



Co-operation



The Tower of Pisa in a Nervous Household



"What's th' drunk's name, Reilly?"

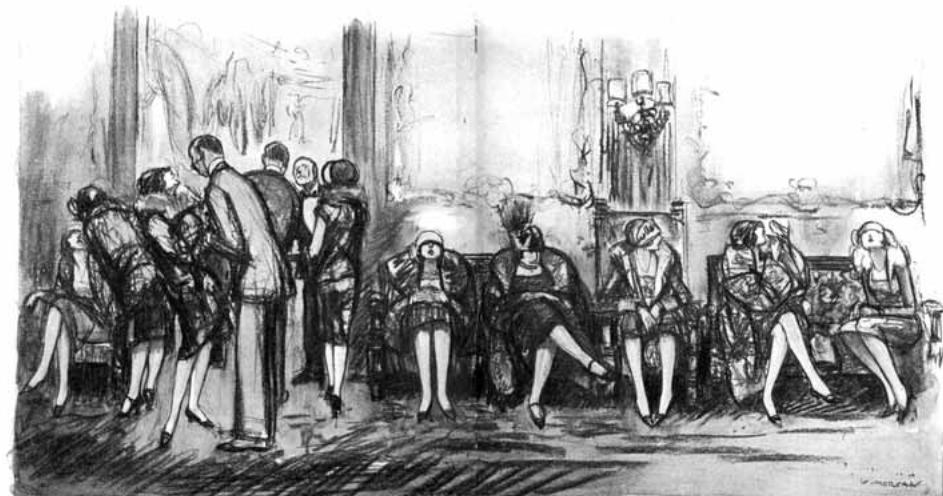
"Dunno, serjeant. He claims he's a unidentified body!"



Flor de Pince Nez



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

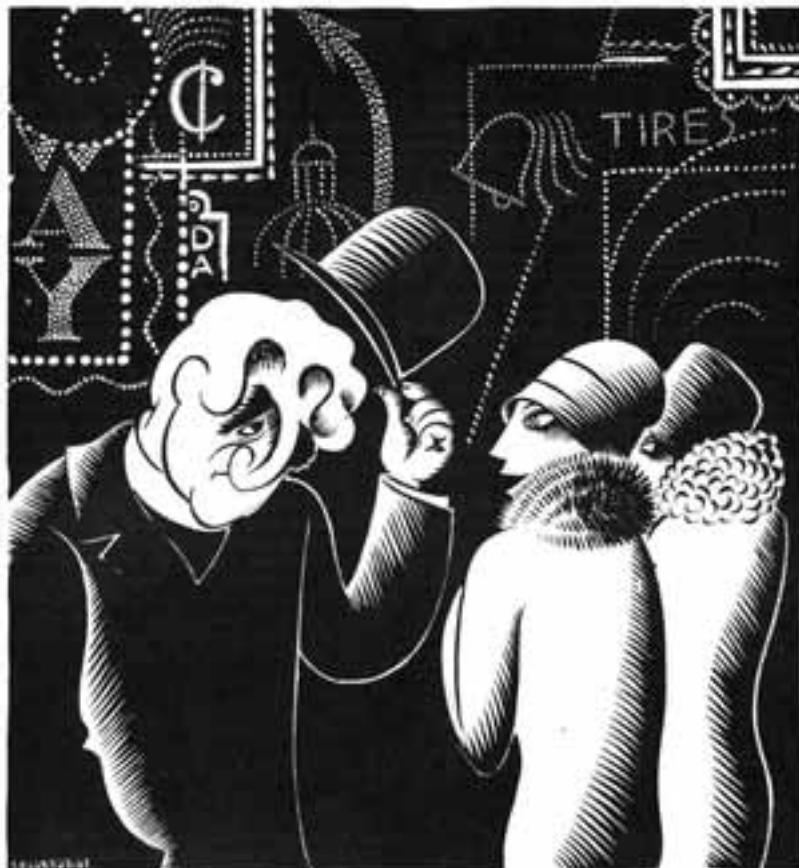


The Bread Line

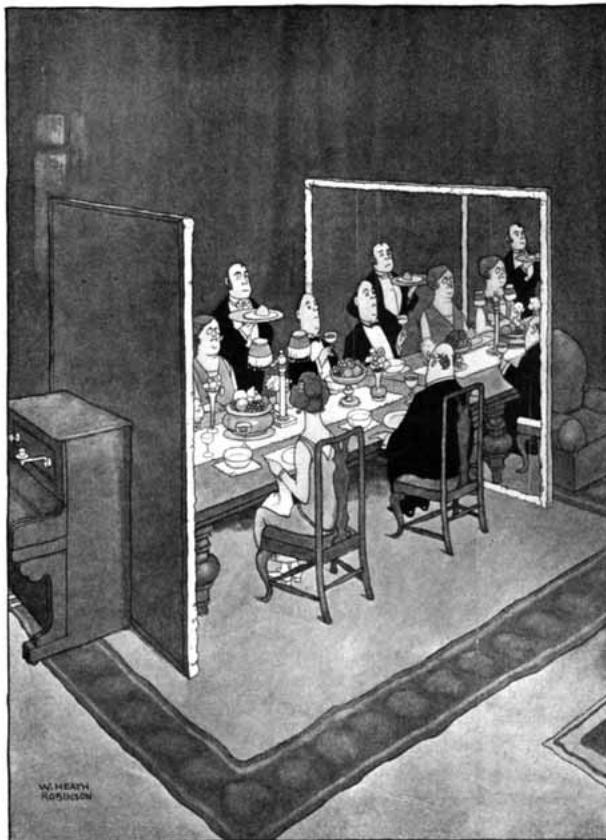


UNCLE: *Poor girls, so few get their wages!*

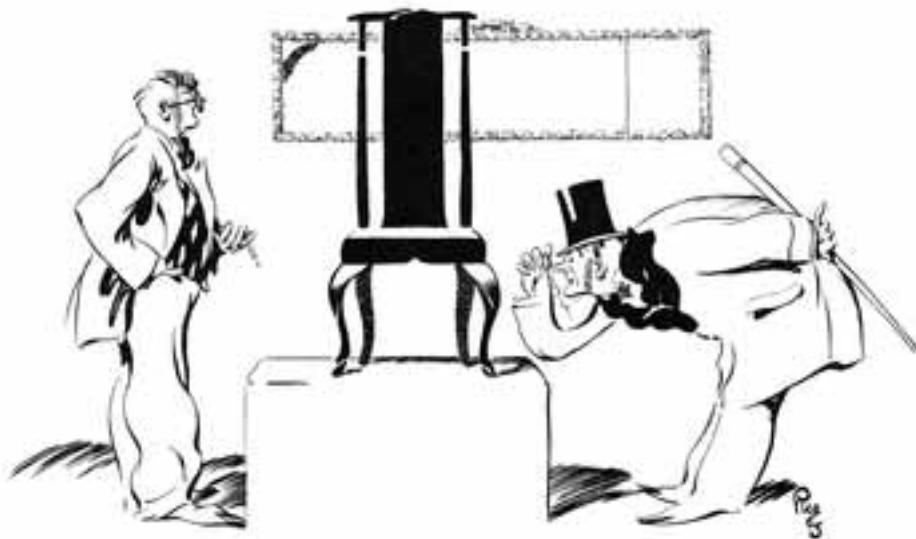
FLAPPER: *So few get their sin, darn it!*



The Good Bad Showman



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



"Genuine Queen Anne, sir. Note the leg."

"Ah, yes—but I never really knew the Queen, you know."

A Passing Parade Disturbs a Writing Gentleman



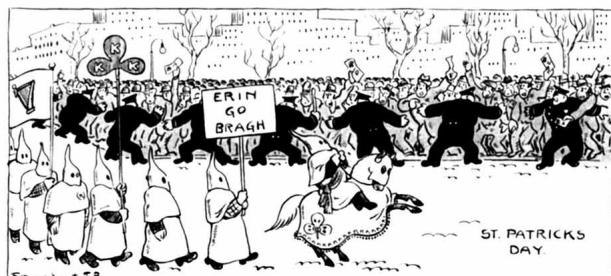
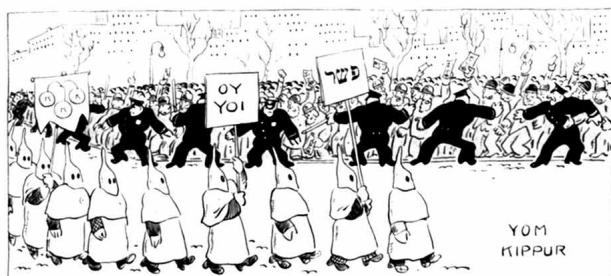
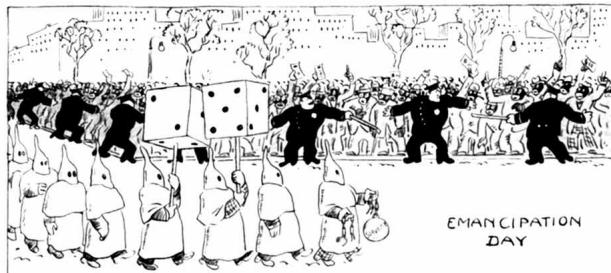
THE WRITING GENTLEMAN: *Mr. Broun.*

THE PASSING PARADE: *Messrs. Pulitzer, Krock, Swope, Brady, Belasco and Others.*





He Would Get There Just in Time



Let the Ku Klux Do It



*Why waste Terpsichore when there are always
cocktails to be shaken?*

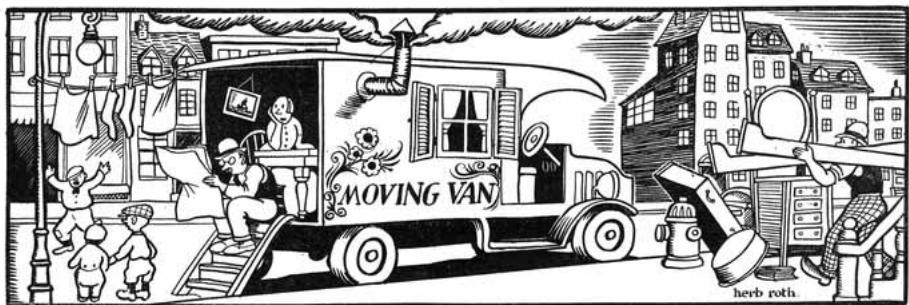
Almost Bedtime



"Economy Is Idealism in Its Most Practical Form."



*The New Safety Fork Adjustment for Automobiles
for the Protection of Chickens on the Road*



*The Landlords Wouldn't Let Them in Unless
They Got Rid of Their Children*



"We-ell, that's not so bad, comparatively. We might take a chance."



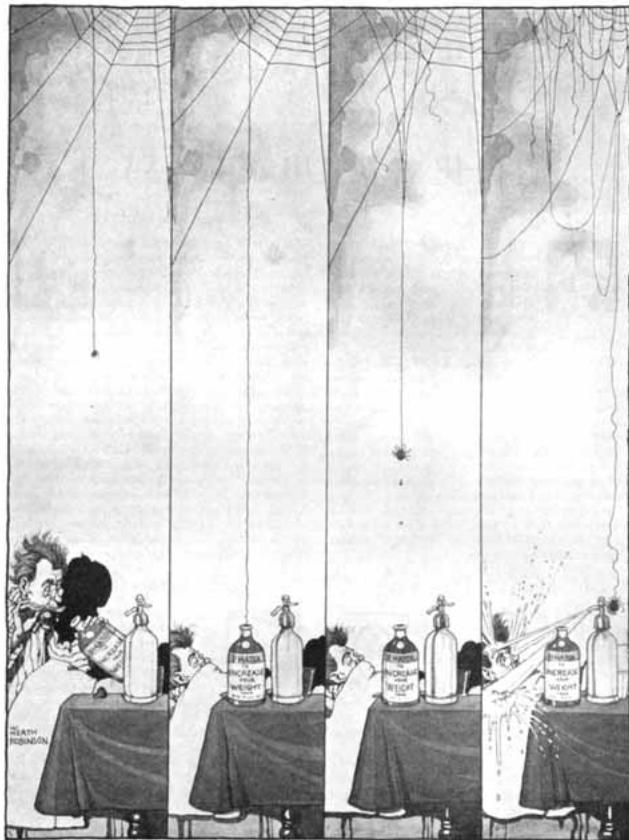
Something on the Hip
Yesterday Today



*"Good Lord! Here I've come away
on a week-end without my jew's-harp!"*



*Sketch of the New Monument Proposed by The Interests for
City Hall Park, "Mr. Hylan Takes a Stand"*



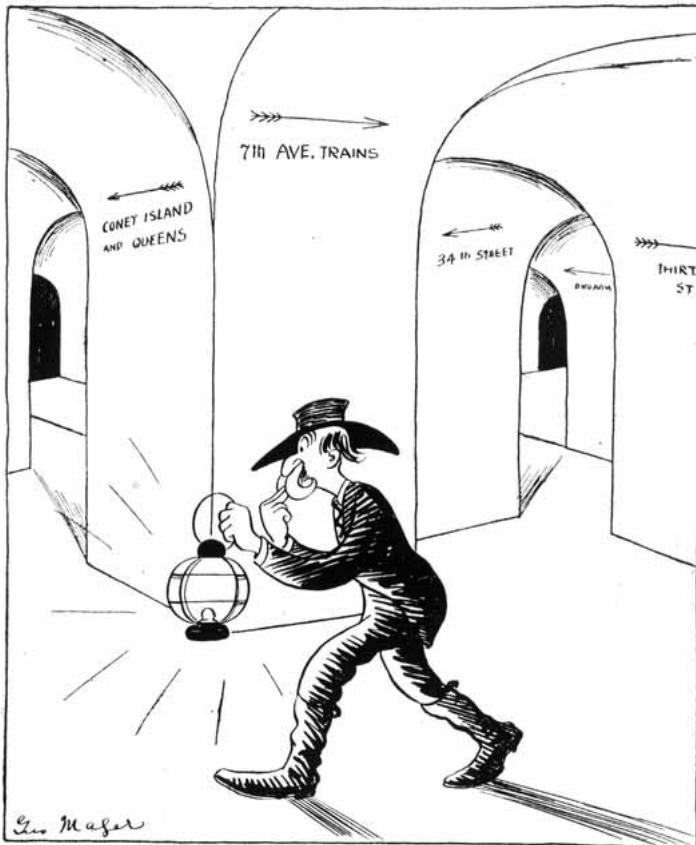
The New Tonic for Those Who Are Losing Weight



*"I've Got to Have Fifty Cases To-night.
Got 'Em Promised to a Guy in Hartford"*



*The Actress:
A Mid-ocean Snapshot and a Dockside Pose for Camera Men*



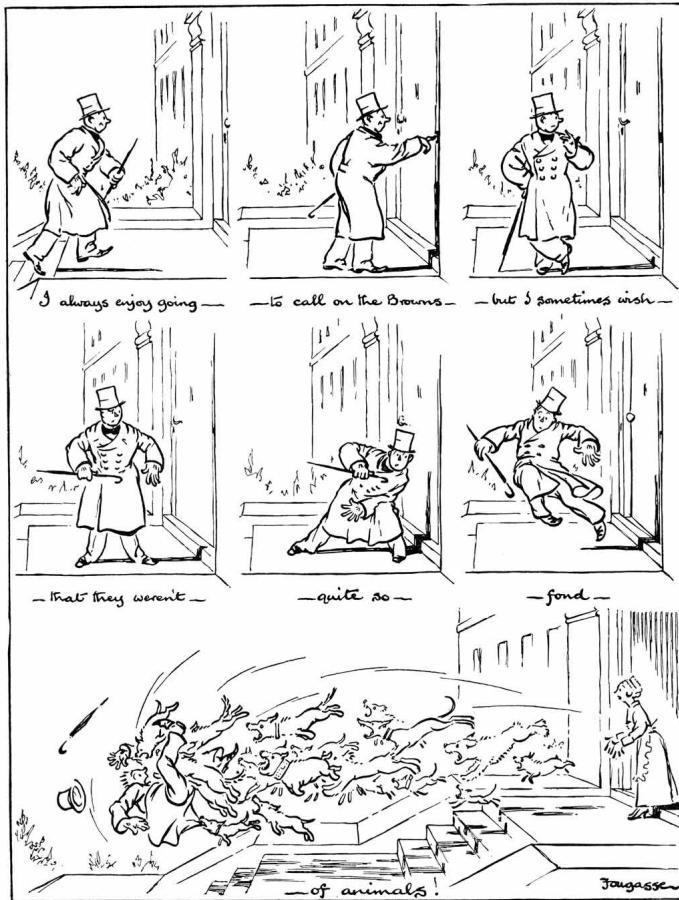
Mammoth Cave Guide Lost in the Subway

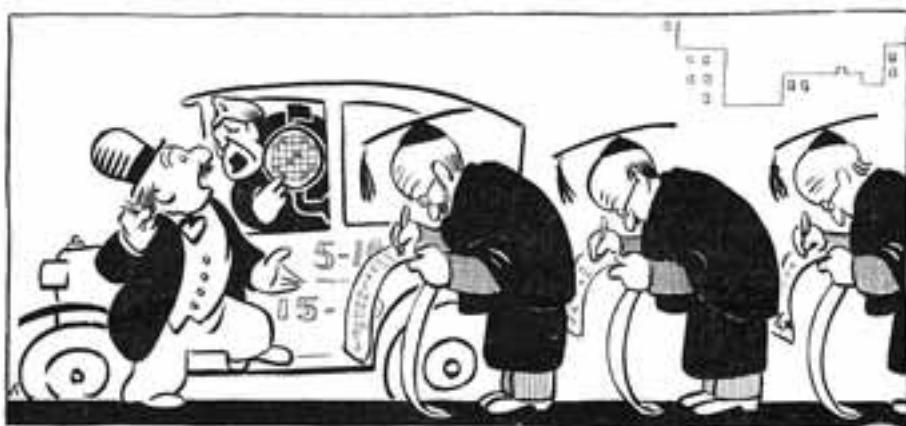


A BEDTIME STORY
The Radio—“Oh Look! The Bunny Brings the Easter Eggs”



Love Laughs at Locksmiths

*Cave Canem*



The Taxicab System is Simple to Any Man with a Master's Degree



The Last Ku Kluxer



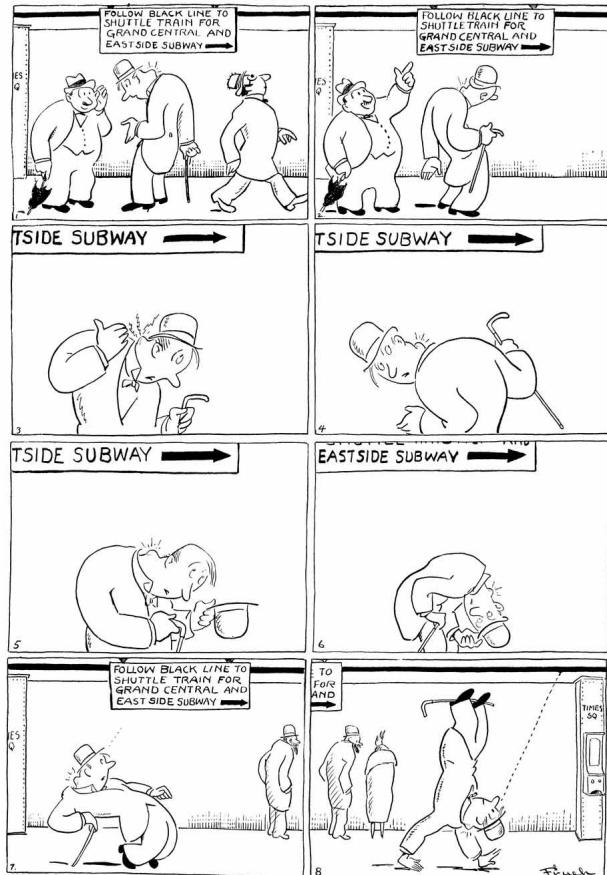
The Raw Material and the Finished Goods



Snake-Charmer Assisting the Fire Department



All Dressed Up



A Man, A Boil and A Subway



He Pointed Out Typical Bohemians



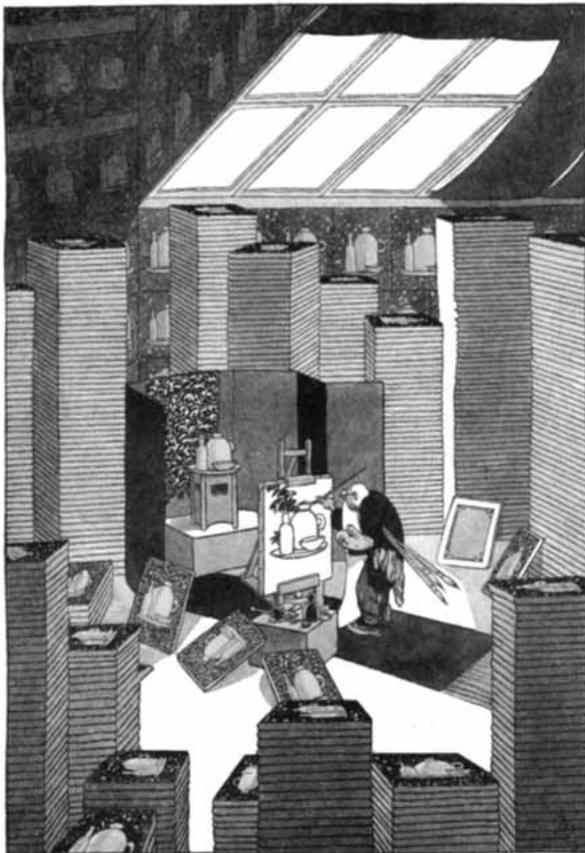
Wife: I'm not angry, I'm only terribly hurt!



Early Traffic Jam—the Disobedient Horse



A Gust of Wind on Mulberry Street



The Artist Who Wanted It Right



VISITOR: *Who's the old boy going out?*

MEMBER: *He's had tough luck. His wife ran away about a year ago. Then he lost a ball in the rough and that seemed too much for him.*

1925

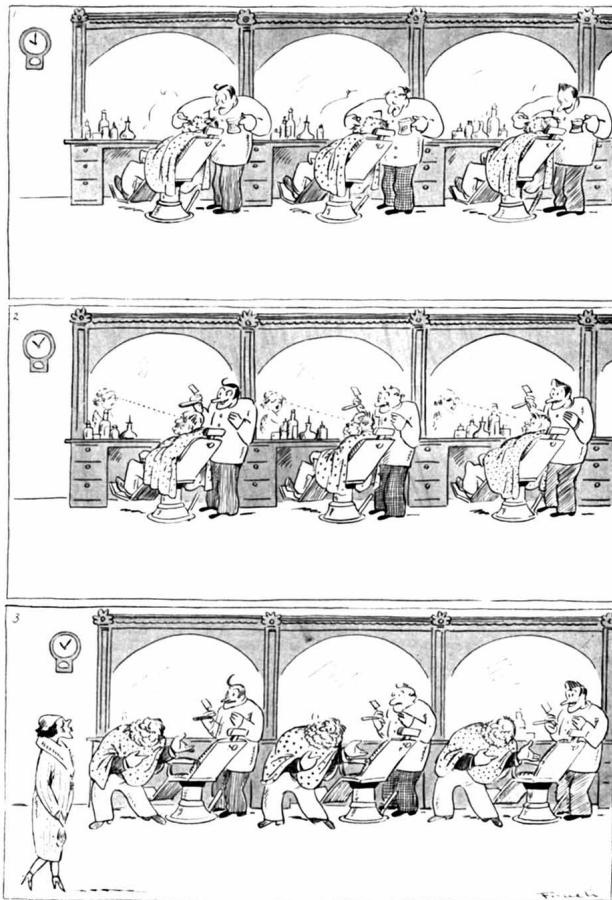


The RUMRUNNER'S
SISTER-IN-LAW

ENGRAVED BY JOHN HELD JR



One of Our Clubs on the Avenue Arranges Its Spring Window Display



Chivalry



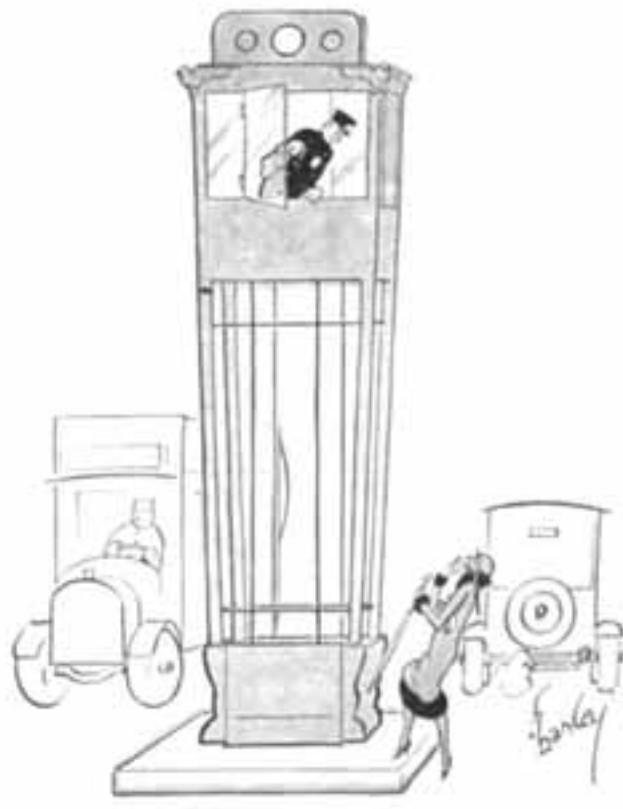
They Think a Mayor Is Put in Office to Administer Affairs of the City



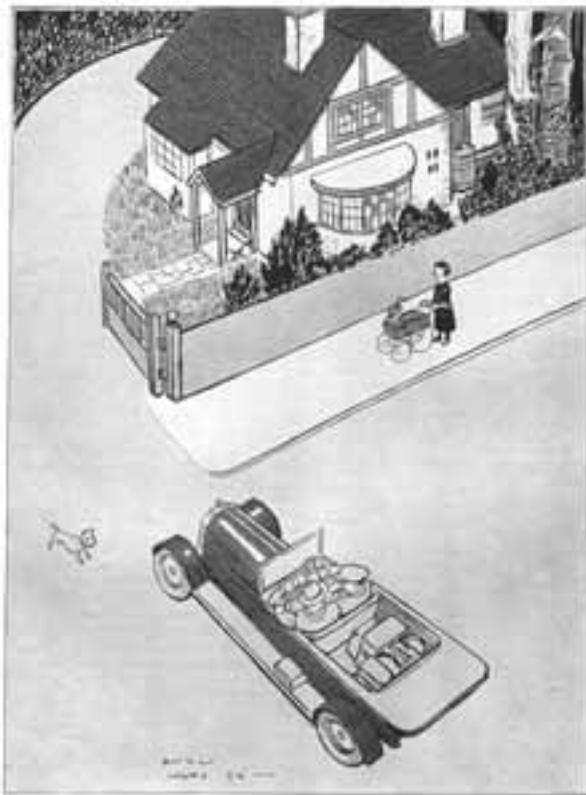
*Knickerbocker History—
Primary Election for Burgomaster*



The Elevator Man's Day Off







GUEST (*who has been invited for a week-end at his host's country COTTAGE*): *And very nice too!*

HOST: *Damn it, man! That's only the lodge.*



*"Lookit, Pete, who ever saw a pen yard look like that!
It's a dirty shame what them movie birds puts over on the public!"*



*"Wonderful, my boy, wonderful!
Of course, I don't know anything about art, but I know what I like!"*



The Popular Song Writers Look Up a Few New Names to Get Sentimental About

Gus Mager (4/18/1925)

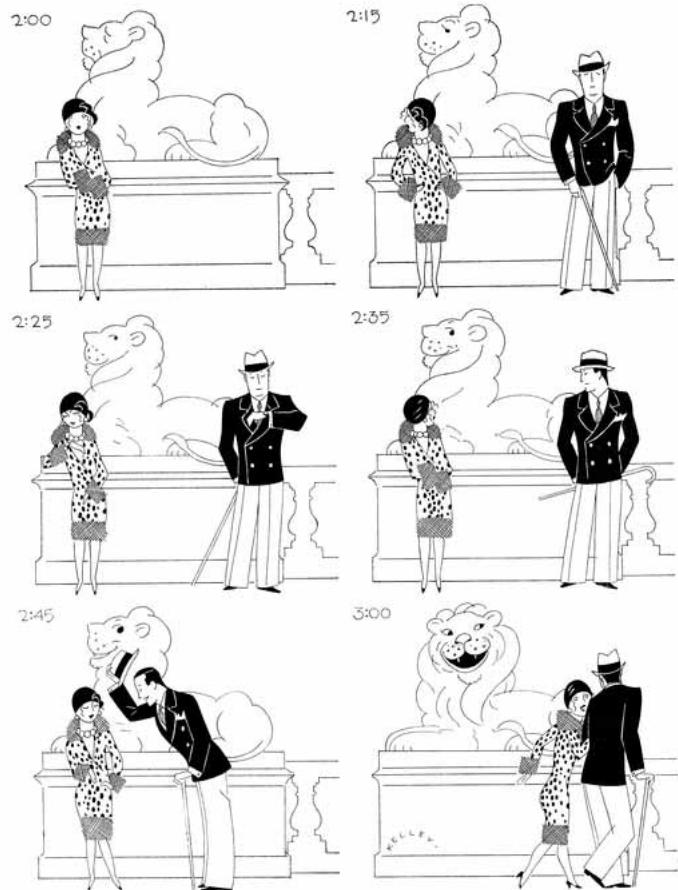
Return to Main Menu ►



One That Mayor Hylan Hasn't Thought of Yet

1925

THE LIBRARY LION

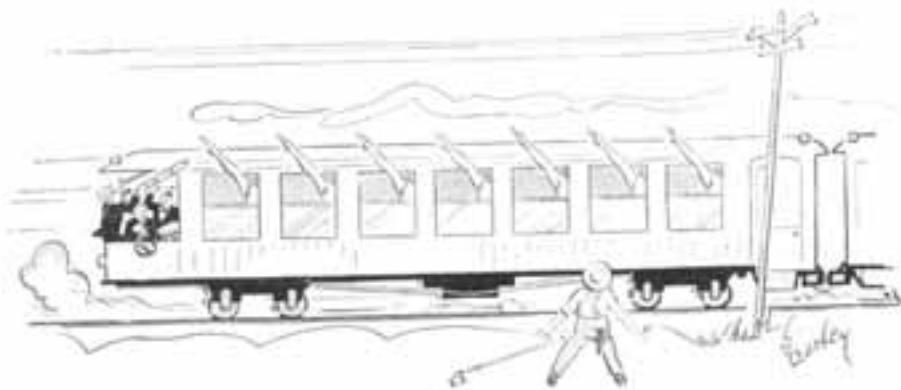




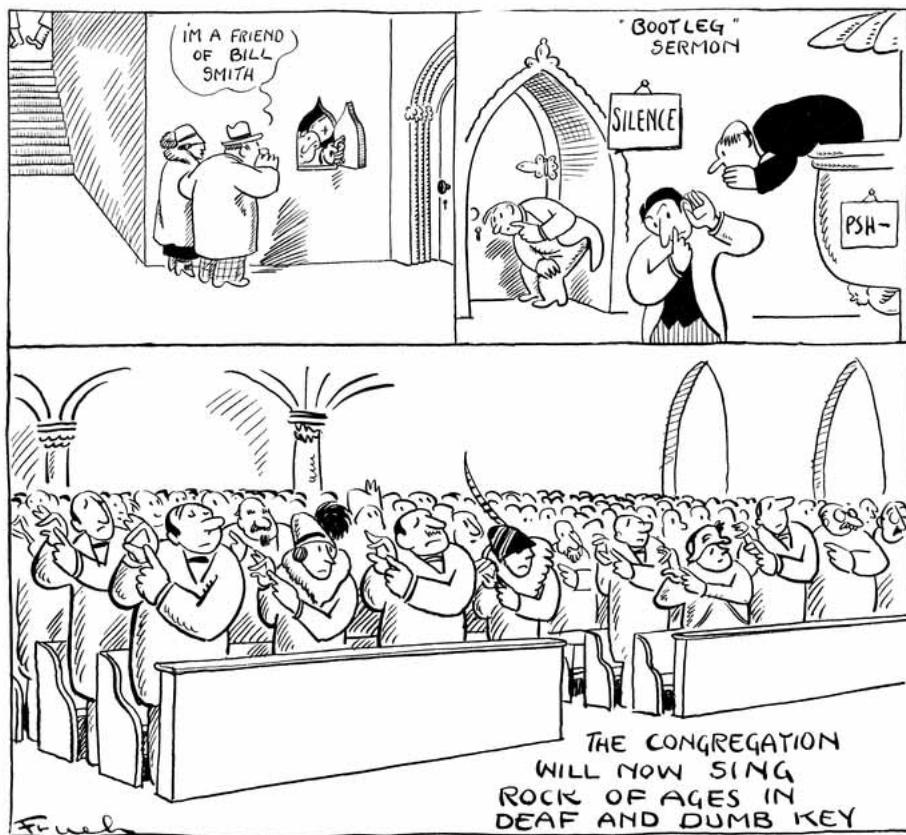
*"Yeh, the night watchman says, 'Say, whatcha doin' to-morrow, kiddo?'—
and I says, 'Say what kind of a girl do you t'ink I am!' And him a
married man too! I ain't gonna break up no happy home! Not me!"*



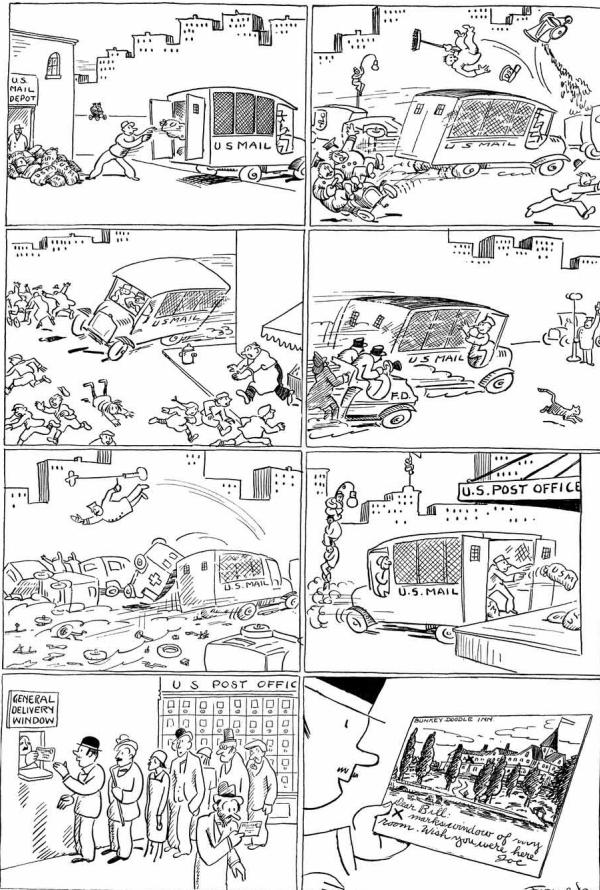
"Indignant Side-Show Proprietor: Yeah, lot you care 'bout my gettin' on in life! Ten kids, an' not a decent freak in th' lot!"



The Chorus Rehearses En Route



The Liberal Modernists Open Their Own Speakeasy



"The Mail Must Go Through"



Ladies of the Evening



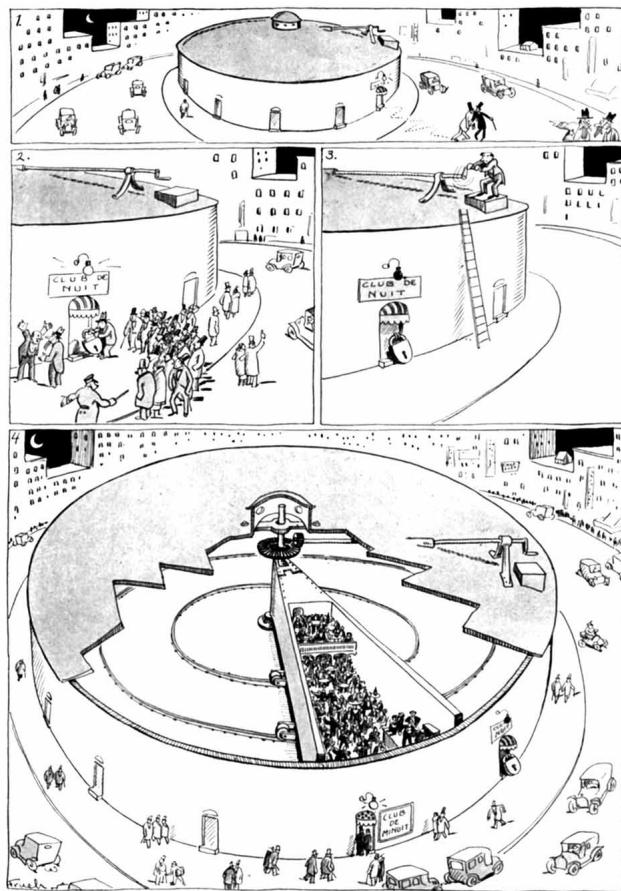
*Old Gentleman: Dear, dear, I
suppose the child has a wise crack to
spring and I should ask him what
he's crying about!*



Why Not Combine the Freak Pet Craze with Shopping Utility?



*An Early Padlocking—Showing That This Woe
Has Long Been Known to Gas Consumers*



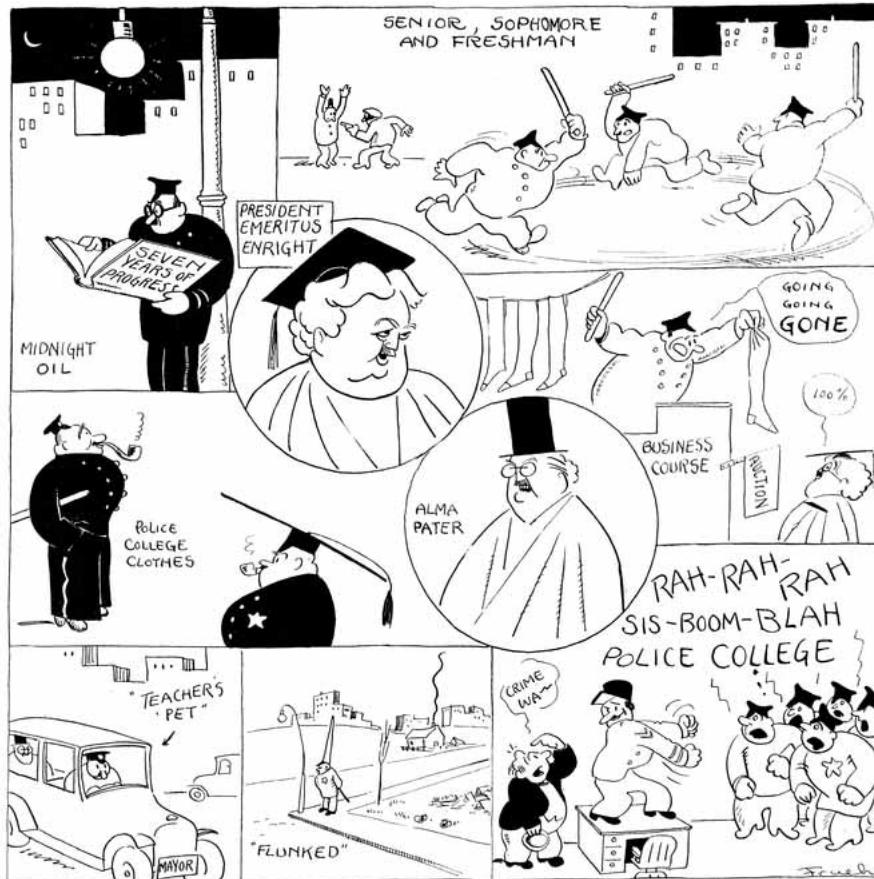
A Crafty and Timely Device—The Turn-Table Club



The White Wing's Vacation



*Look here, I'm going to give you a fiver, and you
fellersh musht fight it out among yourselves.*



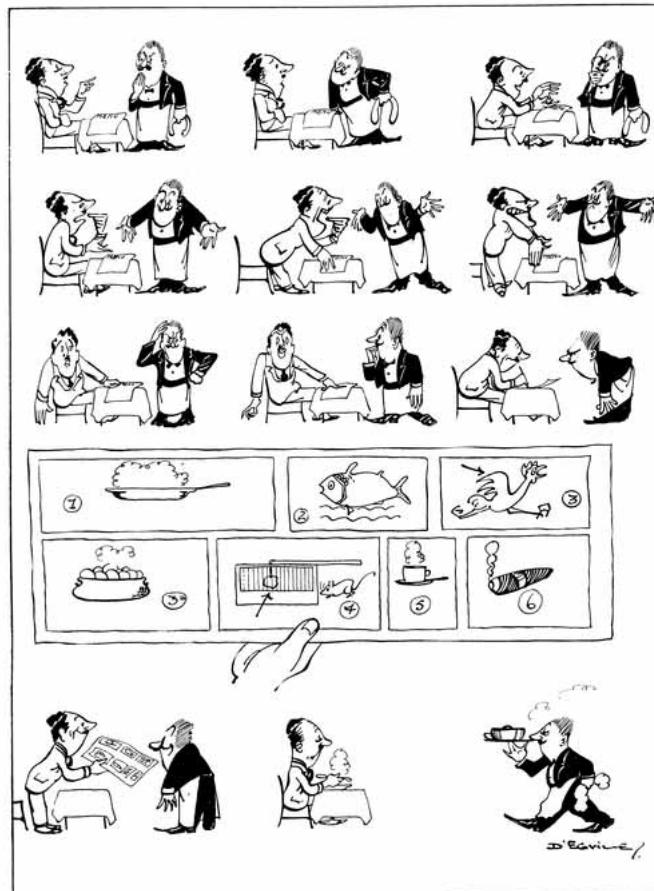
Gay Undergraduate Days at the New Police Academy.



*Early New York Highway Commission
Lays Out a New Street*

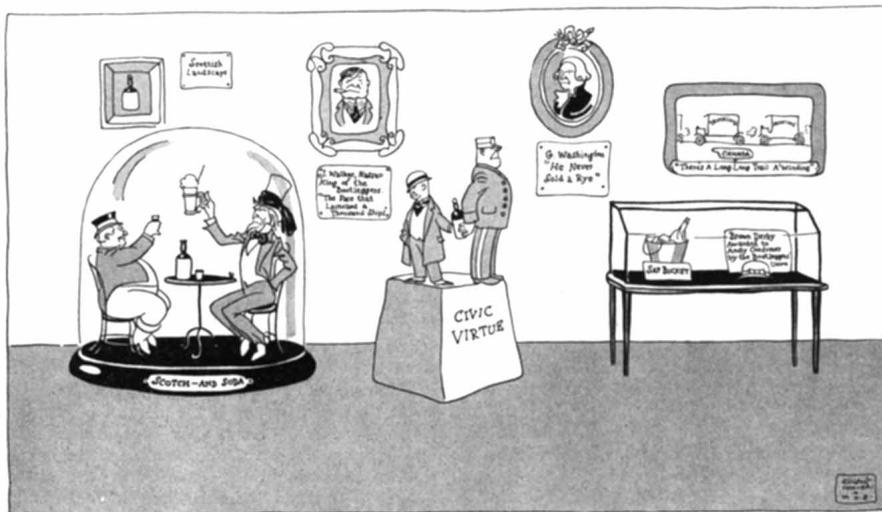


*Beginning Round the World Hiker:
Pardon Me, Officer, Which Way is Terra del Fuego?*



The Man Who Couldn't Speak French





Proposed Bootleggers' Wing at the Metropolitan



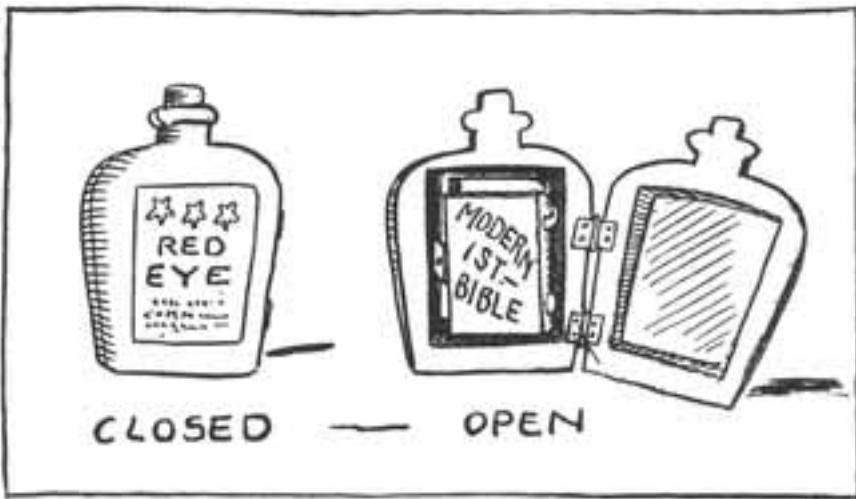
Auntie: So Richard is to be your new sweetheart, eh?

Betty: Don't be absurd, Auntie, he's days younger than I am.

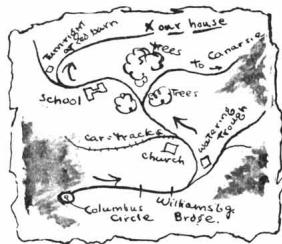


Prehistoric Jones: What do you think of the new idol?

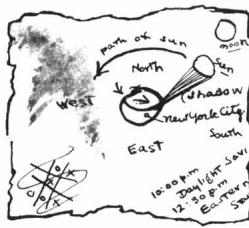
*Prehistoric Smith: Well, of course he looks good, an' th' women fall
for him, but he ain't comin' across with th' miracles like he oughta.*



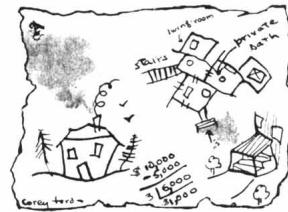
Surreptitious Religion—by Frueh



*"How to Get
to our House"*



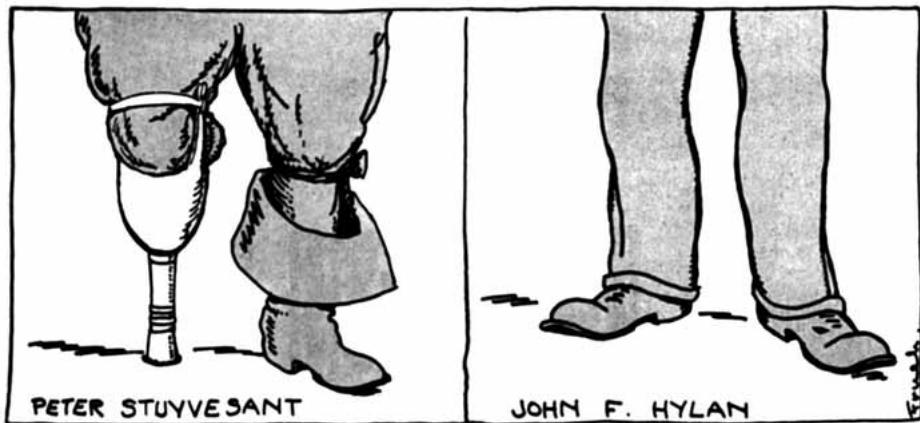
*"Time and the
Universe"*



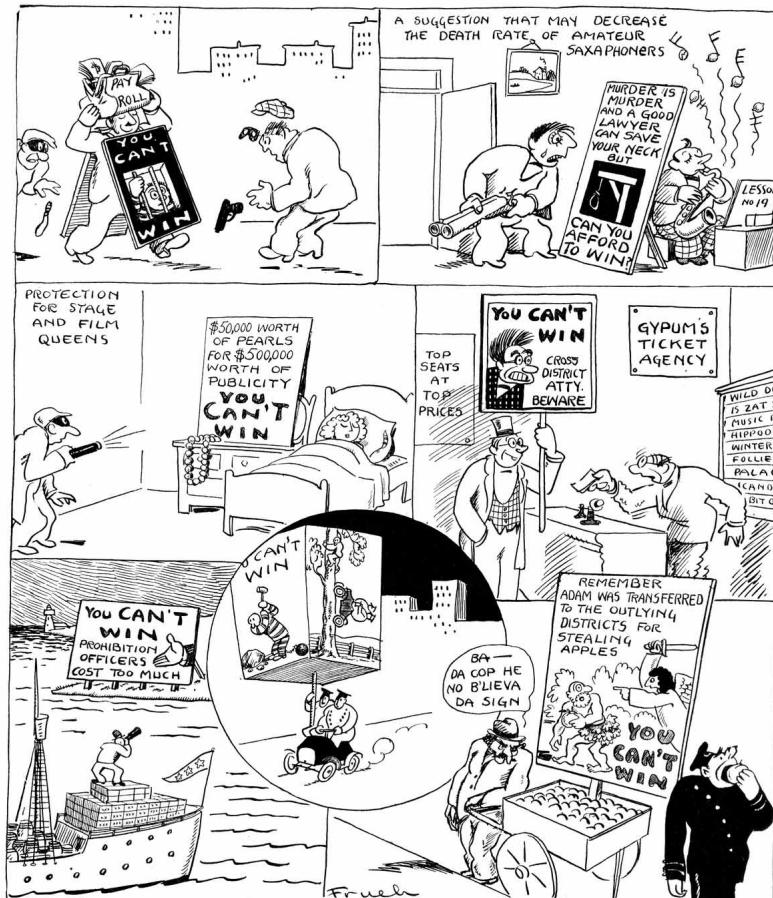
"Home: A Vision"



*The Stubborn Ass and the Determined
Go-Getter Meet at the Turnstile*



277 Years of Progress



When "You Can't Win" Crime Ads Become Prevalent



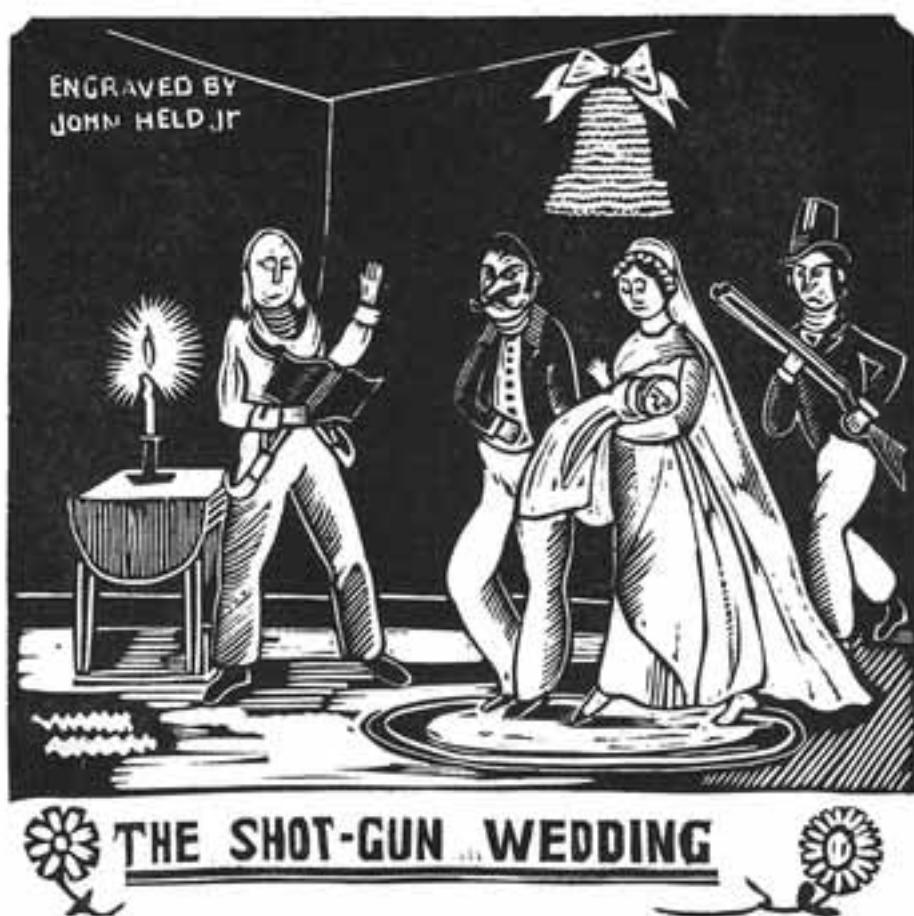
The Irresistible Husband is Renamed "The Metered One"



*Sarcastic Actress (to rival who has fallen into coal-hole):
When you've finished your turn, dearie, we'll toddle on!*



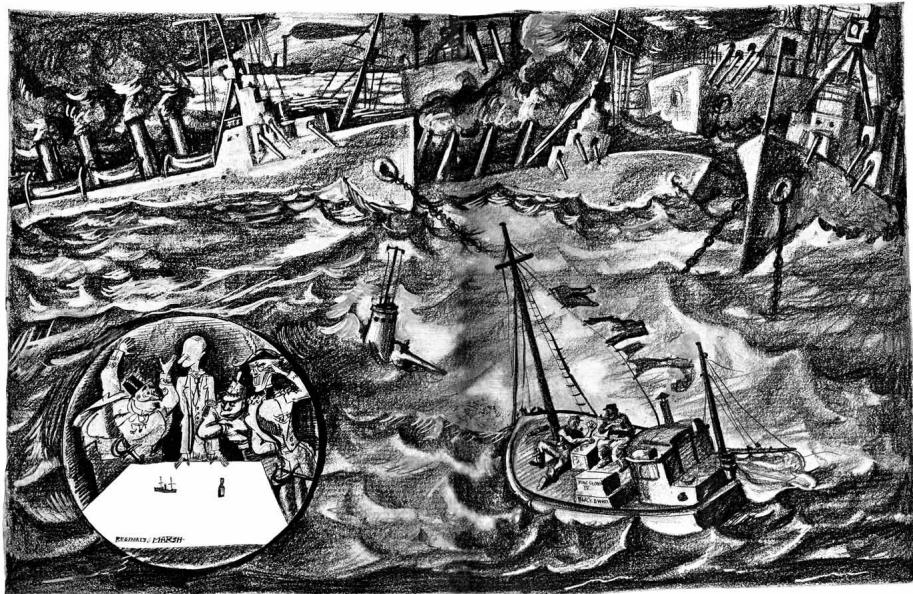
1925



THE SHOT-GUN WEDDING



"Daddy's Gone A-Hunting"



THE RUM RUNNER THAT STUCK IT OUT
"I'll Raise You Another Dime, Bill."



Artist: Now would you mind turning your head away for a second?

Suspicious Boxer: Say, what's the bright trick, kiddo?



"And do you love mamma and papa?"

*"Oh them, I dunno—but I got an awful
crush on Uncle Geebee, Station WGBS."*

The Rise and Fall of Man



Primate



Neanderthal
Man



Socrates



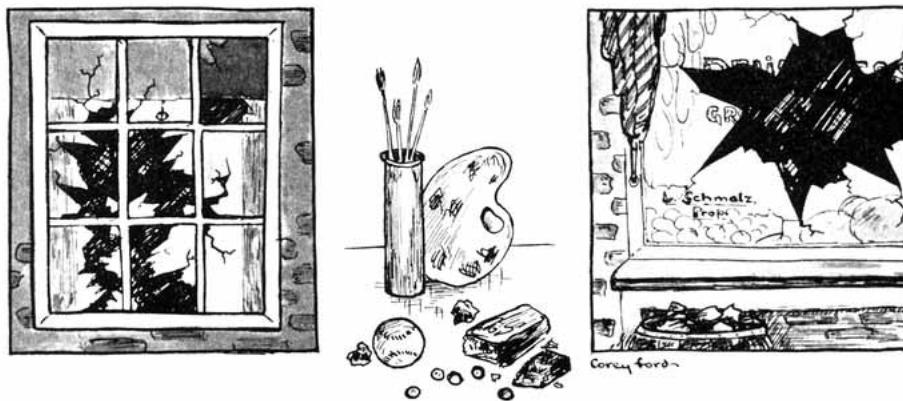
W.T. Bryan

*The Heretic*





TENNESSEE



Two Typical Examples of Shattered Glass Art

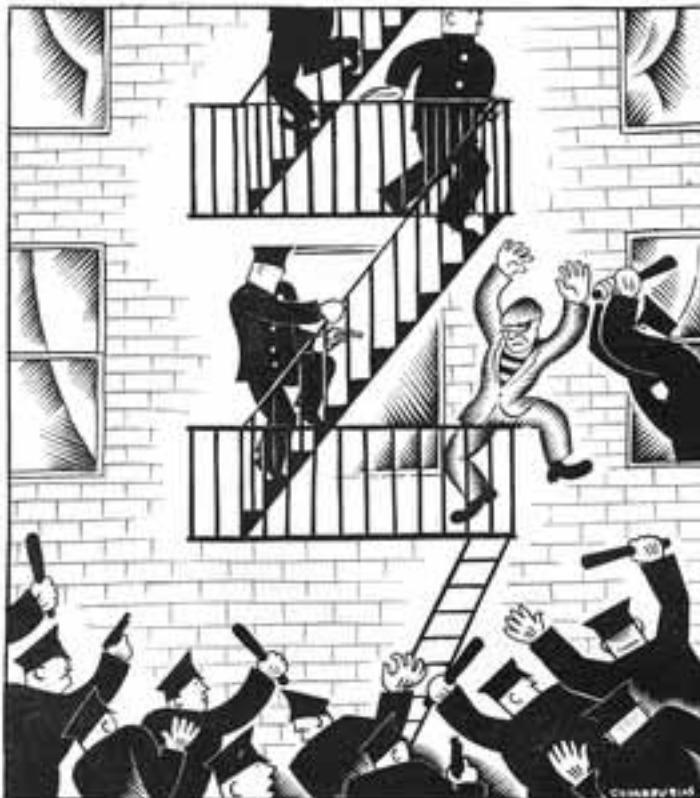
1925



Triumphs of Efficiency—Members of the dry force applying the seismograph test for telltale neighborhood hiccoughs.



Selecting the French Pastry



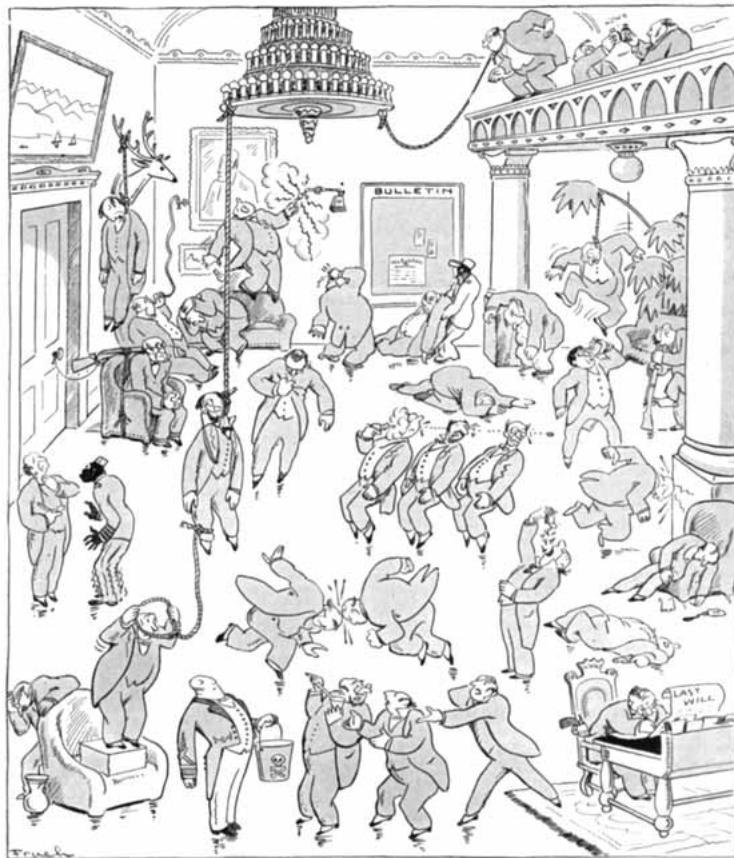
CORNED:

*Another Important Capture by the Police, the Taxi Driver Who Absent
Mindedly Started for Work in His Old Costume*

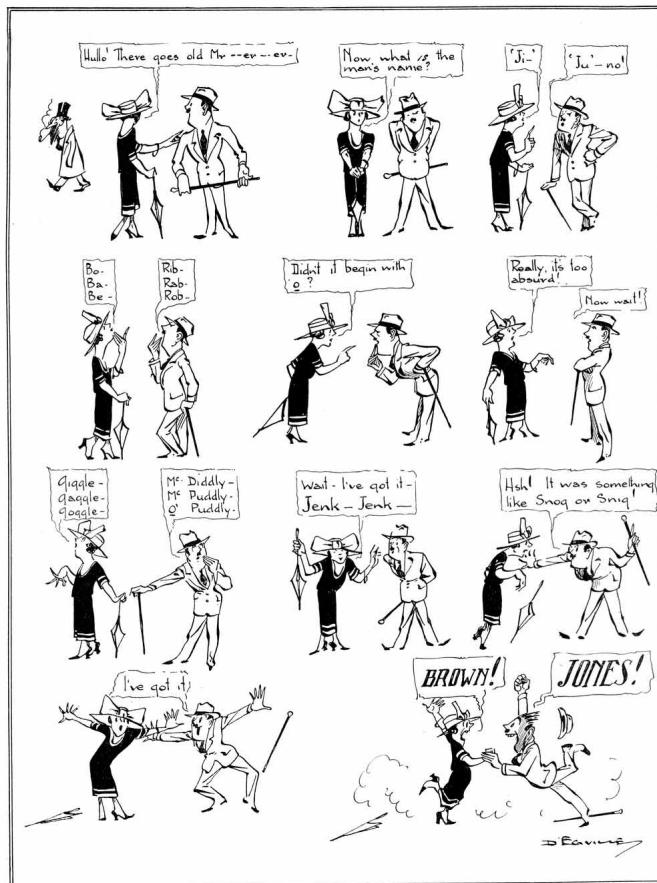
(A new police ruling will compel taxi drivers to wear white collars
and specially designed uniform caps.—*News Item.*)



The Coney Island Ring-and-Cane Man Takes a Day Off at the Zoo



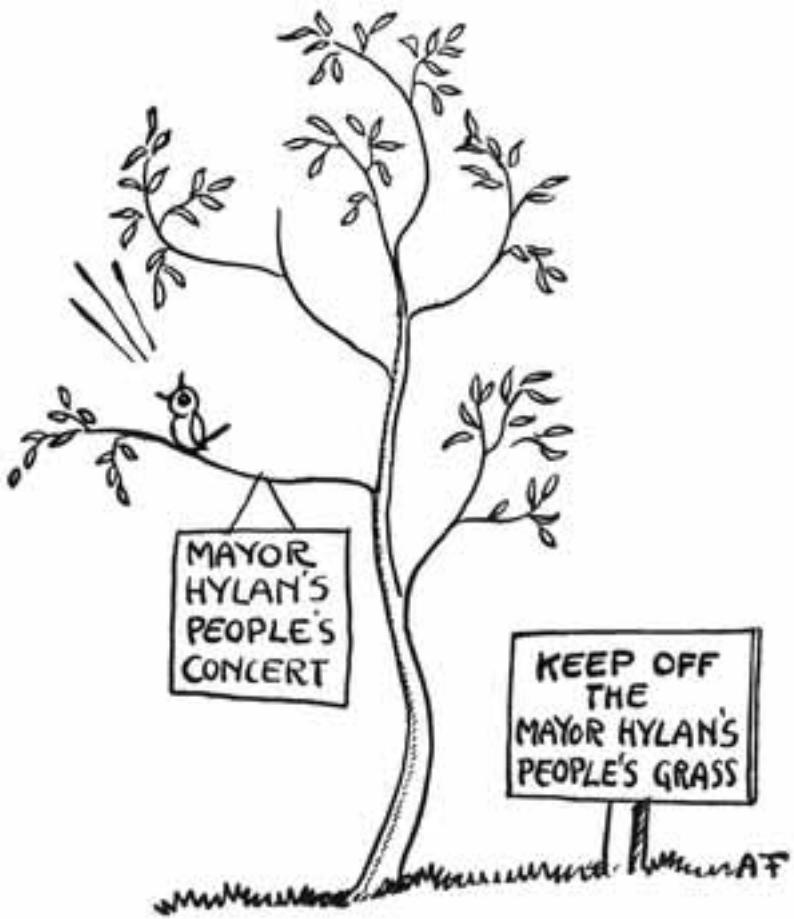
*News Reaches the Bar Association that the Stillmans,
the Stokeses, and the Goulds Have Decided
to Settle Their Differences Out of Court*

*The Memory Course Graduates*



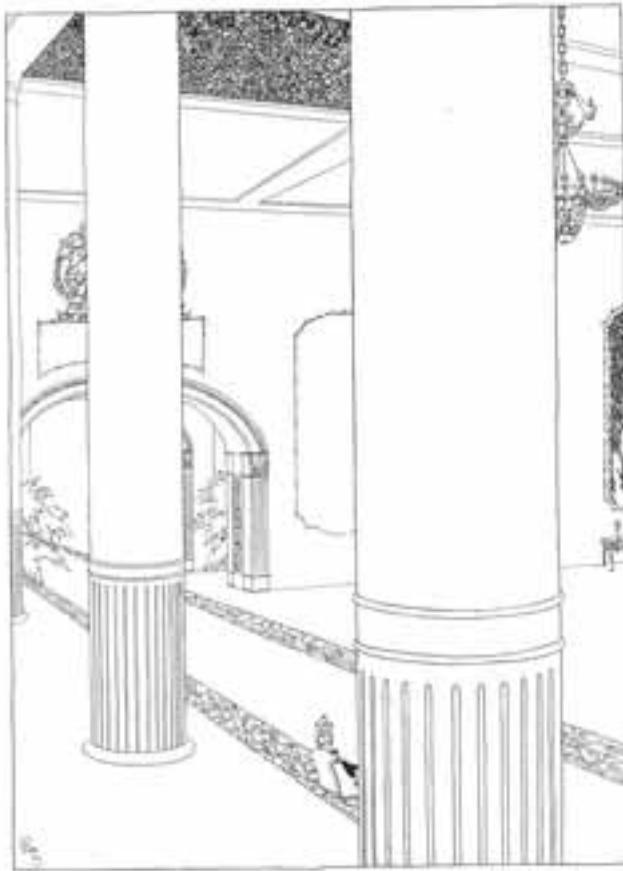
"What's the idea in always using my cream?"

"Well, it's only fair to use it where it's got a chance!"





*As It Might Have Been In the Beginning—
Primitive Fundamentalists on a Slumming Trip*



"My Man, There's a Fly in the Room."



Drawn by Hanley.

"Pa, what's all this talk about Evolution?"

"Son, I'll have to consult my attorney before I can answer that question. I might be sent to jail for it."



He: I can hardly recognize myself in that picture of us leaving the church.

She: No wonder! The stupid newspaper has used a picture of my former wedding.





WEARY CADDIE: *Well, chief, if ya find any
o' them old Jew cities, let me know.*

*A Tipping Tragedy*

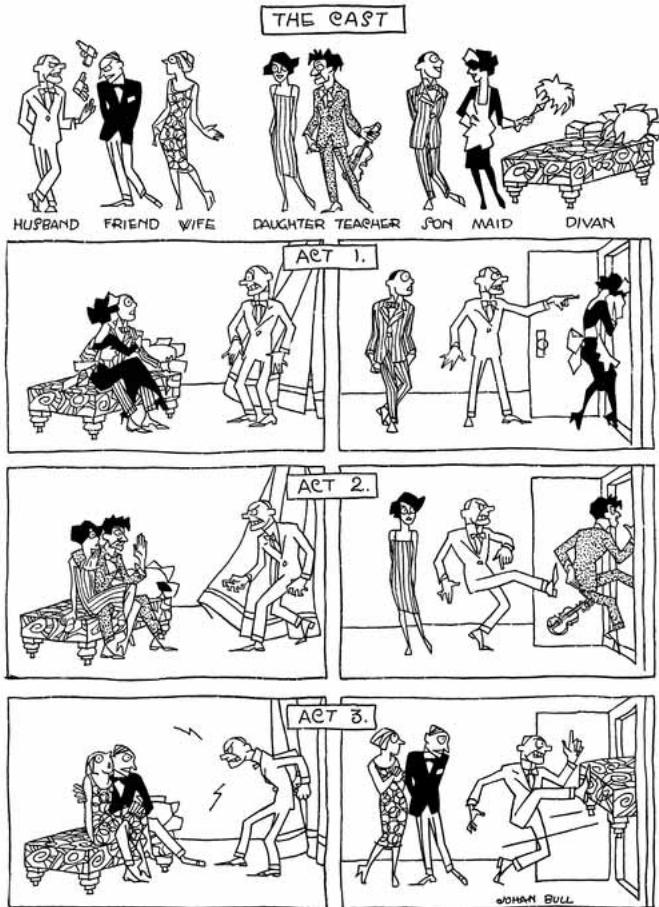
"THE GOOD OLD DAYS"

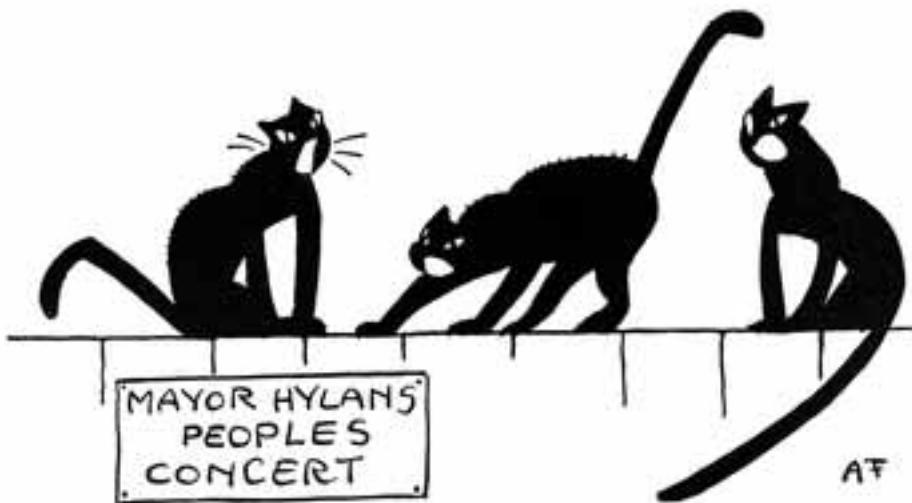


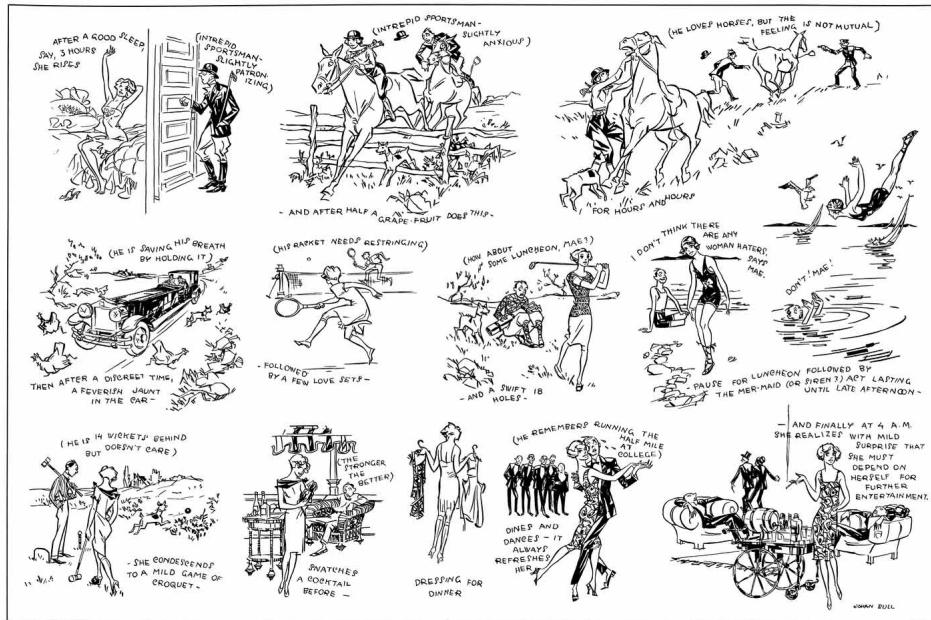
—AIN'T WHAT THEY USED TO BE"







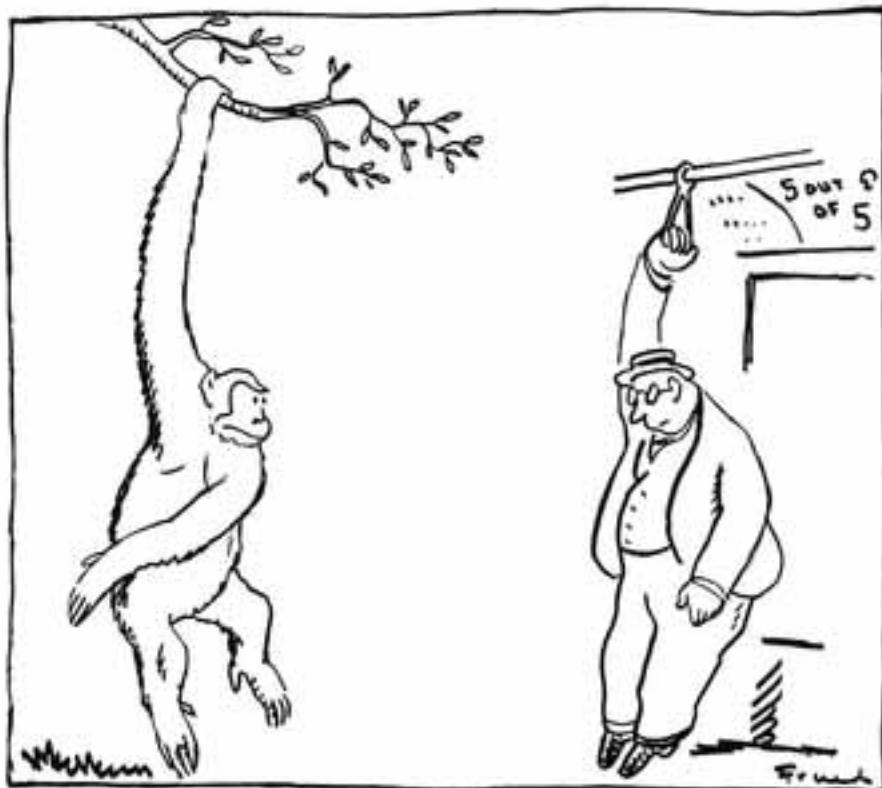




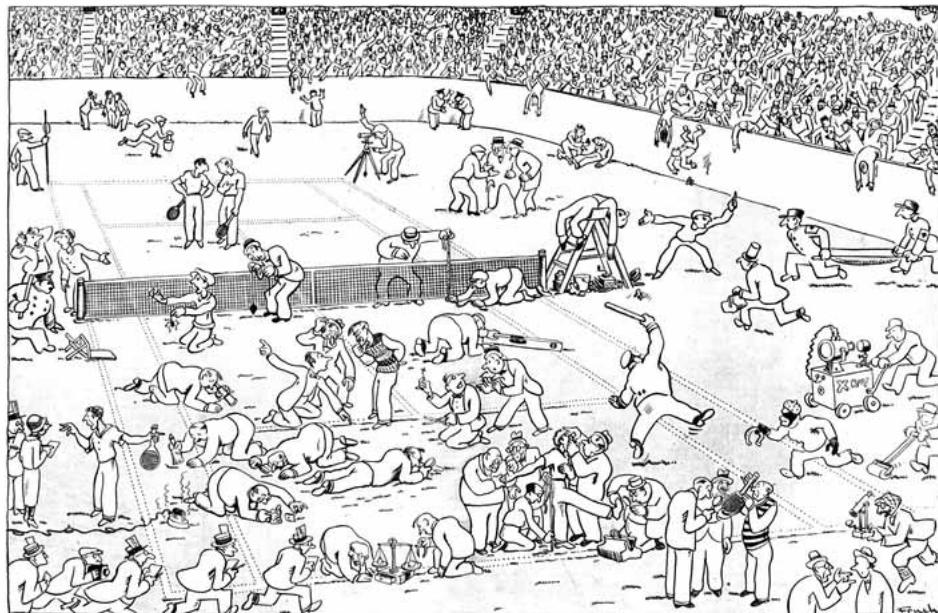
A WEAK VESSEL WEEK-ENDS



CARETAKER: *The great Peter Stuyvesant once slept in this bed. Since last Wednesday I sleep in it, because my old woman's got visitors.*



700,000 Years of Progress



When the Tennis Champion Missed a Stroke

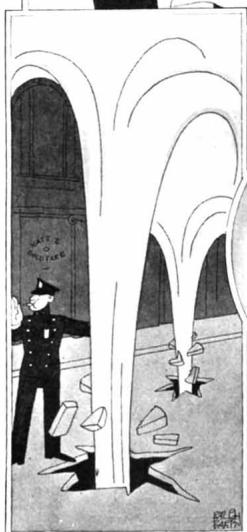


LOST PROPERTY CUSTODIAN: *Nope, I ain't seen yer wife, but here's a dandy pet alligator that's just been turned in.*

The Graphic Section



THE EVOLUTION TRIAL STIRS THE CAPITAL. A street conference in Washington between Congressmen who feel that they have discovered in the recent evolution trial a brand new way to annoy the people. Late dispatches indicate Congress will begin on this new device as soon as it reconvenes in the Fall.

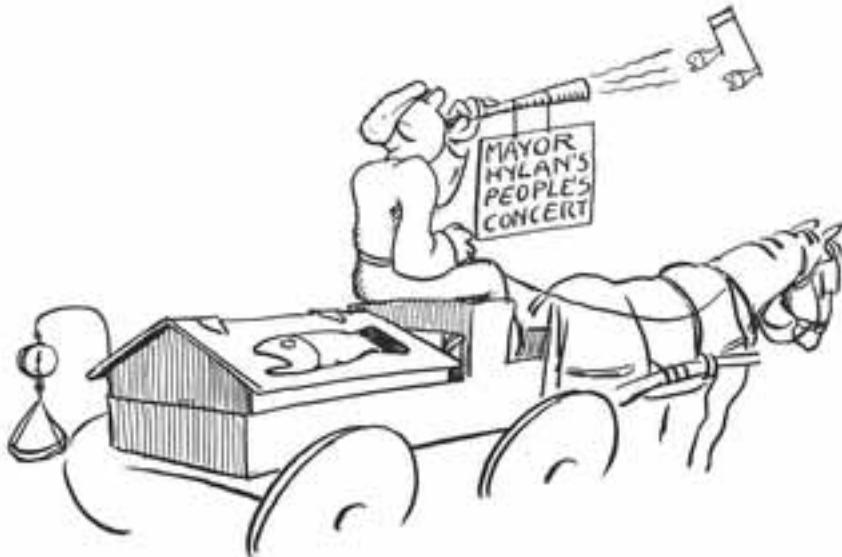


OLD FAITHFUL IN FIFTH AVENUE. Last week's water display took place at Ninth Street and Fifth Avenue, Patrolman William Shelley being in charge. Announcements have not yet been made as to where the water main will burst this week.



GLIMPSE IN FIFTY SEVENTH STREET. Mr. Roy John Jacob Stratton's Summer outfit includes an elegant panama hat and a large, full-padded coat. At one time he was known as the naughtiest reformer in the States.

MUNSTER, MAH, MERTINO, and farewell dinner, given by the outgoing dry agents to a group of eminent bootleggers at the Sub-Treasury. The affair was designed to induce the incoming dry agents to the bootleggers.



WHY I DISLIKE THE SEA THOUGH MY
FATHER WAS A SAILOR (1 OF 7)



These ladies have found the sought for substitute
for cross word puzzles—collapsible chairs.

WHY I DISLIKE THE SEA THOUGH MY
FATHER WAS A SAILOR (2 OF 7)



The Nut Brown Maid looking for her friends before
the ginger ale goes flat on her (1,000 of these).

1925

WHY I DISLIKE THE SEA THOUGH MY FATHER WAS A SAILOR (3 OF 7)



Outward Bound.

WHY I DISLIKE THE SEA THOUGH MY
FATHER WAS A SAILOR (4 OF 7)



Reasons murder is justifiable.

WHY I DISLIKE THE SEA THOUGH MY
FATHER WAS A SAILOR (5 OF 7)



The first vice-president tries to get some
interest from his investment.

WHY I DISLIKE THE SEA THOUGH MY FATHER WAS A SAILOR (6 OF 7)



They made a good-looking party at luncheon,
but seeing each other for the first time in
bathing suits, well—rather like grass that
has grown all Spring under a log.

WHY I DISLIKE THE SEA THOUGH MY
FATHER WAS A SAILOR (7 OF 7)



The new beach censor learns that bathing
cloaks disclose a multitude of sins.



*Illustrating the Tradition of How Cézanne Threw
Away Canvases While He Worked in the Fields and
How These Masterpieces were Cunningly Seized
and Preserved for Posterity By Art Lovers and Collectors*

The Graphic Section



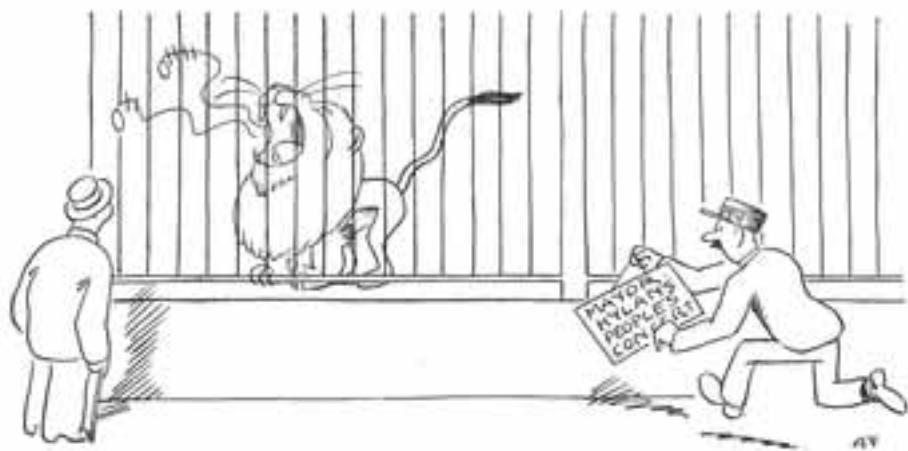
TRAFFIC PROBLEM SOLVED AT LAST. Commissioner John A. Harris, the traffic wizard, inspecting Manhattan streets last week reported that traffic of any kind was no longer possible in any of the streets between Washington Square and Harlem. Dr. Harris then sailed for Europe.

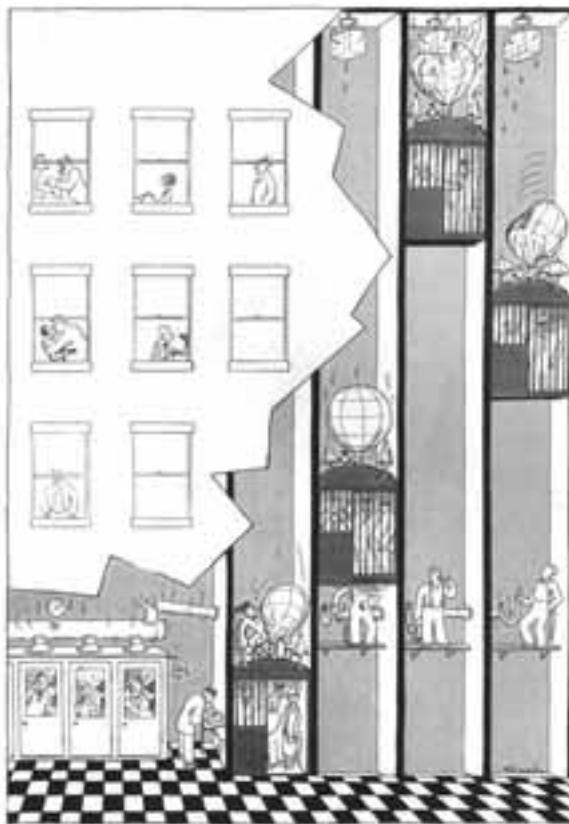


NEW DIFY TO THE TRACTION INTERESTS. Mayor John F. Hylan has adopted the roller skate as a means of conveyance to and from City Hall.

NEW DAY CRUSADE BOOTLEG PRICE. General Andrew's activities in putting a stop to the illegal liquor traffic have obliged the Customs Department to post a new scale of tips in the transatlantic docks.

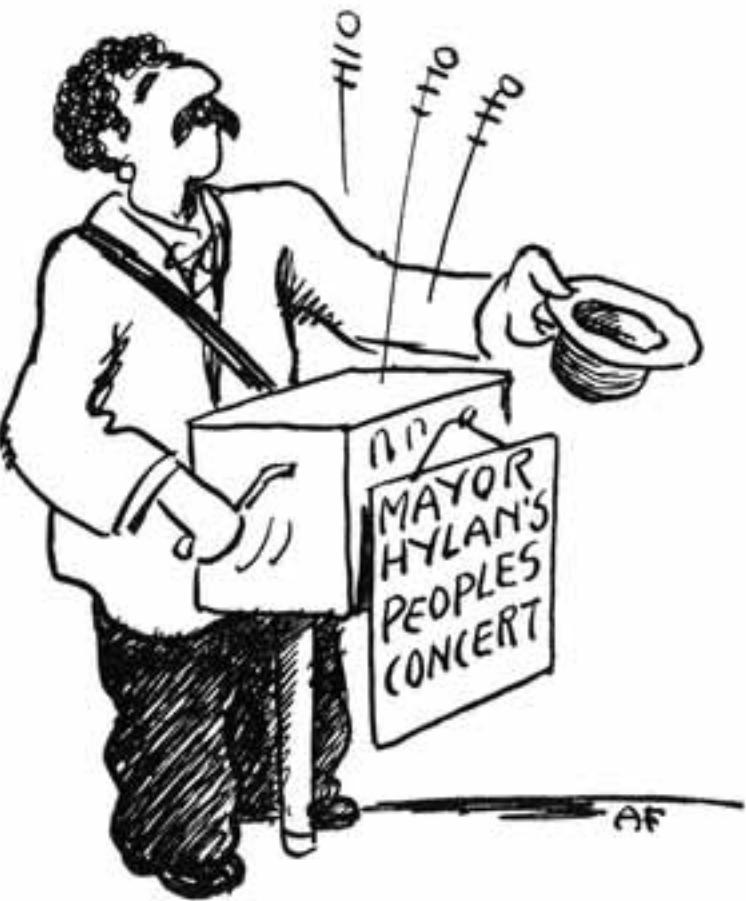
THE ARCTURUS RETURNS. Professor Will Beebe returns from a six months' cruise in the Sargasso Sea with many queer specimens. It is said that his collections will add several thousand queer fish to the population of the metropolis.





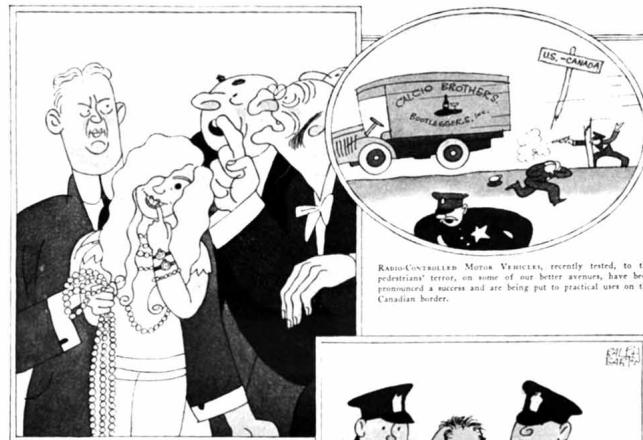
ANOTHER ACCOMPLISHMENT OF THE EFFICIENCY EXPERT

An interesting device worked out in one of our local office buildings whereby the heat generated by the telephone booths is utilized to operate the elevators.





The Graphic Section



RADIO-CONTROLLED MOTOR VEHICLES, recently tested, to the pedestrians' terror, on some of our better avenues, have been pronounced a success and are being put to practical uses on the Canadian border.

NEW YORK AGAIN PROVES ITSELF ONLY SMALL TOWN GROWN UP.

When Edward W. Browning wanted to adopt (as who wouldn't?) a sixteen-year-old cutie for his very own, he felt that the affair was his own business, and when the girl's parents found out about it, they were... You may be able to get away with that sort of thing in foreign parts, but not in New York or Dubuque, by heck!



GREATER MOVIE SEASON. Lon Chaney inspects the instrument of torture with which he will be mangled and crushed into his make-up in his next picture. Mr. Chaney's press agents affirm that he will be able to endure the pain of his make-up for only one second at a stretch.



LOS ANGELES BATTED. Wilberforce K. Cravat, Los Angeles realtor, was pulled from a sunken grave by two sturdy policemen when jealousy of the Rock away real estate man, which he witnessed while here on vacation, caused him to attempt suicide.



POPULUS PALS RETURN. John Emerson, Chair of the Actors' Equity, and his wife, Anita Loos, the author, arrive on the S.S. Majestic. Miss Loos declared she



"You May Pull the Plug, Now, Nurse. I Have Finished."



BURGLAR: *Now come on—no nonsense—what have you done with your money?*

MR. HENPECK: *Why, Darling don't you remember?
You met me outside the office and took care of it for me?*

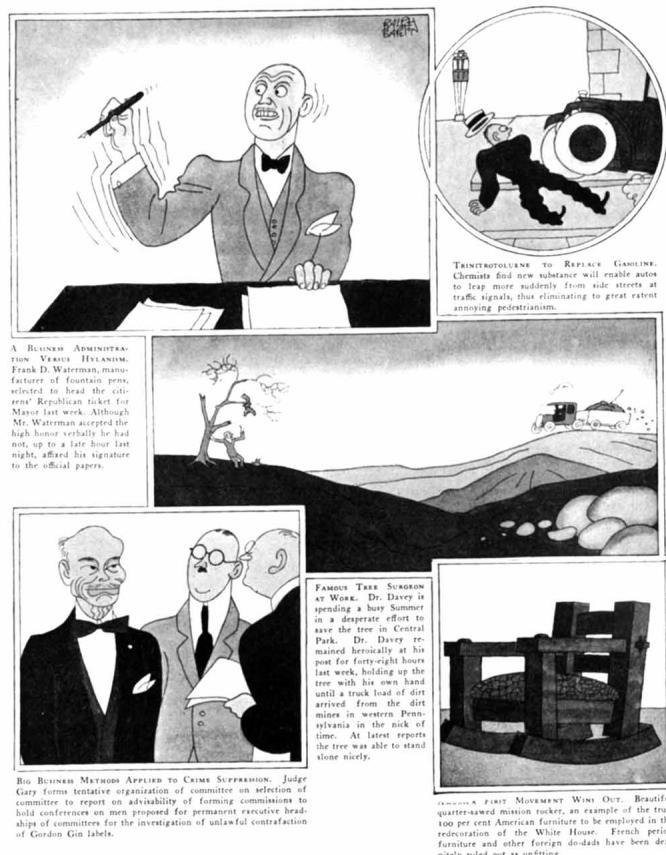


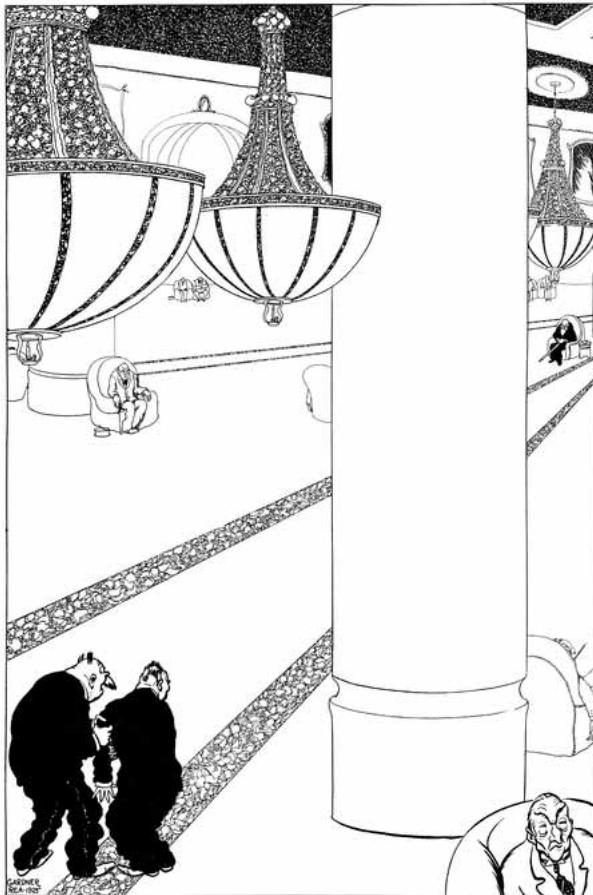
"Now—!"





The Graphic Section





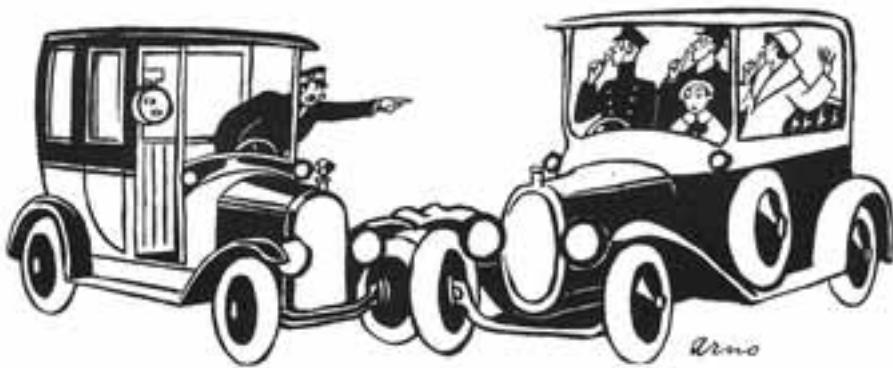
CLUB ATTENDANT (Aghast):
"M'Gawd, Bill, that one MOVED!"



GRAND CENTRAL

*Watch-watching, harried, breathless, snatchy talkers.
They pass—commute, inglorious New Yorkers.*





THE ENQUIRING REPORTER

EVERY WEEK HE ASKS A QUESTION OF FIVE PEOPLE SELECTED AT RANDOM.
THIS WEEK THE QUESTION IS: DO THE CRITICS AND WRITERS WHO LUNCH
AT THE ALGONQUIN HOTEL LOGROLL FOR EACH OTHER OR IS THAT JUST
ANOTHER LIE OF THE INTERESTS?

THE ANSWERS



ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT, dramatic critic and *boulevardier*, of West 47th Street: "Stuff and nonsense! There is no such thing as an 'Algonquin group,' and if there were, they would never have a kind word for each other. Isn't Heywood Broun always saying nasty things about Franklin P. Adams's superb writings in 'It Seems to Me,' Broun's magnificent daily column in the New York *World*? And isn't Adams's brilliant 'Coming Tower' almost completely devoted to roasting Broun's epoch-making novel?"



HEYWOOD BROUN, art critic and novelist, of Park Row: "I don't know anything about logrolling, but I know what I like. It is true that I drop in at the Algonquin Hotel now and then at lunch time. After all, it is the centre of life and culture and one is likely to meet there all the people in the world worth knowing. Then, too, anyone who hates a boiled shirt as much as I do likes to be among friends. A fellow can't get his back and shoulders into untidiness when there is company."



FRANKLIN P. ADAMS, columnist and poet, of Park Row: "Whom are you to ask me such a question like you suspected me of logrolling? I have looked up all the statutes, local, state, and national, covering the subject, and I have searched through the Index Expurgatorius, the Code Napoleon, the Corpus Juris Civilis, and the Ten Commandments, and I didn't find a word in any of them that would force anybody to listen to logrolling if he didn't want to hear it."



GEORGE JEAN NATHAN, dramatic critic and essayist, West 45th Street: "That question is *la plus* Brusel sprouts of the present *Suregarkenzeit*. I permit myself a polite you-know. However, to put an answer to it: certainly the Algonquin House runs a *rathskeller* for no other reason than to afford shelter to a logrolling *verein*. To which lastig answer I might add a respectful 'Thank God!' For, were it not for this *verein*, I might have nothing to write about on the dull days when the theatre offers me no particularly luscious bit of flapdoodle to record."



GEORGES, head-waiter at the Algonquin Hotel, West 44th Street: "I am only a head-waiter, but it seems to me, from all that I have heard on the subject of logrolling, that the principal objection to logrolling held by those who object to logrolling is that the log is not being rolled for the right person." —RALPH BARTON



SELINA (Rather proud of her little sister):
*"Look, Mrs. Kelley. Only a year erld and on
her hind legs already!"*







's All Right, Bill Has a White Ear.



YOUNG COMPOSER: “—and are you
familiar with my compositions?”

GUEST: “Yes, I knew most of them
before you were born.”

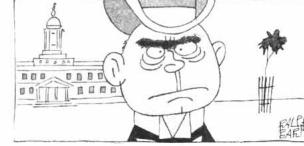
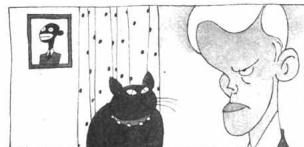
1925



THE INQUIRING REPORTER

EVERY WEEK HE ASKS A QUESTION OF FIVE PEOPLE SELECTED AT RANDOM.
THIS WEEK THE QUESTION IS: HAVE YOU NOTICED ANYTHING IN THE
PAPERS ABOUT A MAYORALTY CAMPAIGN RECENTLY AND, IF SO, WHICH OF
THE ASPIRANTS DO YOU FAVOR?

THE ANSWERS:



AVERY Hopwood, playwright, of Fifth Avenue: "Yes, I have, and I am glad of this opportunity of expressing my preference for any of the rivals of the present incumbent, John F. Hylan. As a lover of the theatre, I have been horrified and disgusted at the laxness of the present administration in suppressing immoral plays. Things have come to such a pass that I can no longer take my daughters to the theatre without seeing their innocent cheeks burn with shame and indignation. If Hylan is re-elected I shall buy a battleship and see the world."

CARL VAN VECHTEN, novelist and essayist, of West Fifty-fifth Street: "For years I have made a practice of writing about everything worth notice in New York and it never occurred to me that the place had a government until you mentioned it. I shall indagate the low-down on the present campaign at once, and put it in a book if it is amusing. As a rule I argueately avolate when I find myself threatened with political baragooin lest it drive me to trichotillomania, but you may hope. And, by the way, if you quote me, please don't use quotations marks."

HELEN WESTLEY, actress and producer, of West Thirty-fifth Street: "I should be very much disappointed to see John F. Hylan lose his job. I don't know what I should have done for recreation during the warm months of the last few years if it had not been for his children's playground. Those showers in the streets have made a new woman of me. If Hylan loses, the Theatre Guild proposes to produce a modern version of 'Macbeth,' with modern costumes and scenery, and the title rôle is hereby offered the Good Mayor, though he must not expect the publicity he is accustomed to and he will have to work on a percentage."

JOHN SAXTON SUMNER, lawyer, of Lafayette Avenue, Brooklyn: "I should like to protest vehemently against the continuance of Hylan in office. During his mayoralty the output of naughty books has slumped terribly. I haven't had a thing to censure for months and months. When I slink into my office at the Society for the Suppression of Vice I can no longer look the enlarged crayon portrait of Anthony Comstock in the face. I am reduced to rereading 'Three Weeks' and dreaming of good old days. Let us have a change!"

AGERONIMO K. WARDROBE, alderman, of East Ninth Street: "I have served this administration with all my heart and strength. I have toiled for it night and day. And what did I get for my pains? Boulevards, lakes, ferry boats and waterways were named after my fellow job holders and what was named after me? One of the seals in the Aquarium! I am out for Jimmy Walker and decent government!"



The Climbing Vine That Made Good



YOU CAN'T WIN

1925



"JUST BREAK THE NEWS TO MOTHER"
EARLY AMERICAN FOLK SONG ENG. BY JOHN HELD JR.

THE INQUIRING REPORTER

EVERY WEEK HE ASKS A QUESTION OF FIVE PEOPLE SELECTED AT RANDOM.
THIS WEEK THE QUESTION IS: DO YOU APPROVE OF INCOME TAX PUBLICITY?

THE ANSWERS:



JAMES A. REED, Senator of Missouri: "Heh! Heh-heh-heh-cheh-cheh! Do I approve of it? Wow! Why, I *done* it —me and George Norris! There ain't nobody in this country better than nobody else and it took me and George Norris to show 'im! And here it is all in the papers again what me and George Norris done! Whoopie! It's more than them king and duds ever dared do over in Europe, gol ding it. And we got away with it and they don't! Heh! Heh-heh-heh-cheh-cheh-cheh!"



GEORGE W. NORRIS, Senator of Nebraska: "Look at 'um write and squirm! EE-Yow! Me and Jim Reed has done more to make the people sore and caused more taxation trouble than Vulcoid and p'ut nigh the whole dern Congress put together, we have! I should say I do approve of it! I like to husted waiting for another year to roll round 'o's! I could see it all in the papers again—and here it is! There ain't nobody ever tortured the people like me and Jim Reed, Goh!"



WILLIAM R. GREEN, Representative and Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, of Iowa: "You ain't heard nothing yet! Us fellows down in Washington allus tries to fix it so's the people get a *fresh* wallop every now and then. The American people have a way of getting used to anything, so we have to think up new ideas to nag 'em with all the time. Next year we're going to start making income tax payers embroider the amount of their tax on the seat of their pants so's folks can see it all the year."



JOHN A. FOSTER, Prohibition Director, of the Marshall Field Building: "Oh, I suppose tax publicity is all right in its way. But that sort of thing is very small beer. As an official annoyer of the people, I feel that I am qualified to put tax publicity in a class with hangnails, hangovers and other such temporary nuisances. Now, my department, as soon as I get my card index system in full swing, will combat peace and comfort the year round. I promise that, after I have been at it for six months, a civilized dinner will be practically out of the question in this town and even gin will cost \$75 a case."



SADIE GOLDFARB, hat carrier, of Avenue K: "Oh, I think tax publicity is simply gra-a-and! Gee! Tabloid newspapers and snappy magazines and radio and now this swell chance to poke your nose in everybody's business! Congress has certainly been good to us. My days ain't long enough anymore. Tax publicity has made life simply swell!"—RALPH BARTON



THE PERFECT SECRETARY

"How many flies we have in here!"

"Yes,—forty-one."



Wanted: A Hat



THE ANARCHIST DISCOVERS THAT HIS BOMB WAS
MADE BY THE PAIN FIREWORKS COMPANY



... said Mr. Bumble, "the law is a ass . . ."



*"I've got my own wagon and all. This is no ordinary job, Joe.
It's like a little business of your own."*



*Eugene O'Neill Learns to Spit and Swear
on the Wharf at Provincetown.*



Taxi!

THE CARTOONS OF THE YEAR



**"CASEY HE DANCED WITH A STRAWBERRY BLONDE
AND THE BAND PLAYED ON!"
AMERICAN FOLK SONG ENG BY JOHN HELD JR**

1925

THE INQUIRING REPORTER

EVERY WEEK HE ASKS A QUESTION OF FIVE PEOPLE SELECTED AT RANDOM.
THIS WEEK THE QUESTION IS: DO YOU THINK NEW YORK WOULD SUPPORT
AN ART THEATRE?

THE ANSWERS:



MORRIS GEST, impresario, of West Thirty-ninth Street: "Do I think New York would support an art theatre? Huh! Look at the condition of my best hat! However, I'm learning. When I bring over the First Studio of the Moscow Art Theatre I shall insert into the second act of each play one of the three remaining Dirty Words that haven't yet been pronounced on the stage (you know what they are) and see what that does to the box office."

WINIFRED LENIHAN, director of the Theatre Guild School of Acting, of West Fifty-second Street: "That really remains to be seen. I am at present knocking a lot of silly notions about Duse and the Moscow Art Theatre out of the heads of my pupils. When they are ready, and if they are all good little boys and girls, they will be allowed to play small parts in Guild productions and they won't be charged a penny for the privilege. That's what you call an Art Theatre!"

AL. H. WOODS, producer and newspaper correspondent, of West Forty-second Street: "Sweetheart, I have always found the New York public deeply appreciative of sincere artistic effort in the theatre. When I put on Strindberg's 'Up in Mabel's Room' and Andreyev's 'Getting Gertie's Garter' the public simply flocked to see them. It is true that my production of Ibsen's 'The Green Hat' may shoot a little over their heads, but my faith in the intelligence and discernment of the New York public is unshakable."

ROLAND YOUNG, actor, of West Fifty-ninth Street: "The worst of it is, it does! Look at the Theatre Guild! Goes right along year after year. When I played 'Burgoyne' for them I wrote a letter to the papers about the Guild, calling it incompetent, water-logged, inept, paralytic, doddering, maladroit, stupid, quackish, slatternly, imbecile, beef-witted and balmy in the crumple—and still it prospered! After that experience I play Molnar for the commercial managers and get my salary."

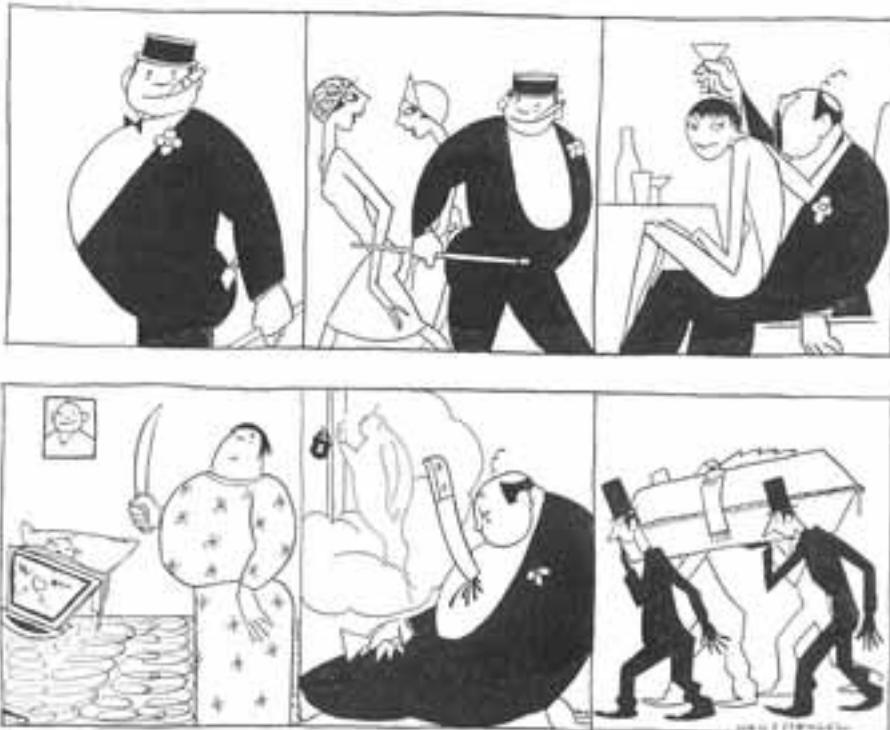
ALCIBIADES JOHNSON, producer, manager, actor and batik painter, of Greenwich Village: "Heavens, yes! New York will support an Art Theatre, but it will take some time before it is educated up to it. We've had just loads and loads of fun with our Peanut Shell Theatre down here in the Village and last week several people really bought seats to see our production of my play, 'Pierrot Incomsolate.' Of course, we don't pay salaries. How could we call ourselves an Art Theatre if we paid salaries like Shubert and Woods and Belasco and Gilbert Miller and all those low, coarse commercial managers?"—RALPH BARTON



"Where to?"

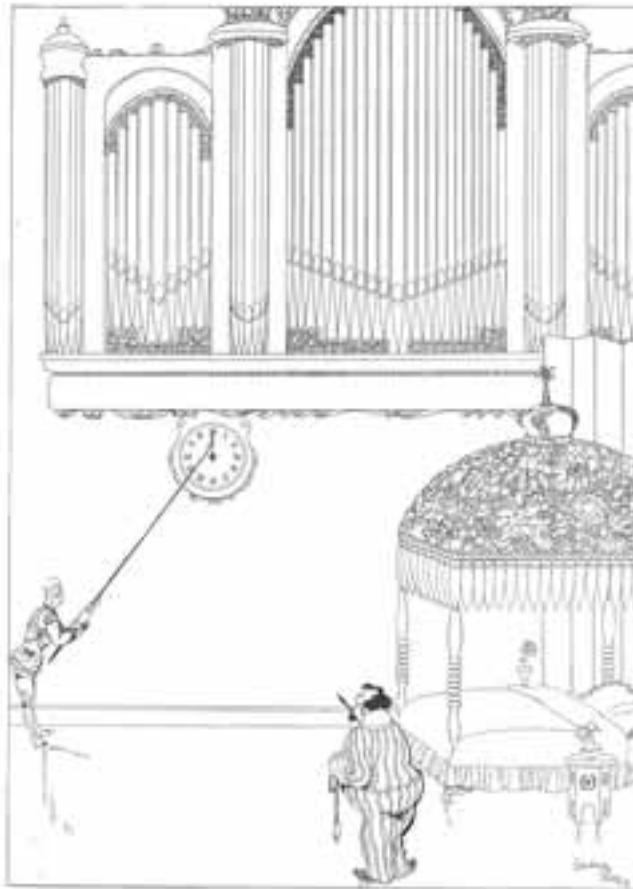
"None of your dam business."

OUR SERMONS ON SIN



Wife Stabs Husband to Death, Blames Bright Lights.
—*Newspaper Headline.*





*"Just set the organ for ten, Jenkins,
I gotta be up early, t'morra."*



"Private Slaughter is an American Activity."



"Pretty,—isn't it?"



*"Oh, My! This is my first chance to come out
to-day for some fresh air."*



“Do you mind if I take your wife out to dinner?”

“Not at all.”

“And, oh, I say, will you lend me a ten spot?”

THE NEW YORKER'S ADVANCE SHOWING
OF EARLY FALL CARTOONS FOR THE TRADE

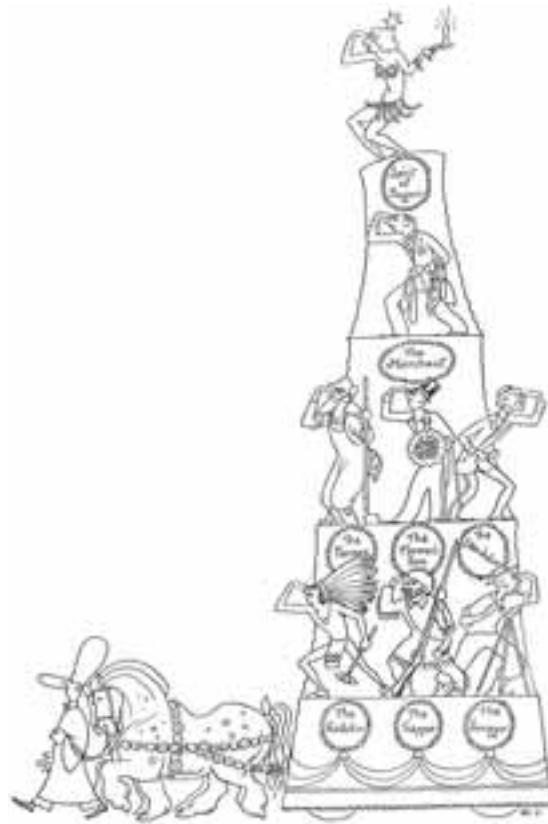


"What do you mean by coming in this time of the morning and waking me up?"

"Why, you worm, you told me distinctly you wouldn't be back until after breakfast yourself!"



ABSENT-MINDED BARBER SHINGLES DANIEL BOONE'S COONSKIN HAT



*Forty-second Street Through the Century
A Proposed Float for a Parade Commemorating
the One Hundredth Anniversary of
the Greatest Cross-town Thoroughfare.*

THE INQUIRING REPORTER

EVERY WEEK HE ASKS A QUESTION OF FIVE PEOPLE SELECTED AT RANDOM.
THIS WEEK THE QUESTION IS: WHAT PARTICULAR PHASE OF MODERN CIVILIZATION IS DRIVING *YOU* CRAZY?

THE ANSWERS:

FAY LANPHIER, "Miss America," of California and the cosmos: "I think the freedom of the press is the hardest thing we have to put up with to-day. Why, those reporters and photographers won't leave a girl alone, the freshies! All I ask is to be allowed to live quietly in my little gray home in the West and cook for my father and mother. Pshaw! All this publicity is mere tinsel, after all."



CLARA SMITH, coloratura soprano, of Seventh Avenue: "Direct-by-mail advertising is the curse of modern times. It is God's judgment on a wicked world. My little home is flooded with circulars every morning advertising permanent waves, mascara, eye-shading, skin bleach and hair dyes. I fill seven waste paper baskets a day with notices from laundries, garages, bootleggers and insurance companies. It is really very difficult to extract the fan letters from Carl Van Vechten from all this rubbish."



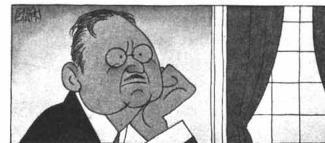
JOHN F. HYLAN, mayor of Brooklyn: "I'll tell you what it is when we are alone. It's a thing that even husbands and wives don't talk about. You've noticed that advertising campaign in the magazines. Well, I'll bet I've got it. I've been worried sick over it. Haven't you noticed how my work has fallen off lately? I couldn't ask anybody and nobody could tell me. But I am sure that's why I didn't get by the primaries. Maybe a little child will tell me sometime."—RALPH BARTON



JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, filling station wholesaler, of Pocantico Hills: "Oh, don't—don't ask me! It is all too terrible. Numerology has blasted my life. I have worked hard and honestly since I was a small lad, pinching and saving, and now as the leaves begin to fall upon my shoulders, I find that my name works out, through the mystic numbers, to FAILURE! I don't know what I shall ever do! I am too old to begin all over again."



GILBERT SELDES, author, of East Thirty-fifth Street: "The radio is undoubtedly the most degrading nuisance of the present century. I at first held great hopes for it and looked forward to the time when it would spread culture throughout this dark land. But as it develops it gets worse. The programs steadily become more popular and through some of the stations, notably *wxyz*, the trashy compositions of Bach and Beethoven now form the bulk of their output. Only a few of the stations are still trying to educate the people up to good jazz."





Whoopsie Daisy!



MAN AND PICTURE



"What's the dog waiting for?"

*"Oh, nothing . . . once in a while I cut a
piece off the ear—she just loves that."*



ANNOUNCEMENT EXTRAORDINARY

"Ladies and gentlemen—to-morrow at ten o'clock Mister Dento will draw a heavy sightseeing bus with his teeth filled with people for two blocks at Broadway and Forty-second Street. I thank you."



The Courage of Their Convictions



THE ASTRONOMER

Reginald Marsh (10/3/1925)

[Return to Main Menu ▶](#)



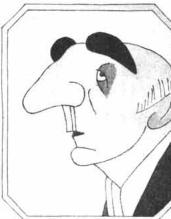
LET 16 GAMBLERS
COME CARRY MY
COFFIN"
—
OLD REFRAIN
ENGRAVED
BY
JOHN HELD JR.



Heroes of the Week



CHARLES SPENCER CHAPLIN—Who, although the staple dinner topic of the civilized world is the great depths of tragedy that underlie his comedy, and in spite of the fact that sometimes he has an average of once every fifteen minutes to play "Hamlet," continues to make pictures which are, in the main, hilariously funny.



JULES BRULATOEUR—Who won another battle in his life-long war to keep his wife's? (Mrs. Hope Hillman's) was put out of the public prints the other day when the Steamship *Paris* brought the Brulatours and the French Debt Commissioners onto port. M. Callaux kindly aided Mr. Brulatour in his modest purpose.



WILLIAM H. ANDERSON—Who, after what he did to the public, has asked that it donate \$45,000 (the price of about 700 copies from bootleggers) nearly a thousand fresh fountains (if he keeps em') to pay his debts. A large portion of the public has written to say that it will cheerfully donate an expensive lake full of nice, fresh water for Mr. Anderson to jump in.



SELAH B. STRONG—Who, although a Justice of the Supreme Court, has had the courage to say, "I do not believe in awards of damages unless there is good and sufficient reason for it," thus striking at the very roots of the second largest all-female industry in the country, ditching the rest of a number of idle ladies. May the judge never die till we kill him!



GERTRUDE EDERLE—Who, although she did not reach the goal in her recent try at swimming the Channel, apparently can't seem to get away from the right Little Isle about some of the two British restaurants that we read about in the papers. Miss Ederle is reported as laying full blame for her failure upon the shoulders of her trainer.

OUR SERMONS ON SIN

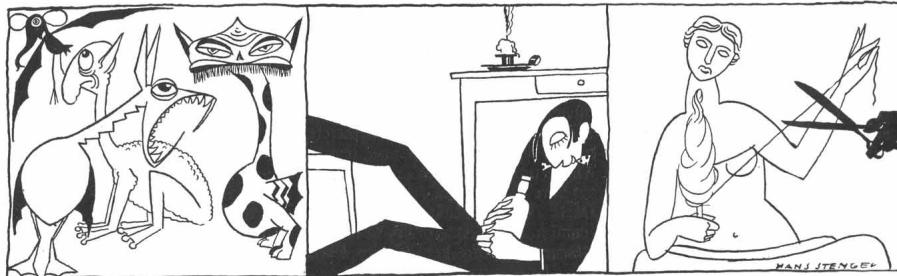
"Writer of No Mean Ability Dies of D. T's."—Daily Newspaper



MINOR poet Percy Myer,
meant to be the nation's pride,
ably plucked the lyric lyre;
furthermore he had a bride.

This container, not intended
as an instrument of sin,
was by Percival amended,
now the devil looks within.

Untold were the quarts and gallons
dripping from this poison well,
Percival was in the talons
of the delegate from hell.

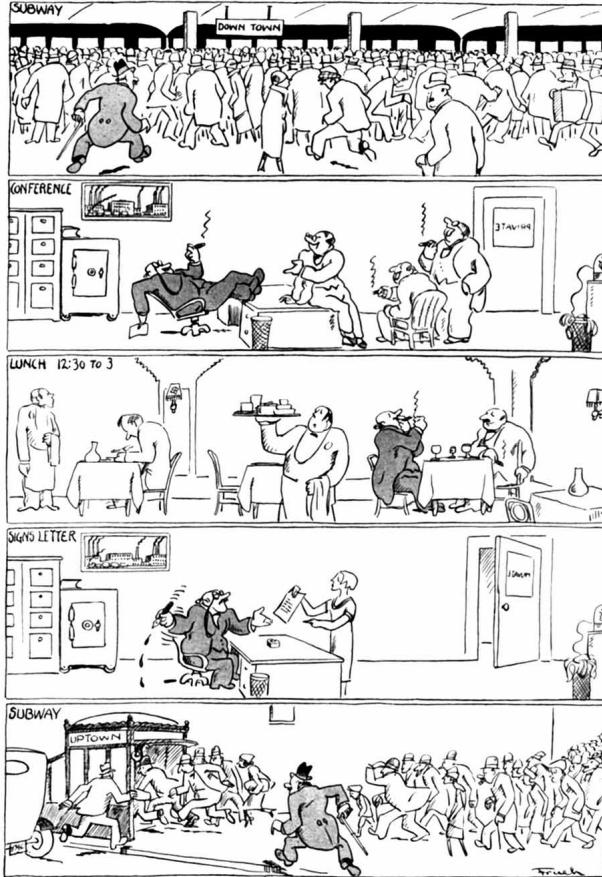


Soon his bride beside his grieving
mother learned the tragic news
that their loved one was perceiving
animals of many hues.

Poor benighted Percy Myer,
did it pay to be a rake?
Yesterday he did expire
chased by the magenta snake.

Silent Clotho's nimble fingers
spin the thread of life through years.
But her sombre sister lingers
with her ever ready shears.

—HANS STENGEL



THE BUSY BUSINESS MAN'S DAY



“Couldn’t you please squeeze us in somehow, captain?”



"Good-by Sadie, where'll I meet you?"

"Oh, in the Hotel Astor lobby as usual, dearie."



THE WEEKLY LUNCHEON OF THE CELESTIAL ROTARY CLUB—
THE ALL-ETERNITY LEADERS IN THEIR LINE.

"BILL" READS A POEM AS FOLLOWS:

THE BEULAH BOOSTERS

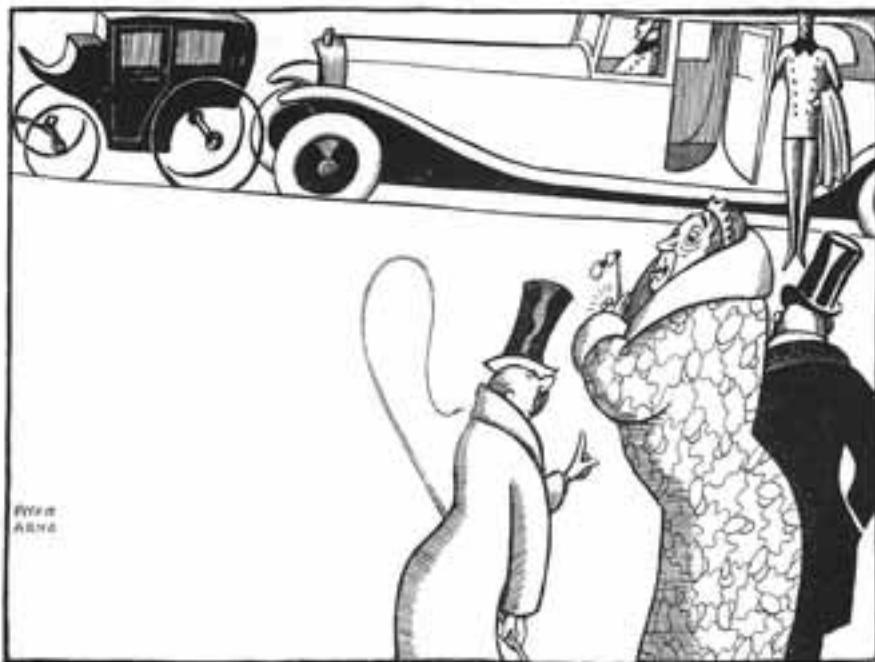
ROTARIANS all we pledge ourselves to Beulahland so fair.

It's like you will I am sure not find anywhere,
With its wealth of entertainment and climate so rare
About it we are enthusiastic is what I declare.

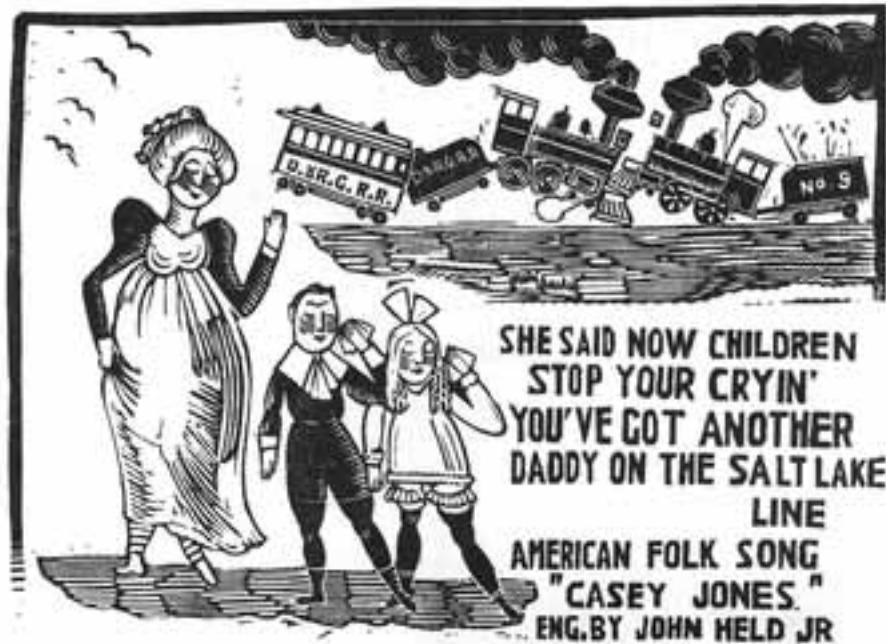


"Where's the Louis XVI Room?"

*"Oh, it's a long way down there.
Why don't you go into the Egyptian
Room—it's right in here?"*



"Elegant cab, lady?"



Heroes of the Week



MRS. JESSIE WORTH DONAHUE—Who is here photographed wearing a few millions of dollars worth of diamonds and family jewels, several quarts of which were stolen from her at the Hotel Plaza last week, and faithfully in replacing the missing real gems with exact replicas from her late father's shops.

GILDA GRAY—Who watched the "rushes" of her first picture, "Aloma of the South," at the Famous-Players Studio in Long Island City the other day munching a carrot. As Miss Greta Garbo was entering into competition with Miss Lillian Gish, and is understood not to care if she is more or less popular than *Mercy* or not, it is assumed that the carrot was merely to keep her shoulders quiet.

THE REV. DR. JOHN ROACH STRATTON—Who, if he doesn't get his picture printed in the paper at least once in every four weeks, is very likely to start something new and print it himself. The New Yorker, ever conscious of its solemn responsibility towards its public, recently established a December quota, thus safeguarding the pleasures of the metropolis until November. It feels, however, that it is the *Saturday Evening Post's* turn next.

JAMES J. WALKER—Who was practically elected last week when E. H. Wilson, chairman of the State Committee of the Kings County Republican Advisory Committee, published the fact that the election returns showed that Senator Walker had, in 1912, introduced bills in the Legislature increasing the time during which liquor saloons might be open.

HARRY K. THAW—Who, appearing suddenly to make a round of the night clubs last week, seemed, to those inured to the present ways of the city, like a sweet breath of the true Old New York, recalling fading memories of hansom cabs, stage door johnnies, moonlight over Madison Square, Strauss waltzes, charity balls and the dear, vanished days when men were expected to give some reason for an evening's shooting spree.



THE TOMATO SURPRISE



*"Will you buy a copy, Mum?
It will help me work my way through college."*

1925

CATS of CHINATOWN





"C'mon, dearie! Fifteen minutes a day is all y' need."

Heroes of the Week

GANNA WALSKA—Who, after having been the blotter for the critical pens of Paris, Deauville, Vienna, and Prague, returned to America last week from Europe? Who? Music lovers look forward to seeing Madame Walska in the silent drama.



FRANK CROWNINSHIELD—Who, being the genius behind the practically perfect *Equality Fair*, has always found time to do good turns to the most out-of-the-way people and to do good turns to the most out-of-the-way projects for the advancement of this village among the civilized communities of the globe. His latest good deed is the memorial exhibition of the works of George Bellows, which opened at the Metropolitan Museum last Monday.



SINCLAIR LEWIS—Who, in the current issue of the *American Mercury*, has hung down and exposed to the light the secret Villagers who have decided to ruin that once safe refuge, the *Café du Dôme* in Montparnasse. This will, of course, clear Montparnasse of the arty as much as Main Street has been cleared of rabbits.



FRANKLIN P. ADAMS—Who, after having masqueraded for years as the ugly duckling of journalism, has blossomed forth in a dashing masterpiece? Who? Who? Who? None Raish who owns the great ruby that was stolen from the eye of an idol. New York's "Mr. A."

OUR SERMONS ON SIN

“Radical Falls Into Coils of Law.”—*Daily Newspaper*



ROLLO RAPPEL was a laddie, just a good and healthy boy, and he caused his loving daddy and his mother naught but joy.

But, alas, he read agnostic books by Darwin, now in hell. Nietzsche, Darrow, Dr. Fosdick held him in their evil spell.

Even like the alien traitor, eating food of pungent scent, he denied his own creator, laughing at the President.



Mixing with the Soviet's panders from his home he did abscond. Yea, he even hurled his slanders at the Native Nordic Blond.

But forsooth, he could not trifile with what Freemen venerate, and the law knew how to stifle his ungrateful hymn of hate.

In the prison they shall perish who have stifled honor's source. Let US learn to love and cherish him who guides our Nation's course.
—HANS STENGEL



MR. COHEN AND MR. GREENBAUM ARE PAGED
DURING CLOAK AND SUIT WEEK



SOCIAL ERRORS

THE YOUNG MAN WHO ASKED FOR
A PACK OF CAMELS IN DUNHILL'S



*"Oh Freddie, play that ma-a-arvelous classical piece again—
the one that sounds just like 'Don't Bring Lulu.'"*

1925



"I Do Believe This is the Spot"



A theatrical man's wife indicated with a look that in her circle the jostling of an elbow was an insult.





"Look! Do my nails shine from there?"

Heroes of the Week



COLONEL FRANK HAUSE
—Who, as editor of the *Daily News*, produces a newspaper which competes with its sister luminaries of the Fourth Estate, the *Graphic* and *News*, presents the news in the liveliest form in which it is discussed over our best dinner tables by the people who read the *Times*.

SIGNOR GIULIO GATTI-CASAZZA—Who, as usual with him in the Fall of the year, is being called a business man with no ear for music by a number of people who would rather like to be singing at the Metropolis, but aren't; but who, nevertheless, possess an ear for the music of the world. You can tell, nine times out of ten, the difference between the screech of an elevated train rounding a curve and the neighborhood soprano taking her lesson.

J. S. McCULLOH—Who, although he is the president of the New York Telephone Company, has had his investigation proved, personally responsible for the weekly changing of even the biggest telephone numbers. A big printer of business and personal stationery is thought to be at the bottom of it.



CAPTAIN ROALD AMUNDSEN—Who has arrived in New York with the purpose of touring the country to raise funds for the purchase of a ship to be used in his attempt to fly across the North Pole. The Navy Department would probably be glad to present the Captain, who seems to love combating difficulties, with one free of charge.

P. G. WODEHOUSE—Who, despite the vigilance of General Smiley Butler and Commissioner Enright, has been stolen, in a daring daylight robbery, from the Saturday Evening Post, by *Liberty*, the Weekly for Everybody but George Horace Lorimer.



Columbia is the Ellis Island of the Native American Immigrant



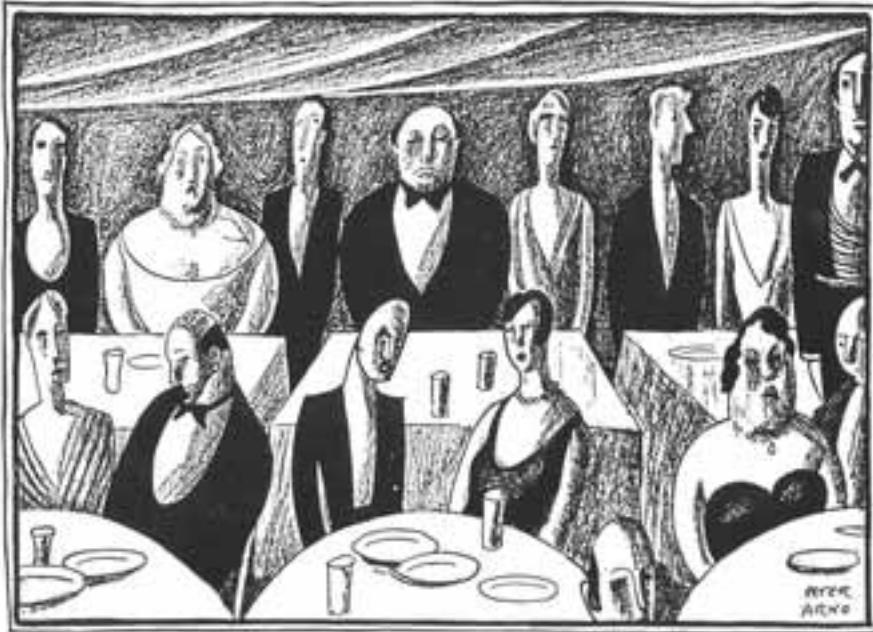
SOCIAL ERRORS

The Young Man Who Told A Clean Story



"Thought you was joinin' the Navy, buddy."

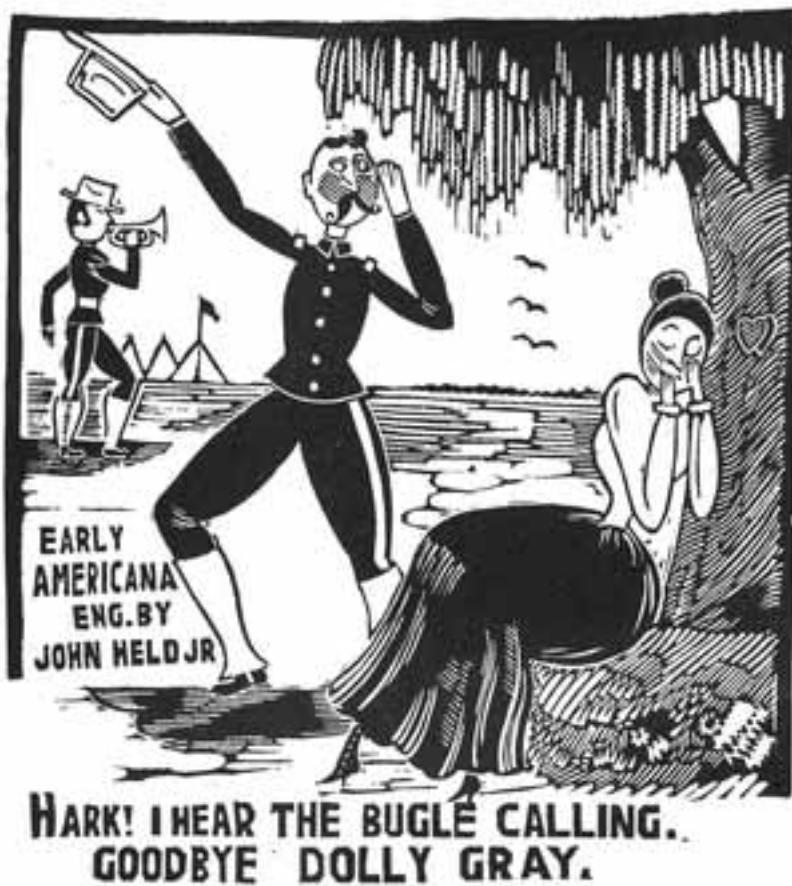
"So did I, Sergeant, but I couldn't pass me Pathé News screen test."



NIGHT LIFE



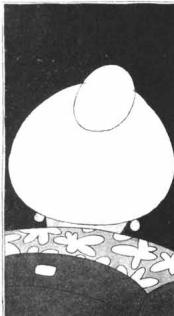
Fashion Show on Fourteenth Street



Heroes of



LOUIS BROMFIELD—Who has followed up an excellent first novel, "The Green Bay Tree," with an even better second novel, "Possession," and who has therefore been smiled upon by the Lord and allowed to go and live in Paris.



MADAME LECLAIRE—Who is the owner of the magnificent *frisette* of white hair which is always seen over a good seat at first nights. This is inserted to answer the telephone inquiries about the famous beauty specialist that continually pour into this office.



LUCIEN LELONG—Who, as one of the most active, inventive and productive *costumiers* in Paris, is directly responsible for a large portion of the allure of American women, and indirectly for much of the business of the divorce courts. M. Lelong is making his first visit to New York to observe the devastating effects produced by his gowns.



DEWOLF HOPPER—
"Behold the Lord High Executioner!
A personage of noble rank and
title.
A dignified and potent officer,
Whose functions are particularly
vital."

the Week



EMORY R. BUCKNER—Who persists, in spite of the great weight of evidence to the contrary, in maintaining that a city can be run without alcohol, and who has, in his blind faith, been running about town padlocking night clubs again.



THE BOUNDER WHO INSISTED ON *EATING*



"Taxi sir?"



*"Talking of art, drop into our museum when you are in Cleveland;
we've got a million and a half dollars invested there."*

1925

A QUIET EVENING WITH A BOOK



1925



GUTZON BORGLOM SHOWS EMILE BOURDELLE
THE INTELLIGENT LIONS AT THE PUBLIC LIBRARY

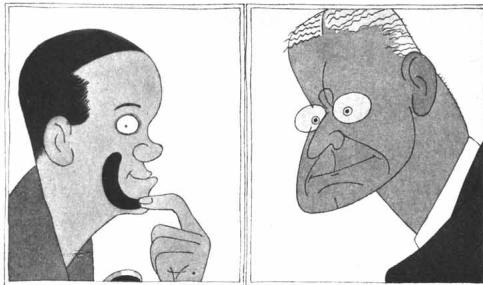


"This is 'N'aimez que moi,' madame—'Don't love nobody but me.'"



A CHILD OF THE CIRCUS.
ENGRAVED WITH PATHOS BY JOHN HELD JR.

Heroes of the Week



AL JOLSON—Who (you may have guessed from the display of silver in all the shops last week) has the most attractive wife in the country, twenty-five years of wedlock with the happy slattern. Thalia and who, if you ask us, has made the wench a very excellent and faithful husband. *The New Yorker* drinks to the Big Boy's Golden Wedding.

HERBERT RAYARD SWOPE—Who, perhaps feeling that he could go no further with the literary split of the Week (of which he is Executive Editor), has had to turn the tide of the week-end paper by introducing a Sunday Color Supplement, which marks a stride in the indigenous art of this country and has equalled since the epoch of the infatuated mother-of-type plagues, the distillers' complimentary Christmas calendars.



CHARLES FREY—Whose affections have been knocked down to Miss Wilda Bennett, by a grand jury at \$17,000. This is believed to be the highest price ever paid for a commodity, the male variety of which is usually rated in the open market at \$1.50, or \$1.65 with time payment. We hope that Mrs. Frey will do something (if she can) to some worthy cause—such as the erection of a life-size statue of Miss Peggy Hopkins as *Peter Pan*.

MICHELANGELO ARIOSTO—Who, with his bare hand, holds the great iron spike in the subway excavations in Central Park West, while three of his *confidantes* smile it with sledge hammers.

NORMAN-BEL Geddes—Who, with each succeeding production in which he has a hand, has pushed, strained, tortured, and other disturbing theatrical paternals more and more into the background as his superb settings become more and more the whole show. We hope that Mr. Geddes, at the fruition of his genius, will devise a means of eliminating the critics.

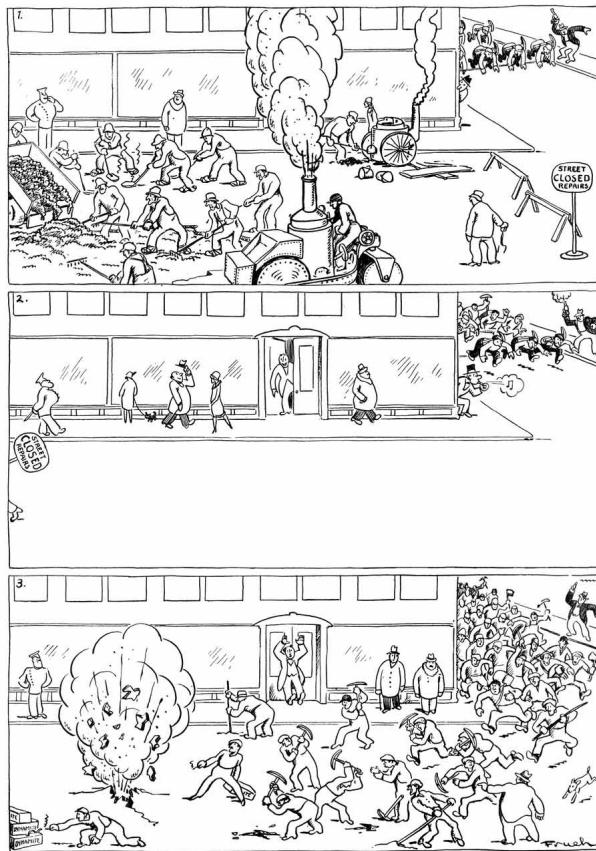


"A little dull at the dinner table."



"Nothing in the orchestra?"

"Not a thing. How 'bout a couple boxes?"



IMPROVEMENT

OUR ARTIST, MR. FRUEH, NOTES AN INCIDENT
OF THE CURRENT STREET REPAIRING COMPLEX



SOCIAL ERRORS
THE WOMAN WHO CUT HER
HUSBAND'S BOOTLEGGER



"Garters? The men's department on the third floor, Madame."



1925

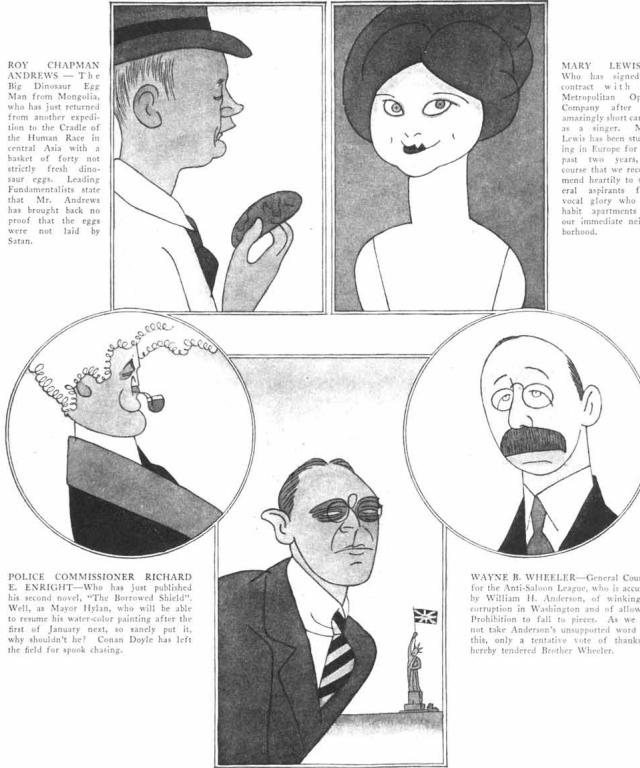




"Let's sit down now!"



Heroes of the Week



ROY CHAPMAN ANDREWS—The Big Dinosaur Egg Man from Mongolia, who has just returned from an extraordinary expedition to the Cradle of the Human Race in central Asia, will return to New York next week with strictly fresh dinosaur eggs. Leading Parliamentarians insist that Mr. Andrews has brought back no proof that the eggs were not laid by Satan.

MARY LEWIS—Who has signed a contract with the Metropolitan Opera Company after an amateur career as a singer. Miss Lewis has been studying in Europe for the past year. It is a course that we recommend heartily to several aspirants. To our visitors who inhabit apartments in our immediate neighborhood.

POLICE COMMISSIONER RICHARD E. ENRIGHT—Who has just published his second novel, "The Borrowed Shield". Well, as Mrs. Helen, who will be married to rich old widow, painted after the first of January next, so surely put it, why shouldn't he? Conan Doyle has left the field for spook chasing.

WAYNE B. WHEELER—General Counsel for the Anti-Saloon League, who is accused, by William H. Anderson, of winking at corruption in Washington and of allowing Prohibition to be violated. We can not take Anderson's unsupported word for this, only a tentative vote of thanks is hereby tendered Brothly Wheeler.

BASIL DEAN—Who, in a speech before New York club women at the Biltmore last week, presented a plan to found an English Theatre in New York. The New Yorker would also like to see a few skyscrapers and taxi-cabs in New York, and it might be a good idea to name one of its principal thoroughfares "Fifth Avenue".



THE GAY WHITE WAY

THE NEW YORKER'S LATE FALL AND WINTER SHOWING OF CARTOONS TO THE TRADE





*They are all alike.
Overfilled, overraccooncoated, overginned, overheated.*



"Sh' no use ringin'—elevator boy'sh asleep."

"Le's walk up!"



"Here Y'are, Read the Lord's Prayer on the Head of a Pin."



"Say Les," he bawls, "why didn't you ever come over to Montclair like you said you would—you big bum!"





*"Henry—I wish
you'd buy yourself a
muffler!"*

*"No, that's not
what you want!"*

*"Here, what's the
matter with this?"*

*"Well, I'm glad you
finally got yourself
a muffler!"*



THE PRESIDENT EATS HIS THANKSGIVING TURKEY
(AN IMPRESSION FROM THE NEWS REPORTS)

Heroes of



RIGHT: REVEREND WILLIAM THOMAS MANNING, D.D., D.L., LL.D., BISHOP OF NEW YORK—Who last week laid the cornerstone of the nave of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, a church which, if it turns out to be completed as it is planned to be, will probably convert New York to Christianity.



FAY COMPTON—Who, we have it from sources in which we have every reason to place the utmost confidence, has come out^{*} from England to visit *west in news*, in America. In view of the fact that Miss Compton is an English actress, the startling originality of this idea can hardly be overestimated.

* *To come out*—an expression used by Englishmen which means “to leave” or “to sail from” the Kingdom of England to Australia, Canada, India, the Union of South Africa or the United States. Owing to the danger of having one's nose pulled, one would not “come out” to France,



DAVID BINNEY PUTNAM, twelve-year-old son of his publisher, George Palmer Putnam. When director George Bebe Anges *Adventures* has appeared as a book. Quite a scoop on Dr. William Bebe, director of the expedition, whose book will not appear until February.



SIGNORA RUDOLPH VALENTINO—Who arrived in New York the other day on her way to San Lorenzo (known in transatlantic circles as the *Leyte Nathan*), and who was reported to have had a passion for small dogs that was seriously interfering with her career as Signora Rudolph Valentino.



FLORENCE MILLS—Who will be remembered by old New Yorkers as the girl who won the town of the town about the Adirondacks, who has announced that she will build the “Florence Mills Theatre”, a 3000-seat movie palace, in Harlem.

the Week



You may perhaps distinguish one in the lobby of the Waldorf. . . .



ANY BIG GAME



“BY JOVE, BELASCO MUST BE ABOARD!”



AT THE FOLLIES

"Well, how did you like it?"

"They put on a very good take-off."



SATURDAY MORNING CHILDREN'S CONCERT AT CARNEGIE HALL,
MR. DAMROSCH CONDUCTING.



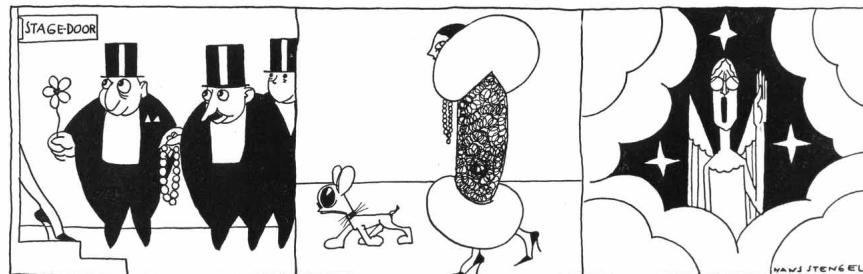
OUR SERMONS ON SIN
"Mother Disowns Stage Beauty."—*Daily Newspaper.*



READER, let this solemn ditty fill your heart with bitter rage. Harken to the tale of Kitty and her downfall on the stage.

To the City of Perdition, where the women dye their hair, Kitty went to seek admission to the Devil's noisy lair.

There the wily art traducer caters to the broker's whim, and the wicked play producer glorifies the lower limb.



From the realm of eggs and butter came a motley crew of swains, who into her ear would mutter of their ill-begotten gains.

Now, instead of gingham dresses sables hide her scarlet shame, sables, paid for with caresses, winnings in a hellish game.

Though a million men may smother her with praise amidst the glow of the spotlights,—but does MOTHER? From Beyond a voice calls: No.

—HANS STENGEL



"Young man, just what is the difference between alligator and lizard?"

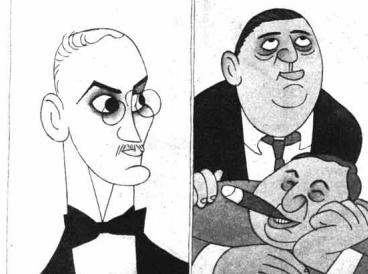


THE FATE OF THE CIGARETTE FIEND
ENGRAVED BY JOHN HELD JR

Heroes of the Week



IGNACE JAN PADEREWSKI—Who is he?—the Abbé List before him, a great personality as well as a great musician, who seems to have recovered miraculously unmarked, from a serious attack of politics that laid him low a few years ago?—was one of his all too infrequent recitals at Carnegie Hall last Wednesday.



LEONARD MERRICK—Who came to America on a visit without a press-agent's artillery preparation and with no intention of leaving until the rehearsals of a play or of making contact with magazines. Our records show that he is the first English author to visit these shores in such a spirit since Sir Walter Raleigh.



MOË SMITH AND IZZY EINSTEIN—Who lost their jobs as prohibition agents last week and who, we can't help thinking, ought to make the best pair of bookends in the world?—now that they do about the sources of supply. They are here pictured in the disguises in which they evaded detection in the night clubs of New York.

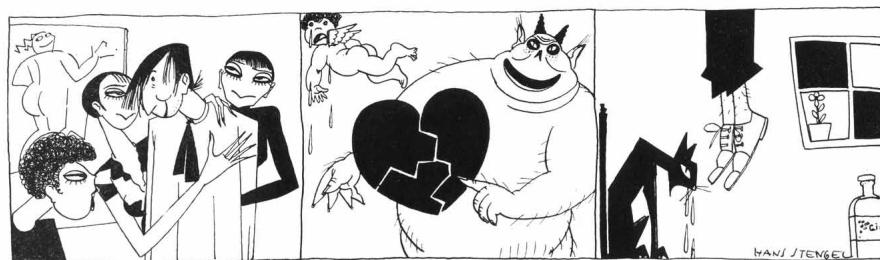
OUR SERMONS ON SIN

Disillusioned Artist Commits Suicide.—Daily Newspaper.

Art, brethren, is a wicked calling.
Pray, can a man, who boldly chose
To follow it be kept from falling
While painting women without clothes?

There are no roses, brightly rambling
Around a cottage, with a wife
And child to greet him, who is gambling
With all the sacred things in life.

For in the dimly lighted attic
The ladies with design and zeal,
Yclad in emphasizing batik,
Manipulate their sex appeal.



They but to gratify desire
Like brazen wantons cheaply mart
Their souls, and a miasmic mire
Whirls at the bottom of their heart.

Jim Donovan, why did you follow
The sirens call to idle lust?
Free Love, though gay is but a hollow
Mirage which crumbles into dust.

The tale is told, the song is ended
Jim died, a bitter, sad recluse.
Above you see him, self-suspended;
The remnants are of little use.

—HANS STENGEL





"THE GREEN GODDESS"



"There!" says I, "consider our bank posters and then accuse us of evil."

"Ah," sobs he (the vice-crusader), "I was rash, forgive me, there is sweetness and light in this sad city, after all."



JOSEPH PENNELL—Who has, for many years, held a unique place in art and letters and who is about to hold the most important exhibition of his work ever given. Beginning on December 5th, the Anderson Galleries will show his lithographs, etchings, water colors and illustrations and his new book, "The Adventures of an Illustrator", in the process of making.



"RED" GRANGE—Who is the most eminent footballer of this epoch, and who has lately been criticized a good deal by various stock-brokers and penny-a-liners for prostituting his art for a mere \$100,000 or so. Grange will make his sordid professional debut in New York next Sunday.



COMPOSITE PORTRAIT OF THE MOGULS OF THE ANTI-SALOON LEAGUE—Who have pronounced Prohibition a complete success and credited it with the nation's present prosperity. No mention was made of its having emptied the jails.



THE REV. FRANCIS P. DUFFY—Who is one of the reasons that Christianity and the Catholic Church have lasted as long as they have and who celebrated his twenty-fifth anniversary as an army chaplain and his tenth as chaplain of the 69th Regiment last week.

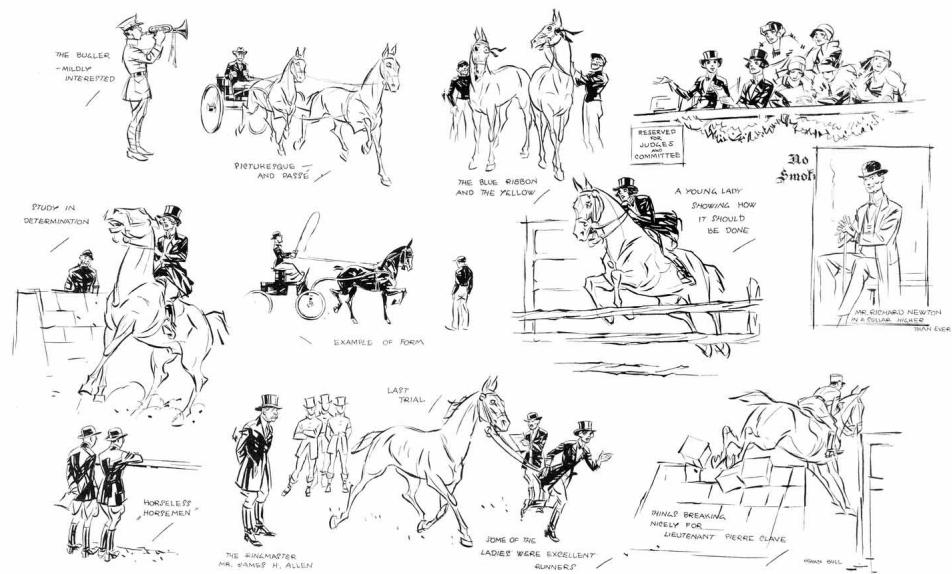


"Did you enjoy the Symphony, Robert?"

"Very much indeed, thank you. They play quite well, don't they."



"Ketchup please."



IMPRESSIONS OF THE NATIONAL HORSE SHOW



"Waitress, is that a Russian dish?"

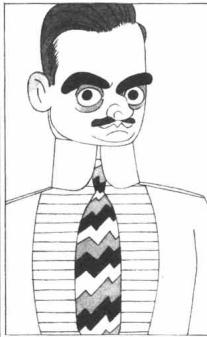
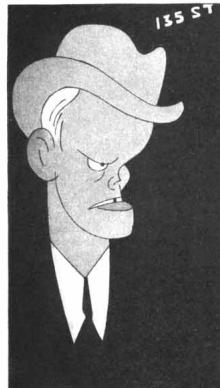
"Yes, eet iss."

"Well—I'll take it."



The STREET SWEETER'S CHRISTMAS
A LOVELY ENGRAVING BY JOHN HELD JR.

Heroes of



the Week



CARL VAN VECHTEN
—Whose next book, for which the vast army of Van Vechten fans have waited for some months with ill-concealed impatience, will, when it is published, probably in some future date, be called. It is here announced for the first time for the benefit of those who would like to have a head start in the direction, "Nigger Heaven".



PHILIP GOODMAN—Who quit Broadway winner a year or two ago after two successes and a flop, and who is fingering a batch of new plays, with the temptation to produce them strong upon him. They always, as Rube Goldberg says, come back *ter more*.



FERENC MOLNAR—Whose witisms are collected every morning in a Budapest newspaper under the heading "What Molnar Said Last Night" and who is still writing all the plays produced in New York that are not imported from England.

THEODORE TITZE — Who has been for many years the most perfect of restaurateurs here in New York, who has made the restaurant of The Madison one of the smartest places in town in which to lunch or dinner, and who, last week, assumed the management of the entire hotel.



THE HUNTING SEASON



News

NOTES ON THE METROPOLITAN
MUSEUM OF ART (1 OF 5)



"What did we come in
here for, Jim?"

NOTES ON THE METROPOLITAN
MUSEUM OF ART (2 OF 5)



*the beginning of
wisdom.*

NOTES ON THE METROPOLITAN
MUSEUM OF ART (3 OF 5)



NOTES ON THE METROPOLITAN
MUSEUM OF ART (4 OF 5)



*"Where is he going, Grandma?"
"Hush, Dear!"*

NOTES ON THE METROPOLITAN
MUSEUM OF ART (5 OF 5)



His wife's getting a divorce!

OUR SERMONS ON SIN

"Dairy-Man Dies, Loss of Fortune Blamed."—*Daily Newspaper.*



NEVER should a Christian venture forth to wander and to prowl, purchasing some wild adventure by the efforts of his fowl.

Though the faithful chickens labor, they don't mean to foster vice. And the City's dance macabre will exact its fearful price.

Silas, after many Summers' tending to the cows and hens, Silas Jason joined the mummers in the Devil's pleasure dens.



There the trombone's muted cooing throws the stranger off his guard. Scarlet ladies heed his wooing for a prearranged reward.

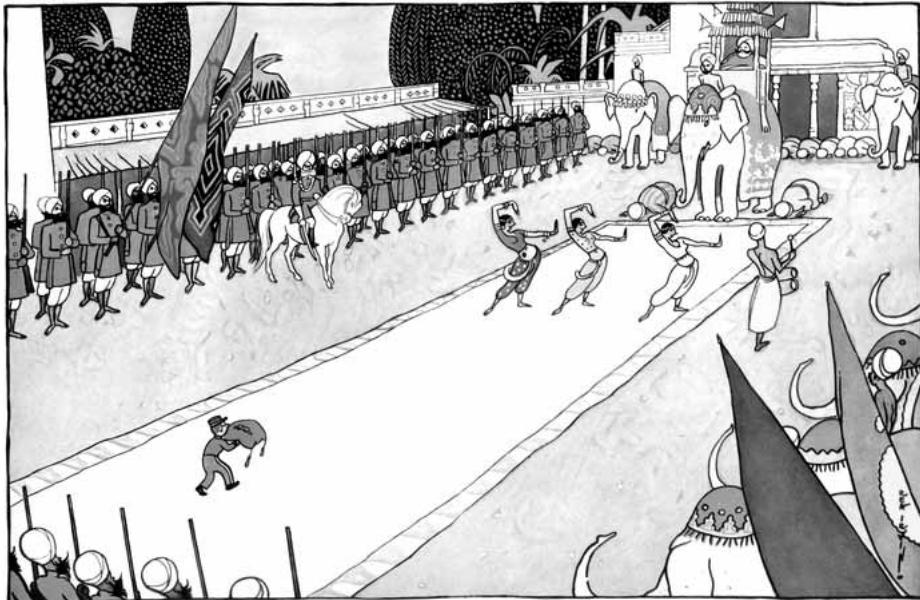
Yea, unholy hussies hover, like so many birds of prey, o'er the victim they discover with a coveting "hey-hey."

Now he's dead, poor Silas Jason, no Kiwanis came to weep at his bier, no Elk, no Mason; As ye sow so shall ye reap.

—HANS STENGEL



DISTURBING EFFECT OF THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS
ON THE OLD LADY IN DUBUQUE, AS REVEALED IN A
CHRISTMAS CARD RECEIVED BY THE NEW YORKER
FROM THAT WORTHY DAME.



THE MAHARAJAH OF PUTTYPUT RECEIVES
A CHRISTMAS NECKTIE FROM THE QUEEN

1925





"No, we don't buy no drawings. We make our own drawings."



Heroes of the Week

REPRESENTATIVE JOHN PHILIP HILL.—Who is leading the fight in the House to repeal the Volstead Act? Not the temperate beer, thus taking his place beside Frances E. Willard as one of the country's foremost temperance workers.

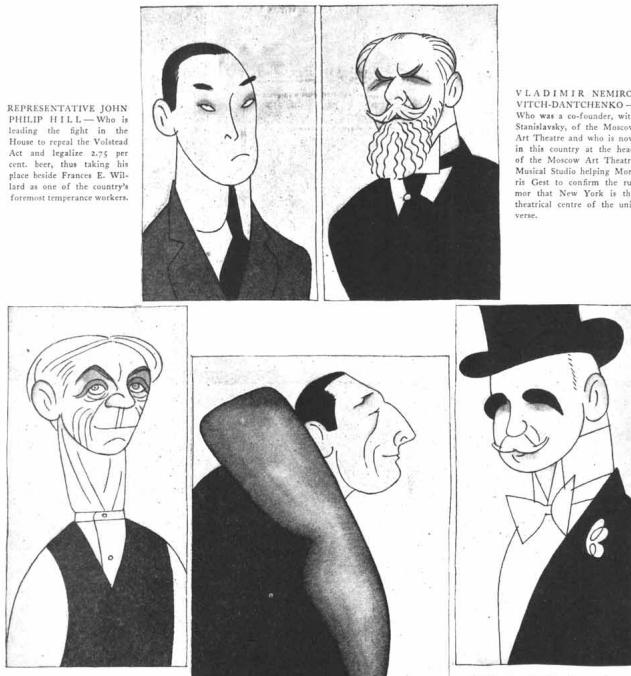


V L A D I M I R N E M I R O V I T C H - D A N T C H E N K O — Who was a co-founder, with Stanislavsky, of the Moscow Art Theatre who is now in this country at the head of the Moscow Art Theatre Musical Studio helping Morris Gest to confirm the rumor that New York is the theatrical centre of the universe.

HENRY FORD—Whose latest contribution to the art of getting the least possible good out of, and doing the least possible good with, great fortune is the importation to Detroit of a real, old-time, New England fiddler.

COUNT LUPTIG GALT, VON HOOGSTRAETEN—Whom return to these shores revives the hot long unanswered questions: How much is a genuine, civilized man of title worth to the American people? Should he be maintained at the father-in-law's expense? Or should he be supported by direct taxation?

OTTO H. KAHN—From whom all blessings flow. Forty-seven conductors of jazz bands, seventeen theatrical producers and the entire staff of the Metropolitan Opera House began talking of their artistic aims and ideals when he mysteriously bought a plot of land in Fifty-seventh Street the other day.



OUR SERMONS ON SIN

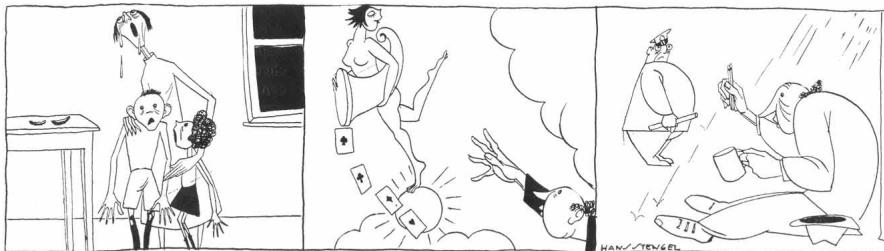
"Gambling, Menace to Nation, Says Divine."—*Daily newspaper.*



GAMBLERS serve an evil master. Playing with the wilful sheaf brought but doom and black disaster to "Red" Milton Silverleaf.

For, a foe of patient labor, coveting dishonest spoil, he deprived his trusting neighbor of the wages for his toil.

While the dull and weary clatter of the stygmatizing chips syncopates the mirthless chatter from the gamblers arid lips.



We descry a mother, sharing crusts of bread, her only food, hopeless broken and dispairing, with her ever hungry brood.

On Fortuna's fickle favor none may hold a lasting lien and her kisses ever savor of betrayal, unforseen.

Now he's poor and godforsaken, lost his wife, his home, his soul, Silverleaf, his spirit shaken begs the passers's cheerless dole.

—HANS STENGEL



SOCIAL ERRORS

THE HOSTESS WHO OVERLOOKED A GREEN DRAGON WHEN
SHE THREW OUT HER MAH JONGG SET LAST SEASON.



MR. BULL DROPS IN ON THE CHRISTMAS BAZAAR



VOICE: "Seems like I seen this pitcher before, somewheres."
—SALLY, IRENE AND MARY, *at the Capitol.*

ÉPISODE TONSORIAL



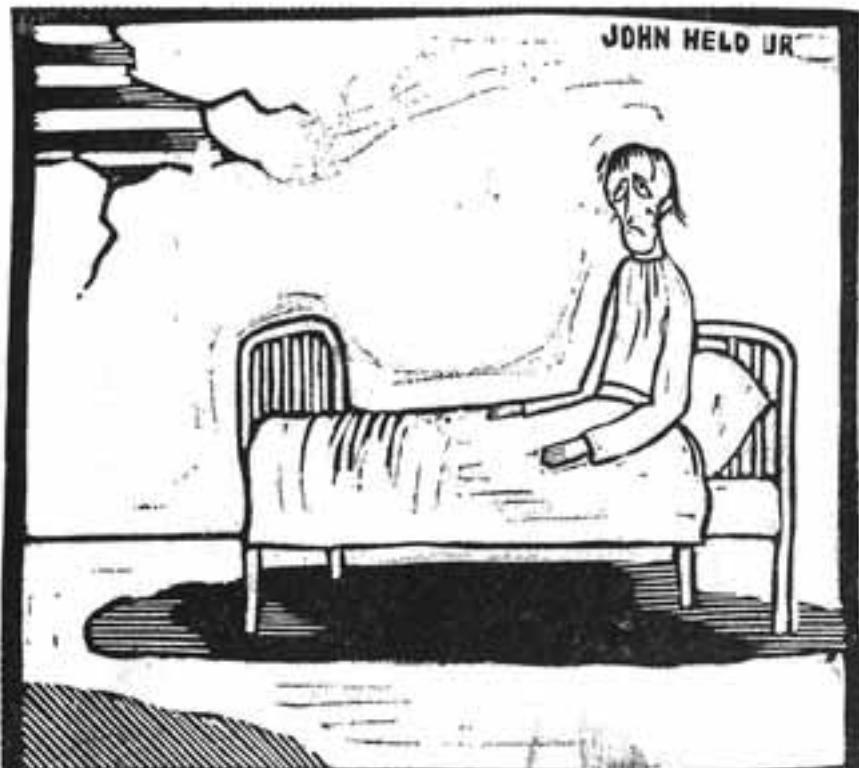
MR. KING GILLETTE - MISLAYING HIS
GOLD PLATED SHAVING SET
GETS A SHAVE AT GRAND CENTRAL



*"Er—you didn't come across a perfectly—ah—
ravishing lipstick down there, did you?"*



Siki is dead! Another moral lesson, Oh ye willful.



Heroes of



HARRY HOUDINI — Who is easily the greatest magician that ever lived, who has been seen in his act at the Forty-fourth Street Theatre, and who counts it a bad week's work when he doesn't force a hundred professional spookcharers into the comparatively honest oil stock game.



LETTER-CARRIER NO. 7589—Who has toted, on the small of his back, during the past two weeks, 1,075,473 pieces of mail, 1,000 additional pieces of stationery cards, 5,047,712 fan letters to radio performers, 8,904,762 begging letters from various charity funds, 5,896 good luck chain-letters, and 108,794,642 letters from inmates confined to death row, the tragedies and horrors of this life below.

the Week



CLARENCE S. DARROW —Who, pursuant to his love for wielding the cudgel for the oppressed and forsaken, has turned up in 100 numbers in addresses in Harlem, not having heard that it is the white race that is discriminated against at present in New York.



TOM RICE—Who played the leading lady's part in Sing Sing's musical show "Top Hole," last week. Mr. Rice is an eminent bandit doing two and one-half to eleven years. The make-up is part of the Lawes's scheme for getting Mr. Rice to re-enter society at the end of his term.

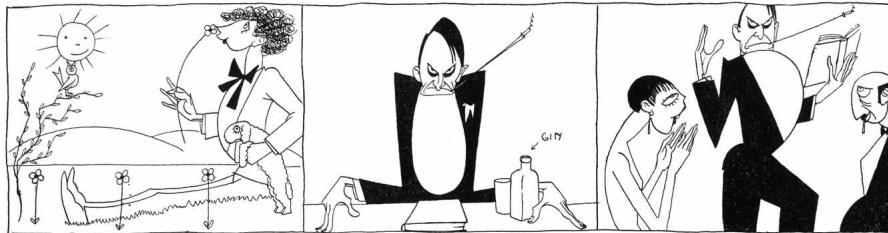


THOMAS FORTUNE RYAN—Who has bought and will raze the Yerkes house at Sixty-eighth Street and Fifth Avenue to enlarge his garden. The 151 by 200 foot plot will be the most expensive garden in the world, save only, of course, Eden.



Giving to Lessen Household Cares

OUR SERMONS ON SIN
"Outraged Citizens Burn Lewd Books."—Daily Newspaper



PRAISE to the bard whose fertile lyre
sings of the golden Summer-time,
of flag and mother, who with fire
composes things in prose and rhyme.

But he whose foul and monstrous fiction
makes mince meat of our Decalogue,
is smitten with the malediction
of the Church and Synagogue.

Thus Carl van Houten's sole endeavor
was but to gain the hollow praise,
that wicked sinners have forever
tendered those who laud their ways.



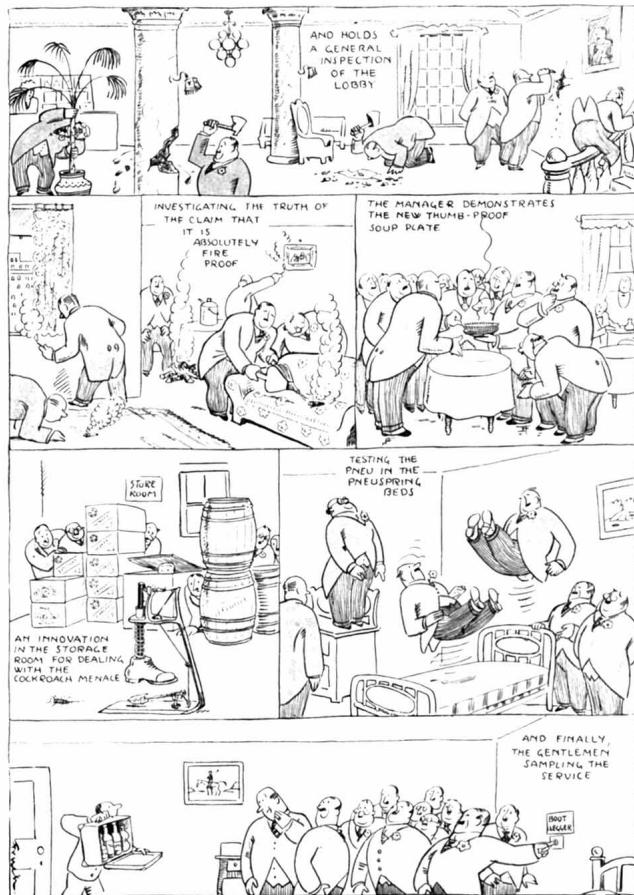
Society's corrupted wenches
hailed him, who glibly mocked the chaste;
his lyric flowers' evil stenches
were pleasing to their jaded taste.

He praised the peacockfeathered Strumpet,
and laughed at noble womanhood,
and blew the Satyr's brazen trumpet
to earn a lavish livelihood.

But honest men will never suffer
rogues who rave of restless sex.
They burned the writings of the scoffer.
Vox populi suprema lex.

—HANS STENGEL

THE HOTEL ASSOCIATION MEETS TO INSPECT A NEW HOTEL





The Professional Amateur





NEARSIGHTED SPORTSMAN: "*Well I didn't do so badly, even if I did forget my glasses.*"