

THIS is the time of year when all foresighted young women-about-town sigh contentedly, secure in the realization that Winter escorts have been packed away in moth balls and that, for a month or two, they have substituted a goodly supply of young men with automobiles and memberships in country clubs. Say what you will, New York is attractive in Summer principally to those who can get out of town at will.

Ben Riley's Arrowhead Inn, up Riverdale way, maintains a steady popularity for dining and dancing, and with justice. In the first place, it is by far the handsomest dancing place for miles around—perched like a Moorish castle in a De Mille movie high on a bluff above the Hudson River. It is not more than forty minutes' drive from Times Square; the food is excellent; the music fair enough, and dancing out on the stone terrace under the stars is comfortable in the hottest weather. On weekday nights it is never crowded, though on Saturdays and Sundays the motors are so thick around it that it is well-nigh impossible to find parking space, either for your car or for your person.

Never, never, my children, go to the Arrowhead on a week-end if it looks as if a rainstorm was impending. With the first drops, the merry throng (all thousand of them) rush to the dining room indoors, and the rest of the evening is spent in a pleasant game of hide-and-seek with your waiter, who is anxiously trying to keep an eye on at least ten tables of previous customers. These have scattered merrily all over the big dining room and spend the rest of the evening (dancing at the Arrowhead ceases at one) shrieking for service.

Need I add that the general crowd is perfectly terrible, and that the dancing is done with the knees turned out and everything moving except the feet? The public that haunts roof gardens and dancing places around New York vaguely resembles a jeweled version of the boys and girls who go hiking over the Palisades on Sunday afternoons.

Within New York itself, there are several excellent restaurants where the breezes from the Hudson are allowed to blow lightly over your jellied tomato broth. The Claremont, on Riverside Drive, has long been noted for the excellence of its cuisine, and is never too crowded. There is no dancing. The Bossert roof in Brooklyn is also famed—principally for the tricky way in which it is fixed up to resemble the deck of a ship and for the unparalleled view of the harbor. Here, also, it is always cool, and the food is passable. It is well to telephone in advance and reserve a table—otherwise, you are likely to be shoved into a corner away from the railing and treated to some first class insolence on the part of waiters particularly gifted along this line.

SOME enterprising person could make a fortune by putting a swimming pool on the roof of a hotel, fixing up a sand beach on one side for the bathers to loll on and partake of refreshments, and leaving the other side clear for diners and dancers in more conventional evening garb. The management might provide bathing suits that would make Summer revues unnecessary, and an entertainment of marine flavor. And just think of the cute costumes the cigarette girls could wear!

AND now to leave those public places where hoi polloi foregather, and cast an eye within the "exclusive" portals of the Embassy club. (It really isn't so hard to become a member, if you own an evening suit and have the necessary ten dollars.) This establishment opened with a great fanfare of trumpets at 695 Fifth Avenue last Spring. The house is very attractive—a reception room downstairs, dining on the second floor, private dining rooms (oh, oh!) and lounging rooms above. There is a rather tiny tinny orchestra which is adequate for dancing, and the service and the cuisine are excellent. Evening dress is in order, unlike most Summer clubs which let down the bars completely in the hot weather.

The crowd is just a little bit duller in every respect than that of a mediocre and respectable night club. Rumor has it that the omnipresent president manages to make such an ungodly fuss and bustle about visiting celebrities, either social or artistic, that many feel disinclined to come a second time.

One amusing incident enlivened a recent evening. Several dancers noted that a peculiar, nobby condition of the floor was due to a gentle cascade of glass beads from the dress of a very attractive dancer. In fact, everyone discovered the cause, sooner or later, except the president mentioned above. Following her enraged instructions, the waiters spent an agile evening pursuing the young lady, who was no whit daunted, around the floor with brushes and mops, to the huge delight of the assembled diners.—*Lipstick*

The American press agent who inveigled part of the British army into a publicity "escort" for a film will probably be fired. Officials of his company will want to know why he didn't spend another ten dollars and get the King to lead the parade.

♦ ♦ ♦

A Berlin cable says the Hohenzollerns are getting despondent. Suggested Doorn national anthem: "Ain't goina reign no more!"

♦ ♦ ♦

Sixty-five per cent of college romances end matrimonially, statistics prove—Cowed, of course.

♦ ♦ ♦

Craig now accuses Hylan of being a felon. One of these days the comptroller will go a little too far.

♦ ♦ ♦

It was on the alderman's picnic to Rye, and they were discussing Hylan's chances. "Tain't right the way they pan the mayor," said one of the City Hall intelligentsia. "Only yesterday the papers called him a demagogue, and I don't believe he ever took a drink in his life."



Tropics At the Alamac

When Nights Are Bold

sic, goes on in the Congo room until two in the morning, but the usual entertainment has been omitted during the hot weather.

WHETHER they motor out of town or not, most people choose to dine at about eight, or later, in the evening, and then, around ten o'clock, look around wildly for something to do.

IT really is funny how everybody rushes in a panic away from the old familiar Winter haunts as soon as hot weather comes, regardless of how cool and attractive the old place may be in its Summer guise.

The dancing and dining places where one had to be either Harry Thaw or the President of the United States to get into in Winter are nearly all virtually deserted. The waiters fall on you with pathetic eagerness and beseech you to decorate the ringside, where once they delegated you to a cozy nook behind a pillar near the kitchen and commanded you to like it. But all the roofs are flourishing. The Pennsylvania, the Astor, the Biltmore Cascades, and a hundred others are packed to the jumping-off places.

The Alamac roof, on Broadway at Seventy-first Street, is a particularly pleasant place to spend the early part of a Summer evening. The mad, tropical decorations of the Congo room do add somewhat to the torridness of the atmosphere, but there is a tiny roof adjoining it on which a few tables have been set out in the open air, with a beautiful view of Mayor Hylan's East River in the distance to inspire you to boost New York and assert that you didn't want to go to the seashore anyway. Save for a row of despondent geraniums, languishing against the iron railing, there is no jarring note in the decoration. Dancing, to excellent mu-

The Earl Carroll "Vanities" is a dull revue. One hour of it, and one hour only, suffices to look all the showgirls over, hear twenty wise-cracks that you have heard before, and collect sufficient data in general to be most intelligent in panning it to your friends. But the staging of the thing is utterly mad and quite amusing. Blow in around intermission time (a little after ten) and get seats within the first five rows if possible. After a good dinner, with accompanying refreshments, it is very difficult to decide there whether or not you have actually realized That Lifelong Ambition to go on the stage. The stage descends, via steps, right among the cagey little tables that have taken the place of the first five rows of chairs, and thence into the laps of the audience. Oh, it is most confidential.

The ushers who try to sell you Canada Dry, and those debutantes who dance merrily on the stage during the intermission may all turn out to be a part of the show, but it doesn't matter. It is so informal that I had a feeling all evening that I was suddenly going to find myself doing a song-and-dance with the principal comedian. But, as I said once, and will say again, one hour is quite sufficient.



Alamac Congo Atmosphere

THE Lido "reopened" for the Summer on the fourteenth, although the opening was rather a farce in view of the fact that this after-theatre dancing club has been staggering along very neatly all Summer. The audience was rather a lukewarm variation of the regular first-night Winter crowd, and the two dancers are nothing to set the world on fire. The music is as good as ever, and if you happen to be one of the poor nuts who think that dancing requires at least three square feet of space for enjoyment, there is no place more satisfactory for the gratification of your bourgeois desires than this one.

ANYBODY who believes in enforcing Prohibition and still likes a jaunt to Coney Island of an evening, might try starting at the Shelburne for dinner and get in just the right mood for all ensuing hilarities. The food is good, and the revue has the requisite number of young women of seventeen who are proficient at the Charleston and the hooch dance, and a sufficient quantity of "blue" songs about sweet daddies and "you-turned-me-downs" to satisfy. The tricky thing about the show is the sliding stage, which, covered with undulating cuties, starts advancing relentlessly upon you down the dance floor at intervals. It gives you the same tipsy feeling that made the revolving floor at Murray's famous.—Lipstick



Those Who Prefer Coolness to Tropical Heat Find It On the Alamac Esplanade



A General View of the Biltmore Cascades.

WHEN NIGHTS ARE BOLD

A SECOND visit to the Biltmore Cascades gave further revelation of the changes that have taken place in taste and decoration for restaurants within the last five years. This roof garden seems to be the only bower worthy of the name left in a town where quiet or startling simplicity reigns. The place is spacious, ornate, flowery—covered with all manner of roses, fountains, and trellises. This is in striking contrast to the absolute quiet and absence of obtrusive decoration to take your mind off the excellent food and service at exclusive restaurants as Voisin and the Elysée or to the vivid but restrained appearance of the Crillon, which has wisely removed its torrid Mexican murals for the Summer and replaced them with refreshing views of snow-capped mountains.

The Biltmore appears to have passed its vogue as a smart rendez-vous; it is perilously full of traveling salesmen and transients in general, but the floor is still good, the food and service still excellent and it is still the place to take visitors from out-of-town who would be bored at the quietness of the Colony and assert that more fancy places abound in the old home town. At the Cascades, evening dress is quite in order, though, personally I think that the presence of daylight on all the roofs at dinner hour makes décolletage look extremely silly.

More popular, and more informal, is the Pennsylvania roof which is especially desirable if you can get one of the coveted tables on the tiny balcony hanging over New York City. And the music is so superb that you forget that the floor is so crowded to allow much abandon in dancing.

ANYBODY over the age of eighteen who thinks that Greenwich Village is amusing at any time can go right on thinking so, because I have studied enough psychology at Horace Mann to know that such cases are past all human help. In the Summer time, especially, the very thought of the crowded, underground restaurants that prevail there is too terri-

ble to contemplate. But if you must be a sightseer or a flapper, whatever the cost, the perennial Greenwich Village Inn, at Sheridan Square, and the Blue Horse are about the safest bets in warm weather.

The Inn is spacious, very rowdy, filled



The Cascades—A More Intimate Observation.

with slightly moth-eaten Villagers and even more objectionable people from uptown. The orchestra is as bad as in all the Village places; the food is above the average. Under certain circumstances—notably a rosy glow surrounding a party of people who don't much care where they are so long as there is noise and they are together—this place is adequate enough.

At the Blue Horse, the cheerful, lipstick-sticked flapper and her escort are in complete command. The painted decorations and the cunning goldfish, floating around in glass enclosures set in the walls, give the effect of coolness so much that I never could make out whether the temperature was lower than on the street or not. Certainly, the atmosphere is intimate—the casual tables set in stalls around the dance floor aid this effect a

good deal—and it really is not so bad. The orchestra keeps time, too! What more can any self-respecting person ask in the age of radio and balloon tires?

OF course the places to which one can motor out-of-town for sandwiches and a bite of supper after dark are numberless, and the one you attend depends largely upon the place in the road where hunger overtakes you. The most attractive of them, however, is the Valley View Farms, above White Plains on the Sawmill River Road. Heaven alone knows why anyone should be motoring so far out into the country of an evening with no particular objective, and it's none of my business. But if you *do* happen to be out that way, for one reason or another, search for this delightful old farmhouse with Japanese waiters and Japanese lanterns hovering over the tables on the tiny terrace, and have refreshments there. Inside, a rustic living room contains a Victrola, player-piano and card-tables which may be obtained if the hostess likes you. To my mind, this is the most enchanting place to wind up a long country drive for miles around.

Two other places, rather too much on the tea-room line for the taste of one who is fed up on "Ye Olde Innes" of every description, but "just darling" to the doting aunt from Dubuque, are "The Open Door" opposite the Pickwick Arms on the Boston Post Road in Greenwich, and "The White Swan" on the Main Street in White Plains. Both of these are crisp, inexpensive, and ever so slightly arty in the decoration.

Going even farther out into the wilds outside New York, an enthusiastic report has just come in for week-enders and vacationists on Cape Cod. It concerns the Casino, "Provincetown's newest playground," recently opened by Frank Shay and R. S. Anent, Provincetown Villagers, painters, and musicians; Greenwich Villagers, seeking inspiration on the Cape, little theatre players, and Broadway vacationers are all represented.—Lipstick



The Astor Roof

WHEN NIGHTS ARE BOLD

THIS week there was more than the customary scurrying and scampering about in search of new material in the night life line, and the round of pleasure that my envious friends credit me with indulging in had several very jagged edges. It all started with an attempt to barge into the new Forty-fifth Street Yacht Club, a cosy little seaside resort between Fifth and Sixth Avenues, in the fond belief that it was just another one of those "clubs" which are open to almost everybody. It may have been, but the impervious (look it up in your dictionary) doorman claimed that he had never heard of me, and this appalling lack of good taste, discrimination, and *savoir faire* on his part discouraged me to such an extent that I decided that I didn't want to go there anyway.

If you happen to have a 'satiabile curiosity, you might scout around among your taxi driver, society, or theatrical friends until you find one who is a member and would be willing to be responsible for you.

THERE seemed nothing for my wounded pride except the nearest roof garden, which happens to be at the Astor, or the Roosevelt Grill, which I insist upon attending every so often because I like the music. The Astor gets under way early in the evening, because it is still a rendezvous for actors and New Yorkers bound for the theatre. And it is all fixed up this year with fountains, and waterfalls, and trailing vines, and hedges, and country estate atmosphere in general. It is an excellent choice for dining before the theatre, and avoiding the harrowing half-hour ride around and around Times Square at 8:30.

The Roosevelt Grill gets going for a rather later dinner hour. The floor is pleasantly inhabited by young things in sleeveless Summer chiffons and printed crêpes, with lithe and assured escorts.

In the low gallery surrounding the dance floor, older people, more or less benevolent, chew meditatively and marvel. I can't help preferring grill rooms to roofs, except in the hottest weather, because



At the Roosevelt Grill

they supply an atmosphere of intimacy that a roof rarely attains. The food here is good, and the Ben Bernie orchestra is something to write home about, though the folks there have probably acquired a comprehensive knowledge of the Bernie jazz, via the radio, long ago.

AFTER several hours of following temperamental arrows through Westchester, I finally arrived, at nine-thirty the following evening, at the Briarcliff Lodge, thirty miles up the Hudson River. (One hour and a half by motor, if you have the intelligence to follow the main New-York-to-Albany road, and don't speed through Yonkers.) The first thing that greeted my hungry eye was none other than Ned Williamson, formerly the genial clerk of the Algonquin, looking over the display of grey-haired heads-of-large-families in the lobby with a weary

eye. Refined, to outward appearances at least.

The grill room fulfills the necessary requirements of grill rooms (see above) and is most intimate. The large dining room and verandas are open until eight o'clock for a table d'hôte dinner. Dancing takes place in the ballroom four nights a week, a concert on Sunday nights, and a movie, think of it! once a week.

On the way up there, we passed Longue Vue, which is several miles nearer New York, without hesitating, because my loud cries of hunger startled my boy friend's pocketbook into complete silence. The food there, however, is known to justify any expense, and the view of the Hudson is all that it is advertised.

ALICE FOOTE MACDOUGALL undoubtedly spends her evenings in a happy chant "From a Coffee Shop to a National Institution." The Forty-seventh Street Piazzetta is very, very Italiano in decoration and very, very business-and-professional woman in its clientele. Your white-haired mother, who isn't taking a train to Pelham until 9:11, will dote on the place. So, in fact, will you, if you happen to be in a calm and quiet mood and want to spend the rest of the evening among your books. Three jovial Neapolitans with guitars, gay voices, and comic faces serenade you sweetly from the balcony, or march merrily among the tables singing the Italian equivalent of roundelays.

Furthermore, it is not a tea room in the accepted sense of the word, as is proved by the fact that men are to be seen there in large numbers.—Lipsick

The Optimist

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

Johnny: What is an optimist, Pop?



The Montmartre

When Nights Are Bold

THE needle in the proverbial haystack is no whit more elusive than a popular night club in Summer. I have said it before, and I say it again. You could spend a most exasperating evening for yourself and a most lucrative one for your taxi driver seeking out the old dancing places, only to find that they have been either padlocked or "closed for the Summer." The Trocadero is dark, "Texas" Guinan's club is in the shadow of the padlock; Ciro's, the Mirador, Barney's, Mori's, the Rue de la Paix—so many have vanished temporarily that there is no counting them.

Montmartre, for no especial reason, is The Place at present for after-theatre dancing. There is no telling what will happen to it when its rivals get under way in the Autumn, but the probability is that it will survive nicely. The decorations are conservative and charming; the music is excellent. That, however, is not unusual. But the fact remains that this is the only night club that, unaccountably maintains a steady popularity with a high-class audience. It also seems to be the only one where evening dress is the rule rather than the exception in the Summer months.

A second or third or fourth visit to the Plantation confirms the belief that the fashionable vogue for negro entertainment is pretty well on the decline. The show there is as good as a commercialized negro revue can possibly be; the colored mammy in her cabin at the door cooks flapjacks with all the old fervor; the orchestra hurtles itself through the "blues" with perpetual enthusiasm; but the audience is far from inspiring. The real devotees of negro shows are seeking them in the genuine dives in Harlem, and the tables here are filled with the type of people listed in the newspapers under the title "Arrival of the Buyers." If you are trying to give a foreigner of any description a thrill, however, the Plantation is still the unerring recipe.

Frenchmen especially go completely mad there.

DESPITE the Summer languor and the padlock menace, Great Minds are busy with the problem of what are to

be the night club successes of the coming Winter. Also, with the problem of how long they can hold their public. Right here and now, I want to make a suggestion. Why can not tables to a popular dancing place be sold in advance, like tickets to a theatre? Then you would be spared the annoyance of battling at the entrance of the smart club of the moment, amidst a well-dressed crowd with subway manners, only to find that your reservation had been given away to the flour-and-lard magnate from the West who had arrived impromptu ten minutes earlier. This crowding and pushing is the main reason, to my mind, why no club maintains a sensational success longer than a few weeks.

SOME managers, in their big-hearted, quiet way have managed to solve the problem of the drift of popularity very nicely. The Idea is to own and operate half a dozen places, on the assumption that at least one of them will be the current vogue, carrying, in its boom, the deficit of others. Then, by means of confidential head-waiters and captains, the crowd may be directed around and around the ring, delighting in new discoveries.

This scheme is particularly successful with restless souls out to "make a night of it." No sooner have the waiters started to pile chairs on top of the tables preparatory to closing, than the same assiduous head-waiter begins to hint, "The Wee Hours Club is opening about now, Sir. I could give you a special card if—"

The new club is usually a converted brownstone, without outward and visible sign of the fresh covert charge within. Many big dancing places maintain a whole string of these tiny places to make the hours between one and eight in the morning more exciting. And the "personally conducted" element is kept very well in the background.—*Liptick.*

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—Heading in the *Sun*

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WHEN NIGHTS ARE BOLD



IT IS just about time for somebody to explode the popular theory that men, as a whole, know and insist on good food. It isn't so. As far as I can make out, they seem to go out of their way to investigate strange dumps and dives, and a little matter of too much grease in their victuals seems to mean less than nothing to them. This startling conclusion is the result of an artless wish on my part to explore some unusual eating places, which was enthusiastically taken up.

On three separate occasions during the last week, I was dragged downtown into the regions where the pushcarts are more numerous than the taxicabs and the urchins more numerous than office workers, by men eager to show me obscure and famous places in the restaurant line.

I have always heard a great deal about Manny's on Forsythe Street, a little above the Manhattan Bridge, and thither I was first taken on my explorations. I had heard that it was here that district attorneys and clerks of the municipal courts gathered to discuss weighty legal matters, and that famous Broadway show girls drifted in and out to give the place spice.

Well! It is a tiny place, with a sickly green tiled wall, a floor that looks as if it ought to have sawdust on it, glaring lights that make you look ten years older, and about a dozen tables beyond the oyster bar at the entrance. And it was full of strange people, who might have been judges, for all I knew, but looked more like actors down in their luck. I arrived there after dinner, and so did not have a chance to sample the steaks and chops for which the place is noted. Quite nice men journey miles to go there, however, so the aforementioned steaks must be quite remarkable. I, whose preference is for filet of sole meunière, simply could not see its charm.

THEN there is the Russian Bear, on Twelfth Street and Second Avenue. This restaurant really has atmosphere, if only because of the bright Russian blouses of the waiters in the semi-darkness. The orchestra, brandishing the customary stringed Russian instruments, is really very fine, and mingles Volga Boat songs, classical selections, and American jazz in

a most haphazard and effective manner.

Every type of person is to be seen there; Russians, artists, curious uptowners, salesgirls, and an old, grey-haired man who is greeted with respect and affection by the management and by the habitués. The specialties of the place are Shaslik, described by the tolerant waiter as veal with onions, Russian style, and a soup called Borscht, which contains absolutely everything. If you can eye a Russian dinner (65c) with a calm and unsuspecting eye, you will love it. I seem to be the only person of my acquaintance who does not like, and trust, and digest the food. But the Russian Bear is worth going to, if only for the music and for the genuineness of its Bohemian atmosphere.

THE third of these expeditions I was taken on was to Moscovitz and Lupowitz (there really are two such names) on East Houston Street. I thought that it would probably be a joint where the floor swallowed up pure young women and they were never heard from again, but such was not the case. It is so frankly terrible that it is most amusing. White-topped tables, casual waiters, a violent tin-pan orchestra, people who look like amiable gangsters, and an informal spirit that causes people to leap to their feet and give vent to merry and slightly ribald songs when the spirit moves them. I did not try the Yiddish dishes, but the *apfelstrüder* won my heart so completely that I made a meal of it alone, greatly to the distress of the waiter.

THIS last tour was a preliminary to a visit to the National Winter Garden on West Houston Street where dwells a repertory burlesque company of the old school. (Change of bill, though not of cast, every week.) It is a huge place, several flights up, filled with men smoking large, black cigars who pay absolutely no attention to young women like myself, who occasionally float in in very loud and very short dresses. Policemen lurk at the back. I thought at first they were there merely to spend a theatrical evening until the soubrette of the show started singing a ditty entitled "Come along with me-e-e" and a burly boy in the front row, taking the invitation literally, began to climb

over the orchestra towards the stage. A cop was down the aisle glaring at him by the time the soubrette had extended a helpful hand for the gentleman's climb, and both of the culprits fell backwards, she on the stage, he in his original chair. The cop glared again, and retired to the back. So you can see that order and decorum are maintained.

The show is great for about an hour, especially if you like the vision of portly blondes in pink union suits, with panels of black lace hung sweetly down the front and back. Men-about-town have known about this burlesque place for years, but I am just a country girl trying to get along, and it was my first visit.

IHAD planned to devote an entire week to slumming expeditions, but the fourth evening I weakened, and insisted upon getting dressed up and going to the Colony to eat everything swell from caviar to *café au diable*. As far as I can make out, Charlie Chaplin and Gloria Swanson have an alternate nights arrangement there, because one or the other of them has been present on every occasion that I have been there during the last two weeks. The Colony is even more popular than before the padlock, if that is possible.

Afterwards, a visit to "Texas" Guinan's Club, which had just received the order to close, found the hostess in a marvelous humor, despite her conflict with the law. "Monday," came her announcement, "I am moving from my country place by request. Tired of the country anyway. Think I will open the town house again." Jimmie Walker, mayoralty candidate, was prominent among the guests until a late hour, and was hailed with great enthusiasm.

LIPSTICK" presents her compliments, to the impostor posing in the Dramatic Department of this magazine, and begs to state that, as regards the "Vanities" her idea of a thoroughly dull show is a "tolerable" one. And she begs the Dramatic Department, whom she once dearly loved, to ignore her in the lobbies at first nights, and she will do the same.

—Lipstick

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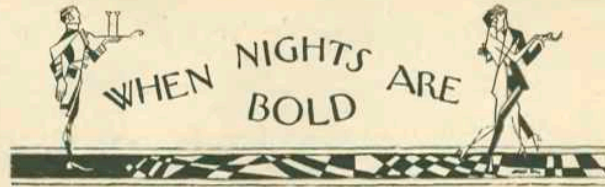


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LAST week, what with the heat and the fact that almost everybody was nursing, none too amiably, his particular edition of the colds, sore throats, and sinus that is going the rounds, chicken sandwiches consumed in the sanctity of the home seemed as desirable as any dinner you had to go out to get, and the radio satisfied all cravings for excitement very nicely, thank you.

One languid excursion down to Greenwich Village with the patient roommate for dinner resulted in the discovery that the Crumperie, on Washington Place, is serving breakfast and luncheon only, during these dull out-of-town days, and will therefore not be its charming self for tea until later on in September. Also found that Frau Greta's, a German restaurant that Charles Hanson Towne occasionally frequents, was apparently closed for the Summer.

There was nothing to do except eat in one of the ten thousand anonymous tea rooms that dot that part of town or go to the Brevoort, which we finally did. I knew perfectly well that the Brevoort is primarily the place to go for breakfast, but the food is excellent and the waiters courteous all the time.

THE only other excitement of the week was the occasion of Texas Guinan's return to the Del Fey Club. Everybody was present, from Ed Gallagher and his new partner, attempting valiantly to remember their new act amidst a good deal of good-natured razzing, to "The little lady who does not sing, or dance, but makes the best coffee in New York—my mother!" The appearance of the hostess, without her necklace of padlocks, which she asserted was so heavy that she left it at home, was greeted by what is popularly known as an ovation. There was the usual jamming of tables, the usual two-by-four dance floor, the usual arguments, the fervent singing of "Boola-Boola" and "Old Nassau" in happy impartiality, and the usual bland cuties in the entertainment, showing the most flagrant coats of tan in New York. At four o'clock in the morning when I departed, soaked to the skin by a glass of ginger ale that had been neatly emptied into my lap, the party was still going strong. No other person in the world can imbue a place with the hilarious vitality that Texas can.

A GREAT mystery surrounds the disappearance of the Russian Eagle, formerly on Fifty-seventh Street, just off Madison Avenue. This was a famous haunt of really high-class Russians and the better type of New Yorkers. Several months ago, General Lodyjensky, the proprietor, suddenly departed for Hollywood to take part in a picture with Gloria Swanson. Shortly afterwards, Madame Lodyjensky, in partnership with a Russian Jew and an Armenian, opened the Russian Eagle Club, on Fifty-seventh Street next to Chalif's. All was well for two weeks. The old clientele did not abandon its favorite haunt.

Then, quite suddenly, a hand-written sign appeared on the door, announcing that the Russian Eagle Club had closed temporarily for repairs. And that was all that was known for several weeks. Gossip now goes the rounds that the old feud between Russian Jews and Armenians had been forgotten sufficiently for Madame Lodyjensky's two partners to unite in an effort to seize more than their share of the profits. She promptly removed her furniture and departed for Hollywood, where her husband is acting as assistant director and impersonator of Napoleon in a film company. Her former partners are left high and dry.

It looks now as if the Russian Eagle were no more. So much the worse for restaurant life in New York. There are few dining places that would be missed, but the Russian Eagle held an unique niche that it will be next to impossible to fill.—LIPSTICK

Walker promises citizens a fair hearing on public questions at the City Hall. We shall throw our influence to any candidate who pledges himself not to see freaks and publicity seekers. Our peerless leader will refuse to meet the longest-whiskered man in Arkansas or to be photographed with a fellow who has hopped on one leg from Ashtabula, Ohio.

Anybody Need a Sextette?

FOR SALE—1 Big white male Goat, also lady's shoes size 3 1-2; also 3 pairs of children, the same size. Phone 4221.

—From Anderson (Ind.) Daily Bulletin

All Cut Up

At first I thought that many had been killed. There was a horrible cry of terror, followed by moans and shouts. Women and children were separated, and even men lost their heads.

—Interview in Memphis (Tenn.) Press

River Road

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YOU are entitled to know who your neighbors are, and will be. Let us tell you who are now living in this unique and congenial community,—those who have recently purchased—as well as the safe-guarding restrictions which assure a continuance of the section's reputation as "Desirable."

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TABLES FOR TWO

MERRY excursions to the slums downtown in the quest of new and strange dishes in even stranger places are all very well in their way. My girlish delight in barrooms, more or less converted, which serve the best beefsteaks in New York received a serious setback a week or so ago in a place which shall, not to say should, be nameless. The cause was a good, old-fashioned raid.

It wasn't one of those refined, modern things, where gentlemen in evening dress arise suavely from ringside tables and depart, arm in arm, with head waiters no less correctly clad, towards the waiting patrol wagons. It was one of those movie affairs, where burly cops kick down the doors, and women fall fainting on the tables, and strong men crawl under them, and waiters shriek and start throwing bottles out of windows. It was very exciting, and, to me, anything but funny until a particularly big Irish cop regarded me with a sad eye and remarked, "Kid, you're too good for this dump," and politely opened a window leading to the fire escape. I made a graceful exit.

THE net result of this experience was that I felt an urge, for several days to eat in the dignified fastnesses of the Plaza. The grill, which opens October 3, has always been a smart rendezvous for youthful tea-dancing, but a new interest in lunching at this hotel is due to the fact that it is beginning to take on a slight theatrical flavor, in its quiet way. This is probably due to the recent activities in Columbus Circle, where Ziegfeld and Hearst, not content with the Cosmopolitan Theatre, are planning yet another one. I lunched in the cafe on the first floor overlooking the Park, with Charlie Chaplin and Adolphe Menjou as near to me as I am to you this minute! Menjou (fashion note) wearing a shirt, high collar, and bow tie of glowing pink with an ornament of some kind dangling sweetly at the throat. It goes without saying that the food here is excellent, though slightly more robust than that served in the main terraced dining room, and that the atmosphere is most leisurely and charming.

BUT by far the most enjoyable and unique lunch of the week took place at the Jumble Shop, on Eighth Street. To all outward appearances, it is just ex-

AGNES KREMER



PHOTOGRAPHER

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EST. 1905

New York—12 & 14 E. 49th Street
Just Off Fifth Avenue

actly like a thousand Greenwich Village tea rooms that serve palatable table d'hôte meals at small prices. For this reason, the ordinary tourist passes it by, greatly to the relief of the proprietors.

The interesting thing about it is the clientele, which is composed to a large extent of painters, sculptors, and rather serious young writers. There is no round table, no head waiter, no music, no bootlegger—just a scattering of trim painted tables with people talking very quietly and occasionally getting up to roam around and chat with friends or to snatch some coveted article of food that the casual waiter has left around with no one to guard it.

The people who go there steadily are quite distinguished and the place has its own atmosphere. It is to be doubted that half the people there know who the other half are. One of the proprietors was greatly amazed when she realized that the nice old gentleman who had been eating in his own corner regularly was Daniel Chester French! Others who are to be seen there constantly, I am told, include John Dos Passos, Cyril Hume, Arthur Lee, Art Young, Hunt Deidrich, Floyd Dell, John Howard Lawson, Edgar Arlington Robinson, and Dudley Digges. None of them ever seems to tire of the food, which is a tribute in itself. A visitor whom the owners do not care to see again, however, will find himself the victim of burnt steaks, lumpy mashed potatoes, warm iced tea, bad service, and other afflictions administered with such artistry that they rarely reappear upon the scene. Which is just as it should be. I, fortunately, was under the wing of a cherished habitue, and found the food excellent, though comparatively unimportant.

In November, the Jumble Shop will move into Macdougall Alley, taking with it a most interesting collection of original paintings and drawings presented by the great and the near great.

THE loud wails of anguish from those who used to go to Sardi's, on Forty-fifth Street near Broadway, in the same mood that the Jumble Shop calls forth, are due to the terrible influence of too much publicity. After Sardi's had been going along very quietly and nicely for some time, serving really delicious Italian food to few patrons, the world suddenly became aware that, in the tiny dining room or in the garden beyond, the lucky, lucky sightseer might get a glimpse of Lee Shubert, Arthur Hopkins, or members of the Winthrop Ames office almost any day at lunch. The result was an influx that is causing beaming smiles on the visage of the proprietor and the gradual dropping off of exhibits A, B, C and D—present lunching places unknown.—LIPSTICK



A frankly written book which every mother will want to show her daughter

WHAT is more difficult for a mother than the instruction of her daughter in the facts about feminine hygiene? No matter how scientific and up-to-date her own information may be, it is hard to know just where to begin, and *how*. This little book solves the problem for mother, daughter or wife. It carries a clear and sensible message for every woman who values her health and peace of mind.

In this age of wholesome frankness there are still far too many women who stumble along unguided. Some have absolutely nobody to tell them what they should know. Others have received wrong or incomplete advice. Others are simply too shy or timid to ask.

The result is that thousands of women today are running untold risks through the use of poisonous, caustic antiseptics. A shameful condition, but physicians and nurses will vouch for the truth of this statement.

Unnecessary to run these risks

Happily, science has now come to the aid of woman in her natural desire to achieve a complete surgical cleanliness *and to do it safely*. She can now throw out all such deadly poisons from the home and install in their place the great new antiseptic called Zonite.

Though absolutely non-poisonous and non-caustic, Zonite is actually far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be safely applied to the human body, and more than *forty times* as strong as peroxide of hydrogen. These comparisons give some idea of

the standing of Zonite as a genuine germicide.

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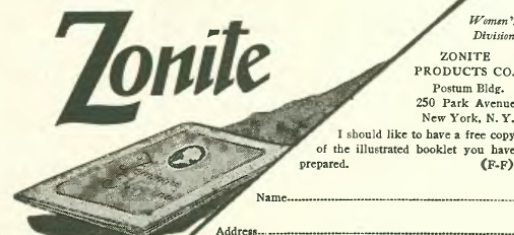
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TABLES FOR TWO

Signs of Autumn

Barney's reopened September 15 with a midnight revue
 Club Lido, same night, with Maurice and Barbara Bennett
 Ciro, September 17, with a Bernie orchestra and midnight revue
 Club Mirador, September 21, with Moss and Fontana

THE above list is in the nature of a life-saver to a harassed young woman who is getting very tired of saying "Montmartre" in answer to telephoned queries from thousands of guileless young people who want to go dancing in style and who, like as not, have never had the pleasure of social acquaintance with Charlie, the adamant head waiter.

Crashing the gate at an exclusive Vanderbilt dinner party of six would be easier than getting a ringside table at Montmartre without a formal introduction. But, with all due thanks for appearing on the horizon again, none of the old night club favorites had the consideration to open in time to save this department from being somewhat Broadway for another week at least.

FOR some time, I have been annoyed by persistent and glowing rumors about a certain Forty-fifth Street Yacht Club, which I tried to walk into unannounced with lamentable results some weeks ago. So I finally made myself a nuisance to the most complete man-about-town of my acquaintance until he consented to take me there. I had expected hilarious revelry, popping corks, Michael Arlen, undressed chorus girls dancing blithely on tables, and general uproar within its portals. Instead, I found a very quiet room (decorated by Wanamaker's, and very nicely decorated, too!), an informal orchestra, led by Georgie Walsh, whose antics served as entertainment, Fred and Adele Astaire, low becoming lights, Richard Barthelmess, and a leisurely atmosphere in general. The answer may be that I was present only from about eleven-thirty until a little after one. The adherents of the club insist that the slogan is "The later the livelier" and I will have to take their word for it.

Sufficient to say that, being a girl of quiet, refined tastes, I spent a very enjoyable evening wondering whether a few iron ships appliquéd on the walls are adequate excuse for naming a place a yacht club, and how anybody who was the least bit dubious about his footwork would dare to essay the two steep flights of stairs cascading perilously down to the street.

THE other excursion into a night club of theatrical flavor was made to the Owl Club, at 125 East Forty-fifth Street. This, principally on account of the spectacular caricatures that compose the wall paper, is without doubt the most black and white place, as far as decoration is concerned, of any dancing place in town.

The feature is four booths, housing Mexican, Chinese, Italian, and negro chefs, each wistfully concocting the dishes of their native land (such as Hamico Eggs Carramba, Ham and Eggs So Li Hi, Hameroni and Eggs-etti, and Ham and Eggs) in full view of the audience. "Come out and inspect our kitchen" is an unnecessary invitation at the Owl. The kitchen is right in front of you—but, instead of having one booth, like the log cabin at the Plantation, they must needs have four.

The other feature is the fact that your negro waiter, en route to procure you White Rock and chili con carne, is quite likely to burst into a Charleston or to raise his voice in a spirituel, with apparently no provocation except a crash of cymbals from the orchestra. In the same way, a howl for a cigarette girl may result in her being seized with similar convulsions on her way across the floor to your table. It is a little like Small's, in Harlem, where the waiters put on an inspired revue every Wednesday night, and is most amusing.

The drawbacks to the place are that the audience, except for a scattering of theatrical celebrities, is extremely butter-and-eggish and that the orchestra seems to have a little competition so that the man who makes the most noise and finishes the selection first wins. Which means that the brass instruments are too much for the size of the room.—LIPSTICK

TRENCH EPISODE

CRASH! . . . The earth shook and trembled as the echoes of the explosion died away. A second's deathly silence, then, a sharp incisive rattle, unnerving in its persistency. The air was rent by a thousand reverberating sounds, hoarse voices, shrill whistles and frenzied warnings. Foul fumes stifled and clogged the heaving chests of sweat-stained men, feverishly active under a pitiless sun.

A cold deathly fear gripped him as he scanned the devastating zone and realized that it must be crossed. He braced himself and made a decisive dash. Gaining a crevice he looked back at what he had dared, and then ahead at what he still must dare. Could he make it? Others had, he must. His brain reeled. Choking, he essayed the final stage. In and out of the deep-dug pits, up and over the high-slung mounds he struggled on in blind perspiring terror—till at last with one final effort he won through the area of street excavation, and gained the cool quiet safety of his destination, Hick's soda fountain on Fifth Avenue.—R. L.

The Last Command—Battery Park

He had a stiff, neatly clipped gray beard.
 He wore an officer's cap
 With some insignia or other on the flap
 Of his cream-colored coat of pongee.
 His black-gloved hand firmly grasped an open umbrella
 That was the dismal gray-green-black of mold,
 But shipshape even though it was very old.
 He had a kind look and something else about his face
 Which set him apart from the people you see nowadays—
 A sense of duty and a conscience. It made him look almost foreign.
 He stared straight ahead at the bay shimmering under the sun.
 He had nothing left to do but sit and stare.
 His work was done.
 He saw the ships go sliding out,
 Smelt the salt air, heard chains clank and whistles shout,
 Only—the man himself was not there.
 He was at the wheel watching the lift of foam,
 Ahead of him youth, Trinidad, Bagdad, what you will—
 And always the limitless sea.
 He raises himself slowly. He can hardly bend his knee.
 He starts out stiffly, I won't say for home.
 But it's a clean, neat room big enough to hold his cot and seaman's trunk.
 He wants it small. He says it looks more like a bunk.

—DOROTHY HOMANS

The Water Tower

MR. FRANKLIN P. ADAMS, owner, lessee and manager of that other and more famous Tower, is, and will be for at least two weeks, our favorite columnist. He writes as follows:—



I never was the kind of bard
To praise a paste, or laud a lard.
I never twanged my precious lyre
To sing a coffee, soap or tire.
I never hymned a touring car,
A cigarette, or a cigar.
So when they said to me, "I think
You ought to boost your favorite drink,"
"Agreed!" I cried. "But not for gold!"
"All right," they said. So, brave and
bold,

I sing in no uncertain tone
In joyous praise of AQUAZONE.

♦ ♦ ♦ F. P. A.

And please do not cynically suppose that the above is mere verse without veracity. Mr. Adams is an Aquazone addict—terms strictly cash and please save the empties.

♦ ♦ ♦
Talking of columns brings us to the Brooklyn Boys who have been receiving so much attention from Edward Hope in the Herald Trib. They are, as you must know, the ferocious little fellows, unbelievably costumed, who drive so many poor honest drinkers to desperation.

♦ ♦ ♦
"They come creeping, leaping, stealing through the ceiling; they come oozing through the carpet; they come easing through the door, by the vast uncounted billion, by the marshalled army corps."

♦ ♦ ♦
Naturally we know all about the Brooklyn Boys. And though we do not guarantee that AQUAZONE Mineral Water in a highball or rickey will prevent their appearance we do know that it has a powerful influence over them, often rendering them quite friendly!

♦ ♦ ♦
Belated News Item. Even though Mr. Charles Chaplin may have no recollection of the event, we have plenty of witnesses round at the Hippodrome to prove that, between acts, he drowned a deep thirst in this same beverage.

♦ ♦ ♦
Contributions to this column are welcome. But the finest contribution possible takes the form of an order to your druggist or grocer or a word in time to the waiter. Splits or pints.

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TABLES FOR TWO

I WILL never, never get over the rapidity with which important sociological, economic, and moral changes are made in New York. Not more than two weeks ago, at least half the diners at the Colony restaurant were in day clothes, and the Montmartre was positively the only after-theatre dancing place you could go to without having a haunting suspicion that you were slumming in one way or another. Now, the town is suddenly full of top hats, Paris evening dresses, real pearls, Elizabeth Arden complexions, and all the outer semblances of high life. The season is on. Great indeed are the workings of the Cunard line.

EARLY in the past week, the gentle, throbbing voice of Barney Gallant came over the wire, announcing that he was reopening his place on Third Street and that the occasion was to be the most brilliant affair of its kind since the storming of the Bastille.

I have always liked Barney's. The decorations, following the scheme of Lucien Bernhard, are Bohemian, but neat and restful withal, and nobody pays any attention to the gown you have on, and you don't have to get a requisition from your waiter to stroll over and make yourself at home at someone else's table. So I decided to go.

It was a great occasion. W. C. Fields was there, and Phil Baker from "Artists and Models," rising to take a bow regardless of what celebrity was introduced. Persistent but untrue rumors of the impending presence of Michael Arlen rent the air. Barney promised me solemnly that he, on the following day, would send me a list of the celebrities whom I should have recognized in the dim light, but artists, in whatever line of work, are notoriously forgetful. He didn't send it.

AND the following night, with a fanfare of trumpets, came Ciro's reopening. Children, children, what a time was had by all!

The master of ceremonies was a buoyant go-getter, a little boy-friend of all the world, who insisted hourly that you call him Al, and persisted in addressing

his public as "Folks!" There were also in the show sundry young women, completely unabashed, apparently, when their costumes misbehaved. "Friend Al" saved the evening so far as I was concerned by getting Sterling Holloway, from "The Garrick Gaieties," to sing "Manhattan," and made me happy, occasionally, when he left the floor to Frances Williams, who, to my mind, is simply grand.

Ciro's is one of the most attractively fitted out night clubs in town, but there is a clientele which wants more than gilding and which sees neither gaiety nor charm in a show which is not in good taste.

NOTHING would do, on the evening after all this excitement, but a quiet dinner and an early bedtime. The place selected for the dinner was the Kangaroo, a little restaurant on Fiftieth Street that stands out from the other rather tea-roomy places that dot the west Forties and Fifties by reason of rather interesting patronage. The English and Australian persuasion of the people who dine there has led to the development of curried dishes surpassed only by those at the Ceylon India Inn. These worked into an extraordinary dollar dinner. Among those interested in the place are Sir James Elder, Commissioner for Australia and Mr. David Dow, Official Secretary for Australia.

So much for the dinner. My plans for a good night's sleep went to pieces, about an hour later, when I found myself being dragged, shrieking, to the Lido, which had opened on the same night as Barney's. Enough people to fill the Grand Central Station were battling at the door.

The decorations at the Lido are as they were last year, except for some very tricky lanterns—inverted pyramids with bizarre faces painted on each of the three sides. Ciro's has also added the same sort of lamps to last year's interior. It seems strange that one or the other of these clubs didn't get such a very unusual effect copyrighted, but who am I to question the workings of great minds?

The place was packed to the doors with everybody you ever heard of, Maurice and

THE NEW YORKER

Barbara Bennett being ostensibly the reason. Maurice is as lofty as usual, as graceful as usual. He manages somehow to make the public believe that they are seeing something new when he executes a few of the steps he has been doing, with the same pleased smirk, for the last fifteen years or so. Barbara Bennett is just about the loveliest-looking thing, both in face and figure, that these critical eyes have looked on in many moons, and she dances rather well. More self-confidence will make her a most interesting personality.

At one first row table sat, to coin a new title, the Anglo-American Beauty Alliance, namely, Mrs. Julia Hoyt and Lady Diana Manners. They were supported by at least three dozen flowers of young American Womanhood who, if the stories of beauty contest winners are true, use Ivory Soap for their complexions and never use more than one beauty cream at a time. Next table, Adolphe Menjou. Next table, Le Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudray—and wife. Which gives you an idea of why everybody in the world is shining up to the head-waiter of the Lido.—LIPTRICK

PIER WATCHMAN

He sits all night at the office door
And chatters with sailormen come home
From Bombay, Liverpool, Singapore
And all the ports that the sailors roam.

From seas that shrank from the Roman
oar,
From Grecian islands, from old Cathay.
From Marathon, where the mountains
soar
In all the pomp of a prouder day.

With roamers over the world's wide lanes,
He sits and chatters the night away,
Of food and drinking, of aches and pains,
And what poor wage is a watchman's
pay.

—JAMES KEVIN MCGUINNESS

YELLING JOURNALISM

Thus Nicholas Roosevelt in the *Times* book review:

Had our leading yellow jingoists seen fit to publish this book in installments, we should undoubtedly hear newsboys crying, "Wuxtry! Wuxtry! Read all about the great war! Japanese Navy blows up Panama canal and seizes Philippines!"

Mr. Roosevelt's luck has evidently been better than ours. We never heard a newsboy say, "Wuxtry," and the only free knowledge we ever got was, "Yah, Yanks lose!"

THE OCULIST


OPTIMISTIC FATHER: Son, what is a pedestrian?

BOY GOLFER: A man who has to live with an oculist.

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THE NEW YORKER

C.S.D.

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TABLES FOR TWO

ALL the little boys and girls who have been having such a lovely time during the past two weeks showing off their brain and brawn in an attempt to get a table at the Lido had another big chance on Thursday, September 24, at the opening of the Club Mirador. Strong women and beautiful men, actresses, artists, society folk, celebrities in every line, were just so much chaff before the wind of the most brilliant night club opening of the season.

All of which does or does not prove that New York is not a fickle town by any means, and that old favorites can be remembered—often for as long as six months at a stretch. Last season, the Mirador was about the only after-theatre dancing place that careful mothers, with an eye to the future, allowed their débutante daughters to enter, and it looks very much as if this year it were to be more than ever the smart rendezvous. Moss and Fontana danced with a precision and grace that their opening in "Sunny" two nights before had not impaired in the slightest, Miss Moss looking exquisite in rose chiffon with swirling ostrich feathers to match, with other feathers, pearl gray tipped with black, at the hemline. Incidentally, she was the recipient of more flowers than all the passengers of the *Berengaria* in full season combined. Of course, it was impossible to dance, impossible to talk, impossible to get a waiter when you needed one. But if you are so incurably provincial that you think that a dancing club is the place for swooping artistry in footwork or for seven course dinners elegantly served, you would do much better to stay at home and listen to the radio. Because, unless there is another epidemic of padlocks, the Mirador will undoubtedly have the atmosphere of opening night throughout the Winter.

ON the following night, finding myself in the company of a party who felt the urge to tread a measure round and about the town, the spirit of exploration which has made our great country what it is to-day led us to the Club Borgo. Last year I had heard a great deal about it, but, what with one thing and another, I had never been there. So all of you who are hanging on my words in the hope

of comparisons of present and past glories might just as well stop reading this little essay here and now. I only know that I liked the place tremendously as it now stands, and probably wouldn't like it at all if it became more popular.

It is tastefully decorated, and, except for the occasional invasions of energetic Spanish dancers, emitting barbarous cries, very quiet and informal in atmosphere. The music is very, very good to dance by and—O, marvelous to relate!—soft enough to make conversation pleasant and possible. If you like plenty of room to dance, don't want to be inspired to spend the rest of the night in revelry, and have no use for the favorite indoor sport of identifying shy little celebrities hidden away at ringsides, you will like Club Borgo after the theatre. And, if reports from last year are still true, it is an ideal place for one of those confidential dinners.

AFTER bewailing the passing of the Russian Eagle at great length and with more feeling than is customary with me, the news that its successor, the Russian Swan, was now doing a rushing business next to Chalif's, totally unaided by the prestige of General Lodyjensky and his capable wife, brought forth no other response from me than a sense of utter futility. General Mitchell's recent fiasco has convinced me that it is a bad plan to be premature with obituaries. So I said that it couldn't possibly be the same, that I hated imitations of successful experiments in any line; that, in fact, I refused to go near the place or to acknowledge its existence in any way. Which would undoubtedly settle the fate of this impostor for good and all.

On the following night, any amateur detective might have beheld me admiring, somewhat reluctantly, the Cossacks and hussars that guard the door, the beautiful young women in native costume who humble you by selling you cigarettes, and the effect of candle-light against the rich rugs and Russian decorations on the walls. I even unbent so far as to eat Borsch and Shaslik. The place really is delightful. Intimacy is achieved by having the restaurant in a connected series of small rooms, so that the



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music can be as far away or as close at hand as you like. Dancing takes place in one of the rooms. Even a party of perfectly ridiculous young things from the suburbs, being exceedingly coy about somebody's engagement, could not spoil my girlish pleasure. I forgot completely to ask whether sad songs and Volga boat songs went on until breakfast as of old, but if you rush to the newsstands and buy THE NEW YORKER next week, I will be delighted to inform you first hand.



ERRATUM: Due to the chivalrous and misguided enthusiasm of some printer or proofreader last week's column contained a sentence which read "More self-confidence will make Miss Barbara Bennett a most interesting personality." The original sentence contained an "even" at the beginning and a "not" in the middle.—LIPSTICK

Probably a Traffic Cop

Policeman to Get Cross.

—The Times

Chicago is to have a school for domestic servants. Probably the graduating class will sing: "Three little maids from school are we."

Shenandoah Crash Laid to Girders

—Headline in the Times

Isn't there an officeholder called Girders somewhere who can complicate matters by challenging this?

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TABLES FOR TWO

IN just about one week more, the tea dancing season will be getting under way, because the boys and girls, by now, are bound to be pretty well exhausted by the strain of undergraduate toil and will need more sophisticated pleasures on their weekends than watching football practices and shining up to the high lights of D. K. E. Accordingly, practically all the old favorites have opened their grill rooms and are awaiting the great influx with folded hands. The Ambassador grill, Connie Bennett's Plaza, 14 East Sixtieth Street (with the Emil Coleman orchestra) and the Lorraine, home of happy girlhood memories of Amherst aftermaths, have all made their bow for the Winter. All that remains is to see which of them is to attract the largest number of young things, and which will have the most convincing college-prom atmosphere, cutting-in and all.

While awaiting this momentous decision, the new night clubs being so crowded by sensation seekers that they won't be any fun for awhile, my main recreations have been quiet little dinners, not so quiet private parties, and trips to the telephone offices, citing new illnesses or professions daily that necessitated the immediate installation of Every Girl's Invitation Medium. You will all be relieved to know, I am sure, that a few old stand-bys did overcome the difficulties of inaccessibility by wire, and that I did not starve by any means.

THE first protest against all Get-Thin-Quick dieting schemes was made at the Champs Elysées restaurant, in Sixth Avenue at Fifty-eighth Street. With all the new apartment buildings going up in this region, and the fact that both Gloria Swanson and Ben Lyon have taken up their residences (separately) at the Park Chambers, it is inevitable that new restaurants should make their appearance to challenge the supremacy of the Alps in that neighborhood.

Nobody, however, could possibly have foreseen anything quite so magnificent as the entrance to the Champs Elysées. It is just exactly like that of a movie theatre, and must be seen to be believed. It simply doesn't seem right, as you enter, that there is no



ROBERT BULL

ticket office, no lobby, and no issuer of door checks. Unfortunately, the inside of the place does not fulfill the promise of the modest three-foot electric sign over the sidewalk. It is done in green, with panels of picture wallpaper, and the few people who were there had slid quietly past middle age in graceful resignation.

The features are a staff of eager and somewhat bewildered waiters, an orchestra to which the same adjectives apply, caviar at Colony prices and the rest of the food (which is quite good, by the way) at reasonable rates. The place hasn't much character at present, but, since the attraction of any restaurant nowadays rests principally upon its clientele, there is still hope that it will be most amusing when it becomes better known, though I am a little inclined to doubt it.

At first, there was a strict rule against tipping, aside from a ten per cent charge added to the amount of the bill, but I was told that patrons protested so heartily against this barbarous custom that it was given up. (Memo: consult André's and Long-champs to find out whether they received the same protests there, and, if so, why they continue their anti-tipping program.)

THE second trip, one of those delightfully impromptu things where you telephone each other as soon as you are ready, dally over cocktails, have no tickets to the theatre, and venture forth with no particular objec-

tive in mind, was made to the Samar-kand, at 9 East Fifty-fourth Street. From every point of view, my evening was a great success. You enter the restaurant via a long passageway, and find yourselves in a rather small room, lighted by candlelight, decorated in the quiet Russian school, and made tuneful by the music of a violin and guitar, heartrending and gay by turns.

Nobody pays the slightest attention to you. Nobody converses above a confidential tone. Nobody stands biting their finger nails as they wait for you to pay your check and get out so that they may inherit your table. In one lull between courses, our little Russian waitress could be seen dancing the Russian equivalent of the Charleston with one of the guests in the hallway. And the dinner (\$2.50) is one of those superb and wasteful gestures that necessitate your passing up numbers of your favorite dishes because you simply cannot eat any more. You are served in the most casual manner in the world, but it doesn't seem to matter.

It is so nice that I know that I couldn't bear to go there with somebody I didn't like a great deal, or with somebody who couldn't maintain silences without fidgeting. The Russian Inn is gayer; and the Russian Swan is more crowded. But the next time I am in a soulful mood (which will probably be a little after New Year, unless I fall desperately in love again before that time) I intend to revisit this restaurant. Incidentally, it opens at lunch time and closes around ten o'clock at night.

BEST tea room lunching place in the shopping district, with the possible exception of Schraff's—the Vanity Fair tea room on Thirty-eighth Street. The Fortieth Street Vanity Fair is better known, but neither the food nor the appearance of the place is as good.

NEXT week, the Everglades and its new revue, "Ship Ahoy," Phil Baker's Rue de La Paix, and the reopening of 14 East Sixtieth Street for dancing after the theatre, will be handled in a deft way in this space. Watch for it.—LIPSTICK

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ALL the great minds who used to be absorbed solely in worrying about whether or not to order chicken salad, whether or not to Ask Him In, and the correct method of eating asparagus, now seem to have concentrated on but one vexing problem—"Are they dancing the Charleston at the smart night clubs?" At present (not that I want to set myself up as an authority on etiquette) the answer is No. And the reason, undoubtedly, is not that nice people disapprove of this pastime, but that nice people do not yet know how to do it.

Unlike the Toddle and the Camel Walk, which had their origin in finale hoppers looking for a new thrill, this dance came down from Harlem into the revue chorus last Summer, while all rich idlers were busy perfecting their golf games in the country. If the college boys condescend to take up a dance they did not originate, the Charleston will appear, via their debutante acquaintances, in the smart night clubs and dances late this Winter. But it is safe to predict that no decision can be reached on its future until the Christmas holidays.

At the Mirador, the other night, there was a most discreet suggestion of the Charleston in the dancing of several couples, but it was a suggestion that did not involve distorting the feet along grotesque angles. Incidentally, either the Mirador management has acquired a great deal of sense, or the place is not as uproariously popular as it was last year. Either way, it is all right with me. Because reservations are respected, you are not asked to feel lucky if they give you a drafty table out in the lobby, the dance floor is comfortably filled with very attractive people, the music is good, and Mar-

jorie Moss, quite aside from her dancing, has the nicest personality New York has seen in many a long day. I would go there more frequently were it not for the fact that at least five night clubs are opening daily, and each announcement sounds more alluring than the last. And what are you going to do if you happen to be the kind of person who wants to see everything that is going on?

TURN about is fair play, and the only way I could persuade a particularly adventurous youth to take me to Phil Baker's Rue de la Paix after the theatre was by a solemn promise that I would accompany him downtown afterwards to gaze on the wonders of the Club Caravan, for reasons which he did not disclose at the time.

The Rue de la Paix is the largest night club in town and, despite the presence of a Venus covered with silver radiator paint, shuddering in a grove of lilacs at one end, one of the most attractively decorated (in a very Continental manner). Furthermore, there is a startling innovation in the fact that the dance floor is sufficiently raised so that even those at the outside tables can see what is going on. The Jackie Taylor music is very good, and the show, which appears casually at intervals until quite late at night, is fair enough. Frankly, I do not know what the place lacks, but it is not very stimulating to me at present.

Phil Baker, being prohibited by the Shuberts from entertaining there, has consoled himself with the discovery that great wealth can result from buying shares in night clubs and selling them at a profit, and will undoubtedly be out of the thing, with bulging

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pockets, by the time that this little piece sees the light of day.
As for the Club Caravan—*sacré bleu*, and all that sort of thing! It advertises “daringly yet charmingly lovely little stars of the stage, in costumes which are strictly Continental in conception and have made Parisian cafes the talk of the world.” Now you know! And it presents perfectly adorable girls (especially one called Estelle Lavelle, and another named Marjorie Leet, just about the best-looking thing I have ever seen) in a manner that is strangely, and somewhat tepidly, reminiscent of Texas Guinan’s treatment of the Del Fey Club. I discovered that my escort’s discontent with the place was due directly to the fact that he was on an artistic mission to investigate the first-night reports of a young woman strolling about clad in a single red rose—a real one! And what had they gone and done but draped her in green chiffon by the time we got there! He was so upset by his tardiness in seeing the sights of the town that it completely ruined his evening. You might have thought that I had dragged him there, the way he carried on.

THE Everglades Club is on Broadway. They are now presenting a new show called “Ship Ahoy” and have done the place over in a nautical manner. Having seen said show and the new decorations and the audience I can only repeat—the Everglades Club is on Broadway.

BBRIM full of loyalty to the eager public who have been standing on tiptoe for one whole week to hear my promised verdict on 10 East Sixtieth Street, I walked up there one balmy evening at one forty-five and found it closed for the night—at a quarter to two! Is this a system? Having as usual postponed my sightseeing trip until the last minute, I can only tell you that it is closing very early—probably only until a sufficient number of the élite who patronized it last year get settled in their apartments and get their theatre and supper parties organized. Emil Coleman is playing there at tea-time and after the theatre, which ought to be sufficient recommendation for anybody.—LIPSTICK

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TABLES for TWO

THE Park Avenue season is now officially started, though its prize ringside exhibits are not as yet to be seen dinner-dancing with any great regularity. And, right here and now, I am beginning my little campaign to refute bitter charges that I never write up good places, such as Sherry's, the Marguery, Pierre's, the Piping Rock, and so on. The difficulty has been that I have been so enthusiastic over the opening of the new night clubs and the rejuvenation of the town after its Summer's calm, that I have not felt like settling down to an investigation of places so uniformly good that everybody takes them for granted.

Last week, however, I dutifully went to Pierre's for dinner. This restaurant has always depressed me a great deal, but it has been sternly pointed out to me on numerous occasions that nobody goes to Pierre's for a gay time. The real people go there to be among people they know and to feel at home. And the others are there to see the place where society dines, and go away feeling very much out of it. To me, in my present gay and dashing mood, the main attraction of any dining and dancing place outside the home is an audience containing (a) a few theatrical people of the better sort, (b) a few ultrasmart members of society, (c) one young couple who dance as if they enjoyed it. Other people, who are less gay or less dashing, however, do not feel the same way. Since its removal to Park Avenue after the war, Pierre's is the miracle of the restaurant world in that it consistently attracts the most conservative members of good society. This despite the fact that the food is admittedly only fair and the acoustics are so bad that rather indifferent dance

music, voices, and clattering dishes make a veritable din about your ears. A great many people agree with me that it is dull and that it can never hope to equal its model, the old Sherry's, but the Best People continue to entertain there for lunch and dinner regardless. And if you don't like it, you know what you can do.

I CAN'T help it if places like Katinka (newly reopened for its second season) interest and amuse me much more than the conventional evening just described. I like music, and informality, and gaiety. All of these are to be found in large quantities at this tiny Russian restaurant, where, directly after a heartrending presentation by the orchestra of the Volga Boat Song, in a romantic dim light, the table next to you is quite likely to amuse the Russians in turn by agonized renditions of "Sweet Adeline."

There is dancing at intervals, while the orchestra, in its quaint Slav way, claps enthusiastically and occasionally bellows in a manner most complimentary to the Harvard proprietors, "If you knew Susie, as I know Susie—" There are special sandwiches à la Katinka, compounded of red caviar, chicken, black caviar, and bacon, which are delicious but substantial. Also, a dish called "Flaming Mushroom" which I valiantly ate directly after my sandwich with some effort. The entertainment is endlessly resourceful—vaudeville of the Chauve-Souris type, a spectacular dance by the bus boy on request, gypsy singing, and impromptu entertainment by any guests so inclined.

Most Russian places are distinctly soulful after midnight—Katinka allows you to remain soulful just long enough to appreciate the noise that

follows. It stays open until about four on week day nights, and, on Saturdays, just as long as the guests choose to stay. It is also open for dinner, which I have not tried, but which undoubtedly is good. Pardon my youthful enthusiasm. Go and see for yourself.

THE Club Alabam has recently enriched the night life of New York by a new negro revue, which I will not recover from in some time.

Why, why, why do producers make up a negro show of Limehouse tragedies in pantomime, Moorish pageants, and Spanish fiestas? Why do they put the greatest natural entertainers in the world to work at copying second-rate vaudeville whites? If it hadn't been for the fact that I got terribly hungry at about two o'clock and had, in this way, remained to see the 2:30 show, I would have been acutely miserable. But at 2:30, the entertainers burst forth with some inspired buck and wing dancing, some slightly ribald blue songs, and a great amount of pep, thereby saving my life. The Alabam has been completely done over in Spanish style, with colored imitations of Hunt-Diedrich's bull fight iron work along the walls. The orchestra, which is as good as ever, wears gold braid on its uniforms. The feature of the decoration, however, is the fact that the lighting makes your cigarette burn with a white phosphorescent light. Which in itself is worth going miles to see.

Dinner is served there Sunday evenings from six to nine o'clock which is a good thing to know if you happen to have a restless escort on your hands.

LATE in the month, Robert of the Lelysée is opening the Restaurant Robert, at 35 West Fifty-fifth Street. The decorator is Winold Rice, who decorated the Crillon, and who promises a unique color scheme of purple and apple green. This, combined with financial backing from very good people, and Robert's expert knowledge of French cooking should make the new restaurant a smart gathering place.

Rumor also hath it that Don Dickerman, scientist with the Beebe expedition and proprietor of the Pirate's Den, is making Hallowe'en eve memorable by a new place called the County Fair and decorated accordingly. At 54 East Ninth Street.

—LIPSTICK



The Nineteenth Hole Club
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THE MIDNIGHT OPEN



A SUPPER dance, to be given in the Hendrick Hudson room of the Hotel Roosevelt, on election night, for all the friends of golf and those who have to listen to them.

The Nineteenth Hole Club, with headquarters at the Roosevelt, is a club exclusively for golfers and their friends. It will soon have a club house with every conceivable modern appointment. Playing privileges will be granted to members on a number of excellent metropolitan courses. The annual membership fee is Ten Dollars. Among the members of this club will be every one who has set a pinch of wet sand under a golf ball, from professionals to feminine beginners.

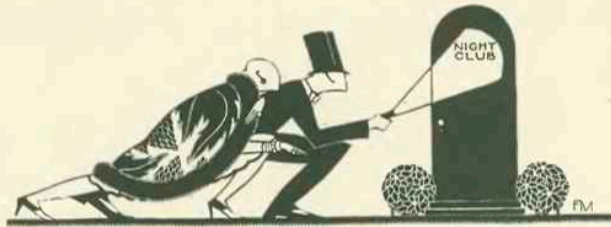
Latest advances report that, in addition to the long list of stars announced last week, who will compete in the putting tournament at "The Midnight Open," Johnny Dundee, Bob Curry and Ralph Morgan may participate. Dickie Martin, Editor of the Metropolitan Golfer, will also play—although betting odds are eleven thousand to one-half, against him. It will be well worth while to see these stars in their putting stances.

Personal—Estelle says Jack will join the club as soon as he has another fight and raises the necessary ja—let it go.

Music will be supplied by Ben Bernie's Orchestra—Jack and "Hope" Quartararo will tango, this being their first public appearance in America.

In order to be close to the pin in the gallery at this Supper Dance and "The Midnight Open," make an early reservation to,

HOTEL ROOSEVELT  NEW YORK



TABLES FOR TWO

REALLY and truly, Mr. Buckner is not one bit funny anymore, and he is far from considerate. It is hard enough trying to keep in touch with those static restaurants that often stay in one place for a year, but the idea of constantly learning the new names, new passwords, and new locations that will inevitably follow this new padlocking outburst of his, is a little too much. But the most annoying part of this whole rigmorole is what seems to me, on the surface of things, to be the utter stupidity of the places that have been caught a second time. If patrons have never heard of flasks and private stock they can be sure of, it is too bad about them.

Very few really smart people that I know are willing to drink anything that is handed them anyhow, and the hocus-pocus of identification fails to flatter them any more. If the restaurant needs the revenue, it can raise the covert charge, because there are plenty of people who will pay it; and can charge two dollars for a small glass of lime juice instead of one-fifty. By Thanksgiving, the Del Fey Club, the Piping Rock Restaurant (honest tears here) and the Lido-Venice, as they now stand, will undoubtedly be closed. Some are already looking for new restaurant sites. And all I have to say is that it is their own fault for being what I consider thoroughly dumb.

BUT there are sadder ways for night clubs to die than by the padlock's click. I speak of that lingering malady that has come upon the Russian Kavkaz, that many cellared haunt near Fifty-third Street and Broadway. It has been enlarged, and Soudeïkined, and made pretentious for one thing. And, even after the conspicuous lights near Broadway have gone out around midnight, and People Who Know

enter by a dark entrance next door, the crowd there is not the same. They used to remain silent while the orchestra played Volga Boat Songs; they used to borrow guitars from the orchestra and sing Russian or French songs for the entertainment of their friends; after midnight, it was the most cosmopolitan place in town. Now, the music is not particularly good, and they attempt jazz a little too often; and the audience contains too many habitués of Broadway not to break the spell of intimacy. Even the caviar is not especially good—an unforgivable thing! Very, very late at night, the spirit becomes gayer, the music better, and the audience more distinguished, but there is a difference, which is just a little disheartening.

THE Ambassador Grill is now open for dinner and after-theatre parties, with Larry Siry and his orchestra providing the impetus for dancing. As yet, the place is anything but crowded, and there is plenty of room to dance. The surroundings are charming, however, and you never feel in the least conspicuous if the tables around you happen to be empty. Later in the season, ballroom dancers will entertain at midnight, but at present you will have to be content with very good food, good music, and, I hope, congenial company.

ON this, the morning after the great première, with printers shrieking in my ears, I have a chance to say only that "Ciro's Rhapsody in Blue" (lasting from about one until two-forty-five at present, but undoubtedly to be cut down) is a unshow, and narrowly escapes being a magnificent one. Frances Williams, the white race's candidate for "blue" singing, Sterling Holloway from "The Garrick Gaieties," a superb chorus trained by Sammy Lee, and an

THE NEW YORKER

interpretive singing and dancing finale of George Gershwin's rhapsody are the high lights. Of these, more anon.

LAATEST bulletins from students of the Charleston at our greater colleges. Query: Is the Charleston being done at college dances?

Night letter from Cambridge—
(collect)

KICKED OUT OF RESPECTABLE BOSTON DANCE ON EAR FOR ATTEMPTING VIOLENT CHARLESTON ON PERSON OF DEBUTANTE STOP VERY CONSERVATIVE VERSION WITH LITTLE LEG SWINGING AND MUCH SMOOTHNESS IN ORDER. BRIAN

Telegram from New Haven (paid, and how!)

CHARLESTON HAS ALREADY VANISHED FROM NEW HAVEN INTO THE OBSCURE LAND OF THE DEMODE PARENTHESIS ACCENT ON EACH E CLOSE PARENTHESIS STOP SUGGEST YOU COMMUNICATE WITH CAP AND GOWN CLUB COMMA PRINCETON. ANGELL'S CHORUS

Telegram from Princeton (charged to the *Princetonian*):

CHARLESTON THE LAST THING TO ENTER ANYONES MIND STOP RUMORS TO THE CONTRARY WE STUDY HERE STOP AGAIN. BIOLOGY 4

Telegram from the Connecticut Aggies:

NEVER BEEN NEAR THE TOWN. NO SIG.

All of these (with the exception of the Yale effort, which looks like an attempt to be superior) will give you an idea of the great intellectual upheavals taking place in our fair land, and how our clear-eyed young people are being equipped to carry on the work of the nation. Watch for a good ballroom Charleston at Christmas time.—LIPSTICK

MELODRAMA

Act I

The taxi driver said he had no change.

Act II

I killed him.

Act III

I reached in his pocket, made my change, and left a tip on the running board.

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MONDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 14

In a Repertory including:

"CARMENCITA AND THE SOLDIER," a wholly new version of the Bizet-Mérimée "Carmen"; Lecocq's "THE DAUGHTER OF MADAME ANGOT"; Aristophanes' "LYSISTRATA"; Offenbach's "LA PERICHOLE" and a Pushkin Bill, "LOVE AND DEATH," featuring Rachmaninoff's "ALEKO."

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A battery of cameras recorded the event. Photos went to all the papers. And they, by skillful editing, prevented you from reading the name AQUAZONE on the bottle. Pop goes the publicity wheel.

WHO WROTE IT?
*"For unto life the dead it could restore,
 And guilt of sinful crimes clean wash
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 Those that with sickness were infected
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 It could recure, and aged long decay
 Renew, as one were born that very day,
 Both Silo this, and Jordan did excell,
 And th' English Bath, and eke the Ger-
 man Spa."*

Contemporary as the above encomium about a mineral water may seem, it was written by a best selling Elizabethan bard more than three hundred years before trade marked drinks or Truth-in-Advertising were discovered.



Theatrical note. Pledging their friendship round at Jack Hershey's studio the other day, could be seen Leonore Ulric, Virginia Hammond, Ernest Vajda and his wife. Aquazone was the official mixer.

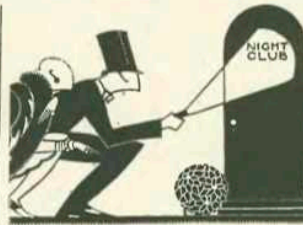
We hereby acknowledge our indebtedness to the contributor who signs himself "R. B." and suggests that we suggest that you save your bottle-caps. They make excellent parchesi counters, he says.

As Mr. Mencken points out, it's the straws that show which way the drink is going.

When a poor honest manufacturer of superior mineral water stays up all night getting distribution for his product in the night clubs and learning to call all the waiters by their first names only to have Mr. Buckner follow him around pronouncing the bans, it's hard there's no denying.

One consolation remains. You can still obtain the said superior product from some hundreds of druggists, grocers, restaurants and clubs that are as yet without padlocks, and of course, from

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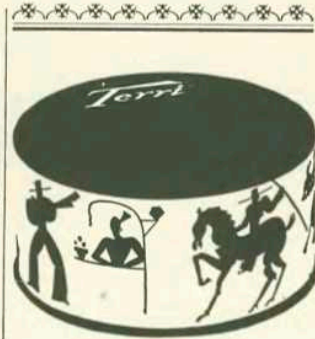
TABLES FOR TWO

AS if it weren't enough for dozens of new night clubs to select this time of year for opening, a great many old established favorites must needs begin their series of weekly "club" dances, so that everybody who wants to keep up with the times may have at least six places that they really ought to go to during the course of each evening. The Pall Mall Supper Club, functioning at the Hotel Lorraine, has begun its Saturday night dances, and the Lorraine itself has inaugurated its Friday Dinner-Supper dances for the season. The 19th Hole Club, an infant organization with headquarters at the Roosevelt, has, none too timidly, started its first season; and—social climax!—the Embassy Club announces Special Thés Dansants, to George Olsen's orchestra, on Saturday and Sunday afternoons.

If keeping up with these doesn't give you enough healthful exercise, I might suggest a jaunt over to Csarda's, at 137 West Fifty-first Street—a Hungarian place, recently opened, which advertises solemnly, "A Night in Budapest". Whether or not Budapest, present Mecca of the touring intellectual, contains anything like Csarda's, is outside of my knowledge.

The place here is charmingly decorated with fantastic Hungarian figures along the walls, has Hungarian dishes in the menu, and is enlivened by a Hungarian orchestra. After this, Budapest becomes Broadway. The orchestra valiantly essays jazz; American cuties (notably, a Spanish dancer surprisingly named Daly) disport themselves as the entertainment, and rather mediocre people look on. The manager explained that the American touches were an effort to attract the trade of New Yorkers, who sup-

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posedly would neither understand, nor appreciate the real spirit of Budapest, if it were fully transplanted. The Russian Eagle was not so pessimistic about us, and it flourished, if memory does not fail me.

ENOUGH of this solemn effort at constructive criticism! Theatre-goers down Greenwich Village way might find it a great pleasure to drop in at Alice McCollister's, at Forty-three West Eighth Street, for a bite to eat before the homeward journey. This is an attractive place, somewhat reminiscent of an English inn, which has the great virtue of serving an excellent table d'hote dinner until nine o'clock (one hour later than the other Village places) and of providing a quiet place to eat until one o'clock. Other restaurants that remain open as late as this downtown, include the necessity of sitting in a stuffy cellar and watching half baked flapper Dancing in the Din. I believe a softly-pitched radio is at the disposal of favored guests of Miss Hackett, the hostess, if they must have entertainment, but it hardly seems necessary.

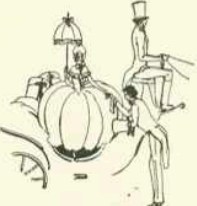
A SECOND visit to Ciro's found their elaborate revue, "Ciro's Rhapsody in Blue", vastly improved. The tempo is better and the scenes have been cut—because one hour is sufficient, for even the best revue after midnight. I still wish, with a low sweeping bow of apology to Frances Williams, who is one of my enthusiasms, that they had not introduced words and singing into George Gershwin's rhapsody, and had left the entire finalé to the chorus. I also wish that the costumes of said expert group of girls did not lay so much or so frequent emphasis on the charms of lingerie. The audience at Ciro's remains, alas, very, very Broadway.

IT seems that very smart people do not go out very much after the theatre, if the small number of high class night clubs is any indication. But at luncheon time, there are a surprising number of restaurants with a very chic clientele. For the hotels, the Madison, the Ambassador, the Marguery, the Park Lane, and the Ritz all contain a distinguished group of lunchers. For the restaurants, the Colony, Pierre's, Sherry's, L'Aiglon, Voisin, Crillon, Elysée, and numerous

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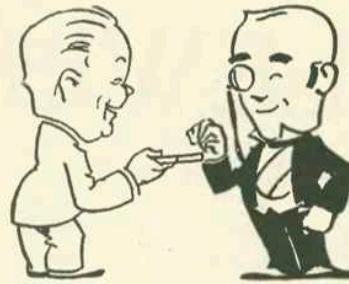
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SIMMONS HAIRCRAFT
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Eleven West Fifty-Sixth St.

others all have their quota of well dressed people-about-town. Nobody is interested in where the flies go in the Winter time. Where the smart world spends its evenings, is the question that is slowly driving proprietors of night clubs mad.


I AM beginning to feel like a columnist. Together with the announcement that Sardi's in West Forty-fourth Street, was opening a branch downtown, at 25-30 Park Place, this letter arrived in the morning mail. "I must take issue with you, my dear Miss 'Lipstick', for it must have been either an unfortunate, or unusual day when last you visited Sardi's place, and decided that its intimate vogue had passed.

"Perhaps another visit would convince you, and you might see, as I did lately, some such scene as this: Miss Marjorie Rambeau and Mr. A. E. Anson knitting their brows over a manuscript; Mr. Courtney Riley Cooper leisurely eating Lobster Thermidor; Messrs. Henry Hull and Dana Burnett; Mr. Hull's sister-in-law, Miss Anglin, casting avid glances at the French pastry; Katharine Cornell and Guthrie McClintic holding court to a long queue of admirers; Donald Macdonald, Ruth Gordon, Harvey O'Higgins, Harriet Ford, Winifred Lenihan and Winthrop Ames, and Dr. Reed, the psychoanalyst, beaming upon them all in his best clinical manner."

I have absolutely no answer to this, except the complaints that many of these habitués have made, which is that Sardi's is now so crowded with sight-seers that tables are hard to get and that the old intimacy has worn off a little. Which is causing them sorrow, but apparently has not yet driven them to places lesser known.

FROM now on, one textbook of this department is to be George Chappell's "The Restaurants of New York", an exhaustive study of every restaurant I ever heard of, and a great many more that I intend to rush forth and explore, even as the hardy author, in the guise of Captain Traprock, explored the South Seas and the North Pole. Mr. Chappell's night club information is already out of date, as may be expected at a time when the weather forecast for cabarets is so often "Open and shet—Sign of Wet".—LIPSTICK

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ATLANTIC CITY



JUST before staging a complete collapse, with definite indications of rigor mortis, galloping Charleston, and chronic mirages of a quiet home in the country, I wish to go on record as saying that, everything considered, this HAS been a week!

There was the opening of the County Fair, for instance. This is a new effort on the part of Don Dickerman, scientist with the Beebe expedition and proprietor of the Pirate's Den and the Blue Horse in the bargain. The decorations are most amusing—around the dance floor is a white fence, like those surrounding race tracks, then a row of tables, then a rural white picket fence. Behind this, you may find yourself sitting in the Grandstand, or in a booth proudly proclaiming the presence of "Little Oswald, the Tiddle-de-Wink Marvel", "Maniac Marmaduke, the Man Manglin' Human-Gorilla", or in Exhibit Row among the Blue Ribbon Up State Punkins or the work of the Elderly Ladies Fancywork Club. The food really is marvelous and the menu (the Gents' Bill of Fare including prices, and the Ladies' omitting them, so if your escort tells you you can't have some dish you crave, you will know the reason why) is most comprehensive. In addition, they have Eddie Worth, "the town cut-up from Frog Holler and his nine-piece County Fair orchestra", and, at twelve-thirty, some "awful smart boys and girls puttin' on a dern good show, including singin', whistlin', jigs, an' other capers." I would suggest omitting from said show one whistling act, either one of the two orchestra acts, and two feeble attempts at a Charleston by young women who apparently don't know that anyone who does the Charleston now must do it excep-

tionally well. The County Fair is the climax of the Villagee places with eccentric decorations which primarily attract the uptown dancing kids.


But it is quite amusing, and the food, which is available for lunch, dinner, and supper, is really excellent.

THEN there was the opening of the Nineteenth Hole Club, on Election Night. The great feature of this was the informality achieved by the tricky putting greens on either side of the dance floor. What with the girls' skirts as short as they are nowadays, and the additional uplift contingent upon the position required for putting, the evening was not without humor. Really and truly, something ought to be done by Congress or somebody about the lingerie shortage in this country.

There was a nine hole putting contest, in which some ten well known golfing professionals solemnly endeavored to put a ball through a two inch space between two wooden disks into a hole fifteen feet away, and proudly chalked down scores that would be their professional ruin over a nine hole course of ordinary length.

The club, which is open to everybody who knows the difference between a putter and a driver, will start a series of dances in the Roosevelt Grill on Sunday evenings in about two weeks, with Ben Bernie's orchestra officiating for dancing, and the two putting greens for those who prefer to intersperse their eating with diversion of this kind rather than dancing. In the merry months of Spring, playing privileges on several metropolitan courses will be at the disposal of members.

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BOTH of these places are an indication of the length that people are going, in both decoration and in originality of idea, to give a new thrill to "jaded" New York. And meanwhile, places like the Montmartre, where the decorations are not obtrusive, there is no entertainment except very good dance music, and patrons are left entirely to their own devices as far as amusement is concerned, go placidly on their way. Charlie Journal, by the way, still holds sway at Montmartre, and his reputed interest in a new place called Chez Fysher was due solely to the fact that he very kindly gave expert advice and assistance to the proprietor in the harrowing days before his opening.

ALL you world weary dotards of the college generation of three years back who think that you can restore your lost youth by a tea-dancing jaunt at the Lorraine Grill, take heed e'er your hearts break! The old place is not the same. There are a good many middle-aged business men, amusing themselves between leaving the office and catching the 6:35 for New Rochelle, and the good old Williams stag line is no more. Also, the music is rather loud although it does play plenty of tangos as of yore, and I never liked artificial flowers spilling from the chandeliers.

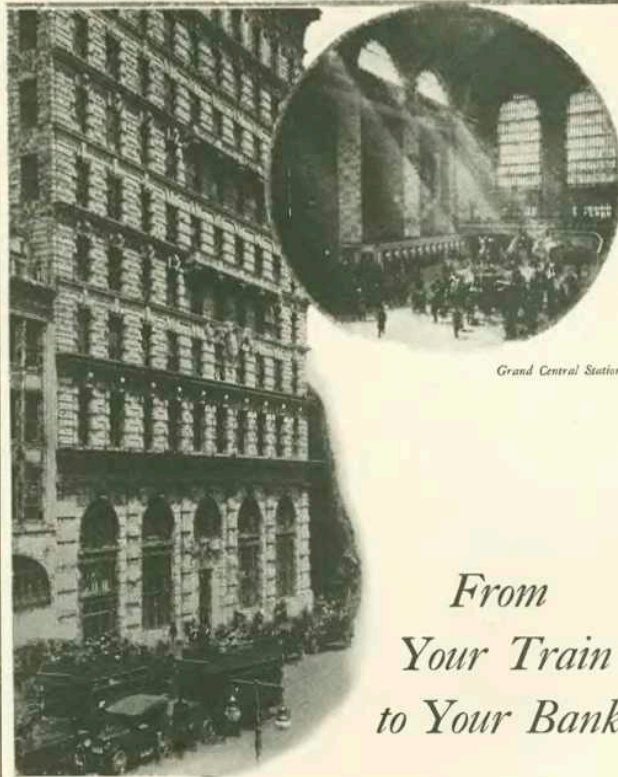
AS you have probably gathered by this time, my amusement has been concentrated upon the hours between ten and eleven at night and breakfast time, and the places that I have lunched or dined have made less than no impression on a somewhat befogged brain. Next week, I reform.

WARNING!

Certain well dressed young women have been posing as "Lipstick" and demanding free tables from guileless restaurateurs in my name. Know ye, that the original model is a short, squat maiden of forty, who wears steel rimmed spectacles, makes her son pay her dinner checks, and habitually carries a straw suitcase filled with Aquazone.
—LIPSTICK

THE NEW YORK GIRL

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The picture of propriety—
A mistress of deceptions.
—I. L. B.



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TABLES FOR TWO

IT is getting just exactly as hard to have a very swank dinner around town, as it is to get opening night seats to Charlot's Revue. The other night, Yellow Taxi dividends leaped skyward, and all because the Colony was packed to the doors, the Elysée was turning them away, the Crillon could only offer us a nice little table out on the sidewalk, which, in view of the rain, was not as Parisian as it sounds, and, to be concise, the phrase "all dressed up and no place to go" smote me with its full significance. So, suddenly, for no reason, I be-thought me of Charley Towne and his addiction to a little Viennese restaurant in the Village. Being a girl who likes to have her meals regular-like, and being, by this time, nothing short of ravenous, we headed south.

Frau Greta's, recently moved to 5 Christopher Street, is, first and foremost, not a Villagey place. There are no minors dancing themselves into depravity, no half-based "artists" waving cigarette holders, and nothing of the tea room in its atmosphere. The clientele is composed principally of visiting Viennese, or of Americans who have lived on the Continent, and understand the funny red wallpaper, and the bright red and green lights, and the haphazard waiters, and do not find the presence of Viennese airs, in addition to jazz, ruinous to their evenings. The little three-piece orchestra is really excellent, and the food—from the Bismarck herring through the Schnitzel Holstein to the apfelstrudel—is grand, if you happen to like German cooking. One can dance here, too.

After the theatre, some of the guests, the proprietor, and the waiters may join in singing, and the orchestra

extends itself nobly. It is very informal, very quiet, and very Continental in the non-tourist sense of the world.

AS I have mentioned before, the evening I went there was rainy, and, by the time we decided that it was high time to move along and investigate Chez Fysher, torrents were descending. And, as somebody once said, it never rains but it pours. Along about Fifty-fourth Street, my escort's snappy little roadster sobbed gently and died in the middle of Park Avenue. Then there was a lot of rushing around in the rain to find a taxi, and more scurrying in search of a garage, and then, just as we started again towards the Century cellar, one of the taxi windows fell out and smashed sweetly on the pavement, and the deluge finished what was left of a perfectly good evening dress and a perfectly good crease in a pair of immaculate evening trousers. As you may well imagine, Chez Fysher looked like the warmest, gayest, most comfortable refuge ever invented, when we finally reached there.

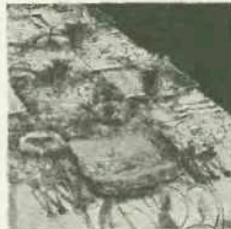
The crowd there (and it is a crowd!) was having a little too good a time to be a really smart one, and was a little too quiet about its enjoyment to be really theatrical. And, without being flapper about it, the couples danced very well. The decorations are colorful and amusing, and the orchestra is good. But the best thing about the place is the show, which, as far as I can judge, is a genuine little import. It is just as well to know French, if possible, but lack of acquaintanceship with that fair language apparently did not interfere with anybody's enjoyment of it.

There was a very tiny little chanteuse, who sang perched up on a high table and later danced a tango; a savage young woman who glowered and sang songs of the Russias; a young ventriloquist who, by painting eyes, nose, and mouth on his clenched fist, and adding it to a dummy about two feet high, managed to create a hilarious little being who kept everybody as amused as if they were at the Palace; and Yvonne Georges, who is too wonderful to describe. Nilson Fysher himself officiates as master of ceremonies. Even the fact that my wet slippers squdged (that is the best word I can think of) every time I took a step, did not impair my enjoyment.

WITH the advent of two dancers, named—silence, please!—Filberto and Anita, direct from the Florida in Paris, Borgo has renamed his club the Florida, for reasons of his own. The dancers, who appear after the theatre, and whom I have not yet seen, are reputed to be good. At dinner time, the food is good, the clientele quite nice, and the dance music, fair enough. It is a charming place for a quiet dinner or supper dancing. And that is about all that you can say about it.

I DON'T like to have people say "He don't" or "like I am." But the breach of grammar that offends me the most at the present time is either one of two questions, which well-meaning people put to me to put me at my ease. The first is "How do you ever stand the strain of going out every night?" And the second is "Gosh, what a soft job you have, nothing to do but go out dancing!"

—LIPSTICK



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TABLES for TWO

WHILE I, in a somewhat languid way, have been spending a giddy week receiving more attention from internes in white coats than I ever seemed to summon from members of the Racquet Club in Tuxedo, the world, apparently, has not been standing still. The Three Hundred Club has been continuing to have "Easy Come Easy Go" nights; "Poor Nut" nights; "Butter and Egg Man" nights; Calvin Coolidge has visited New York; the Crillon has returned to its warm Mexican decoration after a Summer surrounded by cool reproductions of the Alps; the *Shenandoah* is still a disaster; the Club Caravan gets more popular and daring and gorgeous with every announcement and—this what gave me the temperature! Moss and Fontana presented their *El Tango Tragico* at the Mirador, and the verdict of a fragile and expert colleague is as follows:

THOSE dear hours which New York devotes to night life aren't nearly as spangled with brilliant openings as the soberer periods between eight-thirty and eleven. So the poor neglected night clubs make up for it, these days, by opening two or three times in a season. Therefore the Mirador insisted on making an opening of Moss and Fontana's first American performance of their apache dance, *El Tango Tragico*, last Tuesday night. My impressions were, first, a desperate longing for at least one nonentity to set off the celebrities, then an equally desperate craving for a breath of fresh air and room enough to open my vanity case for a bit of powder, and, finally, a genuine surprise that the old, old apache dance, with the rude gentleman strangling his wayward

lady and then dancing with her dead body, *could* be well enough done to hold such an audience spellbound. Elbow bruised and smoke strangled, one still felt the chill breath of tragedy in the perfect execution of Miss Moss and Mr. Fontana. A very judicious use of lighting and a sketchy stage setting of an underground den helped, I think, but Moss and Fantana are about as good a pair as are to be seen.

CURIOSITY and conscience-driven, I also crawled down into the new Cave of the Fallen Angels. The old haunt on West Seventy-second Street was always forbidden territory. But I insisted I was a big girl now and was a little shocked to find that forbidden fruit could taste so much like any other. I found, below West Forty-sixth Street, a series of rambling cellars, variously decorated. One was an apache rat hole, another Moroccan (side by side, the Captain explained, since France and Morocco are at war), still more: Futuristic, Bohemian, Russian and papier mâché rack. Also a tiny dance floor across part of which a curtain is drawn to make a stage. But do not let all this deceive you; the place is Russian, and the air, outside of being tobacco-saturated, a little like the old Kay Kaz, only less ingenuous. Russians, I say it again, are charming entertainers; especially, in the Cave, M. Alexander Danaroff, Master of Ceremony and understudy of M. Balieff. But the show is such as no people but the Russians could get together. Dances apache (twice in a week!) toy, Cossack, wooden soldiers . . . rehashes of every Chauve Souris program, thrown together helter-skelter, saved only from ridiculousness by the troupe's air of being just one happy family. And some reason in

THE NEW YORKER

this I found in the explanation of my informed escort. Actors and management, waiters and bus boys are all so much of a family that they have all taken stock in the enterprise . . . and they certainly work to pay themselves dividends.

I don't think the Cave will ever become "smart".

But the dark cavern-like corners are inviting and they have hit upon a happy solution of a musical problem, one Russian orchestra to play Russian music, another, strictly American, to play dance jazz. Moreover, The Cave of the Fallen Angels is the only Russian place in town which does not claim to be manned entirely by once-crowned heads.

TO recall a gay evening or two before the collapse—you will never guess the former name of the Club Flamingo, in Fifty-second between Broadway and Seventh Avenue. Right upstairs from the Lido. Do you give up? What does it turn out to be, but the good old Trocadero, walled off at one end and made smaller, all decked up with blue and soft orange striped awnings, lighted by huge triangular lanterns decorated with girls' heads on flamingo bodies—O horrible—and made very, very, discreet. The crowd there included a couple of rather smart parties, a good percentage of pleasantly well-dressed people, a few tables not in evening dress, and about two couples of a distinct Broadway bent. There seemed to be a slight bewilderment on the part of everybody except the Broadway couples as to whether or not they had strayed into the wrong place. Basil Durant, whose personal popularity may save the place from utter cheapness, is dancing there with Kay Durban, a girl for whom the adjective "cute" was made to order, and whose obvious good health does not offend you on the dance floor, somehow.

FLORENCE MILLS is back at the Plantation, if that means anything to you. Also, the place is as badly ventilated as ever, and the crowd is just as Broadway. Between intervals of wiping smoke out of my eyes and inhaling aromatic spirits of ammonia, I endeavored to enjoy the show without very much success. The real negro devotees are going to Small's, in Harlem.—LIPSTICK

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Musical Studio**

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Engagement Limited to Seven Weeks in New York, Beginning with a

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by courtesy of Messrs. Shubert who have kindly consented to move
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In a Repertory including

"CARMENCITA AND THE SOLDIER," a wholly new version of the Bizet-Mérimée "Carmen"; Lecoq's "THE DAUGHTER OF MADAME ANGOT"; Aristophanes' "LYSISTRATA"; Offenbach's "LA PERICHOLE" and a Pushkin Bill, "LOVE AND DEATH," featuring Rachmaninoff's "ALEKO."

The five productions in the repertory will be presented for one week each, in an order yet to be determined by Vladimir Nemirovitch-Dantchenko and his Staff. The productions for the remaining two weeks of the engagement will be announced later.

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TABLES FOR TWO



ANOTHER place for one of those confidential and congenial dinners is the Russian Inn, at 33 West Thirty-seventh Street, which has been a landmark for quite a long time. There are the usual shaded lights, the usual Russian table d'hôte dinner, the usual waiters and waitresses in smocks, and very excellent music to the balalaikas (which, if I may high-hat a little, means Russian stringed instruments) of the earnest orchestra. The decorations are handicraft work, some bright murals, and lovingly endorsed photographs of celebrities ranging from Charlie Chaplin to Jo Davidson. It is a simple, jolly locale for lunch or dinner. After the theatre, dancing is in order, but I have never been present at that time.

NOW that society, via Miss Ellin Mackay, has set the seal of its approval on cabarets, all that I have to do is to fold my hands quietly and wait for the inevitable day when I am coldly informed that my services will no longer be required. After all, what more is there to say?

At least I have had the satisfaction, however, of having danced through practically an entire evening at the Biltmore, experiencing all the time the thrill of rediscovery. The supper room is spacious, leisurely, airy—the floor is excellent and the dancers on it, of just the right consistency to avoid crushing or collision. There is none of this nonsense of rotating spot lights of changing color, and the Roger Wolfe Kahn orchestra has more brass instruments gleaming in racks for its immediate disposal than any other band in New York.

Despite the fact that evening dress is not compulsory at any time (though at supper there is more chance of a ring-side table if you wear it) and the cover charge is negligible, there were no cheap people within my range of vision—an admirable feat. Neither, to be exact, were any crème de la crème de la Coudrais to be seen anywhere about, nor any recognizable branches of the Vanderbilt family. But the crowd is nice, with a strong collegiate tone, especially at tea time, that will undoubtedly get stronger with the Christmas holidays.

The only jarring notes in my evening were, first, the pathetic orchestration efforts of the desperate canaries singing high above the dancers. Canaries are not suited to night life, and they were rather woeful about it. And the second sorrow was sympathy with the loud wails of an escort, as he surveyed the Kahn heir, that he had gone to college and made a success of life instead of becoming a saxophone player and retaining his personality. Kahn, Junior, radiates personality, and his orchestra, which is in evidence for tea and supper, with that of Hazay Natzay relieving him at dinner time, is very good indeed.

IF you ever read the newspapers or get any mail, you probably have known that Vincent Lopez has taken over the old Automobile Club at 247 West Fifty-fourth Street, which has met with several disasters as a night club—first as the "Fay Follies", then suffering numerous ups and downs as the Rue de la Paix; afterwards, for a brief period, as the possession of Phil Baker, and now under the capable direction of Lopez, who personally conducts a twenty-piece orchestra there after the theatre. The place suffers from no lack of patronage, but the crowd is very far from being a smart or an interesting one. This, despite a really superb entertainment. Possibly the elaborate and somewhat florid pictures of sprawling nudes by Willy Pogany has something to do with it, or the fact that it is irritating not to find sufficient room to dance in comfort when such music is at your disposal. Casa Lopez, however, is worth going to, if only for the concert numbers by the band and the real joy of watching Jeneska and Accent, French acrobatic dancers, on the floor. (I hope they are still there, even though the regular dancers, Tamara and Fowler, have returned.) Casa Lopez is open for dinner, and is one of the few places that are available for people who hate to spend their Sunday evenings toasting marshmallows in front of the domestic hearth. In fact, the Lopez Sunday nights are the gala nights of the week.

HOPE HAMPTON dances at the Mayfair in sweet blue taffeta with long corkscrew curls extending almost to the waistline. Report also has it that she varies this hirsute program with a coiffure resembling delicate and maidenly spirals of Danish pastry.—LAPSTRICK



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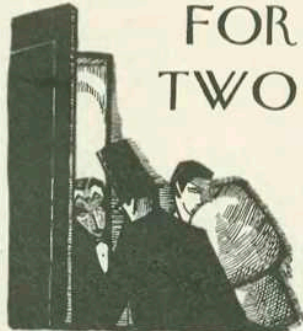
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"Charlie" Journal

TABLES
FOR
TWO



IT was with a feeling closely akin to horror that I realized, some few days ago, that, by not having gone to Harlem so far this Season, I was failing my dear public. And after all my denunciation of the decline of negro entertainment downtown, it seems only fair that I should dig out something to take its place.

The first thing that I noticed, is that most of the negro girls entertaining along Lenox Avenue would do well, either to take Charleston lessons from one of the five thousand flowers of American womanhood adorning our choruses, or to invent a new dance. The second thing that I noticed, is that the time-honored short white cotton bloomers have given way to very intriguing pink silk step-ins trimmed with lace, which were just a little nerve wracking to the gentlemen in our party. And the third, is that the only way to see negro entertainment at its best, is to go to places where the black portion of the audience outnumber the white at least three to one.

The first stop, made as an *aperitif* to the main festivities of the evening, was at the good old Nest Club; two years ago the main attraction for smart society anxious to go slumming, and decorated with them in mind, and now a somewhat deserted shadow of its former self. There are still the curious amber lights that make everybody look the same color; still the non-chalant negro who plays a tuba, and keeps a long black stogie going at the same time; still the excellent dance music, which was inspiring a Broadway couple to the most amazing gyrations of the evening. At the door, a new sign—"Members should be pre-

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THE NEW YORKER

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pared to be searched for liquor at any time".

From the Nest, the evening being yet young and increasingly lively, we went on to the Club Cabaret, Johnny Cobb's new club at Lenox Avenue and 130th Street. And this was, without doubt, the high spot of the evening. The usual cellar with green walls, round tables, bright red and green lights, and an enthusiastic orchestra. The entertainer there, a girl whose name turned out to be Retta, and whose casual remarks about a well-known annulment suit were more caustic than delicate, turned out to be one of the most vigorous animals that I have ever seen turned loose in public. If only she doesn't drop dead in her tracks from the sheer exhaustion of maintaining a one-woman all-night show, she could easily be the success of the Season. Never could I have believed that coon shouting could be as noisy, or that the very expressive gestures that accompanied each song as abandoned, or that dancing could so completely engross the anatomy as hers did. The lady has no inhibitions, and is proud of it. She is simply swell, and like the tattooed lady, worth going miles to see.

The third place visited was the Hooper's Club, formerly the Vaudeville Comedy Club, which has impressive signs pasted all over the walls, proclaiming that members only are welcome. I understand that late at night, which, in Harlem, means from five in the morning on, it is one of the most amusing places that you can find. Unfortunately, we arrived ridiculously early—about three-thirty, and not very much was going on except the loudest and jazziest dance orchestra of the evening, and a few rather lackadaisical entertainers.

In all the excitement of rushing around in taxis in search of a young negro who was to guide us, and apparently found something more highly colored to do, we missed Small's—the most popular of the uptown places, and, unlike the ones I have mentioned, packed to the doors with blacks from midnight until morning. So this means another trip.

At Small's and at the Nest Club, they are making a great furor about their Monday morning breakfast dances, which you may attend from five in the morning UNTIL— (The caps are supplied by the announcers, with a leer.) These cumulate in a terrific crescendo at about noon

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THE NEW YORKER

time. At the Hooper's Club and at the Nest, Friday night, "Professional Night" is the great attraction, especially at the Hooper's which should be visited then.

THE night after this conscientious excursion, reaction took the form of dining at Sherry's, which I adore, and, with somewhat gingerly memories of the hot dogs consumed the night before, ordering the most exquisite dinner that I could think of. There is simply nothing new that I can say about Sherry's, except that both the room and the people are charming, the food excellent and well-served, and that the music is especially good this year.

LATER in the evening, such is the force of habit, I journeyed to that not-at-all leaning tower of respectability, the Waldorf, for a little dancing after the theatre. The supper dancing here is primarily designed for the cohorts and cohorts of debutantes who want to feel safe after midnight, and fulfills its purpose well. The audience was composed principally of older people at supper, and very few dancers—which seems a great waste, in view of the fact that the music here is unusually good for dancing as well as listening.

WORD comes that the Mayfair House is now open for dinner dancing; that the Tally-Ho has opened new quarters at 18 East Fifty-sixth Street for lunch and dinner; that Harry Richman has taken over Ciro's; and that Felix Young, formerly manager of Ciro's, has taken Frances Williams, this department's favorite entertainer, with him to Club Borgo and named it after her. Also, that Prince Romanowsky, just a buddy of the late Czar of Russia, thinks that it might be an elegant idea to open a Russian restaurant. The result is the Kazbec (the name being very near the Kavkaz, and the location very near to the Katinka). This will be honored with a review as soon as I get my strength.

—LIPSTICK

THE WINDOW MODEL

Some can adore a brain of wood,
And unresponsive lips are said
To indicate technique, and yet
Not even in the strictest set
Do men find wooden bosoms good
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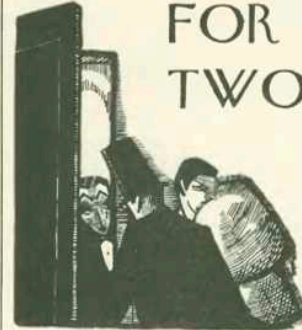
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TABLES FOR TWO



TEN East Sixtieth Street has reopened its dinner and supper club, now called the Villa Venice, for the second time this season, with an Emil Coleman orchestra as the sole excitement; and New York thereby gains yet another place wherein the refined young debutante may be sheltered from the corrupting influence of fat and gaudy drummers and vapid stag lines alike. Refinement, in fact, fairly bristles (or *does* refinement bristle?) through the quiet, and very attractively decorated room. If you are looking for stimulation of the noisy kind, this is not the place to go. If you have a party or a partner that is sufficiently interesting in itself to keep you happy, it is delightful for supper and dancing. Might I suggest, in a nice way, that the orchestra might play a teeny, weeny, bit faster? Thank you.

The night I went to Villa Venice, I chanced to have been with a party that had never been to Harlem, which is just about as out-of-date as never having heard of THE NEW YORKER, and I promptly bethought me of my neglect of Small's on a previous visit. The new Small's is at 2294 Seventh Avenue—a spacious, noisy room with black and white drawings around the walls and quite the maddest and most intoxicating dance music I have found. (Note: the proportion of black parties to white ones is about thirty to one, and it is better for whites not to go in evening clothes). The only let-down in the all-night hilarity is the negro idea that, if a song sounds well sung once, it is exactly thirty-eight times as good sung thirty-eight times, and duty occasionally compels a dusky

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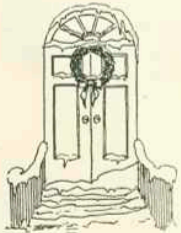
THE NEW YORKER

female entertainer to sing "Yes, Sir, that's my baby" without variation at every single occupied table in the room. Which is just a little tiresome, and slightly disastrous to the high pitch of pep that Small's maintains most of the night. Wednesday nights, as I have said before, is the big night here, for the waiters, who make a habit of Charlestoneing constantly, and with especial vim when they are balancing a tray loaded with White Rock above their heads, put on their own show at intervals—a show noted more for its noise and pace than for its technical perfection. Which means that very congenial parties in very high spirits have a much better time there than others. And, oh yes, the girls dancing here wear blue step-ins instead of pink ones, and the momentum of the place increases rather than sags towards breakfast time. Go as late as you like—and the later the better.

MAISON ARTHUR has managed very successfully to transfer its restaurant-in-a-French-drawing-room atmosphere from its old quarters in Forty-Fifth Street to 26 East Fifty-fourth Street. In case you don't happen to know this luncheon place, it serves a table-d'hote, slightly more elaborate and varied than the dollar places that dot the West Forties and Fifties; that it is never crowded and always leisurely; that the food is delicious; and that delightful people are to be seen conversing there over their demi-tasses until far into the afternoon.

THE newest of the Park Avenue restaurants has recently opened in the Mayfair House, at 610 Park Avenue. It is arranged somewhat like a miniature Ritz, with a balcony running around the main part of the floor and an orchestra drowning out all clatter at lunch and yet not obtruding itself upon conversation. The food, of course, excellent. In the evening, the music becomes more syncopated, and dancing is in order. The place is intimate, decorative, and promises to become very smart. Incidentally, the Mayfair house is never confused with the Mayfair Club by connoisseurs, the latter being a theatrical dancing club which, on alternate Saturday nights, foregathers in The Crystal Room of the Ritz and forgets the hardships of stage and movie life in speculation as to what is going on between the emin-

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THE NEW YORKER

ent theatrical manager and his newest and most attractive dancing partner.

WITH expert burst of temperament on both sides, Maurice and Barbara Bennett have severed their dancing partnership—Maurice hastening to Europe to fill dancing engagements with a newcomer, Eleanor Ambrose, and Miss Bennett continuing at the Club Lido with Billy Reardon to guide her none-too-faltering footsteps. The break was not entirely unexpected, for rumors of dissention have been constant ever since Maurice, with a rather patronizing shrug, accepted Miss Bennett, a brilliant brunette, in place of the blonde he had hoped to find to take the place of Leonora Hughes. Miss Bennett's discovery that Maurice had quite quietly been training a new partner, whose hair and whose footsteps were said to be growing lighter and lighter, was coincident with her discovery, made while Reardon was substituting for Maurice during a week's illness, that Maurice was not particularly essential to further professional success. Anyone who knows anything about the Bennett family or about the sensitive soul of Maurice can just sit down and have a lovely time imagining what took place at this point.

—LIPSTICK

PUPPETS

HER heart was beating wildly lest she make a false move. She knew the vital question was on its way to his lips, and she wanted, above all things, to receive it in the proper manner. Should she allow her eyelids to flutter down over the brown depths he had so often praised? She thought she should.

Too, now that he held her hand, she must remember to let it lie limp in his fingers until the very question, and then—a quick, convulsive clasp, and an embarrassed blush. Or should she draw the hand away while she considered her answer? Perhaps that was best. Then, as she said Yes, very soft and low, she would turn toward him, her face uplifted at a very slight angle—not enough to be bold, and yet enough to be alluring—and readily yield to his arm when he would fumble it around her waist. When he kissed her, she would close her eyes, and move one foot quickly backward. If the kiss was too long, she would push gently against him to release herself . . .

When he left her house, minus the ring which he had left with her to secure his promise, he wondered whether he had done everything aright. Did he stutter just enough when he came to the important part of the question? He hoped he



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TABLES FOR TWO



and, even at dinner time, the majority of the guests wear evening dress. For supper, it is compulsory—which I insist is a good idea.

IF I ever go to Harlem again, I certainly am not going to write about it. Better, far better that I had been killed (as I very nearly was, due to the fact that the taxi had no steering gear) on the way up there than live to be berated as I have been. Read what follows, and then ask me why I am considering a life of Social Service:

"Madame:
"Because I have had a more or less wholesome respect for your opinions, I followed your advice and visited the Club Cabaret of Johnny Cobb, at Lenox Avenue and 130th Street. And it was with something akin to shame that I left with my escort, shortly after Retta began singing her charmingly suggestive songs with accompanying contortions.

"In addition to expressing a belief that you have a kink in your otherwise brilliant mind, when you attribute to the dusky Retta great ability to entertain, may I express a belief that you must also be suffering from a severe attack of color-blindness when you state that 'all people look the same color under the curious amber lights?' My escort and I were decidedly crimson!"

"NANCY LLOYD HOLLISTER"

IN this age of balloon tires and covert charges, it won't be very long now before quiet little nooks in public dining places will be as extinct as the dodo or people who avoid cocktail parties and lie down for a cozy nap before dinner.

All of which means that the world, with or without his wife, is flocking to the Florida, a society haunt last year and, so far this season, one of those charming dinner and supper places conducive to tête-à-têtes. Frances Williams is the reason for the great rejuvenation. On the opening night, the additional strain of her opening in "The Cocoanuts" had decreased her customary pep in singing somewhat, but her Charleston was as good as ever, and that means a great deal. There were 678 diamond bracelets in the audience, 247 white fur wraps, two women with long hair, and Count Salm. And the music is as good as ever.

In addition to all this, the Ambassador Grill is augmenting the charms of the Siry orchestra and the entertainment by Cynthia Perot and Elliott Taylor by inaugurating with commendable originality, a Thursday night series of Charleston contests. I saw one of those at Proctor's in Mount Vernon some months ago, if memory does not fail me.

So it looks as if the sanctity of the Vanderbilt Hotel were to be the one landmark of quiet in this hectic city. In the Chinese Room here, Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Castle used to slip away from the dancing craze they began, for tea, in days gone by, and is still going along serenely, far, far from the influence of a jazz mad age. This and the Della Robbia dinner room are quiet, attractive, well-bred to the nth degree. There are little corners to add to the intimacy of the atmosphere,

Also, I have received an indignant letter from a musician in a Harlem cabaret in which he states that no white girl could possibly do the Charleston, "the REAL Charleston" as a colored one can, because the negro originated the dance (didn't the American Indians do a dance very similar to it?) and therefore does it better than anyone else. Granted that negro men are supreme at this dance—I would be the last to deny it. But

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as for the girls—I will just have to be shown, that's all. The ones I have seen get a certain curious swing that the white ones don't, but they are very self-conscious as regards the feet. And just for that I promise never to mention the name of Charleston again.

WHERE, oh where are the jovial souls who used to cavort nightly until breakfast time at the Del Fey Club? Harassed owners of clubs that stay open all night, and are open to the public, are asking themselves this as they survey the empty tables with a wistful sigh. I think the answer is that they are going to bed for a change. For nobody I know of ever went deliberately to Texas Guinan's—they simply found themselves there somehow, and remained doggedly until, all of a sudden, it was seven o'clock in the morning.

The best substitute for the Del Fey that I have found is the Owl, in Forty-fifth Street between Sixth and Broadway, which despite the fact that it is never crowded or rowdy, somehow fosters your disinclination to go home and be nice and fresh for your office at nine o'clock. This is the place, as I have mentioned before, where the negro waiter is quite likely to boom out, as he deposits your White Rock on the table, "The Good Book says that Cain killed A-a-abel," and have a quartette of waiters suddenly spring to life and harmonize the "Yes, good Lord!" with precision and enthusiasm. The singing of spirituals is simply too swell for anything, as is proved by the fact that, after only a few minutes of it, every forehead has a nice, gleaming, one dollar bill pasted across it, and others are rapidly fluttering to the floor to be scrambled for from the hands of enthusiastic hearers. (My escort was so enraptured that he absentmindedly tossed out a ten dollar bill instead of a one, and I had to pay the check, but no matter.) The girl entertainers do not fare as well. This casual singing and dancing entertainment occurs, every other dance, from midnight until five or six in the morning in this, the best "high-class slumming place" that I have found. And—inducement—if you go there you might see Alice Brady, Bessie Love, or even, to make your evening a complete success

—LIPSTICK

Jimmy Walker must have moments when he regrets that office hunters do not shoot each other by mistake.



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