerable exaggeration at various points in the performance—sometimes it is alluring exaggeration, as with Florence Nash, and sometimes banal and annoying—but Glenn Hunter plays the movie-mad Merton with a fidelity to the spirit of the character which is uncommonly fine. It is, therefore, capable of creating pathos as well as fun.

The plot of Merton of the Movies suggests that grand, classic gibe of Mack Sennett, A Small-Town Idol. (Perhaps A Small-Town Idol suggested Merton of the Movies.) A fellow emasculated with the screen as are fifty per cent of the population of the United States sets out to be an actor. His playing is exorcisingly bad. When his director throws the picture on the screen, it is also discovered to be—as the director suspected it would be—exorcisingly funny. The boy settles down to a fame which he never sought, and which for one moment almost breaks his heart. But, after all, he says, this is satire. And satire is art. It can be when Wilson, Kaufman and Connelly officiate. Like Charlie Chaplin, they know something about truth and tragedy that Sennett has desperately refused to suspect.

SOMEONE else is discovering that life is not all laughter. Or rather we are discovering that this playwright found it out some years ago. A good while back the man who wrote the observant and whimsical Mr. Pin Passes By turned out two plays called The Lucky One and The Romantic Age.

The Romantic Age is the humorist Milne gently chastening the romantic Milne. It shows us a maiden with a moonlit and knight-inhabited soul who finally decides that knights have to wear knickers once in a while and work in the stock exchange. Pretty romance, pretty humor, a bit silly, a bit thin, but graceful.

The Lucky One, on the other hand—a still earlier work—is a desperately serious picture of two brothers, a study in character out of which comes ten minutes of strong, fine drama. Its first act is a chatter about how charming the younger brother is. Its second act is a doom hanging over the elder. The third brings the two into conflict, talking out their rivalry. You cannot be expected to guess how big such a talk can be.

The Lucky One is acted by the Theatre Guild—and not too well. The elder brother is admirably played by Percy Warne, but the more important "lucky one," the charmer, is hashed about pretty badly by Dennis King. This younger brother should be played, of course, by the actor who appears so delightfully in The Romantic Age, Leslie Howard. But what injustice it would be to deprive him of playing opposite the adorably deft romancer, Margalo Gilmore, and condemn him to watch the commonplace efforts of Violet Heming, the Guild's heroine! Instead, let us recast The Lucky One with Geoffrey Kerr, who now wastes his time in East of Suez.

(Continued on page 77)
We have all met the "theater prattler"—the person who chats of bootleggers, toddler-steps and scandal-in-high-life, while on the stage the beautiful heroine dares the district attorney to convict her of the crime! These "prattlers" are the very neediest of our cases. They surely need a theater of their own. Will some kind-hearted philanthropist oblige?

Pity the poor landlord! His life is made a burden by his unfeeling tenants, who expect him to keep twenty apartment-houses in perfect running-order. He surely needs the protection of the State. Our Legislators should pass a bill allotting only one complaint per month to every lessee.

Our Neediest Cases

By

August Henkel

Barbara is the seventeen-year-old daughter of a mere millionaire. She has everything and is tired of everything. Life is a terrific bore. We earnestly pray that some inventive mind will soon produce a brand-new diversion for our distressed débutante.

The artist has caught our college boys in a playful mood, but they have their dark-working hours. The unfeeling Faculty expects them to spend at least six hours a week in the classroom, and to double that time in outside study. It is a preposterous demand! We hope some wizard of science will aid these oppressed boys by inventing an Educational Serum that can be injected directly into the brain, thereby reducing the time spent in acquiring knowledge to a minimum of three minutes a day.
The chaperon has long been out of date, but the species is not yet extinct. Above, behold three of our finest museum pieces. They are bleak, unhappy, forlorn. They need a return of the good old days of the 'Eighties.

Below is a member of a local Board of Censors. His eye has just caught the line: "Lily's room was filled with undressed lumber," and he is forbidding daughter Bessie to read the book. Our censors need some real work to do; we beg the publishers to provide it.

This is Grandma—1923 model. She is a travesty on the beloved Grandma of our childhood, whose calico apron had peppermint-sticks in one pocket and ginger cookies in the other. We need a campaign to popularize the old-fashioned Grandma, so that our youngsters may not be deprived of one of childhood's happiest memories.

Galahad Brummel, screen idol, is so depressed that he cannot start work on his new picture, "The Mysterious Prince Charming"—all because his dressing-room at the Superba Studio was furnished in rosewood instead of ebony! It is unfair to his millions of feminine fans to delay this picture. A petition needs to be circulated, urging the producers to make whatever changes his Brummelship desires.
In "The Seventh Heaven" Helen Menken transports her audiences to that region. A young actress who could triumph over such bad plays as "The Triumph of X" and "The Mad Dog" was bound, as she has, to attain the front rank.

Who would have thought that Jeanne Eagels could have risen to such heights of passion and scorn as she does in that mordant and brilliant play, "Rain," unless they had recognized the spark of genius, which could not be concealed even in such a wearisome play as "The Night Watch".

Curtain People of Importance

Peer Gynt is a character as immortal as Hamlet, and just as difficult to play. The errant hero of Ibsen's greatest drama could find no better impersonator than young Joseph Schildkraut, who was taken from the Yiddish Art Theatre, where he was a shining light, to play the title rôle in "Liliom," in which he made an unforgettable impression.

Another recruit to the American stage from the Yiddish Art Theatre is Jacob Ben Ami. His brilliant work in "The Idle Inn" and "Samson and Delilah" demonstrated his abilities in widely differing parts, and he has now been entrusted with the weird and romantic rôle of Johannes Kreisler, which is a positive tour de force.

Ernest Pollock's remarkable drama, "The Fool," gives James Kirkwood an opportunity of playing a rôle after his own heart—one similar to the Christ-like character in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back." He is, in fact, the perfect, guiltless fool, akin with Parsifal.
The Black Dress
By Jean Maura*

"TEN ells of cloth, your Reverence!" exclaimed the merchant at the back of his workshop. "Why, that is enough, I should think, to make new frocks for all your holy brotherhood!"

Many were the conversations in the shop of Master Irribaritz, the Bayonne draper. They talked there about the personages and the events of the day—of King Edward I of England, to whom Guyenne then belonged, and especially of the Governor, Loup-Bergounh-de-Bordeu, who had just proclaimed his terrible summary laws, to the consternation of the too self-indulgent bourgeois.

Bayonne was certainly a very agreeable city in the times when love inflamed all hearts, when the nobility scattered to the winds their gold and their precious stones, and when the bourgeois spent their lives trying to look and act like the nobles. Then it was no longer possible to distinguish the commoner from the seigneur. But such confusion had to be put a stop to. Strict edicts had enjoined each to resume the clothing appropriate to his class, and had restrained all excessive public manifestations of joy and grief.

"Not more than six guests at a wedding feast. In the good old days we used to bring young married couples much more by way of luck," said a notary, peevishly.

"No more mourners behind the hearse! How much better we used to lament our dear departed!" groaned a judge who had just lost his wife.

"By our Lord, we live in great dejection and in a very sorrowful time!" sighed a third.

Other sighs answered that sigh.

QUITELY and diligently in a darkened corner, where none of the patrons could see her, Babette, the draper's wife, was working on a voluminous black cloth dress. And this dress, which she was so busily making to wear in mourning for her mother-in-law—this beautiful black dress kept her in a great state of excitement.

There was no doubt that her mother-in-law was going to die. In spite of the fact that the doctor had prescribed some very bitter medicines, accompanied by injections of tobacco-water, no relief was effected.

Sometimes loud lamentations came from the top of the house and drowned out for an instant the buzz of conversation in the shop. Then Babette murmured: "Poor Dame Irribaritz!" and thought, as she redoubled her industry, that she must hurry more than ever to finish her mourning dress.

For a long time she had dreamed of wearing one of those beautiful black stuffs which give the possessor the air of a lady of quality. But, alas! the officials were severe. For the least infraction of their laws, for the least little curiosity, they clapped on you some ex-tortionate fine or even imprisoned you in the big red tower of the Moorish castle which pretty Babette could readily see from her window.

Black, as everyone knows, is a noble color. It was not allowable, then, that a commoner like Babette should assume the airs and graces of a grand lady by wearing the clothing reserved to persons of rank. Only the death of a near relative permitted women of the bourgeois class, under sixty years of age, to don for three months—not a day longer—a rich mourning costume. But until now all Babette's near relatives had enjoyed robust health.

One by one Master Irribaritz's patrons left the shop. Babette saw her husband counting his gold ducats. He called to her cheerily:

"The good Lord protects our business. Look at the ten écais I have taken in today."

Again the cries of Dame Irribaritz filled the establishment. Babette warned her husband:

"Dame Irribaritz, your mother, suffers terribly. Presently her soul will ascend to Paradise where our Lord dwells."

"Poor Dame Irribaritz! Poor mother!" the merchant sighed.

Then Babette went to get her beautiful dress.

"Here," she said, "is the mourning dress which I am making."

She spread it over a high stool and the draper admired the richness of the material. She called his attention to the aristocratic shimmer on the pockers and the flaps. He exclaimed enthusiastically: "By the Lord, what a beautiful color!" She tried it on, and then he discovered that Babette, his wife, looked like a proud and noble dame. Suddenly the draper had an idea—and a very sensible one.

"We must go up and get the jewels of Dame Irribaritz, my mother," he said. "The poor woman—may God bless her!—can have no use for them now. She will be better pleased to see them on the arms and neck of her daughter-in-law than lying in her big tapedriest box."

They went up to the chamber where Dame Irribaritz slept in the middle of her canopied bed. Softly they opened the big box and took out the bracelets and necklaces.

Then Gaspard Irribaritz said:

"Dame Irribaritz will never put on her black shawl again. During the three months of your mourning you can cover your shoulders with it, and the officials cannot punish you or put you in prison."

They went to the great wardrobe, notched like a cathedral, and hung with clothes. To do her greater honor at her funeral they took out Dame Irribaritz's black shawl. Then Babette, the diligent Babette, hastened back to her sewing. She thought: "May God pardon me! Suppose my dress isn't ready in time!"

No one knows—no one will ever know—how many hours she spent on it. She worked with so much fervor! She made so many little improvements! She said to herself: "To those who haven't heard it I will not say that Dame Irribaritz is dead. They will believe that some sudden honor has come to us and will see a coat-of-arms imprinted draper's sign."

At last, one fine evening, the dress was finished. (Cont'd on page 72)

*Translated by William L. McPherson.
Taos the Brilliant

The New Mexican town whose picturesqueness forms a background for Indians, Mexicans, and that group known as the Taos Society of Artists

By

Melville Johnson

TAOS, New Mexico, the third oldest town in the United States, the former home of Kit Carson, the famous scout and Indian agent, which now shelters the most heterogeneous collection of human beings ever brought together under the adobe roofs of a small settlement. Mexicans jostle ex-Greenwich Villagers, who in turn look askance at "remittance men," some paid by their families, some by their wives, to stay away from the jolly land of their birth and give friends and enemies a chance to forget their escapades. In front of a one-room adobe hut a Mexican princess, dressed in a solitary soiled garment, squats before a fire cooking mealie-cakes for her lawful husband, who at home could claim a title (his family came to visit him once; from the Stage they viewed his princess, and Taos knew them no longer). And slipping in and out of this motley throng are the Pueblo Indians, whose reservation lies two miles from town.

TOWARD THE END OF WINTER

The valley looks desolate, but unexpected bits of color in the hills and the vivid blue of a sky flecked with clouds make this painting by Walter Ufer effective
In Taos, all the store-keepers are Americans; the Mexicans have neither the inclination nor the ambition to trade. One year, the American butcher had too much ambition—he decided to run a double business, that of undertaker and butcher. His window was tastefully decorated with a coffin and above it hung graceful festoons of hams. The slackening in his American trade surprised him almost as much as the demands for meat that hadn't been killed the same day. He had lived in Taos a long time.

It is here that the Taos Society of Artists has its headquarters. Some twenty years ago two young artists—there is a slight dispute as to their identity—were traveling thru the Southwest in a wagon. They came upon Taos, a garden spot, protected by mountains. The "Blood of Christ Mountains," they had been named by the Spanish priests. The valley, the clear, vivid air, the brilliant sunlight and the primitive people, who harvested their crops both by sunlight and moonlight, fascinated the young artists. "Here," they said, "is material for a lifetime of work." And immediately, they turned their horses out to graze, dragged their paints and easels from the back of their wagon, and became the nucleus around which grew the Taos Society of Artists, which now numbers among its members John Sloan, Walter Ufer, Irving Couse, Ernest Blumenschein, Robert Henri and many others.

The Society has been organized only a few years—to be elected a member, an artist must have painted in Taos for three seasons—but already their exhibitions are in great repute, and they travel from one end of the country to the other, so this section of New Mexico, with its exquisite colors and the Pueblo Indian types, is becoming known to art lovers everywhere.

The Indians, in some respects, are excellent models. Why they should be paid for sitting still is rather a mystery to them and, on the other hand, it is just as much of a mystery to them what all the excitement is about when they arrive to sit still at four o'clock instead of ten, as they were told to do.

There are about eight thousand Pueblo Indians in New Mexico living on twenty reservations. Twelve hundred are at Taos; there live in two pueblos, which look more or less like enormous beehives—the original apartment-house models. Every year, on San Gerónimo Day, they declare their governor, and the rivalry is great between the two pueblos, for the one that can claim the most victories in the contests on this day has the privilege of appointing the Governor. His badge of office is a silvery-headed cane which was presented by President Lincoln when Congress confirmed the Pueblos' land holdings, as defined in the old Spanish land grants dating back as far as 1689. Each Pueblo governor then received a cane as a token of the good-will of the Great Father at Washington.

So, the Pueblo Indians have always governed themselves, tried their own cases and metered out their own punishments. They are a peaceful agricultural race. The influence of the Spanish is seen in their religion; they all profess Catholicism, in spite of the fact that the newborn babies are held up to view the rising sun. This is more or less on a par with the meek way a sick Indian will go to the combination veterinary and doctor in town, and then secretly visit his own witch doctor; altho, let it be stated, the witch doctors, if they fail to effect a cure, no longer suddenly depart this life as they did formerly.

Just now the artists and writers, who have lived near the Indians in New Mexico, are entering vigorous protest against the Bursum Indian Bill, which, altho passed by the Senate after being introduced by a Senator from New Mexico, has gone back to the Public Lands Committee for reconsideration—this after it was denounced by Senator Borah as one of the boldest raids on Indian lands ever attempted, and had drawn a manifesto protesting against it from all the twenty Indian reservations. C. Grant Le Farge, Mary Austin, Carl Sandburg, Stewart Edward White and William Allen White are only a few of the writers and artists working against the Bill. Naturally, the Taos Society protested en masse. Lo, the poor Indian, he always needs protection, ever since one chief sold New York for six quarts of whiskey and twenty-four dollars. But, as this chief's great-great-granddaughter, when viewing the city from the top of a sky-scraper, asked, "Why the twenty-four dollars?"

(Continued on page 71)
THE SCARF DANCE
"Twilight in the Old Street" is one of the finest of a number of photographs from Denmark, brought to this country under bond, and entered as the Copenhagen group in the exhibition of the Pictorial Photographers of America, held at the Art Center in New York recently. The entries in the Copenhagen exhibit showed a proficiency in technique that is reached by few of our photographers.
IN this day of shattered ikons and tumbling thrones, Ignace the Great has returned to resume his scepter and round out his glorious reign. The premier is dead: long live the king! And indeed it was with the dignity of a monarch that Paderewski received the acclamations of his devoted subjects who, in Carnegie Hall, rose to greet his return to them after an interregnum of five years. If in the minds of any who were present on that memorable occasion there had lodged a doubt whether the old sway could be resumed and the old potency revived, that doubt must have vanished in the splendor of what followed. For Paderewski played as no one else in the world can play today.

His program was a challenge. Beginning with Mendelssohn's Variations Sérieuses, it embraced the Schumann Fantasia, the Appassionata Sonata, a Chopin group, and three of the major compositions of Liszt (including the superb Polonaise in E); it explored the full range of romantic piano literature. And the marvel of it was this: not one of these master works but is known by heart to every concert-goer and student of music; yet it was as tho one heard and understood for the first time compositions which have come to be regarded almost as platitudes from anyone else. It was an éclaircissement, a revelation.

For there is a new quality in Paderewski's playing, something inexpressibly pregnant and profound, a sublime humanity that comes with the fulness of a noble life and the burden of those epic years as head of the Polish state. It is this quality that makes his utterance not merely music, but music as a medium for bringing to the hearer one of the greatest of living personalities.

Yet, paradoxical as it may seem, his is a personality too great to obscure that of the composers whom he interprets. In the Variations he evoked the serene and elegant spirit of Mendelssohn. His Chopin was living poetry and was played almost like an improvisation. It was so personal and free that one might have fancied Chopin, himself, at the keyboard. The Fantasia—blazing, incandescent—became the efflorescence of the mighty genius that was Schumann. And with not less eloquence, but with a passionate profundity, was Beethoven expressed, while his Liszt was as dazzling as a cascade of beautiful gems.

By
Jerome Hart

A Mid-Season Musical Review

Amusical monarch returns to his realm. Big luminaries of a stellar galaxy and some lesser lights

Miss Lucrezia Bori as Violetta Valery in La Traviata. This exquisite young artiste has scored three remarkable successes this season at the Metropolitan Opera, including the aforementioned rôle, Juliet, and Fiora in L'Amore dei Tre Re
The master’s reappearance a few days later with the New York Symphony Society confirmed the opinion that he has returned with enhanced powers to sway and charm. To hear him play Beethoven’s Emperor Concerto is to hear the most eloquent and lofty utterances of a great spirit voiced by the composer’s intellectual and spiritual peer. Here is no virtuoso’s music, it presents no opportunities for mere brilliant display. But it is music which speaks to the heart and mind, and Paderewski conveys its message and appeal as no one else does. Before such art one humbly bows the head and offers thanks to whatever gods there be.

Another supreme artist and commanding personality has returned to sway and play upon the emotions of his hearers as probably no other in the same sphere of art—grand opera—has ever done. Of course the reference is to Chaliapin. Of all the great singing actors who have gone before he must undoubtedly be the greatest. For not even Lablache, Garcia, Mario, Maurel, Renaud and Jean de Reszke,

most of whom are within living memory, possessed the qualities of a noble voice most nobly used, and a superb and commanding presence and personality, together with supreme ability as an actor. Chaliapin, above and beyond the attributes mentioned, has that something which is so difficult to define or describe, but which belongs to the truly great. It is a combination of genius and utter simplicity. Here is a man of the people, of peasant parentage, who bears himself more like a king than almost any monarch that ever donned the purple and wore a crown. He is a king among men. And when he portrays Goethe’s spirit of negation and evil, his defiance hurled at the Supreme Being seems like a challenge ringing thru the Universe; while, without word or sound, he dominates the revels of the Brocken and centers attention upon himself.

As Philip II of Spain in Verdi’s unequal Don Carlos, based on Schiller’s poem,

(Continued on page 73)
THE HEART OF THE WOODS
The Quaint Netsuké of Japan

By W. G. Bowdoin

Photographs by courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

To the connoisseur, a collection of antique netsuké is as informative of Japanese ancient history and customs as any printed word, for the earliest carvers of these ornaments, seeking designs, invariably chose some incident in their daily routine or in the affairs of their provinces.

Later, the artists carved their favorite animals, their national gods, incidents from the folk-tales of their race, even masks caricaturing their friends or members of their families. Many of the artists treated these subjects flipantly, even those touching their religion.

However, the first netsuké were not carved or decorated; they were made of wood in irregular form, created merely to serve a useful purpose—that of attaching securely to the belt the pipe-case, tobacco pouch and inro (a receptacle for carrying seals, medicines, etc.). The cord of the receptacle was passed thru the two small holes in the netsuké, which was then slipped under the belt and out at the top.

Boxwood and the core of the cherry-tree were the favorite woods of the carvers. Gradually horn, lacquer, metal, crystal and jade were used, but it was not until the eighteenth century that the carvers experimented with ivory.

There are but few objects within the whole range of Japanese art which convey in so high a degree, within so small a compass, so much of the originality and purity of taste of the creating workmen.

The skill of the old netsuké makers with their tools will ever be a source of wonder. Some of the little figures are less than one inch high, but the pose of the body is true and lifelike, the facial expression is perfect, and often such minute details as the fingernails are exactly indicated. The carvers even possessed the art of giving expression to the faces of animals.

As in the decoration of the sweetmeat-cases, or in the Japanese prints, it is the quaint conceit, the Oriental humor, the unexpected revelation, which enters into the conspiracy to assail and capture the collector’s fancy. The carver of netsuké nearly always had some surprise in store.

It is impossible to avoid a certain sort of childish delight when one takes up and examines these little objects. Even the under portion is not forgotten, as an Occidental artist would forget, but is most carefully and painstakingly worked out by the Japanese carver, quite as much as if it were to be seen in a passing glance.

It cannot be supposed that everyone will have that knowledge of Japanese history and folk-lore which will enable him fully to understand all of the subtle allusions which these little carvings contain, but the story is so apparent in many of them, that no explanatory text is needed. The legend can often be guessed, and joy comes thru it, even without full and comprehensive knowledge.

The collector of antique netsuké cannot depend upon the usual signs of age. Often ivory netsuké are stained with herb juices to enhance their value by a spurious appearance of age. Crudity of design is no guide, for that crudity may be merely the result of a hand ignorant of methods and tools. A worn appearance must be disregarded, for a really ancient netsuké may appear without a scratch or stain, having been carefully cherished as a favorite piece.

The netsuké in the form of masks, animals and grotesque figures on this page were carved in ivory early in the nineteenth century.

Page Fifty-One
Ten-Minute Plays

I: INDIAN SUMMER

By Pierre Loving

A PRIVATE supper-room in the Kenilworth Hotel.

There is a couch on the right draped with a very sheer velvet, luminously red—dark, reminiscent of cardinal cloth. The table in the center of the room is laid for two. The left wall slants to the door in the back. There is a generous fireplace, obviously never used, cut in this wall. The curtains hanging over the door are also red velvet, but much heavier in texture than the loose couch-drape. The water comes in, ushering Hartley Conway and Avis Mallowes.

WATER: Is this the room, sir?
HARTLEY (coming in and looking around): Yes, thank you. Wont you come in, Avis?
(Avis, who is in formal clothes, gives the appearance of being not quite certain of himself. He is above middle size, has dark hair, stiff and brashy, topping a square forehead. His nose is aquiline but not sharp; it is straight at the tip. His mustache is crow-black and full. His chin is disposed to a rather engaging pointedness. Avis is tall and graceful; she swings into the room with an easy stride. Her hair is a dark cloud above every-white neck and shoulders, sloping finely. At the back of her neck her hair is done in an austere knot which contrasts with the soft fluff of rebellions tendrils about her face. Her lips are a little thin, but not ungenerous. There are somber depths under her eyes, which are a good deal accentuated by high cheekbones and a proud curving nose. She is about thirty-eight, while Hartley, you surmise, is slightly older.)

Avis (as Hartley helps her remove her cloak): This is perfectly delightful. What a charming idea of yours, Hartley!

HARTLEY: I'm glad you like it. I wasn't sure at first. It's a bit hectic, perhaps.

Avis: Harrie? Not for my—our time of life, Hartley. We can bear warm reds and reassembling golds. I sometimes think that people like us starve without them. I mean, those who are over thirty-five. Brave blue and candel white are the colors of youth, aren't they?

HARTLEY: But those were never your colors, Avis. At least not fifteen years ago when—(Avis drops her head.) Oh, it's beastly of me to talk of it! It makes me feel like a cad all over again.

Avis: A cad? (Pause.)

HARTLEY: Yes. I don't know why I went off, leaving you. And then you married Mallowes, who—

Avis (drawing herself up with dignity): Please. He's my husband now.

HARTLEY (courtier): I'm sorry. But look what he's done to you! You seem weary and bored with life after fifteen short years; you talk as tho the best of life were behind you. Behind you in the sense that you never enjoyed it at all.

Avis: Let's not be sentimental tonight. You and I are just a pair of old friends, Hartley. Let's stick to that. You have a wife and I a husband. That means that we have invisible table companions.

HARTLEY: I couldn't bear leaving New York on this trip without seeing you, if only for an hour. That's why I telephoned you as soon as I had arrived to see if we couldn't have a little dinner à deux.

Avis: And your message found me all alone, as tho waiting. Tell me about yourself. What's happened to you all this time? Tell me . . . (with a break in her voice) what's your wife like? Have you any children?

HARTLEY: Alice? She's not at all like you—keen and aware—but comfortable and domestic. There are two children, a boy and a girl. My ranch in California turned out a huge success. That enabled me to return to my painting. I won the Autumn Salon prize in Paris last year.

Avis (mechanically): The Autumn Salon?
HARTLEY: Yes, I never thought I'd go back. But I daresay the comfort Alice gave me—But let's not talk about me. How has your life with Mallowes been?

Avis: Jim has been gentle and kind and good. The other things he could not help. Champagne and rapid entertainment, lavish and vulgar display in well-known cabarets and all the rest of it . . . Oh, why blame him? He knew that I . . .

HARTLEY (eager): Yes?
Avis: That I didn't really love him, anyway.

HARTLEY: You didn't love him? Why . . . this is . . . is . . .

Avis (quickly): No, it isn't.

HARTLEY (astonished): But I left New York for the West only because I thought you were interested in Mallowes.

Avis (after a pause): Hartley, dear, I was never in love with him. I am not in love with him now. Why didn't you take the trouble to find out?

HARTLEY: Avis!

(Hartley gropes for her hand across the table. Waiter comes in with the first course; then goes out quietly, shutting the door.)

Avis: Hartley! (with a sob) why did you leave me then?

HARTLEY: I thought you were gone on Mallowes. I couldn't understand it, of course. But it all pointed that way. I couldn't bear it. I had to leave. Then I met Alice.

Avis (gazing about the room): I am fond of reds and golds—strong, vivid colors. When I was down in Santa Fé last year I picked up a little Pueblo wooden god, the god of fertility—I suppose he was also the god of love—and he was painted most fascinatingly in corn-silk gold and autumn reds. I never think of summer any longer in connection with myself. Always of September, Indian summer. (After a pause, she continues abstractedly.) That year of our love was beautiful.

HARTLEY (tensely): You mean you don't regret it, after all that's happened?

Avis: No.

HARTLEY (leaning across the table and taking both her hands in his, passionately): Avis, you have spoken the one word that was needed between us. Avis, this is our Indian summer. Fifteen years ago we were very young. We didn't know our hearts. Now we know them. There are mellow autumnal overtones to our love; it is richer and stronger. (He rises and goes over to her.) Avis, dearest Avis, I love you. (He kisses her.)

Avis (with eyes closed): And I you. Hartley, can you blot out the fifteen years between, as I am doing now?

HARTLEY: They're only a handful of dust in the wind.

Avis (as if to herself): A handful of bitter dust for me, Hartley.

HARTLEY: It isn't too late to redeem what we've lost.

(Continued on page 72)
Here we have the principal conductor of the Metropolitan Opera stripped for action. No one conducts a Wagner opera with greater insight and authority, and he is shown at rehearsal drawing from principals, chorus and orchestra those superb effects which thrill thousands at a performance of one of the Master's works. And yet Bodanzky is no slavish follower of the Bayreuth tradition, and no one knows better how to cut and compress and avoid those "vain repetitions" and longeurs which doubtless Wagner himself would have wished to avoid had he been as good a critic of his own work as he was of that of others. Bodanzky is a great figure in the musical world, and apart from the Metropolitan he is doing fine work for the Society of the Friends of Music in New York.
MARGARET IRVING

Who is making her début as a cinema star in "M. A. R. S.," the new third-dimensional stereoscopic motion picture.

Page Fifty-Four
Dwight Franklin and His Art

THE SENTINEL
In modeling this little figure Mr. Franklin has faithfully reproduced the costume of the scouts and traders of Daniel Boone's day—even making an exact replica of the powder-horn and flint-lock musket. The winter scene at the right depicts an unexpected meeting between traders from a Coast settlement, and an Indian chief-tain and his squaw.

THE BUCCANEER
This is one of the artist's famous "Pirate Series." No detail of the equipment of the sailing ship of early days has been omitted. The pirate is a veritable "Captain Kidd," with a kerchief on his head and brass rings in his ears. One can imagine him roaring: "Fifteen men on a dead man's chest. Yo-ho-ho and a bottle o' rum!"

Dwight Franklin is probably the best-known expert in model-visualized research work in this country. For seven years he constructed the famous models of the New York Museum of Natural History, illustrating periods of history and anthropology. Eight years ago he left the Museum to freelance, and has done research work and models for nearly all the greater American museums. Every one of Mr. Franklin's large group-models takes many weeks to construct, and the research work which must precede the actual modeling covers months. He is now with the Film Guild, making tiny wax models for the costuming of Percy Mackaye's fantastic play, "The Scarecrow." In the picture below, Mr. Franklin is explaining one of the miniature sets to Glenn Hunter, who is to star in the screen version of "The Scarecrow"
LISTENING to Paderewski play with something more than his old power and poetry, I reflected that I had heard him play upon the emotions of his hearers without the aid of a piano, but merely by means of his most eloquent and moving utterances in behalf of his beloved Poland, and I realized how and why he was one of the most interesting and impressive figures at the Peace Conference. Here, bethought me, was the man who had expended a princely fortune, amassed by dint of years of study and almost incessant toil, for a country which he loved with a consuming love, a love greater even than that he bore for his art, but who nevertheless had been treated with shameful ingratitude and almost contumely by his own people, and who, in the autumn of his years, was compelled to return to a life of hard work in order to support himself and those dear to him.

THE lies told of Paderewski by certain persons of the baser sort were enough to make one rage. A man of the utmost tolerance, he was accursed by a radical and bolshevist element of permitting, if not encouraging, racial and religious persecution in Poland, and it was that element in his own country which cast him aside. But there is consolation in the thought that there are thousands who love him for his noble qualities of heart and mind, as well as millions who respond with enthusiasm to his splendid art.

It was characteristic of Paderewski that after he had given his first recital in New York, an arduous as well as emotionally exhausting experience, he should have gone immediately to visit his old friend and colleague Cienieceau, and played to him for an hour what he called “bedside music,” for the grand old man of France retires early to rest. Who will paint the ex-premier of Poland playing the piano to the ex-premier of France? What a picture for posterity!

THE critics have been almost unanimous in their enthusiasm over John Barrymore’s Hamlet, and it was obviously a performance not to be missed by one who has seen virtually all the great Hamlets of the past thirty years. If I cannot speak of it in terms of unreserved praise, it is in many respects a memorable and beautiful impersonation. No one could possibly look the part better. Barrymore has the chiseled, sensitive features and the slim and elegant form, as well as the youth and grace which should belong to Shakespeare’s Prince of Denmark. His face is “sicklied o’er with the pale cast of thought” and is of eloquent mobility. He speaks his lines with, for the most part, excellent emphasis and point, and I have never seen a Hamlet who extracted so much humor from the scenes with Polonius, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, and the foppish Osric.

He has not the rich tones, the musical cadences, and the flawless diction of Forbes-Robertson, or Hampden, and in the play scene he fails to rise to the full height of the excitement which he should display when he marks the effect of the murder scene upon the King. But this may be accounted for in part by the way in which this episode is staged, which I venture to think is altogether unsuitable as well as distracting, especially to those who are grounded in the traditions of the Shakespearean theater, altho the general production is by no means so mistaken as Mr. Hopkins’ previous mal-treatment of Macbeth.

MR. HOPKINS may well excuse himself on the score that every manager, especially every actor-manager, from the days of David Garrick, has seen fit to tinker and tamper with the text, to rearrange the scenes and episodes, and to stage Hamlet in his own manner. Mr. Hopkins, with the artistic aid of Mr. Robert Edmond Jones, has given a setting to the play which is certainly novel, and on a few occasions striking, but which in many places hampers the action and muddles the minds of those who do not know their Shakespeare. The substitution of an irritating, flickering light for the Ghost, instead of showing him “in his habit as he lived,” in a feeble and foolish device, pace that scarcely eminent authority Mr. William Faversham. The performance of
JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER
The modern Joseph's coat of many colors is replaced by "The Bright Shawl." This admirable book is being filmed in Cuba, under the supervision of the author, who will, when necessary, be sustained in his arduous labors by the bland and benevolent Vaquiri cocktail.

JOHN DREW
The grand old man of the American stage, who has just produced an admirable book of theatrical memories. He is still the glass of fashion and the mold of form.

MARIAN LORD
One of Broadway's most brilliant comedians. In "The Last Warning" she plays a straight burlesque part so well that some day she will be a memorable Mrs. Malaprop.

WILLIAM H. GUARD
Most tactful of publicity directors and the guide, philosopher and friend of every artist, pressman and deadhead at the Metropolitan Opera. He refuses a free admission as if he were conferring a favor.
MYRA HESS
This young English pianist, who won unstinted praise from critics and public in New York last season, has returned for an American tour. To see as well as hear her is a delight.

ERN A
RUBINSTEIN
The youngest and many think the best of girl violinists now before the public. She was introduced to New York by Mengelberg, and created a sensation when she played with the Philharmonic Society.

MARIE NOVELLO
Another English pianist who is an instance of beauty and talent going hand in hand. She comes of famous musical stock, being a descendant of the great Clara Novello and sister of Ivor Novello, musician, singer and actor, who composed that famous stimulus to patriotism "Keep the Home Fires Burning".

SIGRID ONEGIN
Next to Chaliapin the sensation of the season at the Metropolitan Opera. She is possessor of a magnificent mezzo-soprano voice of great compass, which she uses with thrilling effect, while her fine features and commanding presence make her an ideal impersonator of leading Wagnerian roles.
In Studio and Gallery

HENRY S. EDDY, ever since his return from the Continent, has been busy putting up tapestries, hanging silk curtains, and in other ways trying to get the artistic touch in his studio at Westfield, New Jersey. All this because someone told him that at least one artist should have a studio that lived up to popular fiction. Beside this, he is arranging the pictures, which resulted from his year on the Continent, for a showing at the Babcock Galleries starting February twenty-sixth. Christian Britton, that melodious critic is getting out the brochure to accompany the pictures. It would be an original touch if he would add anecdotal matter—for instance, the little story about Mr. Eddy, who, as usual, was declaring to a friend on the beauties of his favorite Vermont hills. "Oh, yes," said his friend, with a pathetic reminiscence look in his eyes, "I remember those hills; my car never could make them."

BRUCE CRANE was having a calm, placid time at Lyme, painting, loafing and generally enjoying himself, when he was called to New York in reference to a picture. A horrible daub was placed in front of him and in the lower right-hand corner was his signature. "Are you guilty of that?" he was asked. "Well," said Mr. Crane, "I have painted some horrible 'buckeyes,' but never with my left hand; those trees are terrible." And a sadder but wiser collector tucked the maligned painting under his arm and vowed he would never buy another painting unless the artist was at his elbow.

GEORGE PEARSE ENNIS, who spends his summers at Eastport, Maine, where by moving from one side of his cottage piazza to the other he can see his favorite granite rocks or the fishing smacks on his very blue ocean, has acquired a following. It is not composed of people who stand off and squint at his pictures, speaking of nuances, composition and rugged strength—no, indeed. This new following trails him silently and persistently around Eastport, and when he packs up his easel and goes back to his cottage these satellites rush forward and snatch empty paint tubes, old paint rags, in fact, anything that he leaves. They say that the house of practically every "native" in Eastport sports some souvenir that belonged, at one time, to Mr. Ennis.

BOARDMAN ROBINSON, is now in London and expects to remain there for the next year or so. He gave up his instruction work at the Art Students' League to accept a position as cartoonist on the English Outlook. Another instructor missing from the League is Maurice Sterne; not only is he missing but many of his pupils are with him. They liked him and his teaching so much that finally he consented to let them go back to Italy with him, where he has a villa near Rome. The arrangement is not only good for the students but for Mr. Sterne as well.

THE BROOKLYN SOCIETY of Artists, which has been struggling the last few years to remain progressive—in spite of the fact that most of the propaganda against this progressivism has come from the ranks of the society itself—has, in the eyes of most of the advanced artistic set, suffered defeat. At the last election, in December, the conservatives came back into power, and if they succeed in doing what they have done to several other organizations in Brooklyn with which they have been connected, it means that the Brooklyn Society has received its quietus. Mr. Charles Wesson is the new President.

If five or more years ago Robert Browning, suddenly, could have appeared at some woman's club and heard them explain what he meant by "Round the cliff, of a" (Continued on page 76)
CASTLES OF TODAY
First Prize
By Johan Hagemeyer

An interesting composition selected from an apparently complex and
uninteresting motif. The line directions are beautifully balanced

The Camera Contest

EDITOR'S NOTE: This month's article is by John Wallace Gillies, who is an expert in architectural photography. In writing this, Mr. Gillies has endeavored to put down a few of the fundamental truths that must be learned before composition can be understood
Look To Your Composition

By John Wallace Gillies

We are going to attempt to uncover with a brief explanation the mystery of why one photograph looks well and why another does not. It is certain that in either case the same cameras, plates or films, and papers could be used, and yet widely varying results be obtained. We are forced to look for the reasons, and the minute we do, we invariably find that, aside from a real understanding of the nature of the materials we are using, lenses, plates, papers, etc., we are confronted with the thought of composition, or arrangement. By that we mean how we decide to place the different objects we photograph, on the picture space, with relation to the boundaries of the picture and with relation to each other.

In any camera, we have the edges, or boundaries of our picture all laid out for us. With almost any other method of making a picture, such as painting or etching, we are forced to create not only our subject matter, but also the boundaries. This placement of boundaries is very important. In photography we have the boundary all settled beforehand, in such a manner that we realize it forcibly, and we are forced to a certain extent to think about it. In that respect photography, as a method of creating a picture, has an advantage.

Now, this matter of boundary has a very important relation to the picture and to the composition of the picture. A picture is, usually, an arrangement of different things within a rectangle, and, if good enough, is hung on the wall, and if it is a good picture, will stay on the wall; if it is not a good picture, it is then taken off the wall. In saying this, we leave aside the question of photographs which have a sentimental rather than pictorial value. We are confining ourselves altogether to the picture which is beautiful, or which is made to stand simply upon its own legs as a picture, with nothing involved except its own ability to hold its place upon the

NEW YORK HARBOR
Third Prize
By Robert Waida
In the enveloping grey of the atmosphere the boats are disposed to carry the eye easily thru the whole composition
It was Whistler who said: “Do not scorn the accidents,” and he was right, for now and then the tyro can make a photograph which is very beautiful pictorially, but he will not continue to make them; that is why I have been asked to write this little attempt at explanation. For many centuries men have been making pictures of all kinds, and probably about ninety-nine per cent of them have been made in square or oblong spaces, and after many years of trial and effort they began to find out that the proportion of this rectangle had a lot to do with the value of the picture, according to what they were trying to paint or draw; if the rectangle was held upright it had one effect; if it was horizontal it had another effect. The proportion of one side to the other had an effect. No matter how they varied the shape of the picture or whether it was vertical or horizontal.

So they began to look into these things and find out why these apparently small matters had such an extraordinary changing effect, and they found out that it was impossible really to understand it so much as to sense it. It so happens that the usual picture space, as adopted by the great artists, has a proportion of sides of about three to four; that is, within certain limits of accuracy. It feels better that way, and we like it better. Most of the great pictures which have been made over the years, will show a proportion of measurement of the sides, of three to four. Of course there are square pictures, and pictures which are more panel shaped, which are longer than the proportion we name, but they are the exceptions.

So, when they began to make cameras, whose purpose was to make a picture, they naturally used that picture space, and we find the two most popular sizes for pictorial work the 3½×4½ (Continued on page 75)

EQUINOX HOUSE
Honorable Mention
By Harry A. Neuman
An excellent arrangement of black and white, showing a pleasing contrast

CORNWALL ON THE HUDSON
Honorable Mention
By Charles A. Hellmuth
This is well composed with a pictorial quality

STORM CLOUDS
Honorable Mention
By George P. Lester
A well-balanced composition and a nice simplicity
Moffett BESSIE LANDIS A winsome Beauty Contest entrant
The Art
of the
Silversmith

An appreciation of the work of Georg
Jensen, who revives the tradition of the
Renaissance craftsmen

By
Margaret Bruening

WORKING in gold and silver as a fine art died
out with the Renaissance. And with the passing
of this great tradition there went also that of the
artist who was artisan as well. Since then there have
been individuals here and there, the Eighteenth Century
Lamarie, for instance, who have not been willing to copy
the antique slavishly or content themselves with catering
to the taste of the period, but no real inheritor of Renais-
sance traditions, no true successor to the incomparable
Benevenuto Cellini has appeared to restore dignity to the
calling of the silversmith and originality and beauty to
his work. At least, not till the Dane, Georg Jensen,
produced in his workshop in Copenhagen jewelry and
silverware of such perfection as to award him the title
of master in the eyes of cognoscenti. For there is in
every pitcher, bowl and jug, in every spoon, ladle and
fork, the touch of the craftsman who has perfected
his technique, and of the artist to whom pure line and
form are first considerations in any design.

It is interesting to see how Jensen has worked out the
problem of utility and beauty combined. There is
basic strength and solidity in each piece and the form
is nicely adapted to its use. Ornament—exquisitely
modeled fruits and flowers and lovely moldings—is
never applied lavishly, only to emphasize structural
lines. Decoration is everywhere restrained, but effective.
The color of this silver is one of its values. The
pure color without the shiny glossiness of the machine-
finished object, is alluring in itself and gives a dis-
tinction to each piece. It is consummate craftsmanship
combined with artistic feeling and creative power that
give these rare things their characteristic beauty.

Jensen's work has come, too, at a critical time, for
the flood of manufactured products of inferior design
has brought deterioration of public taste. German
industrial expansion, particularly, meant in Europe a
spread of cheap and tasteless objects and a decline of
aesthetic appreciation. There seemed no place for the
artist in handicraft when cheap goods (and in quantity
such as only machines could produce) seemed the
only artistic need of the people.

But this divorce of the artist and the artisan—a
purely artificial separation—has been shown false by
the work of Jensen, who has combined brilliant tech-
nique with unerring taste in original creations that place
him as peer of the Renaissance masters of his craft.
He has not only ennobled his calling, but he is making
it possible for people of moderate means to possess
beautiful things for everyday use.
Georg Jensen has had a long apprenticeship—a training of head and hand. Born at Raavad in 1866, he was early apprenticed to a jeweler. Traces of the boy’s early impressions of the Danish countryside and his susceptibility to its beauty are apparent in much of his decorative motifs. His fruit and flowers with their exquisite modeling, his knowledge of the structural values of leaf, vein and tendril, all revert to his boyish susceptibility to beauty.

During his apprenticeship he had been studying at the technical school and later entered the academy of art, where he took his final examination as sculptor in 1892, exhibiting his first work in the same year at the Charlottenborg Exhibition of art. This work, entitled *Harvest Boys*, attracted attention to the young artist because of its harmony and also because of its realism—qualities which are apparent in all his works.

Later, he exhibited the *Wild Boar Hunters*, which gained him the gold medal of the academy and a large traveling fund. Happy *wanderjahre* followed when, like the young Cellini, who roamed from one workroom to another, from Florence to Pisa and from Pisa to Rome gathering impressions and perfecting his skill, Jensen traveled in France and Italy. He was already a mature man, equipped both as artist and artisan, disciplined by his apprenticeship and ready to appreciate the traditions of other times and differing talents.

When he found artists working at handicrafts and yet preserving the dignity of their artistic calling, when he beheld the masterpieces of the great age of master gold-and-silver smiths, a new world was opened to him in which his vision of the artist and his training as the craftsman were to find harmonious expression. He studied the cases of gold and silver articles as well as the sculptures and paintings of museums, his horizon expanded and he saw new channels in which his love of beauty could flow. In spite of contact with foreign artists and exhaustive study of outside schools of art, Jensen has never lost his Northern genius. There is a distinguishing quality in his creations that shows an origin quite different from his Italian and French fellow artists. It is race and racial traits that make his work so distinctive in conception and execution. There is charm in seeing this problem of the silversmith answered by a new solution.

For a time he was associated with a friend in ceramic production, seeking higher standards and different methods of design for this art. But later, after residence in the country had again brought him close to nature, his early impressions revived; he employed these animals, plants and flowers in his design and became the jeweler rather than the sculptor or the potter.

Early in 1904 Georg Jensen opened his first workshop in Copenhagen. It was a humble room where he worked, but his dream was no idle one of the revival of a lost art and the enrichment of daily life by the refining influence of beauty. It was not an easy thing to give up his ambitions as a sculptor and to take up the calling of a *ciseleur*, perhaps, but he had the faith in himself to believe that in working as a craftsman not only would his creative genius have sufficient outlet, but that he would take up the great tradition of other days and enrich it for all time.

He approached some of the best-known goldsmiths of Copenhagen before deciding to start alone, but found them unsympathetic and fearful of working in competition with him. But the people of the city were quickly responsive to the ornaments that came from the little

(Continued on page 71)
A Summary of Shows

(Drama—Major and Melo-

East of Suez. Eltinge.—Florence Reed as a beautiful, tragic half-caste.

Fashions for Men. National.—A study in resignation by the author of "Lilom."

Gringo. Comedy.—An excellent depiction of Mexico.

Hamlet. Harris.—John Barrymore plays the Prince. It is the Law. Kitz.—A first-rate melodrama.

Johannes Kreisler. Apollo.—Forty-two scenes; original and striking tunes; Ben Ami, the hero.

Listening In. Bijou.—Natural and supernatural. The Last Warning. Klaxon.—Perfect suspense.

Loyalities. Gaity.—One of Galsworthy’s best.

Humor and Human Interest

Abie’s Irish Rose. Republic.—Ever-blooming.

The Awful Truth. Henry Miller.—Ina Claire and Bruce McKee learn that the truth is a terrible thing. Hospitality. Equity.—Dispersing but well played.

Kiki. Belasco.—Lenore Ulric as an adorable gaminne.

Merton of the Movies. Cort.—The cleverest satire on Broadway.

The Lady Cristalinda. Broadhurst.—Not worthy of Fay Bainter’s talent.

The Masked Woman. Eltinge.—From the French, featuring Helen MacKellar. Fair.

The Old Soak. Plymouth.—Don Marquis’ old drunkard is the hit of the season.

The Seventh Heaven. Booth.—Helen Menken gives the best performance of her career.

Melody and Maidens

Better Times. Hippodrome.—Large, costly, naïve and pretty.

Blossom Time. Century.—Franz Schubert’s life set to music.

The Chauve-Souris. Century Roof.—Third program of Belfi’s Russian entertainers. Excellent.

The Clinging Vine. Knickerbocker.—Peggy Wood as charming as ever.

A Fantastic Fricassee. Greenwich Village.—All that the name implies.

The Gingham Girl. Earl Carroll. Both old and young will like this.

The Lady in Ermine. Ambassador.—A musical show that is something more than vaudeville.

The Best in the West

A list of last year’s successes now on tour.

Anna Christie. Worth seeing.

A Bill of Divorcement. Serious drama.

Bimbo. Good music.

Bulldog Drummond. Mystery play.

The Circle. Excellent comedy.

The Demi Virgin. An underdone farce.

Dulcy. Beauty triumphs over brains.

The Fool. Good third act.

Poola Errant. Thrilling situations.

The Gold Diggers. A snappy comedy.

Good Morning Dearie. Excellent music.

The Hairy Ape. A tragedy.

Lawful Larceny. A crook show.

Make it Snappy. Entertaining.

The Merry Widow. Good.

The Monster. Horrifying.

Nice People. A comedy of manners.

Orange Blossoms. Alluring music.

Partners Again. Potash and Perlmutter, stuff.

Passing Show of 1921. Smart.

Red Pepper. McIntyre and Heath.

Shore Leave. With Frances Starr.

Six Cylinder Love. A domestic comedy.

The Truth About Blaids. Amusing.

To Love. Excellent Triangle Play.

The White Peacock. Starred by Petrowa.—F. K. S.

Page Sixty-Six
Introducing Our Contributors

Burton Rascoe, who proves in his article, *A Critic of Critics, that 30 years ago he had been arguing for the same thing all along, began his literary career as a newspaper writer at the age of 21. One year later he founded and edited a literary magazine, which expired at the end of three months. While a student of the New York Tribune and Writes reviews and critical articles for various periodicals, as well as introducing several series of translations. ** Edgar Cahill was born in Iceland, north of the Arctic Circle. For the past ten years, he has been in Sweden, making a study of the Industrial Art of the country. Mr. Cahill writes equally well on both literature and art, and is a regular contributor to the International Studio and Scandinavian Art Review. ** Wynn Holcomb—known to us as “Wynn”—is a native of the East who has been studying and traveling in Europe for a year —and sketching occasionally for Shadowland and the Tribune. While in Paris he designed posters for the Folies Bergère.

Konrad Bercovici was born in Roumania; he is the son of a famous sculptor. He has lived and labored in New York for several years and has contributed to the daily and weekly Press. He is the author of *Dust of New York, a series of short stories and sketches: also a romance of the South, *Breton and Liver- right, who is issuing his new book, *Moi, in the spring. Leo Kober, whose stirring drawing of Bodanov's appearance on page fifty-three, is from Czechoslovakia and spent his childhood in the same country. He is the author of art for ten years in Munich and Paris, receiving many awards. After serving five years as an editor in this country, and declares that he never shall leave it. “My present ambition,” says Mr. Kober, “is to possess just enough money to be able to live without working for the newspapers.” ** Thyrse Samter Winslow is a well-known and extremely versatile writer, who occasionally publishes delightfully gossipy tales of old ladies and spinster fathers and everyone married, folks, to preach a sugar-coated sermon or two under the guise of *The Passing of Finesse. Her first book, *Picture Frames, will come from the Knopf press next spring. ** Kenneth Macgowan has been dramatic editor of the Boston Transcript, dramatic and literary editor of *The Evening Leader, and labor editor of the New York Tribune. He is now one of the editors of the *Theatre Arts Magazine, as well as dramatic critic of the New York Globe, and writer of critical articles on subjects pertaining to the theater. He is the author of *The Theatre of Tomorrow, and Continental Stage-Craft—the latter in collaboration with Richard Poss. ** Heron Osborne Osgood comes of old Massachusetts stock. He studied music in Munich, and was for three years report- er at the Royal Opera in that city. Returning to America in 1915, he became editor of the musical Courier. He is the composer of several popular songs and ballets. There are about to issue a book he has written for children. ** Gordon Breyten, whose perfect study of Paderewski appears on page fifty-six, is a young musician as well as an active editor of the Musical Courier. He is the composer of several popular songs and ballets. There are about to issue a book he has written for children. ** Benjamin De Casseres was for many years editor of El Día in Mexico. When Diaz made it too hot for him, he trotted back to the safer offices of the New York Herald, hand in hand with Robert F. Sherwood. Mr. De Casseres' book, *Channelers, has recently been published; he is a contributor of critical articles to newspapers and magazines. ** William McPherson has been an editorial writer on the New York Tribune for many years. He is an authority on European politics and has written many books on the subject, including *A Short History of the Great War and Strategy of the Great War; also, *Tales of War-Time France. He has translated hundreds of stories from the French, The Black Drop, which appears in this number, is by Jean Moura, one of the younger French writers. ** Stuart Davis is a director of the Independent Society of Artists and an illustrator for excellence. He studied at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts; also under Robert Henri and Homer Boss. ** George William Breed, better known as “Bill Breed,” is a member of one of the most interesting Kickerocker families, his direct ancestor coming to America in 1620. He studied art in the Chase School, and contributed for various periodicals to the old New York Press, the Sun, Life, and other magazines. He served in France, during the war, with the forty-seventh Division, and is now a member of the Seventh Regiment. He was the joint author of *War-Time of the London Globe, music critic of the New York Herald, and is married to the composer, *The Musical Quarterly, the Forum and other magazines. He served in the South African and Ashanti wars. August Henkel, whose artistic sketches are regularly in this magazine, started out to be a painter, having studied under William Chase, and Thomas Anshutz. He is considered the greatest teacher that ever lived. However, he found that painting realistic pictures baffled him; so temporarily he turned to illustration, in which held he is making a high success. ** Margaret Breuning, after a number of years spent in study abroad, was appointed art editor of the New York Evening Post. She also has done much critical and general literary work for various magazines. ** Eric Inge is a Swedish writer, who has made a special study of the stage literature of his country. ** W. G. Bowden is a member of the repertorial staff of the Evening World and writes chiefly about Art. He spends his spare time collecting things queer, quaint and curious. Of all the books he has read, perhaps the most interesting things are his Baxter prints in color; this print was for many years in the lighthouse of the early nineteenth century. ** James Wallace Gilley is considered an authority on architectural photography. ** Eldon Kelley, who illustrated *The Passing of Finesse, really wants to be a serious artist, rather than a creator of serious art, but can't control that carnivorous slant to his brush.

Betty’s mother knew why

I t was Betty's first dip into social activity since she returned from boarding school. Naturally, she was thrilled when the invitation came; and even more thrilled when she discovered in a roundabout way that Howard was coming back from school for the week-end to attend the same party.

Betty and Howard had been a little more than mere good friends during their high-school days at good old Ellsworth.

Indeed, lots of folks thought they were much more than good friends. You know how, a small town will jump at conclusions.

Howard never looked more gorgeous than he did that evening. And Betty found herself more fond of him than ever. The whole party quickly focused itself around her anticipation of the first dance with him.

They did dance—but only once. Then all the rest of the evening Howard devoted to girls who were really much less charming than she.

Betty went home broken-hearted. She might never have known the reason, but her mother, quick to perceive, and courageous enough to talk frankly with her daughter, knew why, and told her.

That's the insidious thing about halitosis (un- pleasant breath). 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 fortu- nately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouthwash and gargle.

It 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 sure and safe side. You know your breath is right. Fastidious people everywhere are making it a regular part of their daily toilet routine.

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

For HALITOSIS

use LISTERINE
Heywood Broun

The gently satirical humorist. The amusing mocker of foibles. The Dean of First-Nighters. The film reviewer par excellence. From now on will sign his name to Iris In

David Wark Griffith

The former polis are all hurrying to Paris to see Lillian Gish escape death in "The Two Orphans." "Sapristi," they grumble, "this Mr. Griffith takes liberties with French history." "It is Art," murmur the intellectuals. Yet, in the face of this cable news, Mr. Griffith prepares to take his "mist photography" to France. It is said the picture has lost him the Légion d'Honneur—and as for the American Academy of Arts and Letters, "Elect a motion picture person! How extraordinary!" Read the comment on the situation by Stanton Leeds

Mary Roberts Rinehart

Mrs. Rinehart's motto is, "have ideas, and work." She admits, however, that possibly there was some luck in her case. Read how she sold her first play. What was David Belasco's reaction? A remarkably interesting and human interview by Hazel Shelley

Famous Juliets

With Ethel Barrymore and Jane Cowl both making new interpretations of this famous rôle, great interest is being shown in other famous actresses who have played it. Read the entertaining and interesting article by Jerome Hart

A picture of Rodolph Valentino and Winifred Hudnut, dancing, and, if rumor is correct, they will soon be in Paris under the Cochran management.

A full-page study of Barbara de la Marr.

In

The Picture Book De Luxe of the Movie World

Shaw, D'Annunzio, Tolstoi: Diabolistic Idealists

(Continued from page 26)

scenarios. The Artist is everything: humanity is nothing. He would throttle a race as one throttles a rat to extract a tragic emotion from its heart of darkness. Think of Away. All his novels, plays and poems are exudations of himself, of his mystical and maniacal frenzy in the presence of life and nature. Emotion for action and desire are only the swollen rivulets and streams that swell the wild waters of his imaginings. Wars are dreamed of their thousand sand souls. The Italian language was invented so that Gabriele d'Annunzio might unlock with it the subconscious palace of his soul's race. The tragedies and comedies of existence are only the grammar of Art. His prose reeks with immemorial odors, pestilential perfumes and the effluvium of the dreams of the in- create and the dead.

The Earth is his mother and the Intelllect his refreeper. There are poems of d'Annunzio wherein one hears the rush and roar of sunquakes and the furious birth-chant of forests still deep in the woods of the mystical Mother. He stales his thirst at every spring. He writes of super insects like Shelley, Ford or Wagner. Whatever is, is sublime. The planet, the stars, the universe are censers that he, Gabriele the Annunzio, swings on the golden chains of his genius in the Cathedral of Time. There is only one sin that it is possible for him to commit—beaujolais. He has never committed it. He could not commit it—if he is to the manner born, as Shaw and Tolstoi were not.

A great French psychologist said of d'Annunzio that "his soul was the soul of the universe!" There is indeed in him that hypnotic union of object and subject that philosophers and metaphysicians have written about, but that only the supreme artist, dowered with the diabolistic idealization of his instincts, ever attains. There are gleams of the superworld about such men. They rape life each hour, and Life knows that each assault is a transfiguration and beautification of its immortal space. D'Annunzio is the Marquis de Sade of art.

TOLSTOY was the very antithesis of d'Annunzio. His instinct-to-torture worked in an entirely different direction. Naturally a great artist, an aesthetic seer, he allowed himself to be carried away by his submerged atavistic tendency toward a perverted humanitarianism. Tolstoi, at last almost completely dominated him. He was the idealist who had turned traitor to life. Either consciously or unconsciously, he was led to write, "I am an an

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A Memorable Rehearsal

(Continued from page 19)

A conductor. I do not recall whether or not Richard Strauss himself was in the audience, but he had been present at many of the rehearsals. Being a répétiteur at the Munich Opera at that time, I had seen most of them myself.

For a musician there can hardly be anything more interesting than to watch the growth and development of a new work of the size and importance of Rosenkavalier, as the crea
tions of author and composer take form and color under the expert direction of such men as Felix Mayr, Konrad Schwab, the stage manager, and above all with the supervision of Richard Strauss himself.

Strauss used to sit in the front row, out in the darkened orchestra, close behind Mott, who would often turn to consult him on ques
tions of tempo, nuances, and so forth.

One morning during a rehearsal, Strauss climbed over the rail down into the pit, exchanging places with Mott, who sat by a listless accompanist, and there were a dozen different passages of the score in which he wished to make his meaning clear.

The vocal scores were late in coming from the printer. The figures were furnished at first with manuscript parts for the first two acts only, and began rehearsing these before they had any knowledge of the third act. So one day Strauss gathered them all into one of the rehearsal rooms and, sitting down at the piano, went thru the entire act for them, de
ing the situation and playing snatchs of the music which he had provided to fit them.

Imagine what an impression those delightful Rosenkavalier waltzes made, heard for the first time and played by the hand that wrote them, with a running commentary on the action as it happened! The famous trio brought an enthusiastic round of applause from the artists, and the Mozart-like duet between Octavian and Sophie was hardly less admired.

And it was after one of these rehearsals, across the way from the opera house, in the Hotel Frankau, that Tolstoi, the prophet and an

—

Which is very easy German to translate, even if you are not familiar with the language. All you really need to know is that "Skat" is a favorite card game of Germans in general—and of Richard in particular.
Ostentation versus Art
(Continued from page 15)

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Summer, you say, why that is months away. Yes, but the day of instantaneous miracles is past. If you would have a creamed skin, smooth, delightful arms, white well-maintained hands, and hair that has the gloss that comes from perfect health and care, now is the time to begin your campaign—and when June and its roses arrive, you will have the freshness and beauty that goes with the summer landscape.

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Features For March

Health’s Happy Highway
Beautiful Hands
Types of the Female Form
Nature Takes Care of a Lot of Things
My Lady’s Boudoir
Questions and Answers
Four Pages of Fashions
Shopping Service
The Passing of Finesse

(Continued from page 16)

studied nights at the Academy of Design and at the Art Students’ League, and began exhibiting while still a boy. Now, the pictures painted while he was studying at the Academy of Design, was accepted and hung by the National Academy of Design. Jonas Lie has been a constant and distinguished contributor to American art exhibitions.

But success is not easily gained. His Tipperary trail to economic success is a long one for any artist, and for a number of years Jonas Lie supplemented his artistic efforts by designing at a cotton-print factory. The Scandinavians have discovered that it is no disgrace for a painter to be a designer of beautiful wallpaper, and, consequently, it is not uncommon to find leading artists among them devoting themselves to this vocation. It was Jonas Lie who came with the exhibition of his Panama Canal paintings.

Jonas Lie is a sensitive recorder of nature’s various moods, and of the dreams and deeds of man. He loves nature in all her garbs, but best in that of winter. We have spoken of his handling of snow. His way of suggesting wind is equally masterful. His winds are real, they sweep across his canvases with a wintry force. Silent Stream depicts one of the softer moods of winter, snow that is a white caress upon the stream and the fir trees that live their vital lives through the winter. His winter trees are always an inspiration of their enduring greenness in the silent waters.

Lie has become more of a colorist with the years. He is at his greatest in the early period. Now we find him interested in the vibrant harmonics of flower studies, in the ripe colors of autumn, in the moods of winter. His canvases at the recent Academy show were an interesting composition, bearing testimony to his command of his native white of snow and touched by the reminiscent blue of distance, roads winding and bending backward, as well as the rolling horizontal terraces of hills.
Taos the Brilliant
(Continued from page 45)

However, if the Bill becomes effective, it means, soon or late, the disintegration of the reservations, the disruption of tribal customs and the scattering of the redmen into lands that are strange to them. Wherein, now the Indians take pride in tilling the land because it is theirs, and they govern it wisely and well. If there is a slackness in their midst, they punish him because he disgraces their tribe; they are self-supporting and a peaceful, agricultural people. But once let their governing be taken from Federal jurisdiction and become mixed up in State politics—what will happen? They will become lazy, having no occupation, for they will have no land; they will live on Government bounty, beg from the tourists, and gradually their tribes will die out as all races do which have no work, and so add to our “century of dishonor” as Helen Hunt Jackson termed our dealings with the redmen.

Therefore, members of the Taos Society of Artists are worried, for they have made the vicinity around Taos and Santa Fé so popular that hundreds of other artists are to be found there every summer, and while the luxurious and brilliant civilization would remain, and the valley would stretch off to the mountains, decorously preserving as that clear sky and sun-bathed air, and the Mexicans would still linger each one—
even a “bad-man” full of forbidden “toquilla” might occasionally “shoot up” the town—these would remain, with the passing of the Indians the charm would be gone, and the artists are rather fond of the Indians.

Also, what would the judges of the various art exhibits do if there were no entries from the Taos Society? For consistently, persistently and worthily the members of this Society walk away every year with several prices tucked under their blankets.

E. Irving Couse now has to file his National Academy prizes, and in 1921, when he was awarded the Walter Lippincott prize at the Pennsylvania Academy, Lippincott reserved the right to buy the prize-winning picture, Chant to the Rain Gods. In the same year Ernest Blumenschein hit the Altman prize from the National Academy—space forbids the listing of his other awards. This year Walter Ufer, President of the Society, was so inspired by the climate that he not only had entries in the regular exhibition, but coincidently had a showing of his own in New York. John Sloan and Robert Henri, both of whom spent all summer and fall in and around Taos and Santa Fé, are later going to hold exhibitions: Mr. Sloan at Kraushaar’s in New York, and Mr. Henri at the Corcoran Gallery in Washington.

Perhaps J. Henry Sharp might be called the Indian expert of the Society, for, after spending ten years as an instructor at the Cincinnati Art Museum, he resigned to devote his time to the Indian country. In winter he is at the Crow Agency in Montana, near Custer’s Battle- field, and in summer he lives at Taos, opposite Kit Carson’s old home. The Smithsonian Institute bought eleven of his portraits of famous Indians, and Mrs. Phoebe Hearst (University of California) purchased one hundred and fifty-five portraits, covering the famous Indians of all the various tribes.

It is quite impossible to give an artistic history of all the members of this Society, practically every museum in the United States, as well as many foreign ones, have representative works of the members in their collections, including the Metropolitan Museum in New York, the Corcoran Gallery in Washington, the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, the Detroit Museum of Fine Arts, the Los Angeles Art Museum, the Dallas Museum, the National Museum in Sydney, New Zealand, Bibliothèque d’Art et d’Archéologie, Paris, National Museum at Christiania, Norway, the National Museum, Stockholm, Sweden (this museum contains the works of Birger Sandzen, who studied under the great Swedish artist Anders Zorn), and this list is very incomplete.

The members of the Society have exhibited practically everywhere from the Paris Salon to the Salamagundi Club. It is a wonderfully interesting organization and its members are putting on canvas the customs and tribal rites of a picturesque race, which in a hundred or more years may be so sadly depleted or scattered that these rite may be but memories.

It might be well to add, however, that the members of this Society paint other subjects besides Indians.

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A Few of the Contributors to the March

The Art of the Silversmith
(Continued from page 65)

workshop, and his clasps and brooches became a fashion. He was obliged, naturally, to begin with ornaments that would find a ready market, but he also began to work on table silver and exhibited for several years until he won public recognition for this production. He exhibited in Germany in 1905, in Brussels in 1910, receiving the gold medal of the World Exhibition, and since then has become known all over Europe. Some of his pieces have received the distinction of being placed in the Louvre—a rare experience for an artist during his lifetime. A regular shop for his silverware has been opened in Paris in the Rue St. Honoré, for he has indeed taken the artistic cap in that field.

Possibly one of the greatest trends to his artistic achievement came last year during his exhibition in London. The English people have always prided themselves on their beautiful silverware and considered themselves master craftsmen in this work. But with ready

genrousity and quick appreciation they awarded the palm to Jensen, gladly acknowledging his genius. Delight in beautiful production took the place of any petty local pride, and glowing tributes were paid to the work of the Danish artist.

Jensen long ago outgrew the little room where he worked alone and put down his tools to wait on his customers. He has also enlarged his first conceptions and grown in power and artistic expression. There has been no sacrifice of originality or quality, rather his design has grown finer and nobler and his execution more sure. As help was needed to carry out the orders that came to him, it was found necessary to train workers in his style of work before such work could be entrusted to them. His staff has been outgrown, but the ideals have not deteriorated. It is handwork of the highest type, working out parts and simple form with an unbroken and unbroken beauty of ornament or it would not be a Jensen product.
Indian Summer

(Continued from page 52)

Avis: Oh, Hartley! Hartley! Do you mean it? (Solemnly) I have been waiting for this day... oh... so long. So long! (Hartley gently leads her to the couch. They sit down, he with his arm around her shoulders; she with her face turned yearningly up to him.) Kiss me. (She closes her eyes as he kisses her.) Dearest!

Hartley: Dearest! (Pause.)

Avis (with startling suddenness, her eyes flashing): Come, let's clear out at once. We've no time to lose. We can book passage on the Brittany at once. She sails—let me see—at twelve o'clock Tuesday. Then London, Paris, Berlin, Monte Carlo—yes, and little Arles in mild, Southern France. Little Arles! With its layer upon layer of perfumed memories, of Greek, Roman and Gaul, and a long-dead beauty. We'll sit out in the yellow sunlight, beside a grey-white old wall, and you will paint the creamy sunshine on the Flower-bordered white road. And I shall just bask in it, watching you, healed of my fifteen years' despair. And if you let me see it, feel it all in advance. I am living it now when I shut my eyes.

Hartley (with staring, astonished eyes): Avis!

Avis: Yes, let's pack up at once. Jim is out of town over the week-end. Come! (She rises, catching his arm impulsively.)

Hartley: Avis!

Avis (anxiously looking down at him): What is it, dear? Can you go? Is there anything that keeps you? I thought you said... (She gazes at him with large blank eyes.)

Hartley (slowly, heavily): Avis, I don't think you understood.

Avis: What was there to understand? You said you still loved me, Babette, and I... well, then, there's only one thing to do.

Hartley (stiffly): Yes, but... but... oh, Avis, I am sorry... but the children expect...

Avis (gaping): Oh!

Hartley (gently): Besides, I've been to Arles. Two years ago when we were in Paris, we went down...

Avis (stonyly): Yes, go on. You went down to Arles. And she said in the golden sunlight while you painted. Just so. Go on (walking up and down): go on or I shall go mad.

Hartley (weakly apologetically): Avis, please don't break my heart. I can help it. Our second child was born soon after.

Avis (crushed): Oh!

Hartley: I can't leave them, Avis. I just can't. Won't you understand? These fifteen years have built themselves, like bricks and mortar, into the structure of my life. Avis (ironically): Dust in the wind!

Hartley: I mean—

Avis: Whatever they were, these fifteen years might have been mine! (With resigna-

tion, shrugging her shoulders.) Too late! (Taking her check.) Will you see me home?

Hartley: But you've left your dinner untouched. And what about our talk?

Avis (laughs cynically): Talk! What's there to talk about now? We've already lived thru our Indian summer—the Indian summer of our love. Or, perhaps, you've lived that thru, too, with your wife. Who knows? Let's go.

(The waiter enters with second course.)

Hartley: Never mind the rest of the dinner. Will you give me the check, please?

Waiter (taken aback, but urbane): Yes, sir. Did Madame dislike the dinner?

Avis: No. But we'll come again. Next summer, not Indian summer. Good evening.

Waiter (bewildered): Yes, Madame. Thank you. Good evening.

The Black Dress

(Continued from page 43)

Nevertheless, Dame Irrisaritz still occupied her big canopied bed. She continued to sigh, invoking heaven, cursing hell and sending her daughter-in-law to all the devils, when, by inadvertence, the injection was not administered gently enough. And little by little Dame Irrisaritz's sighs grew deeper and the tone of her malcontents grew sharper. Yet Babette felt no disquietude.

One afternoon, however, Dame Irrisaritz came out from under her canopy. Shortly thereafter, her power of speech being greatly reinforced, she asked why they had taken the bracelet and the necklaces out of her box and her widow's shawl out of her wardrobe. Then she demanded a thick beef soup, which Babette, all in a tremble, went downstairs to make for her.

One morning the old lady herself descended the stairs, stole thru the silent house to the kitchen and in her thin voice criticized the manner in which her daughter-in-law was letting the cabbage soup simmer. Then Babette, no longer disarmed by her misfortune. She went off into a dark corner to weep away the floods of tears out of her eyes. She walked to herself: "My sweet and becoming mourning dress! Sweet, sweet black dress!" Next she called her husband and said to him heart-brokenly:

"Rejoice, Gaspard Irrisaritz! Your mother has recovered!"

"Let it be as our Lord God wills," the merchant answered, with resignation.

Then Babette went again to get the dress. But it was not to have it admired, as before—smart and refugent in its noble color. She dragged it behind her like a peasant woman's cheap skirt and ground feebly:

"Here is my mourning dress. The material cost me more than twenty gold-pieces and I couldn't count the hours it took me to make it. And I have no use now for this beautiful black garment."

The merchant took the dress, felt the material and sighed:

"My heart would be troubled to see so much money and labor spent in vain. Only Dame Irrisaritz, my mother, can now wear so noble a garment."

Poor Babette, discomfited and miserable, went to find her mother-in-law:

"See, Dame," she said, "here is a beautiful dress which I made for you, while waiting for you to be cured of your great illness and sufferings. I fitted it to my own figure, for illness wastes the body and I knew that you would get up from your bed as slender as a young woman."

Dame Irrisaritz reached for the dress. She marvellled at the thick cloth and the beautiful workmanship: "What material! How wonderful! What pockers!" Never, never—Dame Irrisaritz could have called all the beautiful angels in Paradise to witness—had her daughter-in-law made her so sweet a gift, so amiable an offering. And while the sad Babette went about in the thin skirts of the bourgeoise, Dame Irrisaritz, adorned with all her golden jewelry, flaunted herself in the beautiful black dress which her daughter-in-law had so diligently manufactured to wear at her funeral.
A Mid-Season Musical Review

(Continued from page 49)

Chaliapin is again one omnious and commanding figure. The great scene with the Grand Inquisitor, previously omitted and hastily recomposed as a scene of production. member comes fraught with sinister import and malignant purpose, while Philip's soliloquy in the fore is amiable in which Hamlet's suicide soliloquy delivered by a Booth or Salvini. And with what economy of fact and Nicholas Chaliapin conveys to the workings of his mind! His hands are the most eloquent conceivable (he scarcely moves the fingers but he speaks with his forefinger), while he imparts much meaning to a shake of his forefinger as there was alleged to be in Lord Burleigh's style.

Before concluding this reference to Don Carlos may it fairly be asked why, when the work was being compressed and cut for revival at the Metropolitan, it was thought well to retain the extremely stupid ballet? The music is poor, the score en acte is far from impressive, and smacks of the old-fashioned English Christmas pantomime, while not even the admirable dancing of Galli gives it more than a comic opera quality. But the Don Carlos ballet belongs to the dark ages of opera, and is on a par with the décor, as well as the music, of Catulle Mendès's Histoire de l'amour. This son of Goya would have no excuse whatever except the beautiful singing of Madame Alda.

To the rev. of Miss Rosenvalser proved very welcome. It may not be a musical or dramatic masterpiece—Hoffmannstat's book is often said to be not well suited for the stage,—or even for the occasion, but it is one of the best comic operas written since the days of Rossini. It is a comic opera in a grand manner, and as such it quite properly finds a place once more, since the removal of the ban on German opera in the Metropolitan repertoire.

Some of the music is the best ever penned by its composer. In it there is no reason for him to do anything in any formula, or to show off his depth which are not within the range of his natural sentiments. Richard Strauss is at his best when, as in Der Rosenvalser, he is his natural self—sardonic, ironic, satirical, rabelaisian, boisterously gay and superficially sentimental. Occasionally he can convey something so near to sincere feeling—as in the trio toward the end of the opera—that he touches the softer emotions of his hearers. A master of many styles, from Mozart to Johannes Strauss, Richard of that ilk gives them effective expression in Der Rosenvalser.

As for the new Metropolitan production, Urbanus has not attained the exquisite and ingratiating effects of last year's Coat of Mail, but the setting is for the most part sumptuous. The revival is especially noteworthy for the splendid costumes of Eastern (most of them of artist), Marie Jeritza—at her best in appearance, acting and voice as the handsome young knight of the rose—and sweet-voiced Marie Sundelinus. Another strong feature of the production is the performance by Paul Bender as Aida, and Ochs, a part which he created and which is referred to in an article elsewhere in these pages. Bender is a first-rate artist, with an organ trained, and his singing and acting as Gunneaux in Parsifal and King Mark in Tristan and Isolde, gives him a very valuable addition to the forces of the Metropolitan.

Marie Jeritza has not heightened the impression which she made last season, and which was perhaps overestimated officially, if not entirely manufactured. Her Tosca remains a sadly mistaken performance, she still offers her apologies and does not attempt to present herself as a Christian shrine. She has slightly moderated her transports in the second act, and does not display the same fire as she did in Scarpia's apartment, but she still sings Fissi d'arte prone upon her stomach, and in connection with the phrases of touching aria very inarticularly. Jeritza has also sung in a revival of young Korngold's dull ballet, Die tote Stadt, which would be almost insupportable but for her, for in it she seems to do well, even perfectly better. In another revival, Thais, she presents a gorgeous appearance, but she does not act with the subtle allure of Mary Garden, while she sings little if any better. But if Jeritza's repertoire is likely to be limited, she has a vital and personal appeal and in such a part as Octavian her long experience in vaudeville and light opera proves very serviceable.

And if Miss Jeritza is not all that she has been represented or her friends could wish her to be, the Metropolitan has made two very valuable additions to its ranks this season in the persons of Sigrid Onegin and Elizabeth Reethberg. The former has a voice of remarkable power range and beauty when not forced, and a most attractive and impressive stage presence. She is, in fact, a woman nobly planned, a veritable daughter of the Vikings, and an ideal impersonator of Wagnerian heroines. She sang the part of Brangéline in Aida at the Metropolitan, and gave the idea that she could achieve the higher vocal flights of Iolande with ease. She is Matzner's, the famous violinist, whom she is running a fine voice by trying to demonstrate that she is a soprano. Onegin's Amneris in Aida is a majestical impersonation, and she sings the music of the comic operas with a sort of affectionate serenade. As for Reethberg, it was a surprise to hear a German demonstrating herself as an exponent of the best methods of bel canto. She is inexperienced and somewhat awkward as an actress. But hers is one of the best voices and vocal methods at the Metropolitan.

Among the great successes of the opera season so far is Edward Johnson. He has fulfilled the prophecy I ventured to make in these pages in announcing his engagement. There is no tenor before the public today who sings with finer artistry or who acts with such fervor and romance, while he looks a man in every role he assumes. His Arito in Montemonti's L'Inno dei Tre Re was sung by Lucrezia Bori's performance in the same opera, and they make an ideal pair of ill-starred lovers. Which reminds me of the revival of Romeo and Juliet. What a perfect Romeo Edward Johnson would be side by side with the perfectly tragic Juliet of Gigi. Gigi sang the role at the revival—a rarely admirable representation of Gounod's melodies, and which is bound to be one of the greatest attractions of the Metropolitan. But his is no poor actor, and he certainly should not be set to sing a romantic role in French, of which does not sound well from his lips.

The symphony season has been comparatively uneventful, but the New York Symphony Orchestra has been playing exceptionally well under Walter Damrosch, and gave a remarkably fine performance of Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony at the Paderewski concert. There is no more agreeable way of spending a Sunday afternoon than at one of these concerts. The most striking novelty yet given by Damrosch was Puccio's orchestral poem La Piandola. Here is a "modern" who has something extremely interesting and often beautiful to say, and who knows exactly how to say it. Rimsky-Korsakov, and Puccini show that Italy is very much in the musical movement, and one hopes to hear more of their work. I cannot say as much for H. A. Fairchild's ballet pantomime music, Dome Libellule, which is unsuitable and too lengthy for an orchestral number, and badly needs the stage action. But it is excellent color in its place, and shows musical inventiveness.

The Philadelphia Orchestra remains the greatest symphonic attraction of the season, and invariably draws a house packed with musical and social celebrities, as well as ardent music-lovers. Toscanini also remains firm on his pedestal as the ablest of conductors, and his orchestra as the greatest symphonic instrument in the New English Country. But

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(Continued on page 77)
The Mousetrap play in dumb show, with two persons mouthing the lines from either side, is an ineffective pedanticism, while the mutilation of the text and the omission of significant and well-remembered passages are unpardonable.

Not can one permit without protest Mr. Barrymore's obstinate insistence on the generally rejected reading of "pitch and moment" for "pitch and moment," as it is in the first folio and many other standard editions. I have never heard any other Shakespearean actor of repute use the former. But Mr. Barrymore literally "pitch"s the phrase at his audience by over-accenting the modulated word. However, these moderns will have their way, as naturally my friend Mr. Kenneth Macgowan is delighted with the Hopkins - Jones - Barrymore production, for, of course, nowadays the actor comes last, while the play and the author are nowhere, the principals being the producer, the designer of the scenes, and the gentleman who controls the lights.

As a friend and admirer of Caruso, both as man and an artist, I have been much interested in the life of the great tenor written by another friend, Pierre V. R. Key, with the aid of Bruno Zirato, who was for years Caruso's confidential secretary. It is a sumptuous as well as interesting and faithful record of the life of one whose career was an example of courage, industry, high artistic aims and fidelity to his public. Caruso, who sprang from the people, was of no common clay. He had that something in him which placed him in a class apart. By which I do not mean that Caruso was above and beyond human weaknesses and foibles, for he was very human, but he knew that within him there was a talent which could raise him high above his fellows, and above all he realized that art was a hard taskmistress, who must be rigorously obeyed, at the sacrifice of many things which go to make life smooth and easy. Mr. Key in his biography does not try to depict Caruso as a hero or demigod; there is no false praise; but the weaknesses and failings of the man are set down as well as his virtues and excellences. The result is a book which should be possessed by all who recall the pleasure and delight they derived from that most wonderful voice of its time, and who wish to follow the career of a man who rose from the humblest and poorest circumstances to be the greatest and richest operatic singer of his day. It is as interesting as any romance, while it conveys its lesson to those who believe that it is an easy thing, so long as the voice is there, to become a popular singer. Let them read Caruso's biography—a comedy and finely illustrated volume—and learn from the lessons of determination and incessant industry and self-denial which it conveys.

Wanderings
(Continued from page 56)

PIERRE V. R. KEY
Editor of The Musical Digest, former music editor of The World, Author of Enrico Caruso, a biography

And what a mystery the modern piano is in its way! There is something almost uncanny in watching it start by means of a hidden electric attachment and play thru a concerto with full orchestral accompaniment, and without missing a pause or error. The poet once pinned for the touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that was still. But science gives us both today thru the player piano and the talking machine, while the motion picture almost brings back to life the departed. Moreover, the player piano can play tricks. By its means a pianist can play a duet with himself. At the Aeolian Hall I heard that finely accomplished musician, Carlos Salzedo, play the harp, as only he can play it, to his own piano accompaniment, which, of course, he had previously recorded, and the result was delightful. This is a remarkable achievement. And one is learning to appreciate and astonish at anything, however marvelous. Ursula Greveille are two good old English names, and they are borne by a charming and talented young English woman who recently paid a visit to New York. Miss Greveille shows herself in a treble capacity—as a singer, a composer and editor. In the first she recently captivated a large audience at Aeolian Hall by her singing of ancient and modern English songs, while her compositions are deservedly successful. Miss Greveille, who is editor of that advanced literary and musical publication, The Sackbut, contemplates a return visit.
The Camera Contest (Continued from page 62)

and the 4x5, both of which roughly fit the proportion mentioned.

Let us suppose that we are engaged in trying to make a picture with the 4x5, that at the moment, we are trying to see what the water-front will offer us in the way of picture values. If you are looking over the picture space, leaving the 3½x4½ area we are supposed to fill with matter which will acceptably make a picture, you will see that as a rectangle the 4½ by 3½ inch side, is the governing side of the picture. To put it briefly, the long line is the strong line, and to make a picture with the 4½ by 3½ is the greatest effect we propose to make a picture of the vertical buildings of New York, we naturally drop into the way of setting the picture up vertically, as any other way would not accommodate the pictures we propose to make. Aside from this we accent the feeling of verticality, by adding to the vertical a bit of our buildings, the long strong sides of the picture space, and it has a most material effect upon the picture. Under ordinary circumstances, if we propose to make a landscape in which horizontal lines prevail, we naturally set the picture horizontally to get the gentle feeling of the landscape. Again, the long side of our picture assists us in forcing a feeling of restfulness into the picture.

But we are not going to twist with the water-front, and we are now to the point where we have to find out what we are going to put into the picture. We must remember we are going to do something besides take a photograph of the thing; suppose it is a picture where we have a bridge in the distance and some boats in the foreground. We are going to try to make a picture, using every way we can think of to make the different items of subject matter fit into it, in such a manner that some painter will come along when it is done, and say he had the same subject. We are going to have folks love that picture if there is a chance in the world. We are really trying to do something; to reach the hearts of others as some painter does when that picture touches their hearts in that picture space. As I said, therefore, we are not this time taking a photograph. We are trying to make a picture.

We may be asked to put in the water-front, and when it is done it is as much our own work as if we carved a statue out of stone. The mere fact that we up and begin our own affair; the mere fact that we did most of our drawing with chemicals is also our own affair. We are creating something to make others happy and satisfied.

Let us get back to our bridge, our water-front and the boats. They are pleasant things, and fulfill the human interest life in its finest form. We walk along the docks, and then, after messing about for a time, we find a particular spot we like, and partially model it for us. We see the bridge thru the docks with boats and ships in the foreground. And then we begin. That is all one man can reasonably hope to do in one afternoon's walk, and we will confine our efforts to making a picture of these materials. The picture logically is horizontal, and curiously is dramatic and restless in its thought, but rather restful in its composition on account of the manner of placing the various things on the plate. We have a thousand choices as to just how to place this picture on the plate. We move five feet to the right, and we have another picture. We move the camera a few inches and we have still another effect. We point the camera upward or downward, and other effects. The other effects, possibility of change is great, even with such a mechanical instrument as the camera. In other words, what we used in the past, as a sure thing, a painter makes his picture with brushes. There is not so much hand work, true, and as such it is not as a painting done equally as well; but nevertheless it is a creative thing and a live thing. We find that we do not have the bridge and the water-front, as we are trying for interpretation rather than literal depiction. We will leave one out; it makes the picture better, and the others we may re-arrange different pieces made with the camera, from that same viewpoint, will all be as different as can be. No more can be said.

The judges for this month's contest are: Dr. A. D. Chaffee, President of the A. P. A.; Dr. Charles H. Jaeger and Eugene V. Brewer. First Prize—Castle of Today, John Hagemeyer, Sleepy Hollow, Mill Valley, California. Second Prize—Portrait, James C. Coppola, 389 Flushing Avenue, Astoria, Long Island, N. Y. Third Prize—New York Harbor. Robert Wales, 9 West 18th Street, New York City. Honorable Mention—Storm Clouds, George P. Lester, 107 Essex Avenue, Bloomfield, N. J. Honorable Mention—Equinox House. Harry A. Newman, 431 Eastend Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. Honorable Mention—Cornwall on the Hudson, Charles A. Hellmuth, 338 West 22nd 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. All prize-winning pictures will probably be published in Shadowland.

The committee of judges includes:

Joseph R. Mason, chairman of committee. Corresponding Secretary, A. P. A.; Eugene Brewer, Editor and Publisher of Shadowland; Louis F. Bucher, Secretary Associated Camera Clubs of America; Dr. A. D. Chaffee; President of P. P. A.; Arthur D. Chapman, Advisory Committee P. P. A.; G. W. Harley, Advisory Committee to Charles A. Hellmuth, contributing member Pittsburgh and Los Angeles Salons; Miss Sophie L. Lauffer, Secretary Dept. of Photography, Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Science; George P. Lester, Member P. P. A. and Orange Camera Club; Nicholas Murray, portrait photographer; John A. Tenuant, Editor and Publisher of Photo Miniature; Miss Margaret Watkins, ex-Recording Secretary P. P. A.; Clarence H. White, ex-President P. P. A.

The jury of selection, to be announced each month, will choose the selections, consists of members, to be chosen from the committee or the membership of the society. No member of the jury thus chosen for any given month shall submit pictures for that month's contest.

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. No printing medium is desbarred, 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.

Prints received on or prior to the first of each month to be considered entered in that month's contest.

Name and address of maker, title and number must be printed or plainly written upon the back of each print. Return address to be printed plainly, and the name and address of the maker, also the expected date of arrival.

Prints must be packed flat. A small mount makes safety in handling, but is not required. 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 The Brewer Publications nor the Pictorial Photographers of America assume responsibility for loss or damage. All prints and all rarities relative to the contest are to be sent to Joseph R. Mason, Art Center, 65 East 56th Street, New York City. Printed in Brooklyn, New York.

More things for the home, more and prettier clothes, more money for pleasure trips, can all be had by devoting only a few hours each week to work which our present members will testify gives them as much pleasure as does the spending of the money they receive.

If You Can Use $50 extra, let us show you how to get it. All that is required is for you to interest your friends and acquaintances in subscribing to Beauty—the Brewer Publication containing beauty secrets for every woman—a magazine no woman should be without.

The popularity of Beauty assures your success in advance. So your previous experience is unnecessary. We furnish our members with everything they need to work with, free, and in addition, tell you where to go and what to say. Wouldn't you like to try it? Anyway, you won't be obligated if you ask for further particulars, so why not write me a letter today?

Sincerely yours,

Katharine Lambert
Secretary, The Treasure Chest

Beauty
175 Duffield St.
Brooklyn, New York
In Studio and Gallery

(Continued from page 59)

Sudden, came the sea..." he would undoubtedly have torn his beautiful white beard and tried to get in touch with Conan Doyle, so that he might be set right with the world. However, William Starkweather had heard some thing of a similar nature the other day and never made a murmur. He happened to be standing back of one of his paintings at an exhibit when two women stopped in front of it. Said the younger one: "I will explain exactly what the artist had in his mind when he painted this picture." She proceeded to do so with a great air of wisdom and much thoroughness. "Never," said Starkweather, "have I under stood my own work so thoroughly or realized I had had so many thoughts that I hadn't thought of."

Herbert Meyer is showing a picture that has in it a glimpse of the gardens at Louise Untermyer's place on the Hudson. Last summer, when he was making some of the preliminary sketches, the gardener came along and asked him what he was doing there. Mr. Meyer tried to be facetious, but the gardener was not to be side-tracked. "Don't you know," he said, "that Mr. Untermyer doesn't allow anyone on the grounds, and when we want the garden painted we get a regular painter?"

Much to the surprise of William R. Leigh, when the National Academy catalog came out, he was not in it, nor did he get any tickets for the exhibition. He went up and and paid his little entrance fee and by dint of much wandering found the picture he had entered was hung all right but it corresponded, in the catalog, to a picture entered by a Mr. Deign, and, as he discovered later, all tickets and other information had been sent to this mysterious Mr. Deign. Mr. Leigh is now looking for limousines and provo-caders.

Mahone's Young and Howard McCormick are once more working in the Anthropology section of the American Museum of Natural History. They are already represented in this by the two groups of Indians, one the Hopi and the other Apache. Mr. Young models the figures and Mr. McCormick makes the backgrounds. The new group they are working on is of the Navajo Indians.

The announcement of the water colors of Joseph Pennell hurled us to the Macheth Galleries. Joseph Pennell is a lover of New York. The huge downtown buildings stand in silhouette against the glory of his Western sky. A feeling of Whistler comes over one; then, in some, we feel a distinct Japanese handling. It seems like a dream city, shrouded in a mass of beautiful color. The racing of the boats only, brings back to us the busy city of the days of the New York idealized by Joseph Pennell, and cleverly, too, for we see beauty first and then power.

The well-handled water color is a bright spot in the grey day of our lives and it should be the spot of sunlight in our dark, dingy rooms. Some time ago we spent the day with studies only in this medium. First at the Whitney Studio Club—the rooms were brilliant with the colors of Carl S. Parker, from Goss, Charles N. Hopkins and Charles N. Pepper. The fearless use of strong color and feeling of sunlight made these sketches reflect the keen appreciation of the artists.

The water colors of Boyer Gonzales have been shown at the Herzog Galleries, Gonzales, a native of Texas, is a protege of Winslow Homer. This was his first, New York, one-man show. The colors have been seen at the Salmagundi Club. His subjects vary from the Gulf to Canada. We like the marines, the boats set snug in the water and a feeling of the great sky with them.

The work of Frank W. Benson at the Milch Galleries made us feel that the artist was in vacation mood. There is the joy of the country in his water colors, blue waters and sunlit clouds. Serious thought and knowledge we grant, too, but first and best, Frank Benson has succeeded in giving us the joy that was his in the painting of these sketches.

Current Exhibitions

Alsace Galleries, 677 Fifth Avenue: The Aquarellist Society of Water Color Painters and the Ferargil Galleries. The latter part of the month and until the middle of March, animal studies by Glen Newell will be shown. Also water colors by Mr. Newell in an entirely new handling will be in the same exhibit.

Art Center, 65 East 66th Street: From January twentieth to February third, an exhibition on Illustration by Boye-Sorensen, also an exhibit of Decorative Stage Settings by Ingeborg Hansell. February first to the twenty-eighth, an exhibition by the Pictorial Photographers of America.

Babcock, 10 East 59th Street: The recent paintings of Henry S. Eddy, who has just re turned from a year's study in Europe, will be shown during the month of February.

Belinlau (Wassamaker): A modern Decorative Exhibit will be on view during the month of February.

Co-operative Gallery, 726 Fifth Avenue: From February first to the twenty-eighth, an exhibition of Craft Work will be shown. At the same time there will be new work by the Members of the American Institute of Graphic Art.

Dudensing Galleries, 45 West 45th Street: A group of American Paintings will be shown thru the month of February.

Ehrich Galleries, 705 Fifth Avenue: Paintings by Clemente Shore are on view January twenty-third to February eighteenth. The remainder of the month old masters can be seen.

Ferargil Galleries, 607 Fifth Avenue: The first part of the month, Paintings by John Follinbre are the showing. Sculpture by Olin Worden will be on view during the latter part.

The Misses Hill Galleries, 607 Fifth Avenue: The last two weeks of January and the first week in February the work of Jane Peterson, in oil and water color, will be shown. Following this will be work, for one week, Paintings by Hortense Budd will be on view.

Knodell Galleries, 556 Fifth Avenue: Selective Paintings and Etchings will be shown during the month of February.

Kraushaar Galleries, 680 Fifth Avenue: In February, Paintings by Augustus Vincent Tack will be exhibited.

Macbeth Galleries, 420 Fifth Avenue: From January twenty-third to February twelfth, the Thirty Second Annual Exhibition. Thirty Paintings by American Artists will be on view, also paintings by Felicie W. Howell. Paintings by Arthur E. Goodwin, from February thirteenth to the fifth of March. At the same time, Paintings by Ruth Anderson Temple and Elizabeth C. Spencer are on view.

Milch Galleries, 108 West 25th Street: California Landscapes and Marins by Armin Hansen are on view, from January twenty-ninth to February tenth, also Pastels of the same. Arthur E. Goodwin, from February twelfth to the third of March, Landscapes by Willard L. Metcalf will be shown.

Wieners Werkstätte of America, 481 Fifth Avenue: During February, a new collection of original silver pieces by Vienna made by the various artists of the Wiener Werk stätte will be shown, also new hand-tooled leathers, ceramics and hand-painted glassware in various colors.

Page Seventy-Six
This Free Test  

Has brought prettier teeth to millions

The prettier teeth you see everywhere now probably came in this way.

The owners accepted this ten-day test. They found a way to combat film on teeth. Now, as long as they live, they may enjoy whiter, cleaner, safer teeth.

The same way is open to you, and your dentist will urge you to take it.

The war on film

Dentists, the world over, have declared a war on film. That is the cause of dingy teeth—the cause of most tooth troubles.

A vicious film clings to the teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. Old brushing methods left much of it intact. Then it formed the basis of thin cloudy coats, including tartar. Most people's teeth lost luster in this way.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Very few people have escaped these troubles caused by film.

Ways to combat it

Dental science, after long research, has found two ways to combat that film. Able authorities have amply proved their efficiency. So leading dentists the world over now advise their daily use.

A new-type tooth paste has been created, avoiding old mistakes. The name is Pepsodent. It does what modern science seeks. These two great film combatants are embodied in it.

Aids nature's fight

Pepsodent also multiplies Nature's great tooth-protecting agents in the mouth. One is the starch digester in saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which cling to teeth. In fermenting they form acid.

It also multiplies the alkalinity of saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids—the cause of tooth decay.

Thus Pepsodent gives to both these factors a manifold effect.

Show them the way

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

One week will convince you that Pepsodent brings a new era in tooth protection. Then show the results to your children. Teach them this way. Modern dentists advise that children use Pepsodent from the time the first tooth appears.

This is important to you and yours. Cut out the coupon now.

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The New-Day Dentifrice

Endorsed by modern authorities and advised by leading dentists nearly all the world over now. All druggists supply the large tubes.

Pepsodent offers a 10-Day Free Tube of its New-Day Dentifrice to every child in the family who wants to prove its efficiency.

The New-Day Dentifrice was not made to whitewash the mouth, but to give it real whiteness. It was made for adults, but children are using it and enjoying its efficiency. They are the ones who should be having it. You are the ones who can give it to them without cost.

Use the coupon for the free tube.

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,

Dept. 355, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

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Only one tube to a family
A Cantrip of Critics
(Continued from page 3)

Lilian (Doran) by Arnold Bennett—A light but entertaining story of a typist who eloped with her employer without benefit of clergy.

Margot Asquith: An Autobiography, Vols. III and IV (Doran) by Margot Asquith—An emphatic refutation of an expanded myth that the wife of the former British premier is or ever was a clever, audacious, brilliant, and dangerous woman. In the first two volumes there was some good galling and genuine gabling; in these volumes we have a tiresome and petty-minded woman internecinating to show how sweet her children are and how good her husband is.

From Seven to Seventy (Harper) by Edward Simmons—A description of American art from 1770 to 1910, with a few special mentions of other artists.

The Excursion to the Avernus of the Greeks (Dutton) by Philip Guedalla—Mr. Guedalla does for Napoleon the Little and his period what Lytton Strachey does for Queen Victoria.

1904 Afternoons in Chicago (Covici-McGee) by Ben Hecht—Short sketches of real life of various degrees and stations in the streets and slums, restaurant and police courts of Chicago, written by a man with a sense of beauty and irony, humor and satire.

Anne Severn and the Fieldings (Macmillan) by May Sinclair—The best, most compact novel Miss Sinclair has written, and she has written some good ones. This has to do with the love three brothers have for a motherless girl who comes to live at their house.

Recent Books in Brief Review

Our Southern Highlanders (Macmillan) by Horace Kephart—A fascinating account of the "hill ballads of the South, a poverty-stricken, underfed, gaunt, illiterate race of moonshiners and lawbreakers who have, however, native virtues of a peculiar kind."

BeauS, M.G., and G.H. (Dutton) by Ferdinan Chodu and Osendowski—The most thrilling travel and adventure account of the period, by a man who escape by doing, by an anti-Protestant, and anti-Prohibitionist, an American of German descent, a ruddy and rough fellow, who misses no occasion to give a loud "Yes!"

Indeed, Professor Sherman has given us evidence in American that there is a new American who is a real man and he is vitally interested in problems of American life and American culture, and who keeps his foot upon the human pulse. If you want to learn how alike has been their thought when they were in their most heated argument, do but read Professor Sherman's admirable article on Theodore Roosevelt in "American" and then read Mencken's treatment of the same subject in "Prevycles: Seventh Series."

Poet. It was Edmund Wilson Jr., who was the first, I believe, to assert that Mencken is a poet, and where Mencken least suspects it, that is, in the somnorous and impressive chauvinist "Monte Americana" in the present volume, and his biographies and catalogs of previous works. One has but to read the "Monte Americana" to see that Mencken has given to these pieces a poetic emotion that is as profusely moving as everything ever written by Carl Sandburg.

But, to get back, Mencken, with his blistering vitality, his vigorous style (described by his ancient enemy, Stuart P. Sherman, as "a style becoming a Nobel literary man—and hard, pointed, forcible, cocksure"), his close touch with life, his ready perception of the vital, the good, the significant in contemporary American letters, and his combination of skepticism, aggressiveness, and Nietzschean idealism, all of which are (or were) in the spirit of the times, brought to his feet literally thousands of young men and women who looked to him for instruction, entertainment, and direction in literature and in life. He, unfortunately, great gifts only as concern the first. He is stimulating always; he is a scourge of shamans, hypocrises, politicians, and other shams, and as such is not good in precept. And he is a confused skeptic or a resignationist, convinced that man is vile and bestial, and redemption, and therefore is rather useless in direction. He is, finally, prophylactic rather than nourishing; and in his closing years, Nordyke his prophylactic agency is at its most potent best.

MENCKEN'S greatest (because cleverest) enemy is Stuart P. Sherman, a professor of English at the University of Illinois. Professor Sherman is by way of being the dullest of the verbal rapiers now writing in America. He has wit and malice, a gift for sarcasm and invective, a legumen of a disciple of Paul Elmer More, a Presbyterian who learned Sanskrit, taught in a woman's college, and set himself up as a critic and a man of fashion by writing about Plato and damping out of hand everything worthwhile that has been written since the French Revolution.

Sherman was a promising, a brilliant lad in college, and More and Professor Babbitt got him young and got him good. He has only just warmed out of their clothes. In the last sentence of the last essay of his last book, Professor Sherman neatly trip up the august

Page Seventy-Eight
It forms new sanitary habits among women

Thousands of women have used Kotex for the first time during the last six months. These remarkable sanitary pads have been on the market only two years, but their widespread use today is truly amazing.

**Meets the most exacting needs**

Kotex is particularly appreciated by girls and women whose time is fully occupied with studies, athletics, business, or social engagements. It is comfortable and safe. It meets the approval of women in charge of hygiene at girls' schools. And women of refinement recommend it to their friends as a great personal discovery.

One of the important and exclusive advantages of Kotex is that it is not laundered, but easily disposed of by following simple directions found in each box. It is cheap enough to throw away. So far ahead of other sanitary pads, it seems odd now to think of birdseye and old fashioned makeshifts.

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The Hospital size Kotex has additional thickness and is even more absorbent than the Regular size. Many keep a supply of each always on hand. Sold in drygoods, department, and drug stores, everywhere. Ask for them by name. Made by Cellucotton Products Co., 166 W. Jackson Boul., Chicago; 51 Chambers St., New York; Factories: Neenah, Wis.

If not yet familiar with Kotex let us send you a sample in plain wrapper, free. Kotex cabinets are being installed in women's rest rooms everywhere—from which may be obtained one Kotex with two safety pins, in plain wrapper, for ten cents.

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