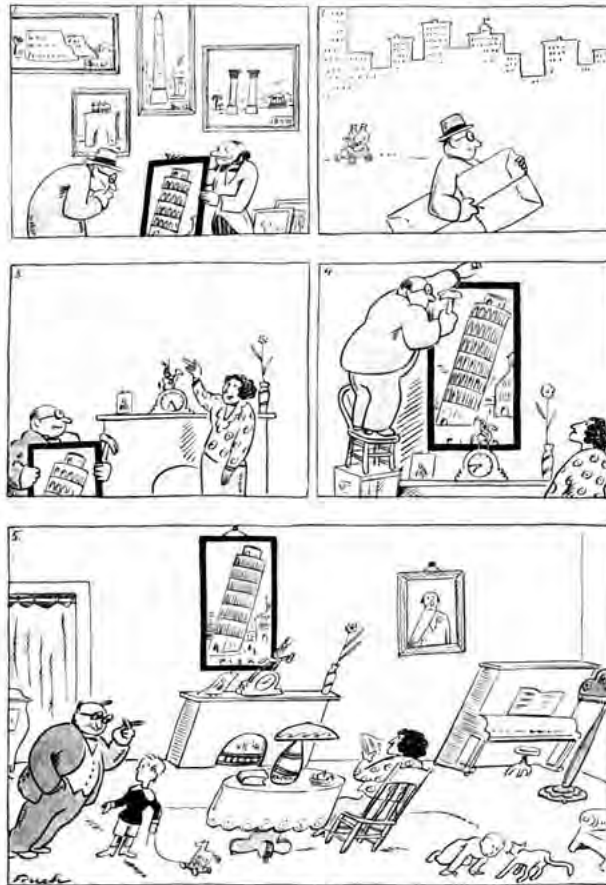




Co-operation



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!*

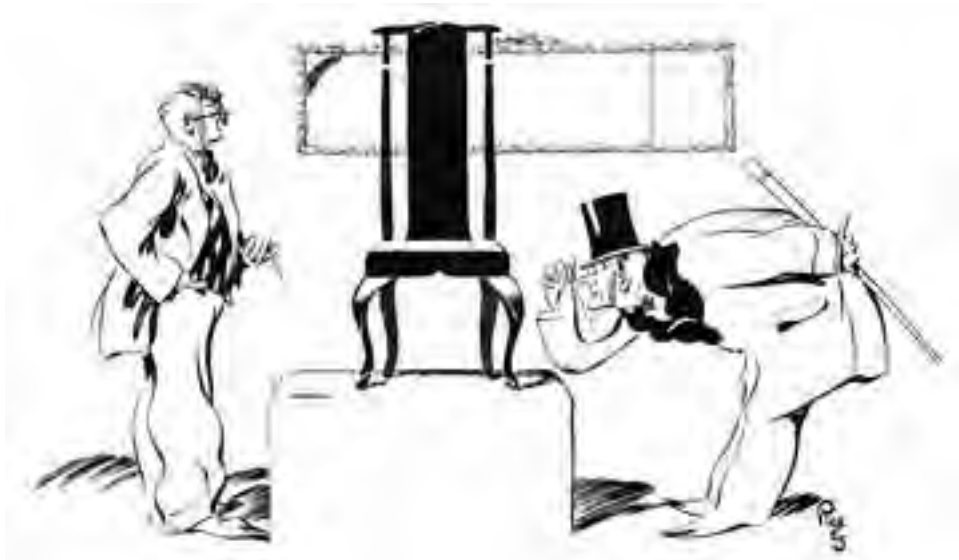
FLAPPER: *So few get their sin, darn it!*



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.*

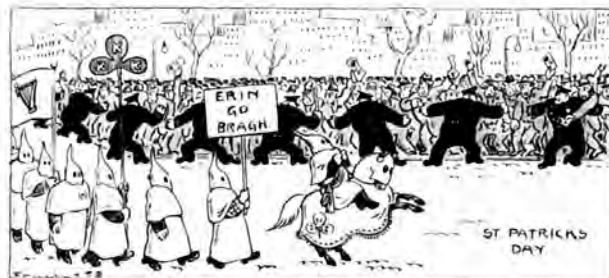
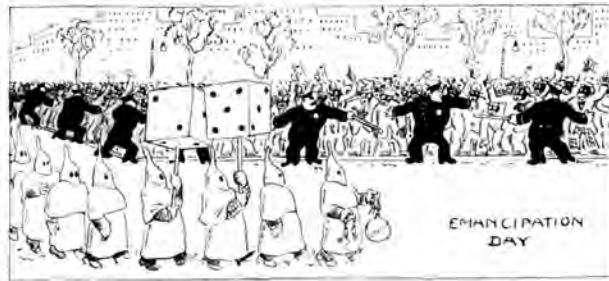


George V. Shanks (3/7/1925)

[Return to Main Menu](#) ►



He Would Get There Just in Time



Let the Ku Klux Do It



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

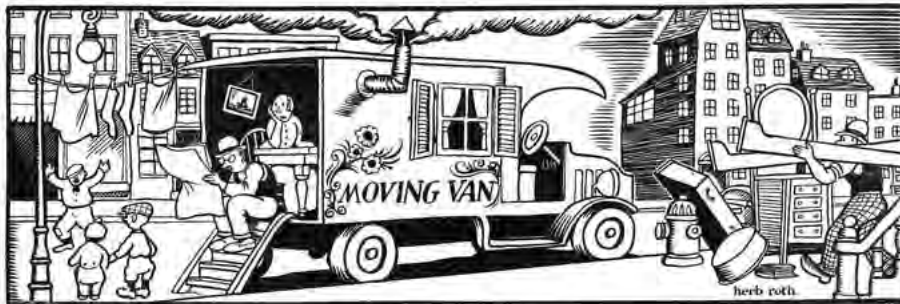
Almost Bedtime



“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."



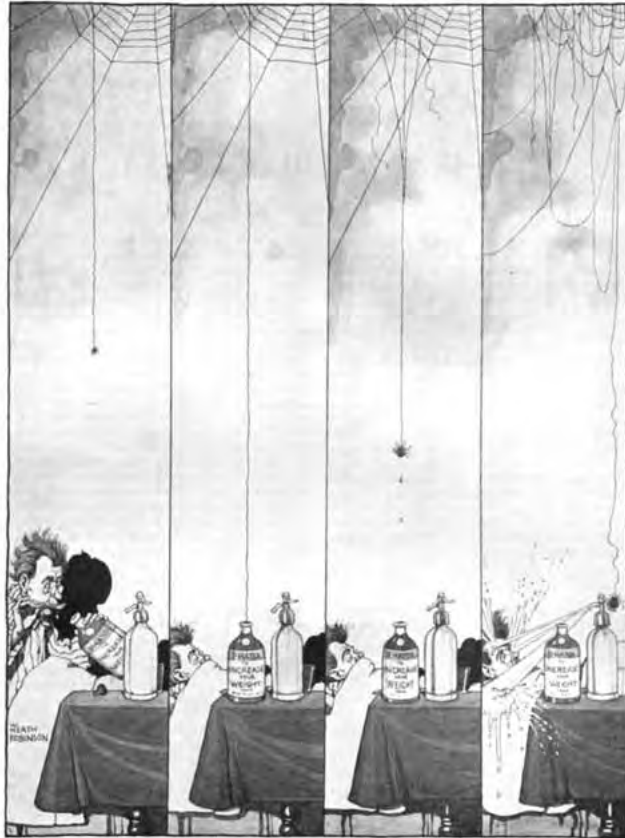
Something on the Hip
Yesterday *Today*



*“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





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



The Last Ku Kluxer



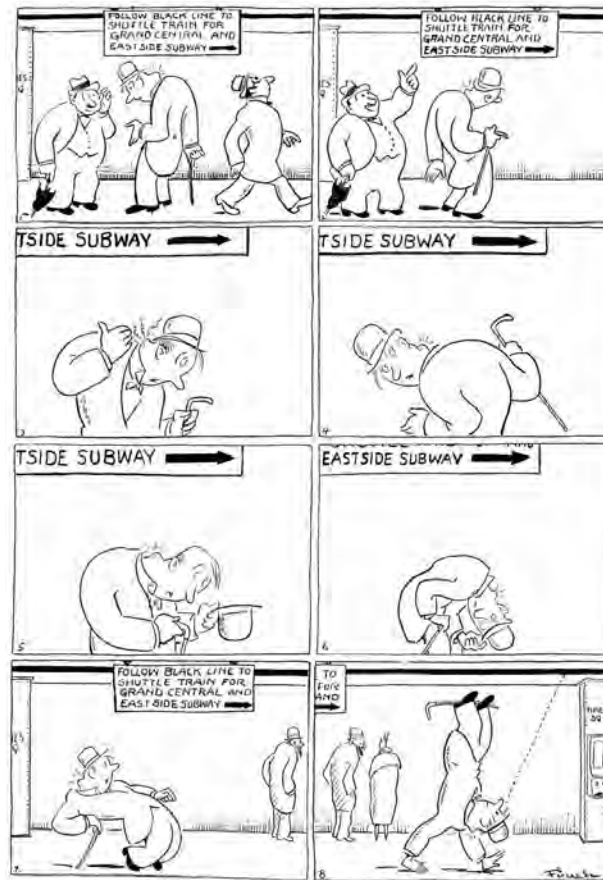
The Raw Material and the Finished Goods



Snake-Charmer Assisting the Fire Department



All Dressed Up



A Man, A Boil and A Subway

Alfred Frueh (4/4/1925)

[Return to Main Menu](#) ►



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.*

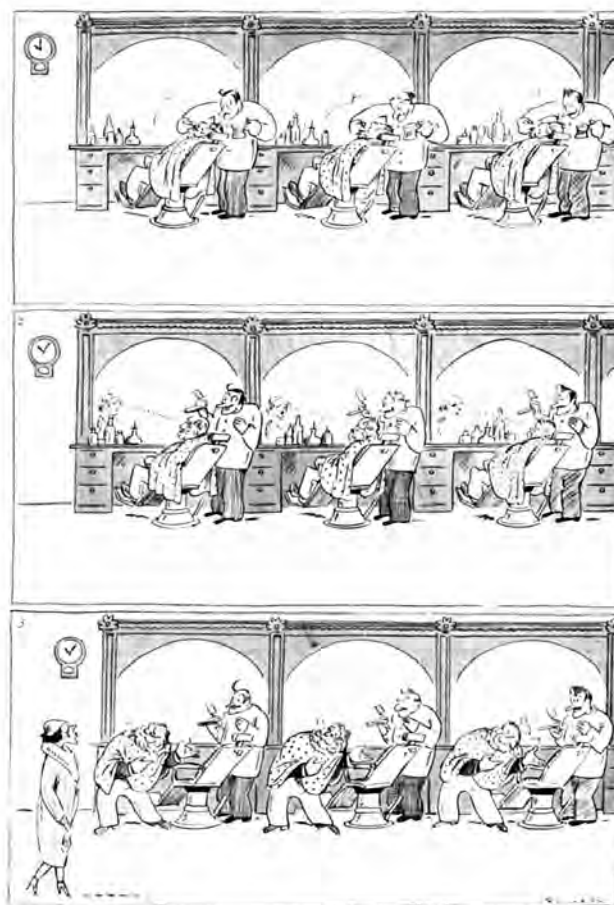


The RUMRUNNER'S
SISTER-IN-LAW

ENGRAVED BY JOHN HELD JR



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



Chivalry

Alfred Frueh (4/11/1925)

[Return to Main Menu](#) ►



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



*Knickerbocker History—
Primary Election for Burgomaster*

Paul Reilly (4/11/1925)

[Return to Main Menu](#) ►



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*



One That Mayor Hylan Hasn't Thought of Yet

THE LIBRARY LION

2:00



2:15



2:25



2:35



2:45



3:00

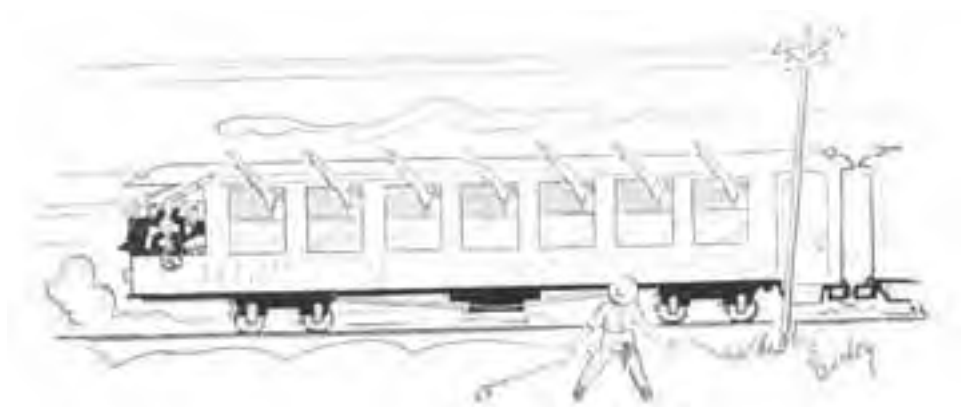




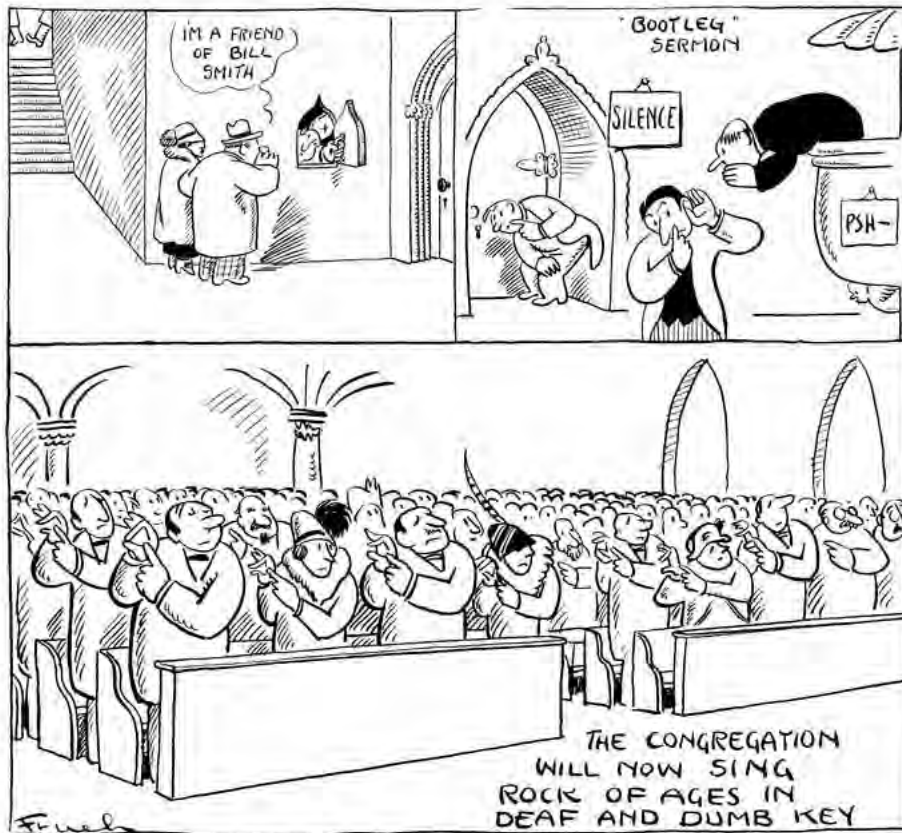
*“Yeh, the night watchman says, ‘Say, whatcha doin’ to-morrow, kiddo?’—
and I says, ‘Say what kind of a girl do you t’ink I am!’ And him a
married man too! I ain’t gonna break up no happy home! Not me!”*



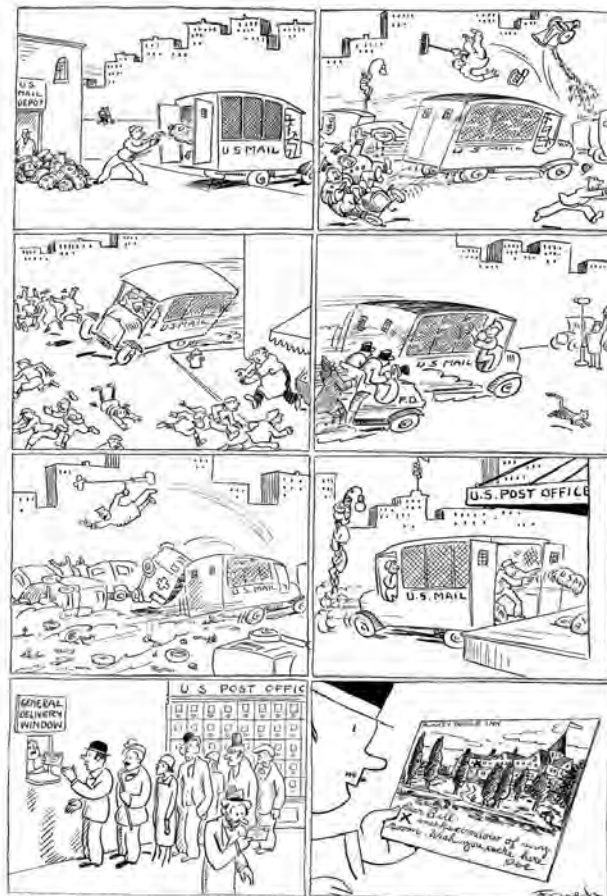
“Indignant Side-Show Proprietor: Yeah, lot you care 'bout my gettin' on in life! Ten kids, an' not a decent freak in th' lot!”



The Chorus Rehearses En Route



The Liberal Modernists Open Their Own Speakeasy



"The Mail Must Go Through"



Ladies of the Evening



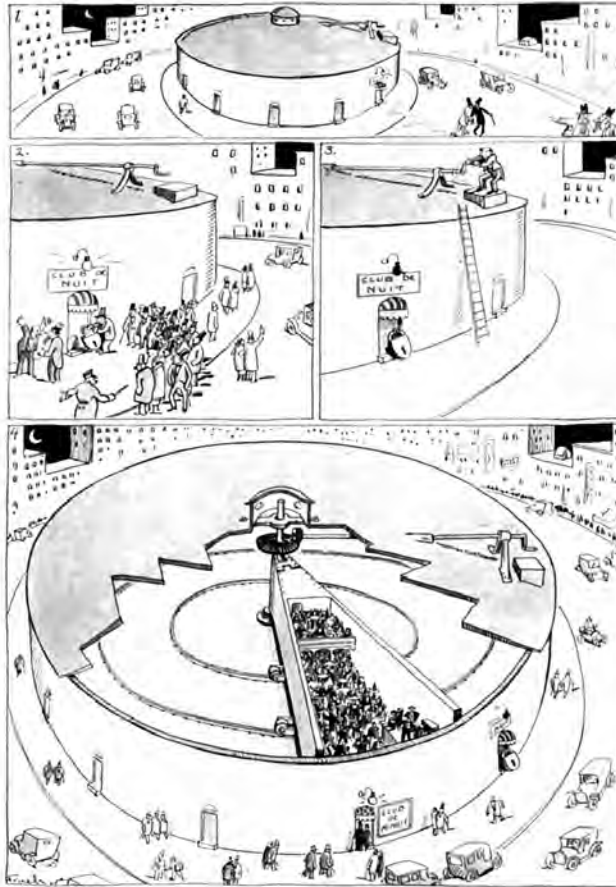
*Old Gentleman: Dear, dear, I
suppose the child has a wise crack to
spring and I should ask him what
he's crying about!*



Why Not Combine the Freak Pet Craze with Shopping Utility?



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



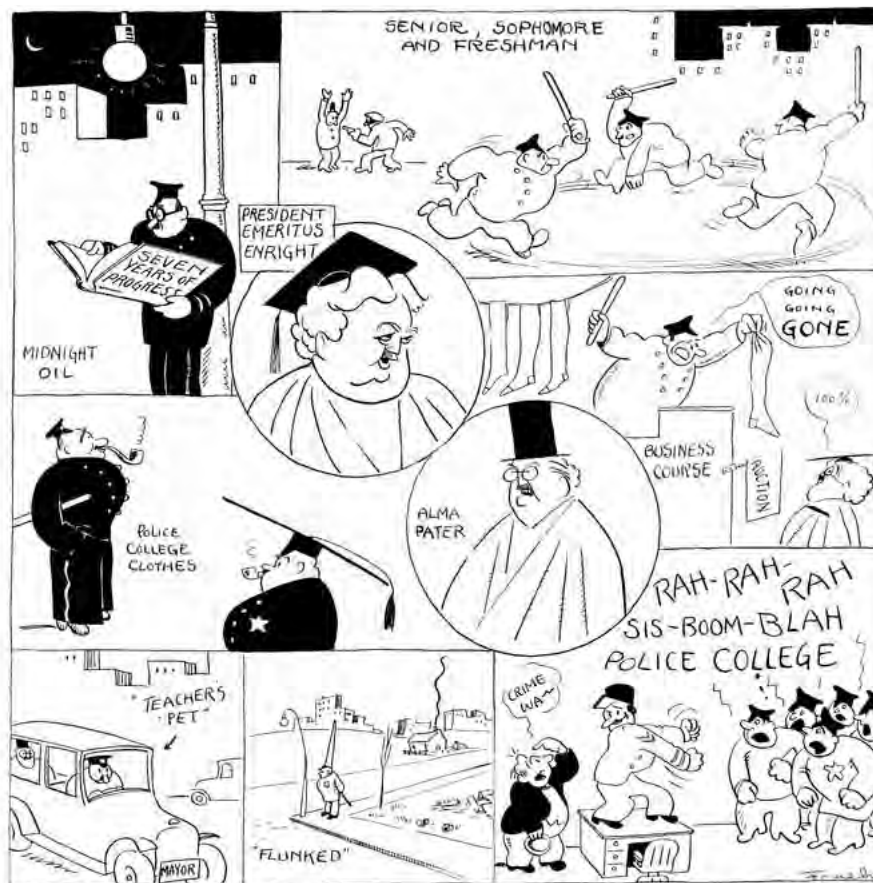
A Crafty and Timely Device—The Turn-Table Club



The White Wing's Vacation



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



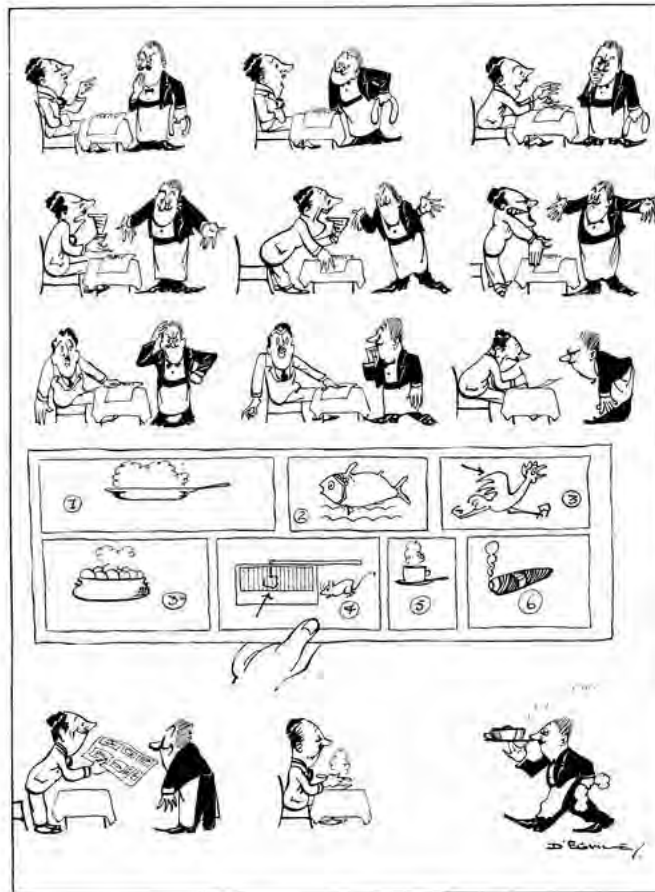
Gay Undergraduate Days at the New Police Academy.



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

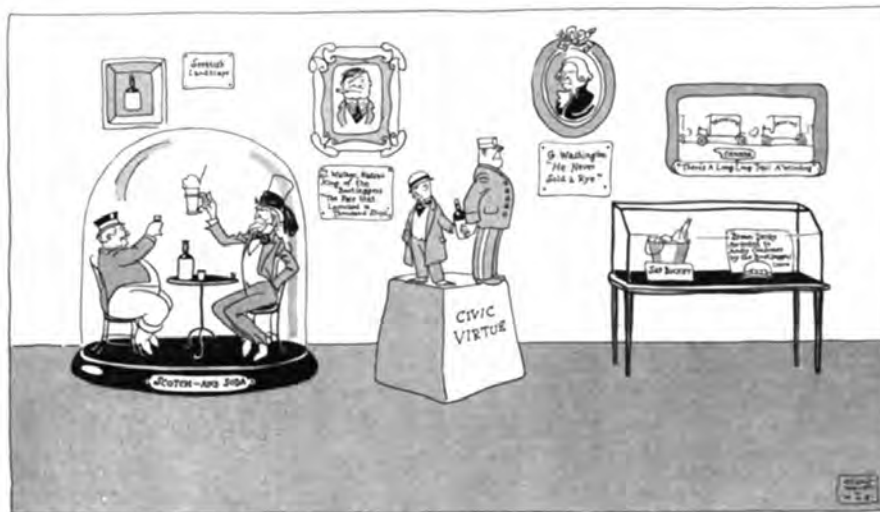


*Beginning Round the World Hiker:
Pardon Me, Officer, Which Way is Terra del Fuego?*



The Man Who Couldn't Speak French





Proposed Bootleggers' Wing at the Metropolitan



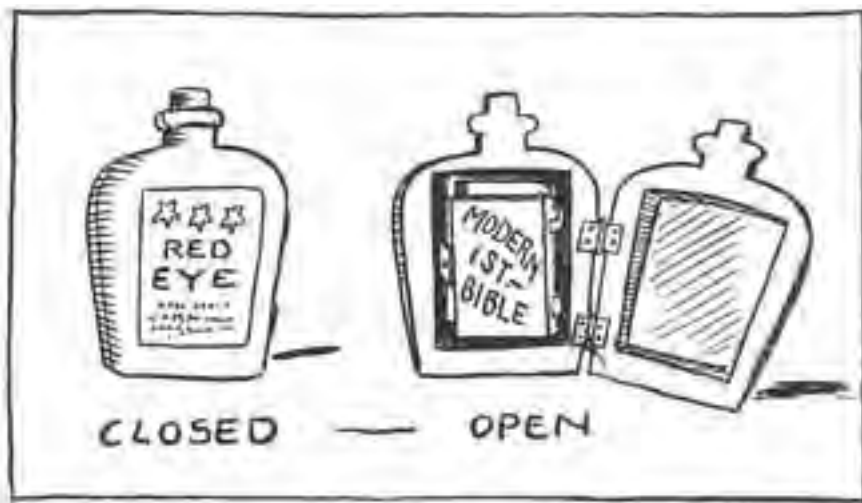
Auntie: So Richard is to be your new sweetheart, eh?

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



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

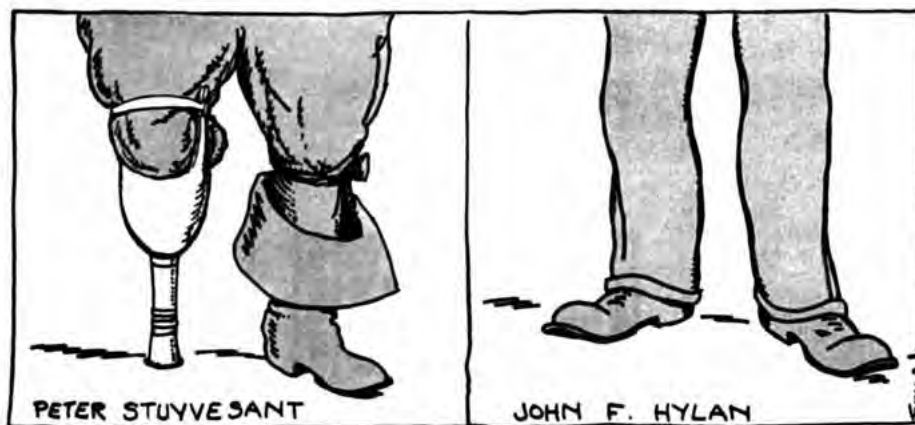
Prehistoric Smith: Well, of course he looks good, an' th' women fall for him, but he ain't comin' across with th' miracles like he oughta.



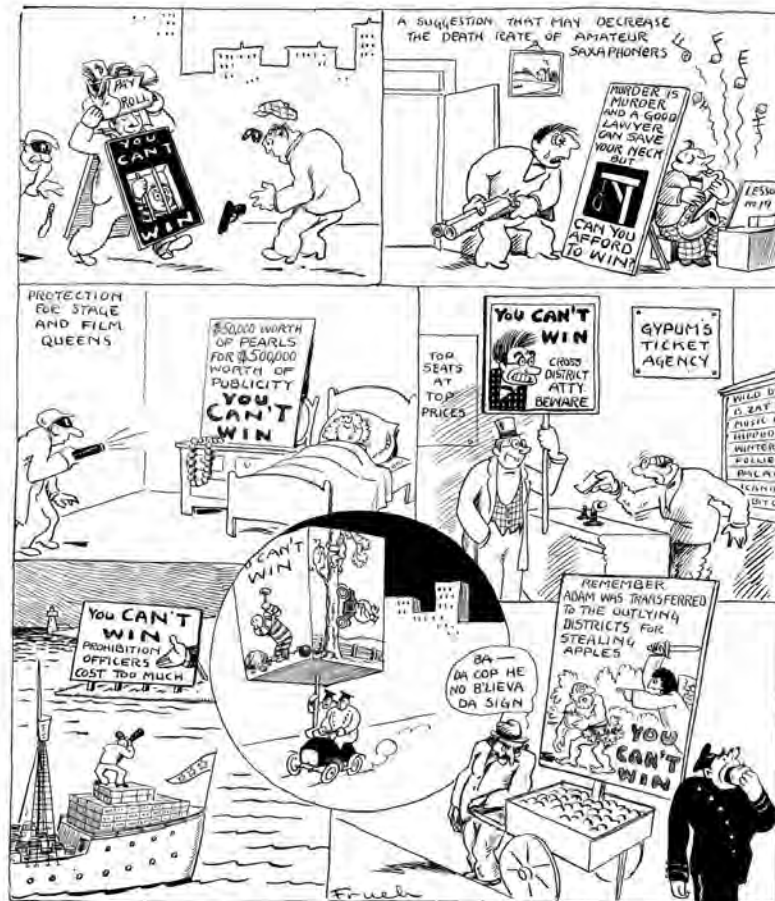
Surreptitious Religion—by Frueh



*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!*



“Why does she always play by herself?”
“Well, you see, her husband is an optimist. . . .”





"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.F. Bryan



The Heretic

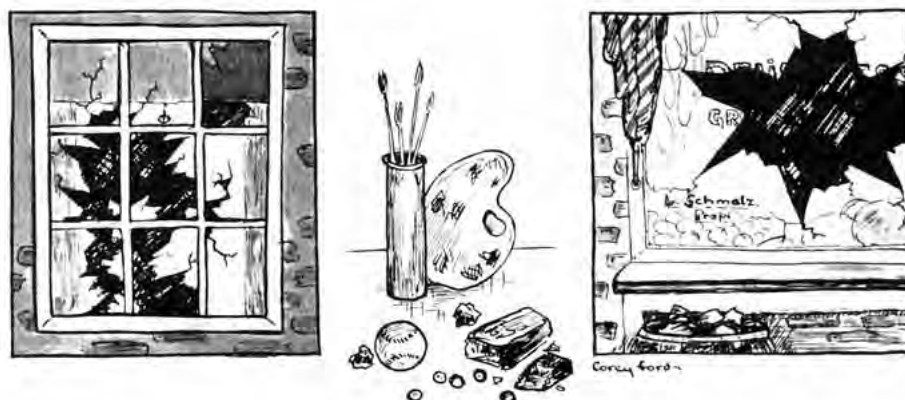




TENNESSEE

Reginald Marsh (6/6/1925)

[Return to Main Menu](#) ►



Two Typical Examples of Shattered Glass Art



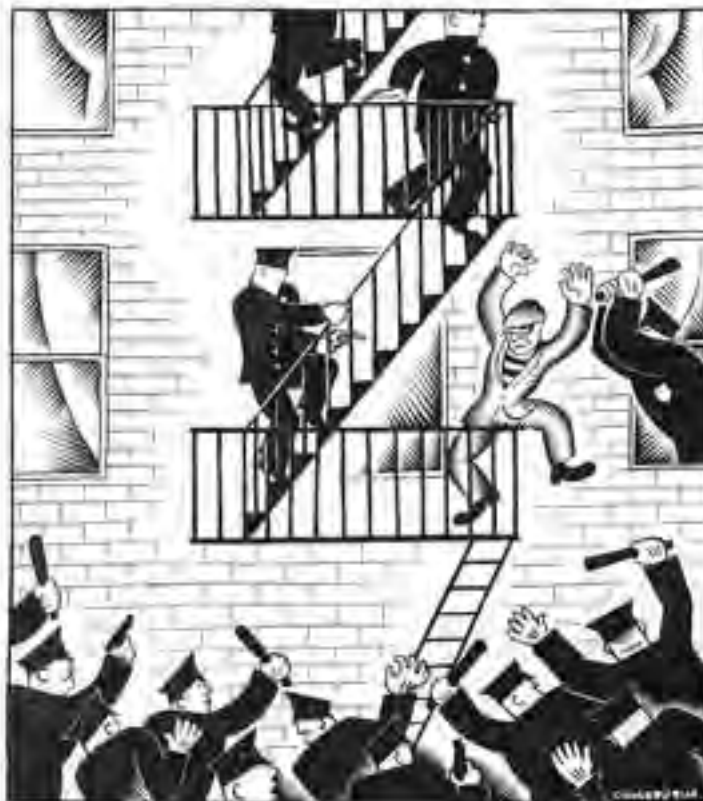
Triumphs of Efficiency—Members of the dry force applying the seismograph test for telltale neighborhood hiccoughs.



Selecting the French Pastry

George V. Shanks (6/6/1925)

[Return to Main Menu](#) ►



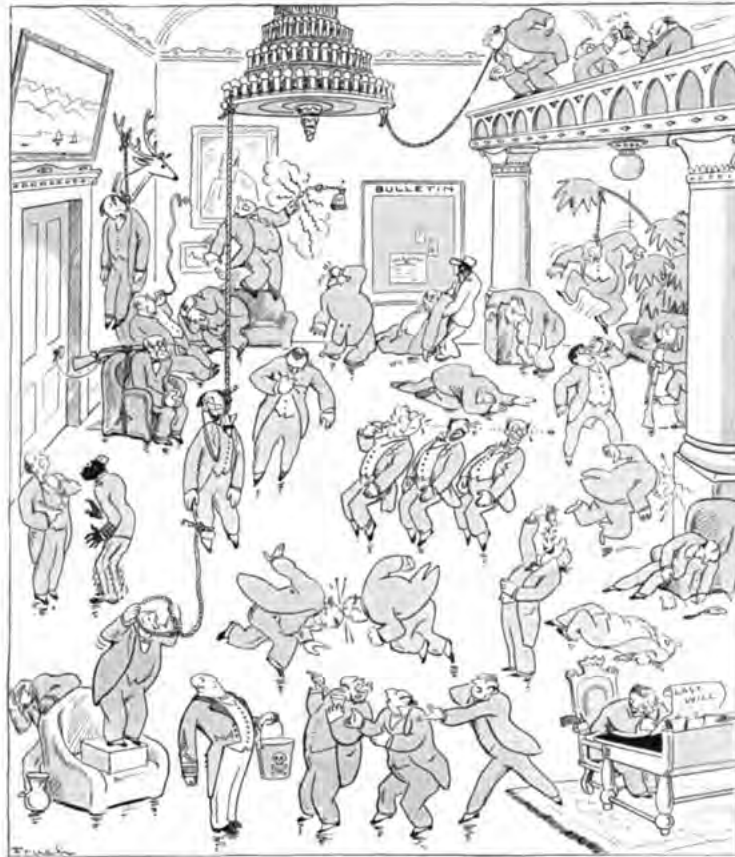
CORNERED:

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

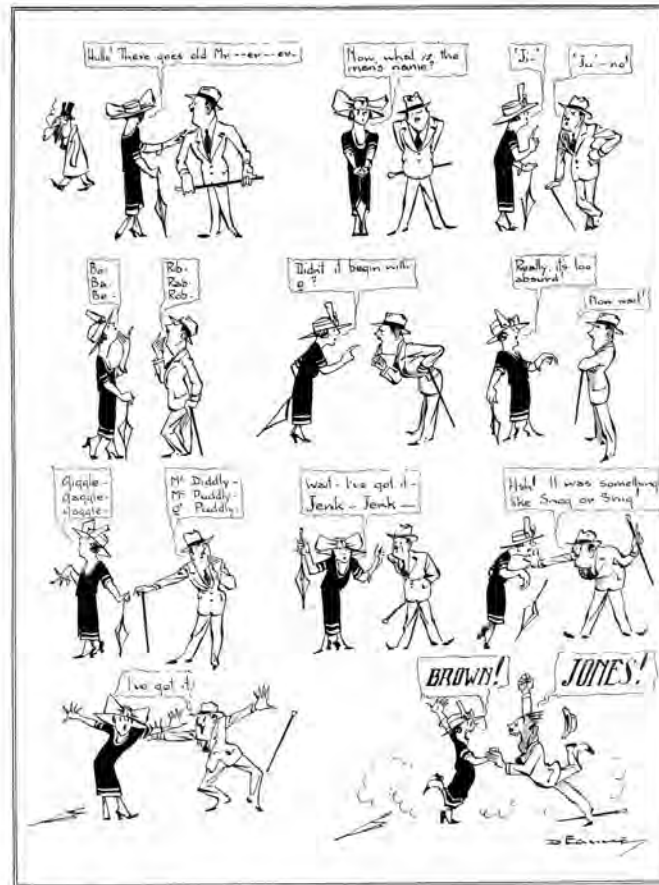
(A new police ruling will compel taxi drivers to wear white collars and specially designed uniform caps.—*News Item.*)



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*

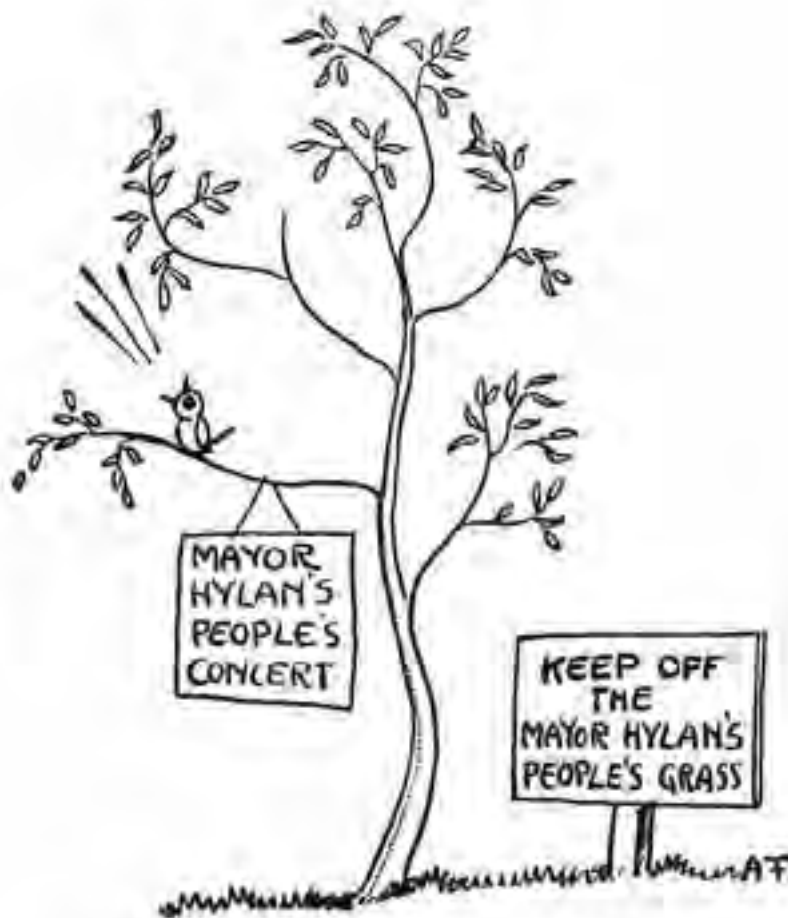


The Memory Course Graduates



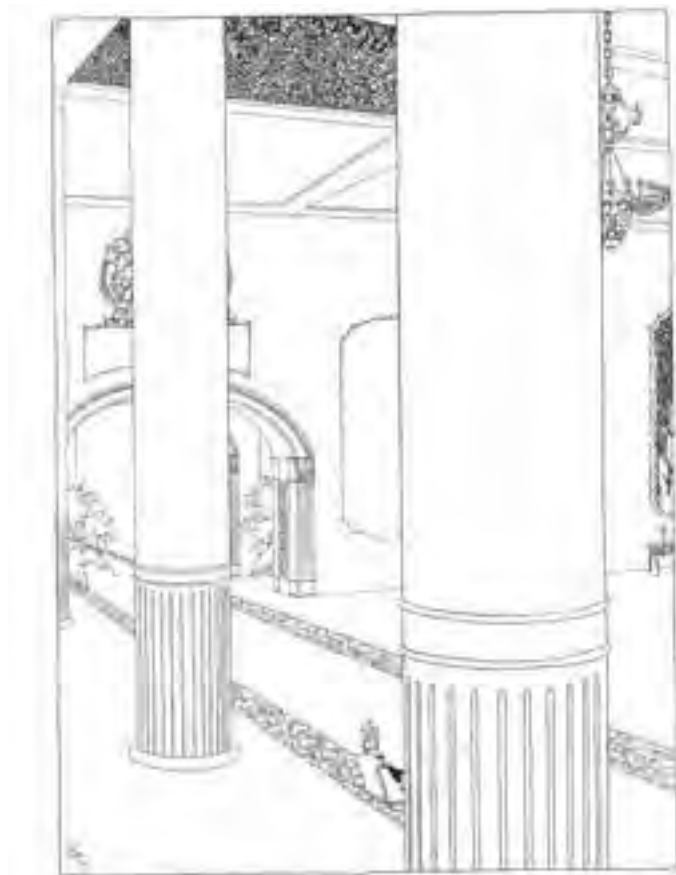
“What’s the idea in always using my cream?”

“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.”



“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.*



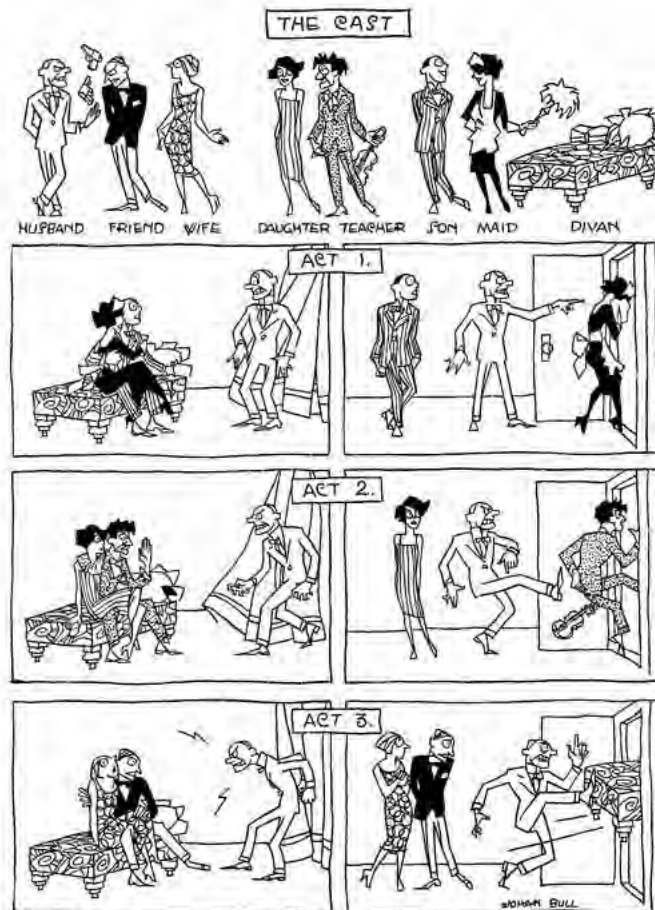
A Tipping Tragedy

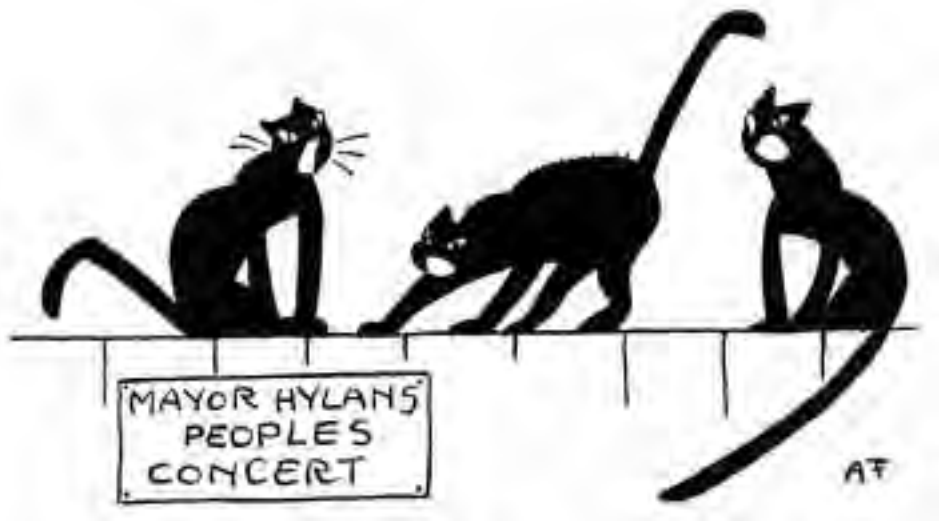


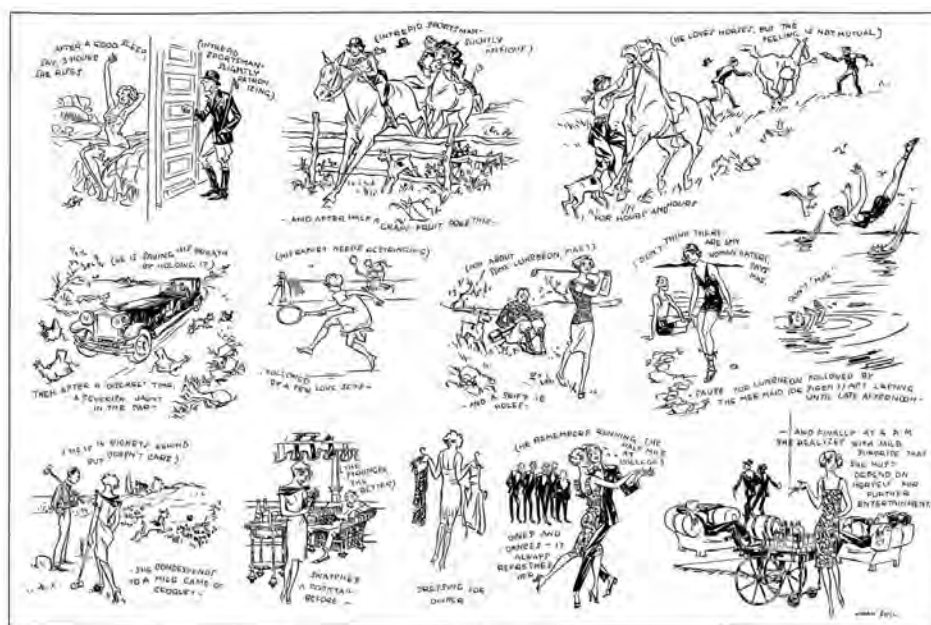
—AIN'T WHAT THEY USED TO BE











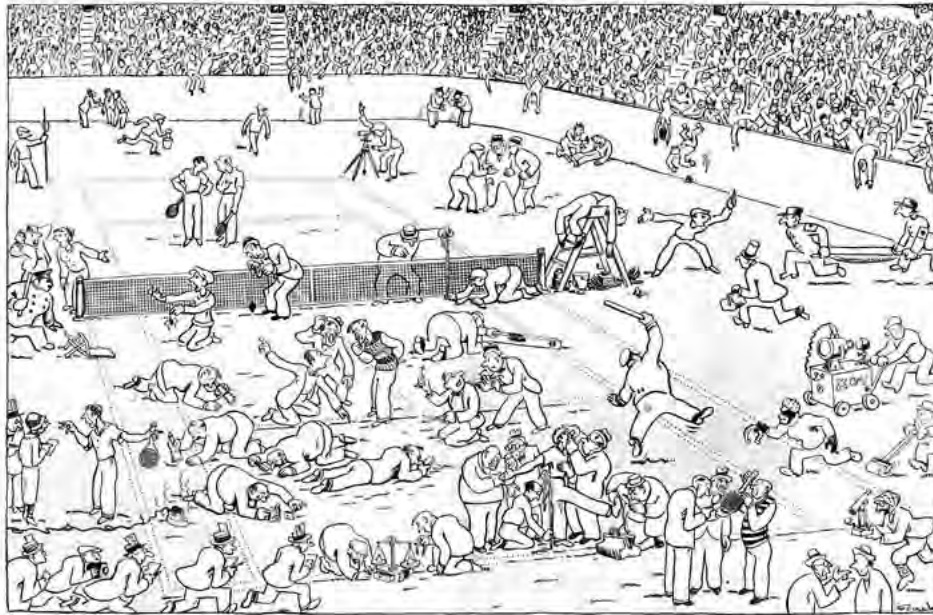
A WEAK VESSEL WEEK-ENDS



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 Congressmen from Texas and Virginia. A group of members of the House of Representatives who had just returned from the South. The cartoonist had a hard time making the people. (Continued on p. 10)



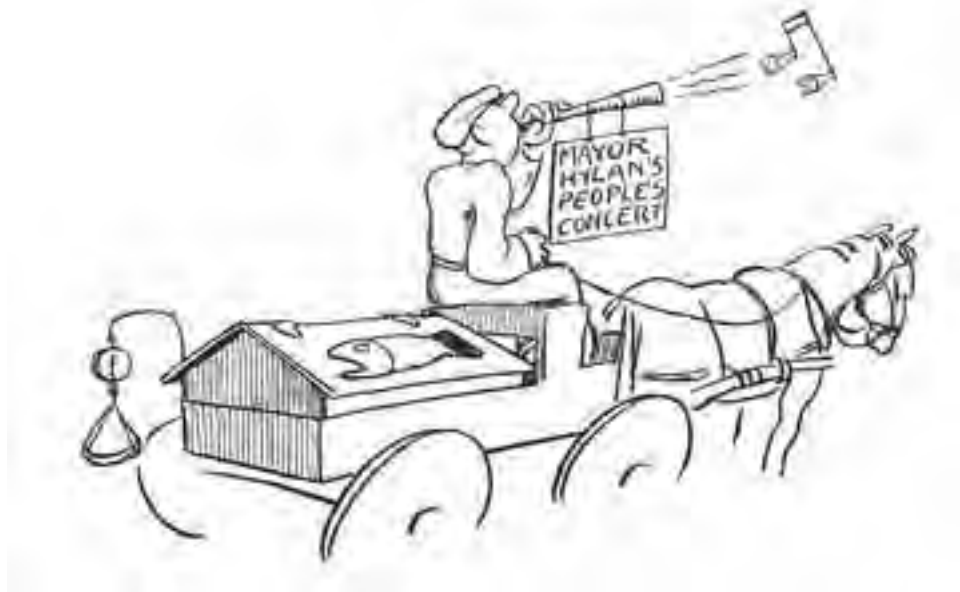
New Congress in First Session. Last week's report that the new Congress would meet in the Capitol dome was a joke. The cartoonist had a hard time making the people. (Continued on p. 10)



Governor in First Session. The cartoonist had a hard time making the people. (Continued on p. 10)



Merrill Allen Sherman and Farrell Jones. The cartoonist had a hard time making the people. (Continued on p. 10)



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).

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 Siezed
and Preserved for Posterity By Art Lovers and Collectors*

The Graphic Section



Traffic Problem Solvers at Last. Commissioner John A. Harbo, the traffic wizard, inspecting Manhattan streets last week reported that traffic of any kind was no longer possible in one of the streets between Washington Square and Harlem. The Harbo then sailed for Europe.



Super Radio Wave. The Harbo's radio wave messages to the city, who thanks to the invention of the Harbo, are no longer obliged to live in Los Angeles, and the great nation in New York.



The Arctic Ocean Review. Professor Will B. B. has returned from a six-month cruise in the Arctic Ocean in the interests of science. It is said that his collection will add several thousand new fish to the collection of the museum.

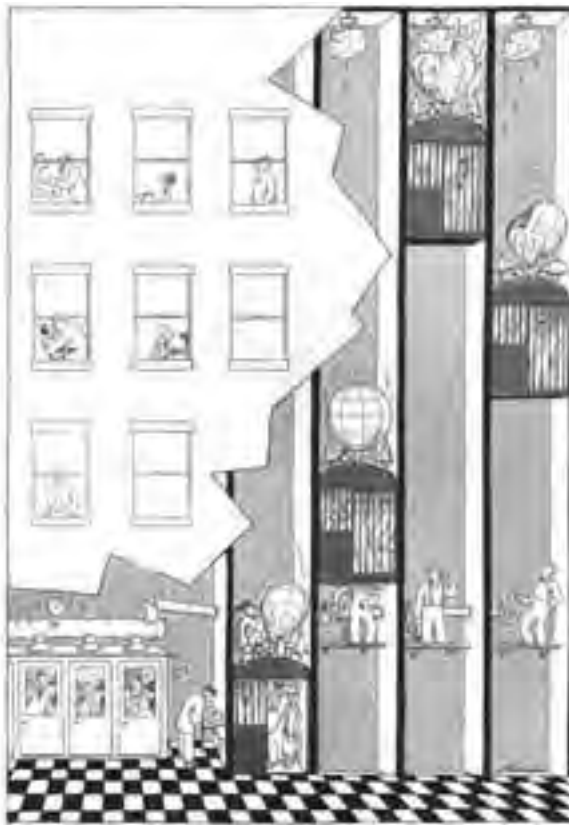


New Idea in the Traction System. Mayor John F. Hylan has adopted the roller skate as a means of transportation to and from City Hall.



New Idea in the Traction System. General Andrews's intention in putting a stop to the illegal liquor trade has obliged the Customs Department to post a new set of tips in the Customs House.





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.





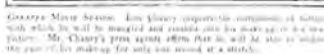
THE CARTOONS OF THE



Still, I wish, Willie Phoebe (Letter Nov. 1) - Tell Emma to write, Edward M. Browning wanted to adopt her who would not be a mother's girl, but her very only, for that the effort was too little to make, but the neighbors and town elders thought otherwise. You must be able to get away with that sort of thing in foreign parts, but not in New York on Broadway by day!



POUR LE PAIR BREVETÉ. John Emerson, Vainqueur de l'Article d'Équité, and his wife, Anita look, the author, arrive on the S. S. Majestic. Miss Loni smiled 92
bats.





“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



A BUREAU REPRESENTATIVE FROM YANKEE ISLANDING, Frank D. Waterman, manufacturer of fountain pens, elected to head the editorial Republican ticket for Mayor last week. Although Mr. Waterman accepted the high office readily to add lustre to a late hour last night, after his signature to the official paper.



THIRTYTHOUSAND TO REPLY TO GAMING Chemists find new substance will enable auto to trap more suddenly from side streets at traffic signals, thus eliminating to great extent annoying pedestrianism.

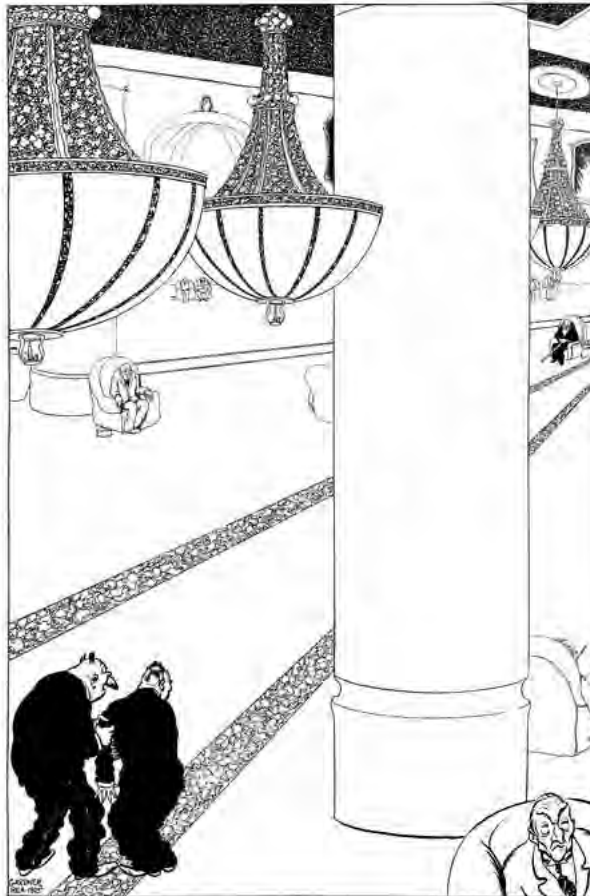


FOR BUSINESS MATRONS APPROX TO CEILING SUPERVISION, Judge Gary forms tentative organization of committee on selection of committee to report on advisability of forming commissions to hold conference on men proposed for permanent executive leadership of committee for the investigation of unlawful contributions of London Club labels.

FRANKIE TATE STORMS AT WORK, Dr. Davey is spending a busy summer in a desperate effort to save the tree in Central Park. Dr. Davey is married, however, at his post for forty-eight hours last week, holding up the tree with his own hand until a truck load of dirt arrived from the dirt mines in western Pennsylvania in the nick of time. At least reports the tree was able to stand alone nicely.



AMERICAN FIRST MARRIAGE WINS OUT, Beautiful quarter-sized mission rocker, an example of the ten, ten per cent American furniture to be employed in the redecoration of the White House. French period furniture and other foreign models have been definitely ruled out as seating.



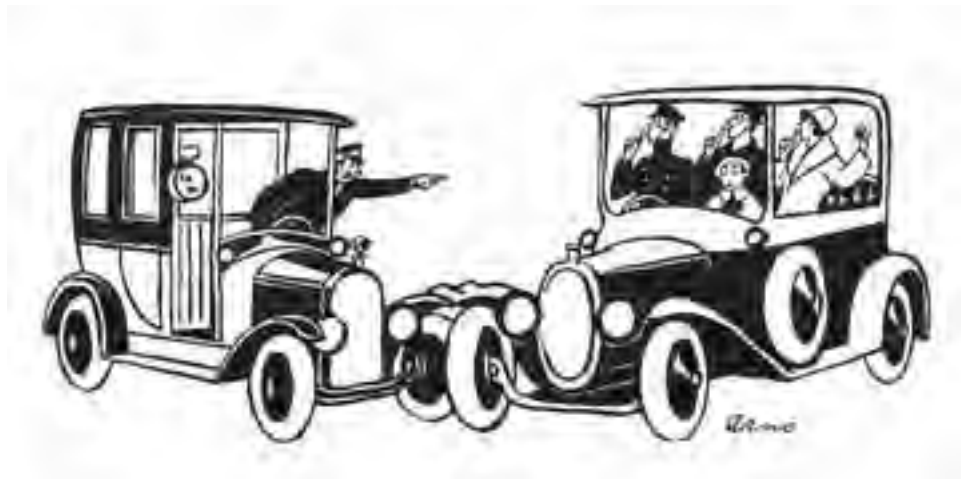
CLUB ATTENDANT (Aghast):
"M'Gawd, Bill, that one MOVED!"



GRAND CENTRAL

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





THE ENQUIRING REPORTER

EVERY WEEK THE NEW YORKER SELECTS AT RANDOM
THE WEEK'S QUESTION TO THE EDITORS AND WRITERS WHO ANSWER
AT THE ALGONQUIN HOTEL, ENROLL FOR EACH OTHER OR IF THAT LIES
ANOTHER LIFE OF THE INTEREST!

THE ANSWERS



ALEXANDER WOOLCOTT, dramatic critic and *disseminator* 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 Horwood Brown always saying nasty things about Franklin P. Adams' superb writings in 'Is Some to Me?' Brown's magnificent daily columns in the New York Herald? And isn't Adams' brilliant 'Canning Tonic' almost completely devoted to putting Brown's speech-making nose?!"



HORWOOD BROWN, art critic and *maestro* 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 shire so much as I do likes to be among friends. A fellow can't get his back and shoulder into untidiness when there is company."



FRANKLYN P. ADAMS, editorial page, of Park Row: "When are you to ask me such a question like you answered me of logrolling? I have looked up all the statutes, local, state, and national, covering the subject, and I have searched through the Index Espurgatoire, 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 *connoisseur* of West 47th Street: "That question is *la plus Brancie* aspect of the present *Swagartian*. I permit myself a pulling in-know. However, to put an answer to it seriously the Algonquin House runs a *châtelain* for no other reason than to afford shelter to a logrolling review. To which being answer I might add a respectful 'Thank God!' For, were it not for the review, I might have nothing to write about on the dull days when the theatre offers me no particularly luscious lot of *flapdoodle* to read."



EDMUND, headwaiter at the Algonquin Hotel, West 47th Street: "I am only a headwaiter, 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!"*

"Why Don't you come out for the Week End?"



Because of the last
minute departure



— and the democracy of day coaches —



and not
being met
at country
stations —



and great rooms with
poor lights and worse
books —



— and too elastic
breakfast hours —



and the Uncle and
Aunt who drop in for
an afternoon of
heavy bridge
(no smoking)



and the haggling over where
my train leaves —



and the return,
bearing gifts —
yes, why don't I!

about 1925





'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.”*



THE INQUIRING REPORTER

EVERY WEEK BY ARLA A QUESTION OF FIVE PEOPLE READER AT RANDOM:
THEY ASK THE QUESTION IN HAVE YOU NOTICED ANYTHING IN THE
PAPER ABOUT A CONTROVERSIAL CAMPAIGN RECENTLY AND, IF SO, WHICH OF
THE OPINIONS DO YOU FAVOR?

THE ANSWERS:



AVERY HARRISON, playwright, of Fifth Avenue: "Yes I have, and I am glad of this opportunity of expressing my preference for any of the trials of the present incumbent, John F. Hyman. 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 Hyman is re-elected I shall have a little sleep and see the world."



CARL VAN VECHTEN, novelist and critic, of West Fifth Street: "For years I have made a practice of writing about everything worth noting in New York and it never occurred to me that the place had a government until you mentioned it. I shall investigate the lie-down on the precinct campaign at once, and put it in a book if it is amusing. As a rule I argue only availing when I find myself threatened with political harassment but it drives me to trichotillomania, but you may hope. And, by the way, if you quote me, please don't use quotation marks."



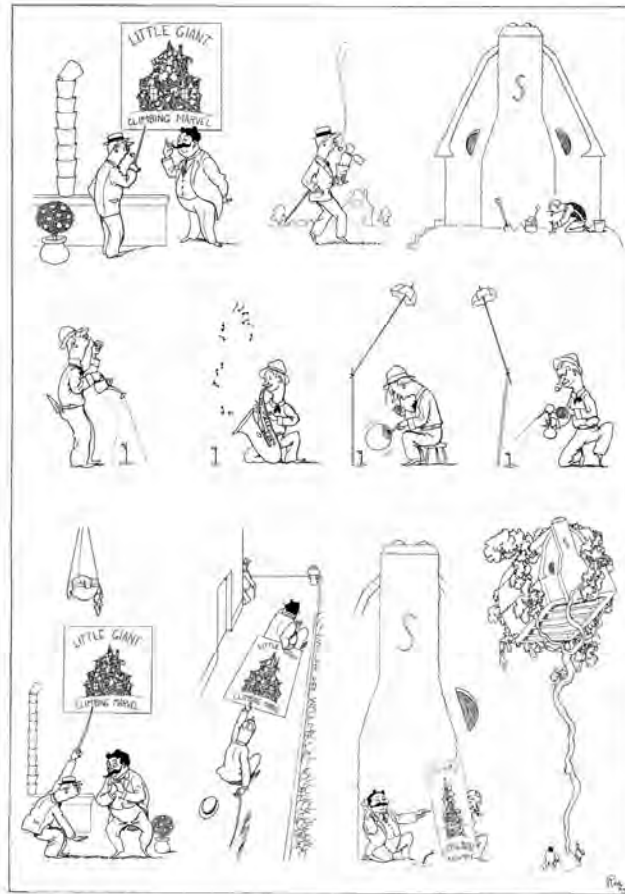
HELEN WYNTER, actress and producer, of West Thirty-fifth Street: "I should be very much disappointed to see John F. Hyman lose his job. I don't know what I should have done for recreation during the warm months of the last year, years if it had not been for my children's playground. Those showers in the street have made a new woman of me. If Hyman loses, the Theatre Guild proposes to produce a modern version of 'Macbeth' with modern costumes and scenery, and the title, alas is kindly 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 SULLIVAN, lawyer, of Lafayette Avenue, Brooklyn: "I should like to protest vehemently against the continuance of Hyman in office. During his magistracy the output of naughty books has slumped terribly. I haven't had a thing to read for months and months. I haven't had a thing to read for months and months. When I think how my office at the Society for the Suppression of Vice I can no longer look the enlarged reason portraits of Anthony Comstock in the face, I am inclined to renounce 'Three Weeks' and dreaming of the good old days. Let us have a change!"



ALDERSON K. WADSWORTH, alderman, of East Ninth Street: "I have served this administration with all my heart and strength. I have sailed 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 holder and what was named after me? One of the roads in the Auerhahn. I am not for Jimmy Walker and decent government!"



The Climbing Vine That Made Good



YOU CAN'T WIN



THE INQUIRING REPORTER

EVERY WEEK HE ASKS A QUESTION OF FIVE PEOPLE SELECTED BY RANDOLPH.
TODAY EVEN THE QUESTION IS: DO YOU APPROVE OF INQUIRY TAX PUBLICITY?

THE ANSWERS:



JAMES A. REED, Senator of Missouri: "Heh-heh-heh-heh-heh! Do I *approve* of it? *Wah!* Why, I *don't*—me and George Norris! There isn't nobody in this country better than nobody else and I took me and George Norris to show 'em! And here it is all in the paper again when me and George Norris done! Whoopee! It's more than them kings and dukes ever dared do *way* in Europe, god ding it! And we got away with it and they *shut*! Heh-heh-heh-heh-heh!"



GEORGE W. NORRIS, Senator of Nebraska: "Look at 'em writhe and squirm! Ef-Yah! Me and Jim Reed has done more to make the people see and *read* more taxation trouble than Wilson and y'all's right the *whole* *damn* Congress put together, we have! I should say I do *approve* of it! I like to bust waiting for another year to roll round 'n' I could see it all in the paper again—and here it is! There ain't nobody ever *nutured* the people like me and Jim Reed. Gosh!"



WILLIAM B. GURNEA, Representative and Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, of Iowa: "You ain't heard nothing yet! 'E fellows down in Washington afloat tries to fix it so the people get a *fresh* willow 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 contribute the amount of their tax on the seat of their pants so's folks can see it all the year."



JOHN A. FOSTER, Probation 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 member of the people, I feel that I am qualified to put tax publicity in a class with hangovers, hangovers and other such temporary misadventures. Now, my department, as soon as I get my card index system in full swing, will render pains and *convenient* *the* year *round*. I promise that, after I have been at it for six months, a *colossal* dinner will be practically out of the question in this town and even gin will cost \$25 a case!"



SARAH GREENWOOD, hat carrier of Avenue K: "Oh, I think tax publicity is simply *gross*! Gosh! Tabloid newspapers and snappy magazines and radio and now this small 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 *awful*!"—RABBIT BACKUS.



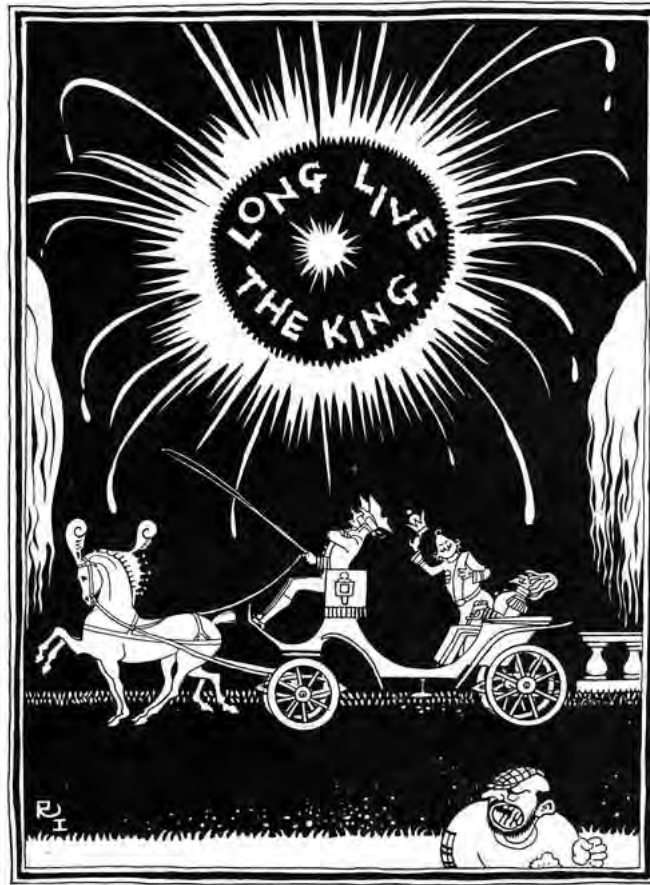
THE PERFECT SECRETARY

"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!



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

THE INQUIRING REPORTER

EVERY WEEK WE ASK 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, the learning. When I bring over the First Studio of the Moscow Art Theatre I shall lower 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 LJNHAN, 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!"



A. 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 Andreyeff'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, dithering, maladroitness, stupid, quackish, flatteringly, imbecile, half-witted and halmy in the crumple—and still it prospers! After that experience I play my Molnar for the commercial managers and get my salary."



ALCIBIADES JOHNSON, producer, manager, actor and beach 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 Inconspicuous.' 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, vulgar commercial managers!"—RALPH BARTON



"Where to?"

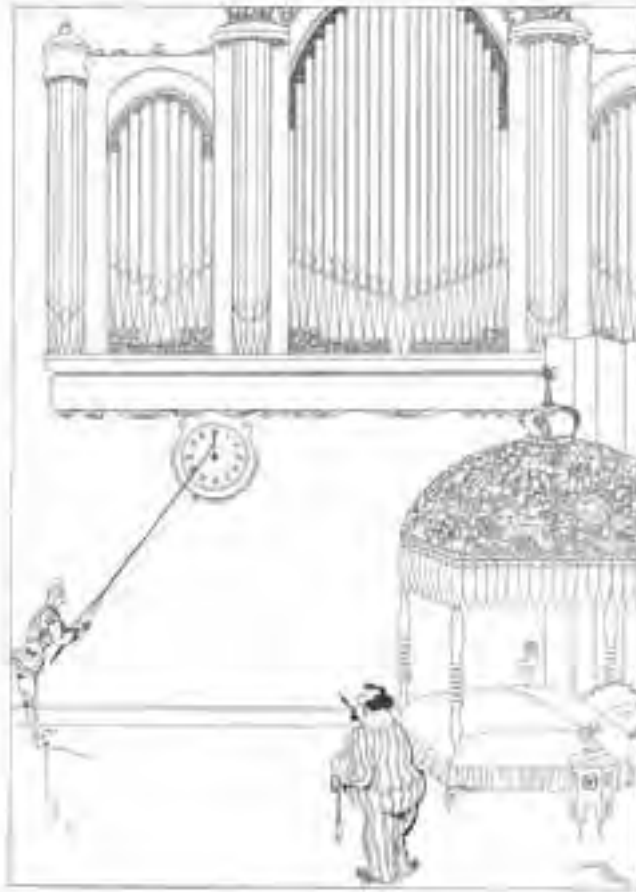
"None of your dam business."

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 LANPHERE, "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 freakies! All I ask is to be allowed to live quietly in my little gray home in the West and tend for my father and mother. Phaw! All this publicity is more tinsel, after all."



JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, filling station wholesaler, of Pocahontas 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."

CLARA SMITH, contralto 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, manures, 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."



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 WJZZ, 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."

JOHN F. HUYLAN, 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 campaigns 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





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](#) ►



Johan Bull (10/3/1925)

[Return to Main Menu](#) ►



Heroes of the Week



CHARLES SPENCER CHAPLIN

—Who, although the staple dinner topic of the vaudeville world to the great depths of tragedy that underlie his comedy, and in spite of the fact that someone here him an average of once every fifteen minutes to play "Tramp," continues to make pictures which are, in the main, hilariously funny.



JULES BRULATOIR—Who won another battle in his life-long war to keep his wife's (Miss Hope Hampton's) picture out of the public press the other day when the Steamship Paris brought the Bolsheviks and the French Dels Commissioners into port. Mr. Callahan kindly asked Mr. Brulatoir in his master's purpose.



WILLIAM H. ANDERSON—Who, after what he did to the public, has asked that he donate \$10,000 (the price of about two cars from bootleggers or nearly a donation from Federal agents if you know one) to pay his debts. A large portion of the public has written in to say that it will liberally donate an extensive table full of him, thank you for Mr. Anderson to jump in.

SELAH E. STRONG—Who, although a Justice of the Supreme Court, has had the courage to say, "I do not believe in awarding alimony unless there is good and sufficient reason for it," thus striking at the very root of the second largest all-female industry and rudely disturbing the rest of a number of life ladies. May the judge never die till we kill him!



CERTEUDE EDEBLE—Who, although she did not reach the goal in her recent try at swimming the Channel, apparently came near enough to the shores of the Tight Little Isle to absorb some of the true British sportsmanship that we read about in the papers. Miss Edible is reported as laying full blame for her failure upon the shoulders of her trainers.

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 WHEEL-
WORTH DONAHUE**—Who,
in her photographed wearing
a few millions of dollars
worth of the Woodwards
family jewels, several guests
of which were stolen from
her at the Grand Place last
week, will find little difficulty
in replacing the missing real
jewels with equal profits
from her late father's shops.



GILDA GRAY—Who
watched the "madness" of her
last picture, "Monte of the
South Seas" run off at the
Famous Players Studio in
Long Island City the other
day watching a cartoon. No
Miss Gray is in no way pre-
paring any competition with
Miss Lillian Rich, and is too
sensible not to care if she is
mentioned in the *American
Melody* or not. It is assumed
that the cartoon was merely
to keep her blonde's quiet.



**THE REV. DR. JOHN ROACH
STRATON**—Who, if he doesn't
get his picture printed in the
paper at least once in every four
months, is very likely to start
something that will get a pistol
out. The New Yorker, ever
suspicious of its intense regard
towards its public here,
by some means with the Rev.
Dr. Straton, thus safeguarding the
interests of the metropolis, will
November. It will, however,
that it is the *Standard Ex-*
press. *Purely true.*



JAMES J. WALKER—Who
was practically elected last week
when E. B. Wilson, chairman
of the research committee of
the Kings County Republican
Auxiliary Committee, published
the fact that the Citizens Union
could show that Senator
Walker had, in 1912, introduced
bills in the Legislature increas-
ing the time during which liquor
licenses could be sold.



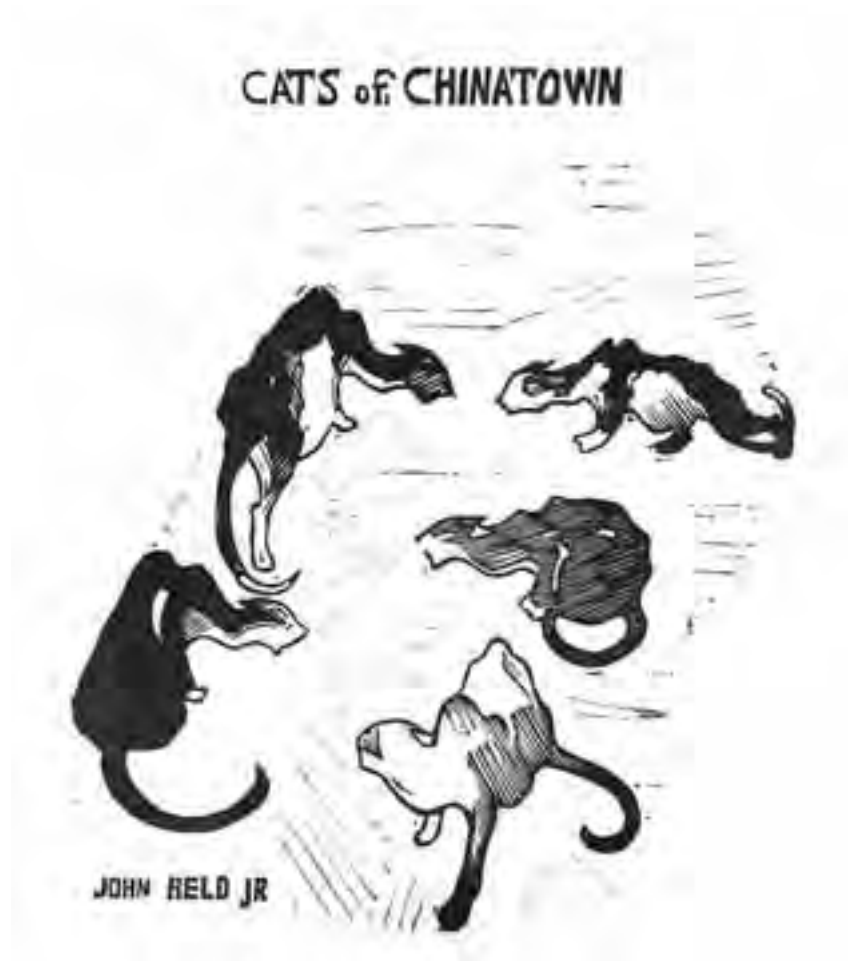
HARRY K. THAW—Who, appearing suddenly to make a round of the
night club last week, seemed, in those hours in the quietest way of his
life, like a sweet breath of the new Old New York, swarming with num-
bers of famous'ids, strap-shirt industries, moonlight over Madison Square,
Staten Island, charity balls and the dear, vanished days when men were
expected to give some reason for an evening's phantasmagoria.



THE TOMATO SURPRISE



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





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

Heroes of the Week

GABNA WALSKA—Who, after having been in London for the anti-air raid period at Paris, Brussels, Vienna, and Prague, returned to America last night to act in a motion picture. Most of her time has been devoted to selling Masonic Wafers in the street drama.



T. S. SULLIVANT—Who, back in 1914, drew those delicious comic monkey, and elephant, for at many years as he has drawn them, the Europe Journal of the America, would have been an educated and university admitted, in this country as Rudolph Valentino or John Bull.



FRANK CROWNSHILL—Who, having being the genius behind the petting zoo at Coney Fair, has always found time in his good hours to the most out-of-the-way people and to devote an enormous amount of energy to various 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 appeared at the Metropolitan Museum last Monday.



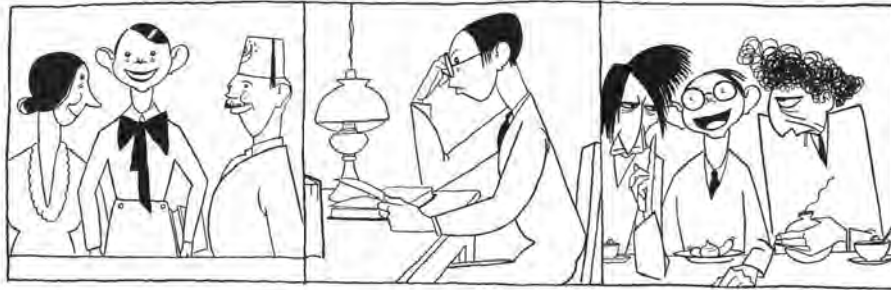
SINCLAIR LEWIS—Who, in the current issue of the American Mercury, has hunted down and exposed to the light the Greenwich Villagers who have invaded and ruined that once sweet refuge, the Café de l'Europe in Montparnasse. This will, of course, drive Montparnasse of the city as much as Main Street has been cleared of Bellows.



FRANKLIN P. ADAMS—Who, after having managed for years at the ugly shuffling of journalists, has blossomed forth in a shocking mistake which reveals him as the handsome Ralph who owns the great city that was stolen from the eyes of an Irish 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. Fesdick
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.
Yes, he even hurled his slanders
at the Native Nordic Blond.

But forsooth, he could not trifle
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

Alfred Frueh (10/17/1925)

[Return to Main Menu](#) ►



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.’”*



"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 HOUSE—Who, as editor of the *Daily News*, presides a newspaper which (along with its sister journals of the Fourth Estate, the *Express* and the *Mirror*) provides the news in the fashion which is which it is discussed over our first silver table by the people who read the Times.



SIGNOR GIULIO GATTI-CASAZZA—Who, on account with him in the Fall of that year, is being called a business man with no ear for music by a number of people who would rather like to be clapping at the Metropolitan his own's, but who, nevertheless, possess an ear so much attuned to music that he can tell, quite apart from the fact, the difference between the melody of an elevated train rounding a curve and the neighborhood soprano taking her lesson.



J. S. McCULLOCH—Who, although he is the president of the New York Telephone Company, is not, certainly, personally responsible for the weekly changing of every body's telephone number. A big cluster of buttons 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 having the country to raise funds for the purchase of a dirigible airplane in which he intends to fly across the North Pole. The Navy Department would probably be glad to prevent the Captain, who seems to have something definite, with one foot of charge.

P. G. WODEHOUSE—Who, despite the influence of General Snodgrass Butler and Commissioner Enright, has been, in a daring daylight robbery, from the *Sunday Evening Post* to *Liberty*, the Weekly for Everybody (ed. George Horne Lester).



Columbia is the Ellis Island of the Native American Immigrant

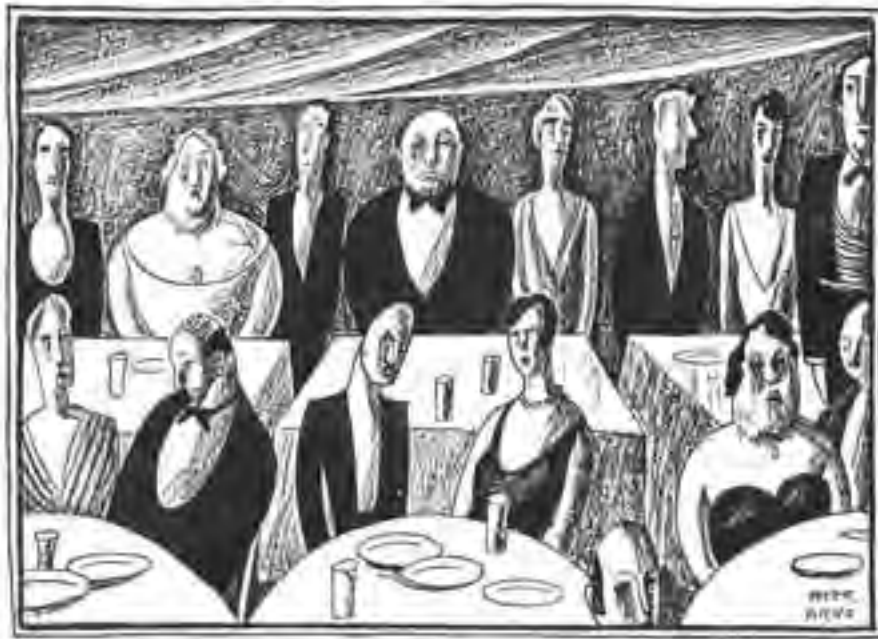


SOCIAL ERRORS
The Young Man Who Told A Clean Story



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

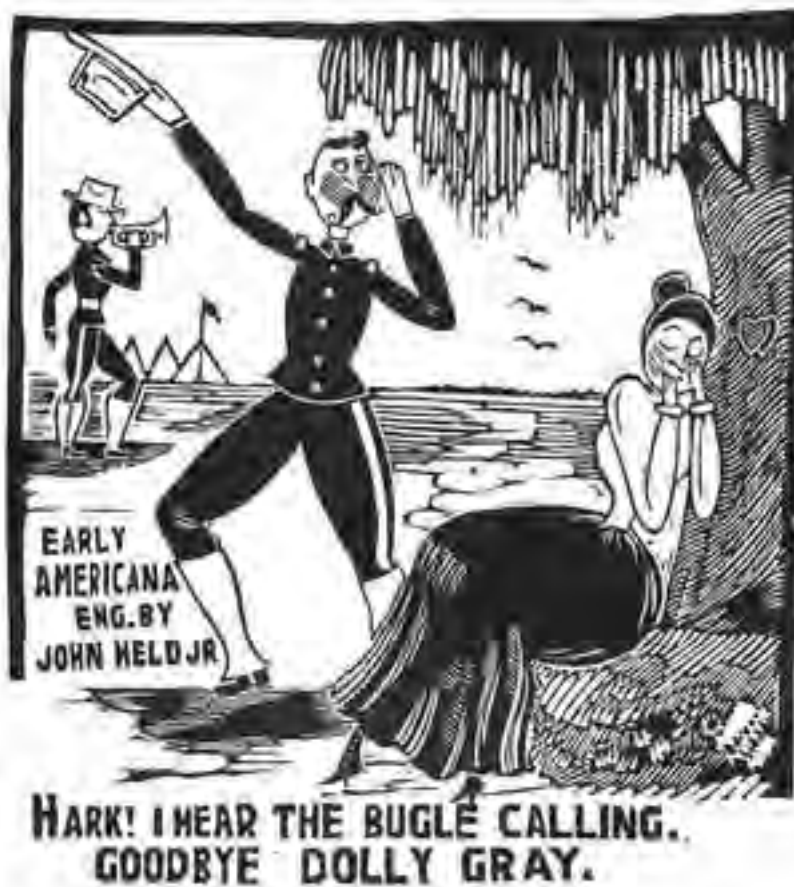
"So did I, Sergeant, but I couldn't pass me Pathé News screen test."



NIGHT LIFE



Fashion Show on Fourteenth Street



Heroes of

the Week



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



LUCIEN LELONG—Who, as one of the most active, inventive and productive characters in Paris, is already responsible for a large portion of the affairs of American syndes, and indirectly the rack of the business of the divorce court. M. LeLong is making his first visit to New York to observe the devastating effects produced by his games.



EMORY E. BUCKNER—Who prints, in spite of the great weight of evidence to the contrary, in believing that a city can be run without alcohol, and who has, in his blind faith, been running about town peddling night state again.



MAGANE LECLAIRE—Who is the owner of the magnificent streak of white hair which is always seen over a good fire at five nights. This is inserted to answer the telephone inquiries about the famous beauty specialist that continually pour into this office.



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 BOUNDER WHO INSISTED ON *EATING*

Rea Gardner (10/31/1925)

[Return to Main Menu](#) ►

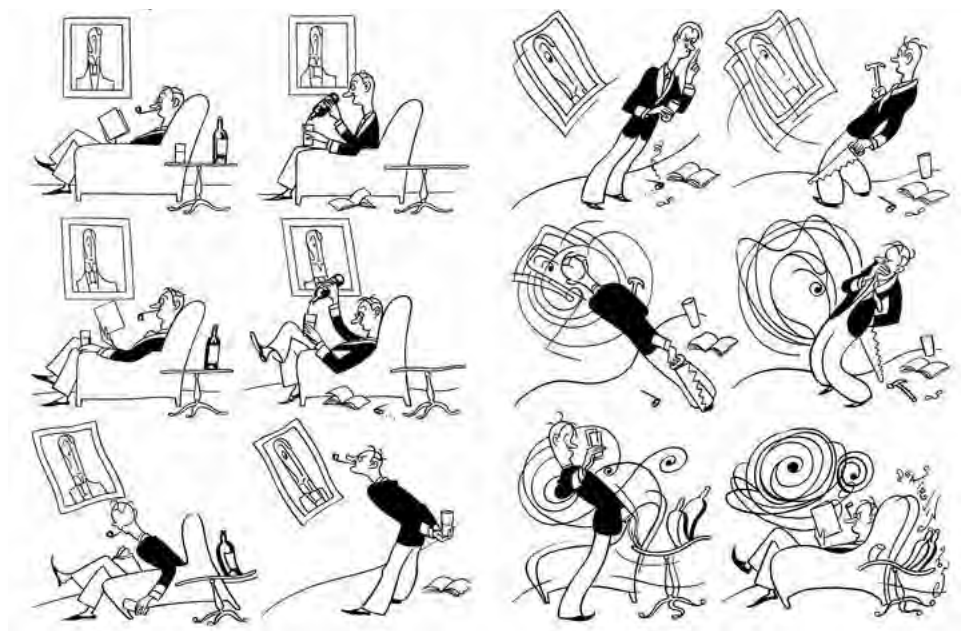


"Taxi sir?"



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

A QUIET EVENING WITH A BOOK





GUTZON BORG LUM SHOWS EMILE BOURDELLE
THE INTELLIGENT LIONS AT THE PUBLIC LIBRARY

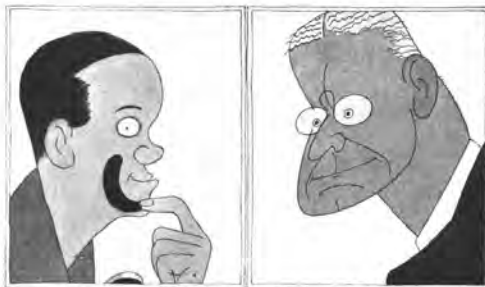


“This is ‘N’aimez que moi,’ madame—‘Don’t love nobody but me.’”



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

THE CARTOONS OF THE



NY (H&A)N—Who (you may have guessed from the chapter of silver in all the shops last week) has just celebrated the completion of twenty-five years of work with the happy states, Thailai, and who is just, as we say, has made the wish a year's vacation and forthwith. The New Yorker drinks to the Big Bear's Golden Wedding.

HERBERT RAYARD SWOFF—Who, perhaps feeling that he could go no further with the literary uplift of the World (of which he is Executive Editor), has sought to improve the visual beauty of the paper by introducing a Sunday Color Supplement, which marks a stride in the illustrations art of America that has not been equalled since the epoch of the half-moon-or-pearl-plate and the different (cosmopolitan) Calender calendars.



CHARLES FREY—While affairs have been knocked into a lull, **Miss Anna Bennett**, of a Minneapolis, Minn., firm—This is believed to be a trust agency for this community—the mother, custody of which is usually vested in the open market at \$1.50, at \$1.50 each time payments. We trust that Mrs. Frey will donate the money to the girls and to some worthy cause, such as the erection of a fitting statue of Miss Peggy Hopkins at River Park.

MICHELANGELO ARIOSTO—Who, with his bare hand, hurls the great iron spikes in the silver excavations in Central Park West, while three of his *contropesi* (in a tall sledge hammer).

NORMAN-ERL. GEDDES—Why, with such extraordinary production in which he has found strange to vast power, sadness, and other disturbing emotional phenomena more and more into the background as his representations become more and more the whole show. It is hoped that Mr. Geddes, as the fruition of his genius, will derive a means of eliminating the crisis.

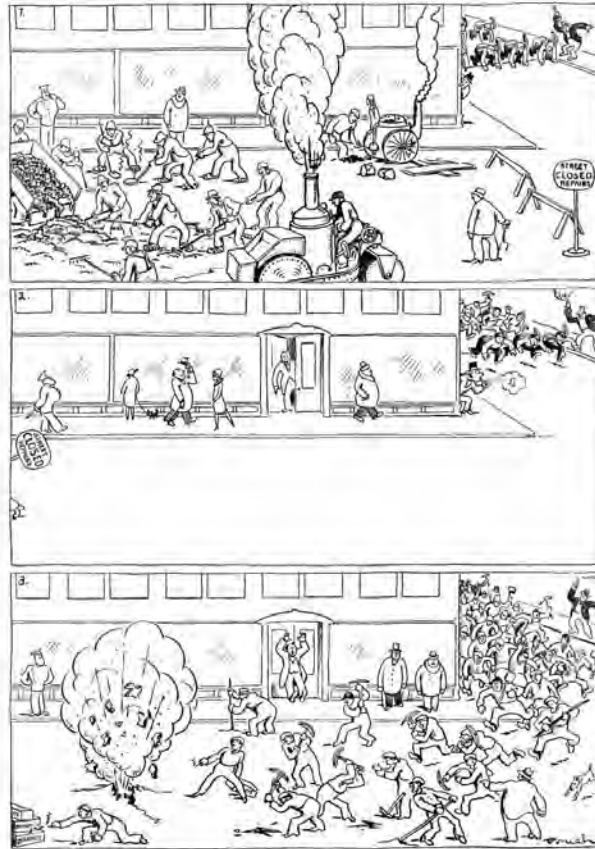


"A little dull at the dinner table."



"Nothing in the orchestra?"

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



IMPROVEMENT

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



SOCIAL ERRORS
THE WOMAN WHO CUT HER
HUSBAND'S BOOTLEGGERS

Rea Irvin (11/7/1925)

[Return to Main Menu](#) ►



“Garters? The men’s department on the third floor, Madame.”







"Let's sit down now!"



Heroes of the Week

BOY CHAPMAN ANDREWS—The Big Diamond Egg Man from Mongolia, who has just returned from another expedition to the Crater of the Human Race in central Asia with a basket of forty very profitable fresh diamond eggs. Leaving Pandemonium, where Mr. Andrews has brought back no proof that the eggs were not laid by Satyr.



MARY LEWIS—Who has signed a contract with the Metropolitan Opera Company after an amazingly short career as a singer. Miss Lewis has been studying in Europe for the past ten years, a career that she dreams, much faintly to several aspirants for vocal glory who find their apartments in one immense night bathroom.



POLICE COMMISSIONER RICHARD E. KNIGHT—Who has just published his second novel, "The Boredom Along", which, as Miss Hyman, who will be able to vouch for watercolor painting after the Bill of Jeopardy went, he surely got it, who wouldn't he? Come Doyle has left the Bill for quick chasing.



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



WAYNE R. WHEELER—General counsel for the Anti-Slavery League, who is accused by William H. Anderson, of working at corruption in Washington and of allowing Prohibition to fall to pieces. As we can not take Anderson's ungenerous word for this, only a tentative case of slanders is hereby tendered Brother Wheeler.



THE GAY WHITE WAY

Julian de Miskey (11/14/1925)

[Return to Main Menu](#) ►

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)

I. Klein (11/21/1925)

[Return to Main Menu](#) ►



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



ANY BIG GAME

Julian de Miskey (11/21/1925)

[Return to Main Menu](#) ►



“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.



A QUARREL IN THE PERENNIAL NURSERY
JACKIE COOGAN AND BABY PEGGY BEING RUDE TO OUR MARY

OUR SERMONS ON SIN

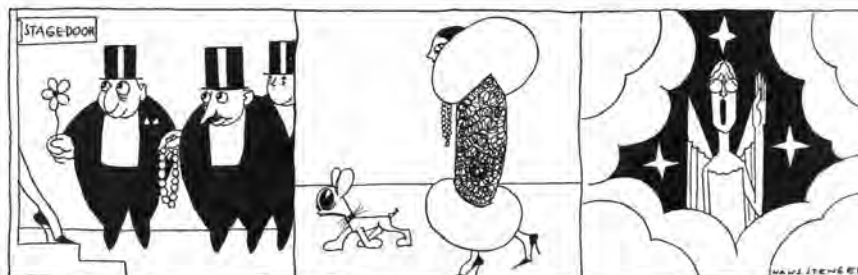
“Mother Disowns Stage Beauty.”—*Daily Newspaper.*



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 tradesman
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 mother
her with praise amidst the glow
of the spotlights,—but does MOTION?
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 PADEREW. SKI—Who is, as was the Atlas List before him, a Polish personality as well as a great musician who seems to have recovered, practically unmarked, from a serious attack of politics that last long how a few years ago, and who gave one of the all too frequent exhibits in Carnegie Hall last Wednesday.



LEONARD MERRICK—Who came to America on a visit without a passport's solitary preparation and with no intention of leaving, supervising rehearsals of a play or of making contracts with managers. Our records show that he is the first English author to visit these shores in such a spirit since Sir Walter Raleigh.

MOE SMITH AND EZZY EINSTEIN—Who lost their jobs as prohibition agents last week and who, we can't help thinking, ought to make the best use of bootleggers in these parts, knowing who they are about the sources of supply. They are here pictured in the diagrams in which they evaded detection in the night raids of New York.

RAML SYDNEY—Who is the *Haw's* in Horne Lister's *Modern Drama*, production which is doing as much to raise Shakespeare's name, when words from the audience. These who were foolish enough to miss the play at the Bronx are given another chance to see it in the Greenwich Village Theatre.

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 hatik,
Manipulate their sex appeal.



They but to gratify desire
Like brazen wantons cheaply mart
Their souls, and a roisauic 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."

Heroes of the Week



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. Begins next on Thursday night, the Anderson Galleries will show his lithographs, etchings, water-colors and illustrations and his new book, "The Architects of the Illustration", in the process of writing.



"RED" GRANGE—Who is the most endearing failure of our epoch, and who has lately been ridiculed a good deal by various stock-brokers and penny-stickers for persisting in his art for a mere thousand of us. Grange will make his usual professional debut in New York next Sunday.



MORRIS GEST—Who has done about as much if not a little more, for the American Theatre than anyone else who has done it by sucking out and feeding over for purposes of study the best the rest of the world has to offer, and who is about to do it again by playing before us (beginning on December 14th) The Motion Art Theatre Musical Shows at the Alhambra. Nonchalantly (Don't think).



COMPOSITE PORTRAIT OF THE MOGULS OF THE ANTI-SALOON LEAGUE—Who have pronounced Prohibition a complete success and created it with the nation's present prospects. 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 88th Regiment last week.

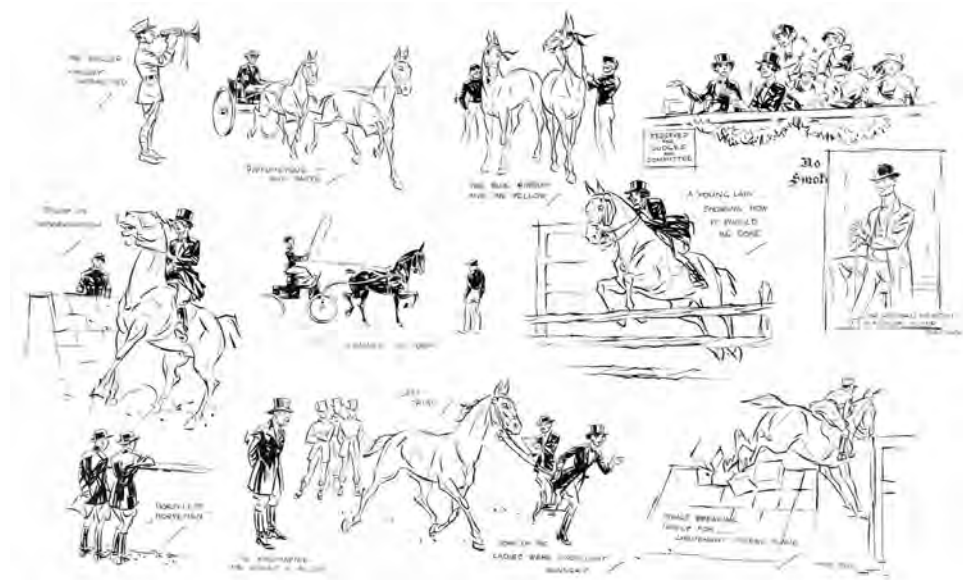


“Did you enjoy the Symphony, Robert?”

“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 SWEEPER'S CHRISTMAS
A LOVELY ENGRAVING BY JOHN HELD JR

Heroes of

the Week



ALFRED STEPHEN BRYAN—Who, at *Blackwell* in the theatre program, has come to study to lift the name of Bryan from the estate into which it has fallen. His weekly article on "What the Man Will Wear" is directly responsible for the witty appearance of George Jean Nathan, and for the suicide of seven actors in the past few years who have discovered, too late, that their maintainers were not necessary.



CARL VAN VEDDIEN — Whom you look for which the one sense of Van Veddien has been waiting for some months with ill-concealed impatience, will, when it is published at an indefinite 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 rather discussion, "Nigger Heaven".



PHILIP GOODMAN—Who got Broadway without a year or two ago after ten minutes and a day, and who is inspiring a batch of new plays with the temptation to produce them strong upon him. They shew, as Ruth Goldfarb says, come back not more.



FERENC MOLNAR—Whose witnicious 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 *maitre-d'hotel* in New York, who has made the restaurant of The Madison one of the smartest places in town in which to lunch or dine 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, him?"*

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 tooting throws the stranger off his guard. Scarlet ladies heed his wooing for a prearranged reward.

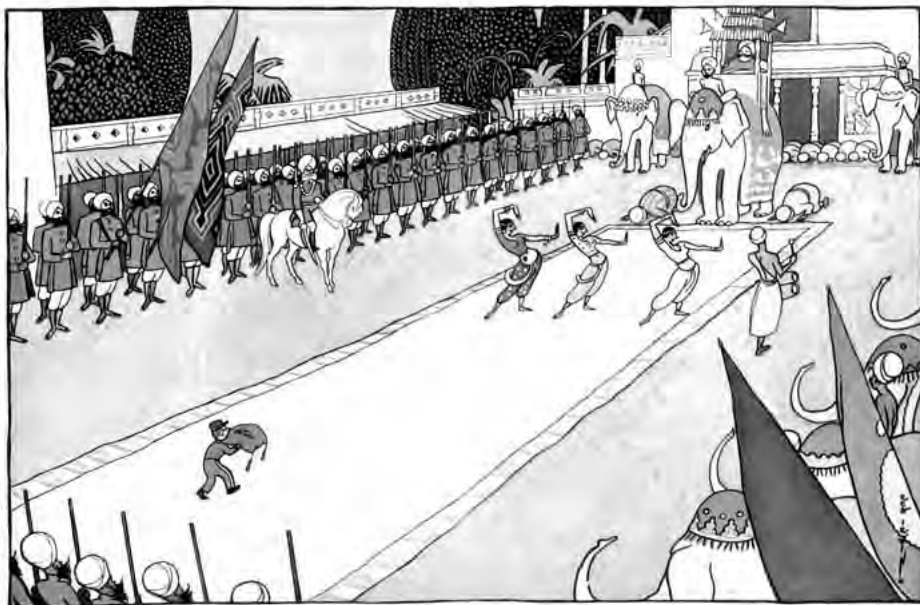
Yea, unholy hustles hover, like so many birds of prey, o'er the victim they discover with a coveting "hey-hey."

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





“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 and legalize 2-3 per cent. beer, thus taking his place beside Francis E. Willard as one of the country's foremost temperance workers.



VLADIMIR NEMIRO, VITCH-DANTCHENKO.—Who was a confederate, with Scandinavia, of the Moscow Art Theatre and who is now in this country at the head of the Moscow Art Theatre Mutual Studio helping Morris Gest to sustain the rumor that New York is the theatrical center 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, a great fortune is the importation in Detroit of a fresh, old-time, New England shillie.



COUNT LUDWIG SALM VON HOOGSTRAETEN.—Whose return to these shores revives the too 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 Broadway Bow, Forty-seventh conductions 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

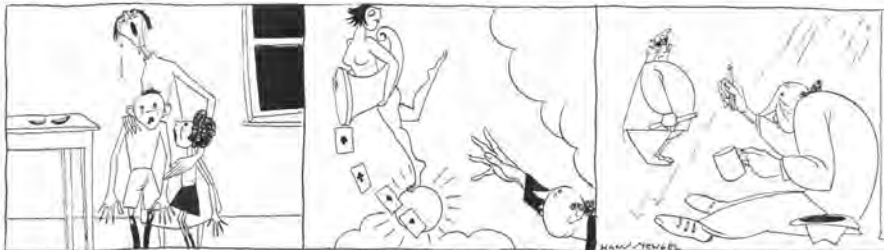
“Gambling, Menace to Nation, Says Divine.”—*Daily newspaper.*



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 stigmatizing chips
syncopates the mirthless chatter
from the gamblers arid lips.



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

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

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



MIR-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.



'T WAS CHRISTMAS IN THE PEST HOUSE

Heroes of

the Week



HARRY HOUDINI—Who is really the greatest magician that ever lived, who has been practicing his art at the Forty-fourth Street Theatre and who counts it a bad week's work when he does not force a hundred professional sportsmen into the comparatively honest oil-drunk game.



LETTER-CARRIER NO. 7439—Who has noted, on the mail of his back, during the past two weeks 1,027,847 pieces of direct-mail advertising, 468,712 Christmas cards, 4,027,214 fan letters to radio performers, 200,765 begging letters from various charity funds, 1,864 good luck characters and 19,879,842 letters from insurance companies setting forth the tragedies and horrors of this life below.



CLARENCE S. DARROW—Who, pursuant to his love for welding the injured for the oppressed and forsaken, battered as apart regions in address in Harlem, and having heard that it is the white race that is discriminated against at present in New York.



TOM RIFE—Who played the leading lady's part in Sing Sing's musical show, "Top Hilo", last week. Mr. Rife is an criminal himself doing two and one-half to eleven years. The make-up is part of Walter Lantz's scheme for fitting Mr. Rife to recent events at the end of his term.



THOMAS FORTUNE RYAN—Who has bought and will race the Yekes house at Sixty-eighth Street and Fifth Avenue to enlarge his garden. The 145 by 100 foot plot will make 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 stench
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."*