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"Good Morning Dearie"

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TOWN TOPICS

2 WEST 45th STREET, NEW YORK
TOWN TOPICS
(EVERY THURSDAY)

ZINN GOULD, Managing Editor
Published by the TOWN TOPICS PUBLISHING Co., E. MARK-VIENNE, President; W. L. DANIELS, Secretary and Treasurer; 2 West 45th Street, New York City.

ONE YEAR, $5.00; SIX MONTHS, $1.00; THREE MONTHS, $2.00. Postage free U.S., Mexico, Hawaii, Porto Rico and Philippines. To Canada, S. E., other foreign countries $6.00 per year. Remit by check or Postal Order. Address Legal Department, TOWN TOPICS, 2 West 45th Street, New York City.

THE EDITOR will welcome new submitted matter. All communications are to be addressed to "EDITOR TOWN TOPICS, 2 West 45th Street, New York City, N. Y."

NEWSPAPER FOR THE CURRENT WEEK must be received by 2 P. M., Tuesday.

SAUNTERINGS

THAT element of metropolitan society which summers at Newport is much disquieted over the stories that a certain very well-known couple, whose winter home is in Washington, have decided to tread separate paths and seek solace in habitats that at present are far apart. The wife in this particular case is the daughter of a very wealthy man, whose winter home in the Capital, if I mistake not, is in Massachusetts avenue. This particular matron is noted for her sanguine manners and pleasant social qualities, and her antecedents entitle her to membership in the Colonial Dames of America, and in which exclusive organization she is a most important member. At Newport she has occupied a magnificent domicile, where her daughter and son-in-law have at times been guests. Now the tale has gone forth that the green-eyed monster has stealthily been working upon the feelings of both husband and wife, with the result that small differences, which, at first, were regarded as the usual and natural harmless altercations between married folk, have grown into monumental disturbances and that discord has so unsettled their former placid life that it is no longer possible for them to exist side by side. The first great ruckus, I am informed, came some months ago, when, during a voyage, the wife's wedding-ring was thrown into the sea, which for the nonce appeared to presage a final parting of the marital tie. This particular quarrel, the gossip says, was caused by the mutual desire of both parties to permit their thoughts, as well as affections, to stray from each other.

The wife, so the story goes, was not averse to the flirtations at

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but abortive appeal for clemency he left the house, vowing never to return. The wife, as is usual in all such cases, returned to her mother's home with those hopes intact. Regarding her marriage I know not, but sufficiently angry at her "worse-half" not to answer the appealing missives that he has recently written to her from Palm Beach, where he is endeavoring to pull himself together. In the meanwhile the white-haired mother, whose dignity has been much shattered by the affair, is trying to effect a reconciliation.

Mrs. Sylvanus Stokes, Jr., is at present visiting her mother, Mrs. Gibson Farnsworth, at her Washington home. Mr. Stokes has been, for several weeks, at Palm Beach, and the date of his return to the Capital has not yet been decided.

Again the gossips are having their say concerning the interesting case of Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitneys. cornelius Vanderbilt Whitneys, is about to actually take the fatal step. For several weeks past this rumor has been going the rounds of Fifth avenue, and that it is generally accepted by those "in the know" is attested to by the fact that one of several other Mr. and Mrs. Vanderbilt's "small dance" Monday evening, by whom the matter of the engagement was more or less covertly discussed. In fact, by some it was thought that the occasion would be utilized by the Whitneys to make an announcement, although the young lady to whom Mr. Whitney is said to have been sufficiently attentive to merit his asking for her hand, I am told, is not, nor is her family, a member of the exalted set, and is not well known in the exclusive circles in which the Whitneys move. However, in these democratic days, such a trifling matter is no serious objection, and I am certain that the young lady upon whom "Sonny" has bestowed his attentions will be welcomed to the fold. The engagement will shortly be announced, I am given to understand, and the wedding will soon follow. Parental approbation, I am told, has been solicited and as freely given.

Although Mrs. Vanderbilt's hall (for, despite the journalistic announcements that it was a small dance, I insist upon giving the function its proper designation) was arranged nominally as a debutante function in honor of her granddaughter, Miss Barbara Whitney, I have been given to understand that it was at the same time held for the purpose of officially introducing to New York society the Countess Laszlo Béckerenyi, the former now the diplomatic representative of Hungary at Washington. Not that Mrs. Vanderbilts's daughter and son-in-law require any special presentation, as they naturally are well known, but it was in line with real Vanderbilt policy to introduce the Count and his wife as members of the diplomatic set. Therefore, the number of diplomats who came from Washington for the event, and the assembling in the Vanderbilt mansion not only of the débutantes of the season, but the young married folk and some of Mrs. Vanderbilt's own and intimate contemporaries. The ball was really the event of the season and was not democratic in any sense of the word, despite Mrs. Whitney's large acquaintance of artistic friends; for, while Mrs. Vanderbilt is graciousness itself, she is ever exclusive, and those whom she received with Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney and Miss Barbara Whitney in the Louis XVI ballroom represented only the Vere de Veres. Aspirants for honors in Mayfair were barred, and I particularly know of one ambitious matron who had pressed for an invitation but who, to her the Harriy Payne Whitney, is about to actually take the fatal step. For several weeks past this rumor has been going the rounds of Fifth avenue, and that it is generally accepted by those "in the know" is attested to by the fact that one of several other Mr. and Mrs. Vanderbilt's "small dance" Monday evening, by whom the matter of the engagement was more or less covertly discussed. In fact, by some it was thought that the occasion would be utilized by the Whitneys to make an announcement, although the young lady to whom Mr. Whitney is said to have been sufficiently attentive to merit his asking for her hand, I am told, is not, nor is her family, a member of the exalted set, and is not well known in the exclusive circles in which the Whitneys move. However, in these democratic days, such a trifling matter is no serious objection, and I am certain that the young lady upon whom "Sonny" has bestowed his attentions will be welcomed to the fold. The engagement will shortly be announced, I am given to understand, and the wedding will soon follow. Parental approbation, I am told, has been solicited and as freely given.

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Marko Asquith’s first appearance on the lecture platform in the metropolis proved to be as exciting an experience as that wind-blown lady could have wished. Not only did an excited and elderly female, who must have been an ardent admirer of de Valera, loudly protest against the smart-tongued lady’s reminiscences and threaten to start a riot, and a number of women, who could not hear the pearls of
pleasing interchange of greetings at the Opera that night and the young English matron enjoyed the performance exceedingly as did the audience, and the incident of the box-office sale of seats which, if it did not freeze anybody’s blood did at least make several conservative females bristle with resentment. The details of this incident were of such an import that if I am not mistaken, I was told to tell with the same gentleman, although, I possibly may be mistaken. In point of fact, her son not a daughter, as happily the feminine part of his family had been tendered invitations to a very exclusive subscription dance. The son, who, as has been reasonable school, was not included, which, as might be expected, caused some dissatisfaction to his parents. All kinds of diplomacies were resorted to in the hope that the coveted card might be secured, but it was not. The naughty lady who wished to have had her young aunt, the wielding of the dreaded blue pencil admitted that the young gentleman’s sisters might grace the occasion, but that he was not acceptable. Nothing could induce her to alter her usance, although, I am informed, it was very broadly hinted that everything material for which she might express a desire would find a way to her home. But concrete nails as water compared to the inflexible will of the matron under whose auspices the dances are given. The son of the financier remained at school probably pondering the meaning of noblesse oblige, and applying the axiom personally and otherwise.

One—Is Jones a good writer?
Two—Well, he is so busy writing other people’s wrongs that he usually wrongs their rights.

HONORS were easy with this year’s show of the Junior League. The merest tyro in the crowd that filled the new ballroom of the Plaza during the three nights of “Ready Made” handed them at once to Miss Maud Hughes, Mrs. Henry Potter Russell and Mrs. Drexel-court Martin. Mrs. Martin and Mrs. Russell probably had some sort of neo-professional reputation to sustain, I don’t know. But they were both excellent, and if Mrs. Russell could have kept up the pace with Mrs. Harry Goelet, she started by promising. At the second-hand clothing shop, she would deserve a far better place on the professional stage than that held by Mrs. Hoyt. As for Mrs. Martin, the irresistible, incontestable “Baby” McLaughlin, it needs not much pencil to pen to sing her praises. Her manner to-day was more effective. But her best act was not on the stage; it was in a box when, with several other Leaguers, she came up from back stage and talked to a gentleman who she had told Mrs. Hoyt to the effect, “How did Mrs. Frank Henderson manage?” The reaction was electric, although instead of Mrs. Henderson’s jeweled Russian diadem, Mrs. Martin wore simply a gold tissue headache band. The mistake was discovered only when the gentleman had entered the familiar theatrical and living rooms. It went from box to box to box as the audience, who, after being a protege of Mrs. Goelet when her friend, Harry Lehr, was a protege of Mrs. Astor, was married to and divorced by
Eleanor Whitridge, who is now the wife of the English Lieutenant-Colonel Norman G. Thwaites, sharing the custody of the Grenough children.

Ormond de Kay, living up to the literary, artistic and generally cultivated tradition of the family, is now the owner of the Duquesne Club. In the Duquesne Club, the humorous publication of the metropolitan university. His family, which is both ancient and honorable, remains loyal to the picturesque residence at No. 413 West Twenty-third street, which hitherto they have shared in the centennial Gothic fashion. Romantic suspicions that minimal names were bestowed upon the numerous children of Mr. and Mrs. Charles de Kay, perhaps because the mother had been christened Edwelyn Coffey, the collection including the Misses Helene, Edwelyn, and Misses Edwelyn, who are a miss in the Navy and the aforesaid Ormance.

Is it possible that Gotham is becoming a small town, and that much has happened or will happen? That only the French constitute a sign that is approaching union? The gossip will have it that the reason for young William H. Vanderbilt being spirited away by mother Finz Simons across the sea was to remove him from the charms of Mary Strange, on whom, they aver, he has been casting amorous glances. Possibly the Carrs are right, but, considering their motto has been “Better guess, ten times wrongly than miss one chance of guessing right,” the odds are plainly against them.

Society in general has become somewhat surfeited with the carryings on of a notorious scion of good family who, besides making several renditions of the role of young gentleman, has so far remained indifferent with regard to his financial obligations to his friends, his business associates and even casual acquaintances, relying on his position to set things right. The latest outburst from his paragon of a lover, the lighdy of the Fiftieth street restaurant last week, when he and his brother met and upbraided another one in language more suitable to the Bowery than to Fifth avenue, and within hearing of other diners. As the man in question declares he is “broken” and has innumerable judgments against him, I wonder how he can afford to lunch at the hostelry, the management having stopped his charge account and requested him to pay whenever he honors (?) them by lunching there.

Mabel—Well, Mayne has at last succeeded in roping in young Van Mayne.

Mice—Yes, he is one of the landed gentry, now.

The wealthy and public-spirited Miss Belle Skinner is regaling herself, according to her own definition of that phrase, by a season of extraordinary activity. No sooner had she got on the way a series of old-fashioned afternoons receptions, Wednesday being Remembrance Day, than she sailed for Europe, to look after a village in devastated France where her restoration she is sponsoring. Now Miss Skinner is to open her handsome house in East Thirty-ninth Street at which she will be the hostess for the benefit of the Vassar College salary endowment. There will be a musical program and artists and artists of note are vying with one another to devise original Valentines to be sold at the benefit. Miss Skinner, a bachelor brother, William Skinner, with whom she makes her home, were originally from Haydenville, more definitely that section of it known as Skinnerville, Mass., where the nucleus of the family fortune was made more than two generations ago.

Antoinette Graves, who has been undertaking socially with such assiduity in Washington for one or more seasons by her great-aunt and uncle, Mrs. Charles Boughton Wood and William Phelps Eno, is to have a dance given for her in her own right by Mrs. Hakan Birnstroman-Steffenson, who was Miss Mary P. Eno, a daughter of the late, but very long-remembered John C. Eno. Which reminds me of another attempt once made by a society woman who had “arranged several invitations to the local allies of none to make the former Miss Mary to a titled European related to more than half the crowned heads and equally valid with exclusive circles at Newport, yes, even an heiress with money all around her, and the titled European with his American entourage. This attempt has been deemed desirable, as the Enos were not so well placed socially as in these latter days. Unfortunately for the aspirant to Miss Eno’s hand, who had not declared himself, however, he accompanied her one evening to the last of a series of ultra-smart assemblies, where he knew everybody and they scarcely a bachelor’s dozen, his conduct being so snobbish that the Enos gave him the cold shoulder. A few years later he married an American woman, a multimillionaire in her own right, the presentation having been made by the same society woman who had aimed to place the Miss in the Almahash of De Goya. Antoinette Graves has so many personal attractions that she can snap her fingers at fortune-hunters.

Mrs. Beverly Chew Duer, whose name one seldom sees in print in connection with social doings, gave one of the really exclusive debutees’ dances of the season in the ballroom of the Colony Club for her daughter, Miss Sophie B. Duer, who is certainly backed by a large number of ancestors, although the Beverly Chew Dues are too thoroughbred to emphasize the subject in any particular way with a host of debutantes of this and last season, whom various hostesses I might cite would be unable to add to the prestige of their entertainments. In any case, many young women as Grace and Muriel Vanderbilt, Emily and Adele Sloan, Misses Mary Bateman Welles, Constance Jennings, Miriam Harriman and Mary Jay Schieffelin, which all goes to show that the really fashionable old families in Metropolitan society still have some foothold.

Old Trinity’s new rector, the Rev. Dr. Caleb R. Stetson, recently of Washington, who has just been formally inducted into office, in the former the first day of his history of this venerable parish when an incumbent has been presented of his predecessor-Bishop Manning—s is bound to be heard from. Before he had been among us ten days he made the discovery, which has the misfortune to be true, that people are frivolous and not particularly amenable to religious instruction. Dr. Stetson has already given a sermon from his pulpit which made a much deeper impression—"rose cloud and rain-colored exposions of the faith"—which pointedly referred to the finical estheticism and semi-theatrical goings-on at the once dignified old St. Mark’s in the Bowery. As for St. Mark’s, the Bowery and the Bowery people, tirades fail little heeded nowadays, constructive and winning presentations of the gospel being far more operative. The policy of the Rev. Dr. Charles H. Slattery, of Grace Church, one of the most successful rectors in the world, has well be estimated even by Old Trinity’s new incumbent, although philippages against society like Dr. Stetson’s make good copy for the newspapers.

Mrs. Adrian Iselin has a decided propensity for holding rummage sales, sometimes for one philanthropic cause and sometimes for another, so long as it is a rummage sale. This time it was for the benefit of the Justine Ward Music Institute. Miss Skinner and a bachelor brother, William, with whom she makes her home, were originally from Haydenville, more definitely that section of it known as Skinnerville, Mass., where the nucleus of the family fortune was made more than two generations ago.

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with a college chum, and at last accounts was shooting big game in Africa. The only daughter, Mary, now Mrs. Shepard Krcch, is living in Boston while her husband completes his course at the Harvard Medical School. The Krcches have just welcomed an infant son into the family, a daughter, with two little girls, makes quite a family for such youthful parents.

The death of Pope Benedict XV, I greatly fear, will delay the elevation of Archbishop Hayes to the Cardinalate. Several weeks ago I stated that the Catholic Metropolitan of New York had been designated a Cardinal in petto by the late Pontiff, and that the red hat would be bestowed upon him in the future. The late pontiff aptly applies the situation in this particular case, as the future prelature of Archbishop Hayes is now at the disposal of the next wearer of the triple tiara, and until that Pontiff’s policies and personal disposition are known, we can only say that he will be a great prelate as long as God wills. In the meantime our great prelate will have to be content with his purple biretta instead of a crimson chapeau. All of which is most Christian, for does not the Vulgate admonish us to “in patientia possedibitis aperire portas?”

Hollis H. Hunnewell, whose untimely death at fifty-two years of age is deplored, was a man of ranking social importance in this city, and a leader in his generation and allied by marriage to some of the best blood of the metropolis. Hollis H. Hunnewell’s mother, Mrs. Hollis H. Hunnewell, Sr., was a sister of the late Frederic Bronson of this city, her mother having been a Brinnerhoff of an old Knickerbocker family. The late Mary E. Hunnewell died in Sherwood, Wallington, Mass., and her sister Charlotte Hunnewell, sister of the deceased, and the late Mrs. Egerton Leigh Winthrop of this city was an aunt. Miss Hunnewell, who was a man of leisure, had for years enjoyed a national reputation as a tennis player. At Wellesley and elsewhere, where the famous Hunnewell gardens are, he erected the first squash court in America and the fashionable clubs devoted to sports in this city and Massachusetts have lost a valued member. Mr. Hunnewell’s first cousin married to the athletic Maud Jaffray, daughter of Howard Jaffray of this city, whose prowess, towering presence and accomplishments in the field of sports made eagerly coveted copy for pictorial sheet. She subsequently married John Stanbury Tooker, son of Gabriel Mead Tooker, whose big yellow villa was one of the landmarks of Newport and one of whose daughters is Mrs. Whitney Warren and the other Mrs. J. Wadsworth Ritchie, of London, the Jersey girl, who now lives in England. Mr. Hunnewell’s marriage was to a young woman of distinctly opposite type to the former Jaffray, the very feminine and more daintily picturesque Mrs. Arthur T. Kemp, who was “Belle Belle” Neilson, a daughter of Mrs. Frederic Neilson.

The head of the Order of the Cincinnati in the State of New York, Talbot Olyphant, had held the office for twenty years, and his passing last week was felt in that organization as well as in the world of politics on patriotic and colonial lines, and also in the consistory of the Collegiate Church of St. Nicholas, in all of which he had been an important factor. Talbot’s grandfather, David Olyphant, had been a member of Washington’s staff, hence his elevation to the Order of the Cincinnati. Mr. Olyphant married Miss Marie C. Viele, daughter of Rufus King Viele, of Albany. Mrs. Robert Olyphant, who was Miss Viele, Olyphant, and Mrs. Justice Strong, also secured this city, and Mrs. John de Peyster Dow, of Annapolis, are daughters.

Nipp—Matrimony changes the whole tenor of our lives. Tuck—Yes, when a man marries his stenographer he ceases to be a mere speed and fencing ability are at a discount. Manifesto, the three-crowned hero of the event, was rarely a winner elsewhere, although in 1920 Duettiste won four races in eight starts, including the trying Grand National Steeplechase of England, but that is all there is to enthuse about. Rated as the best chaser over the splendidly artificial courses of America two years ago, he has not since then been seen on the prominent Eastern courses, and if he was not deemed fit to face those stereotyped fences, what chance can he have of over the terrific course of the British classic? Yet I suppose there will be no end of so-called patriotic enthusiasm spilled over the competition for members of the new club. That part of society revolving around the Fay, Story, Prescott and Rodman connection, in younger days leaders in their conservative Boston set, has an altogether delectable moron gossip over in the rather sudden announcement. I should judge, of Sam Prescott Fay’s engagement to one Hestcr Dickey, of New York.

News that the I. Tucker Burrs have finally taken a house in Paris in the Avenue du Bois’s choice quarter did not come as a surprise to their Boston relatives and close friends, for during the past several years Mrs. Burr and her daughter Barbara have had an apartment in the fashionable district of the French capital, which has been their from time to time. Alice Peters Burr, although wearing grandmama honors, is still an exceedingly handsome, fascinating woman, with fine poise of mind and manner, and has perhaps the most successful salon in Paris; Mrs. Robert Ralston, who has just joined his wife as often as business interests gave him a holiday, is of the Somerset Club’s older group, and his son, Tucker Burr, Jr., who married Evelyn, one of John E. Thayer’s daughters, is of the younger class. Alice Peters Burr, more like her mother perhaps than Barbara, was captured by Captain Philip Sherwood, U. S. A., of New York, and is with him at Camp Stonestown, P. L., where she queens it royally.

Fresh grandparent honors have come to the Reverend Doctor and Mrs. Endicott Peabody at Groton, shared in lesser family measure, by a similar aristocratic line of Endicotts, Lawrences and Whitneys, through a recent arrival of a son to the F. Trubee Davison family. Mr. Davison, New York home in West One Hundred and Sixteenth street. Like many another New York pupil at the famous Groton School, Davison fell before the charms of a Boston girl, and Dorothy Peabody was such a charmer that Fred Trubee had a lively bunch of rivals in his fight to her. Dorothy was a bride of April two years ago.

The North Shore atmosphere is so surcharged with sport action that one is apt to forget that the grandest horse race of the season is the other new club, that of the Beverly Farm Homing, with the ever alert H. P. McKean, Jr., for president to start it off and on to success. Goo Lion Means is secretary and treasurer, with Quin Shaw, 2d, as assistant. The leading Frenchman in the race, Lee other Phipps, has a horse, paid for in immediate future. The racing of the old birds comes in May and June, and of the younger in September, with usually from fifteen to twenty thousand to compete over a course of from ninety to a mile and a quarter and mile and a quarter miles, where the Massachusetts Homing Pigeon Concours has been made to supply a good and grade competition for members of the new club.

Polly—He’s certainly fresh. Polly—And did you?

Of course all sporting Philadelphia is congratulating Joe Widener on his victory in the Homing Eagle, with the late Mr. Franklin, in the trying Grand National Steeplechase of England, but that is all there is to enthuse about. Rated as the best chaser over the splendidly artificial courses of America two years ago, he has not since then been seen on the prominent Eastern courses, and if he was not deemed fit to face those stereotyped fences, what chance can he have over the terrific course of the British classic? Yet I suppose there will be no end of so-called patriotic enthusiasm spilled over the competition for members of the new club. That part of society revolving around the Fay, Story, Prescott and Rodman connection, in younger days leaders in their conservative Boston set, has an altogether delectable moron gossip over in the rather sudden announcement. I should judge, of Sam Prescott Fay’s engagement to one Hestcr Dickey, of New York.

Mrs. Walter Henderson Bryant, who just hates to have her name mentioned in the papers, has let it become known that she shortly revisits England, where her son-in-law, young Frederick Pearson, is a secretary of the American Embassy at London. Of course no announcement of Mrs. Bryant’s future plans would be complete without a statement to the effect that this important news is now known even in the smallest villages of Pennsylvania. But the gossips are asking why Mrs. Bryant has deferred her visit to the British metropolis until after the marriage of Princess Mary, for her son-in-law, one of the diplomatic set, could most easily procure her a seat in Westminster Abbey for that very high event. It is now informed, however, that Mrs. Bryant has tired of the ceaseless grind of social life and thinks that she can now retire upon her laurels, which have been won not without a deal of attention to those exalted positions.

To "bob up serenely" after a long period of quietude was the happy privilege of Mrs. Robert Ralston, for as the memory of the aging generation recalls, she had last agitated the Quaker City as a milliner. But "bob up" Mrs. Ralston did last week, much to the surprise of her old friends, and in no less a capacity than as a...
Boone's mother, Mrs. William Kennedy Boone, is one of the young parties for Mrs. Walton Oakley, of New York, the former is it the Victory Memorial? is the theme of the hour.

"Heaven knows," one dowager observed, "Bessie and Marjorie have critical so all of the Markoe clan's friends wanted the matrons of honor, and Helen Morgan, Margaret Miller and Helen Myers, of Pittsburgh, the bridesmaids.

St. Ignatius Loyola has been the popular church for January weddings, and last Saturday afternoon, despite the worst snowstorm in many years, was well filled at six o'clock, when Nannie Markoe was married to Thomas Jenkins, of the Monumental City. Neither the bride nor her attendants knew quite how they managed to reach the church, but they did, and all was indeed as merry as a marriage bell. Everybody remembers Nannie Markoe, the bride's mother, when she was a member of the Baltimore Elks in those days, and so it is now that the young lady now known as Mrs. William Hughes Harris, of Philadelphia, where she has been helping the Countess in her divorce troubles. Verily these be parlous times for the Warfields.

"My Life is an open book," said the society matron.

"I can plainly see that you have nothing to hide," replied the cynic, noting her décolleté.

The Herbert Hoovers saved a rather commonplace week in Washington by the brilliancy of their banquet in honor of the Italian Ambassador, Signor Rolandi Ricci. All the distinguished subjects of King Victor now in Washington, the delegates to the Arms Conference, as well as the Embassy staff, were present with a smart wardrobe from other legations and the residential set. Mrs. Henry F. Dicker and other evidences of the Warfield family's favor, the gatherings, though her in-law and daughter, the Giuseppe Catalanis, have departed for Caracas. The Secretary of Commerce is so very friendly with the Italians and so sympathetic that the rumor goes that the George Jenkinses will ever marry I much doubt, however, for the George Jenkinses, being such strong adherents of the Church of Rome, will hardly see their only son marry again if they can prevent it.

Mrs. Henry Alfred Brown has announced the engagement of her daughter Marjorie to Arthur J. Townsend, of Bainbridge, Ga. Mrs. Brown and Marjorie have been living for some time in Roland Park, where she has spent the winter, and the nuptials are planned for the spring, while a Georgian, lives in the Monumental City, where he is a member of the Elkridge Hunt Club.

It is plain to be seen that the American Flying Club, having finally decided to give a ball on February 24th, is moving heaven and earth to make the affair ultra fashionable to the nth power. To this end they have petitioned Mrs. Alexander Brown, now of the Ambassador Hotel, and Mrs. Thomas Jenkins, both of whom have had close contact, particularly since Mrs. Ralston, in her efforts to emulate the Markoedames to grace the ball with the effulgence of their presence, this winter has been living in her divorce troubles. Verily these be parlous times for the Warfields.

"I'm not to be bothered," said the society matron.

"I can plainly see that you have nothing to hide," replied the cynic, noting her décolleté.

The Herbert Hoovers saved a rather commonplace week in Washington by the brilliancy of their banquet in honor of the Italian Ambassador, Signor Rolandi Ricci. All the distinguished subjects of King Victor now in Washington, the delegates to the Arms Conference, as well as the Embassy staff, were present with a smart wardrobe from other legations and the residential set. Mrs. Henry F. Dicker and other evidences of the Warfield family's favor, the gatherings, though her in-law and daughter, the Giuseppe Catalanis, have departed for Caracas. The Secretary of Commerce is so very friendly with the Italians and so sympathetic that the rumor goes that the George Jenkinses will ever marry I much doubt, however, for the George Jenkinses, being such strong adherents of the Church of Rome, will hardly see their only son marry again if they can prevent it.
When the Wooster Lamberts decided to make a six months' tour of France and Spain, they asked Pelham Turner to accompany them, but he was too old and discouraged to accept. Instead, they asked Clara and George Brown, the two best-known American entertainers, to go with them. This was the case with imperial Rome before corruption and luxury doomed Marius his opportunity (which he did not take) and his country her need of him.

AFTER their return from a European trip, the Clifford Rodmans will visit Chicago, Katherine having vetoed the customary idea of living where her husband did before his death. Mr. de Hevesy will soon be joined by John Pelenyi and Andrea de Hertlendy, members of the Legation staff, but at present in New York attending to urgent affairs.

The BROADMOOR HOTEL COLORADO SPRINGS, BOOKINGS RITZ CARLTON, NEW YORK
devoted admirer. About two years ago Pelham's former wife, who was Maude Harris, secured a divorce and returned to Providence to live with her parents. A year later she surprised her friends by marrying Duncan House, the ill-known St. Louis clubman. The Housers are now abroad.

Is Tom Wright contemplating a second marriage? That question is keeping St. Louis quidnuncs on the qui vive. The rumor is decidedly vague as to the identity of the prospective bride, but the leasing of a spacious apartment by the well-known widower, gives some color to the report. Tom Wright, who is the brother of Mrs. Charles Parsons Potts, of perennial peep, and Mrs. George Simmons of the still-waters-run-deep reputation, came in for a half-million from the estate of his wife, Elsa Lem Wright, whose suicide ten days after her second marriage to him was a terrible shock to her family and friends. As Tom makes numerous trips to the East, it is surmised that the future Mrs. Tom, if, indeed there is to be one, is a stranger to the Mound City. Time will tell.

The unexpected marriage of Mrs. Stella Wade Scullin, the dashing daughter of the capitalist, Festus Wade, and Lieutenant-Commander-Lettie Pettit Warren, U. S. N. is still a topic of comment in St. Louis. The bride, one of the highest matrimonial catches in the Mound City, had been a widow for years, and counted her suitors by the score. They came, it seemed, from all parts of the country, and the stunning Stella outshone every débutante of the succeeding seasons. The fortunate bridegroom was stationed in St. Louis some years ago, and at the time was very attentive to Annie Laurie Vvarmack, a belle who has been a widow for years, and counted her suitors by the score. The News has decided not to keep this story under wraps, and has been the official's best-kept secret, vowing to let it out when his marriage becomes a fact, or, if it is not, to keep it to itself, to the end.

Make no mistake, in the Crescent City the four C's—Mmes. Dan Charbonnet, J. R. Cabrera, Durale Claiborne and George A. Camors—are simply they. They entertain and inter-enter-tain, and what they don't know is not social knowledge. The Big Four have their pets and they confide in them, and the unexpected marriage of Miss Florence Carhart to the Meigs O. Frosts, daughter of the Festus J. Wades, who made her home with her sister, is also prominent in the younger set, but was overshadowed by the popular Mrs. Scullin. Florence, however, is the favorite daughter of the noted millionaire.

NEITHER YOU, I, nor the Man in the Moon may truthfully deny that those well-known Cincinnati highbrows, Stanley Lawson, Jr., C. W. Swenson, John George Hollister, Robert E. Burchenal, Thomas Conroy, William Goodhall, E. Nelson High, Frank Buchanan and Herman Bayless can each lay the flattering adoration to his soul. "Je ne suis pas la rose, mais j'ai têtu avec elle," for these are mere words of sweetness and light never neglect to set treat to any visiting celebrity in the world of letters. Robert Frost, the latest literary lion to visit the Queen City, was buttonholed, nay, mobbed, in a way that must have reminded him of a cane rush in his college days. In fact Jack—pardon, Robert—Frost had some strenuous moments after his lecture, as, while the eleven disciples pulled one way, the equally muscular twelve receiving ladies—Mmes. Stanley Lawson, Jessicq Lippincott, Ralph Rogen, Peter Traub, Alice Schuyler, and others—ran to the Meigs O. Frosts. Frank and his wife, the one-time Carol Newberry. After thus arousing the tattling tabby disclosed that "For ourselves alone," is their motto. Rigid adherence to it has made the quarter the social power it indubitably is.

T. H. McCARTHY—a name frequently met in New Orleans—has acquired one of the finest homes on beautiful St. Charles avenue, and will get into society if dining 'em will get him in. He has given dinner after dinner, but his nets have revealed no member recognized by the hounds. "Fish have never been more foolish than at the Meigs O. Frost's. S. P. Walmsleys, J. F. Clinton, John Littleford, Thomas Kite and Henry Pogue-pulled the ears of the tattler, as their domicile was the last word in St. Louis success. Time will tell.

Booteleggers might be referred to as Worst Pint cadets.

ST. PAUL society was regally entertained by Mrs. Charles A. Wetherbee, who attracted attention at a first-class musical on the afternoon of the Ray-Fry wedding. I say "society," but of course you understand that I actually mean only a select few, for Mrs. Weyerhaeuser is very careful as to whom she honors with her royal commands. Many really expensive Violota records were played. Jascha Heifetz gave a recital, and some of the four dear friends are described as being cooing to right and left. They are always so much more agreeable than the one assigned to their duties. But, for the two days are dragged on, in order to determine whether to hear them or to hear anything else. Mrs. Weyerhaeuser is always so much more agreeable than the one assigned to her duties. The tattler is always so much more agreeable than the one assigned to her duties. The above-named are words in store for Katherine, Charles won't hear 'em—the big guns shooting duck in the St. Clair marshes have made him at times conveniently deaf—but Katherine will settle for both. Someone told Katherine that furs come from America and can be bought cheaper here than over there. Hence her appearance on Detroit's best shopping street clad cap-a-pie in richest zibeline.

May—Do they live in a love nest? Far—Surely, but they fall out frequently.

WILL you believe it? Minneapolis has had an even smarter wedding than that of the St. Paul Ray-Fry affair. A church wedding is always as much more comme il faut than a home wedding, you see. Edith Schilsby was married on January 23d to Donald Phelps in a church wedding that those of the St. Paul Ray-Fry affair. The orchestra drowned the tired business man's snores, but there is no chance to snatch forty winks with nasal accompaniment when Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, or King Lear is soliloquizing. The above-named print are out of luck. I'm sorry.

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Virginia Burkhart's latest bridge party was followed by a lingerie shower in honor of Ruth Wilson, who is soon to join the ranks of matrons. Giving lingerie to Ruth is carrying coals to New­castle, as her dress allowance has always been enviably large. The old story of her to that hat shall be given, you see.

A DETROIT quidnunc who happened to be a guest at Mr. Wylie Carlhart's dinner a few evenings ago was inspired by the arrival of the Frank Brooks to ask me whether I heard the news about Frank Brooks and his wife, Mrs. Myrtle W. Newberry. After thus arousing my curiosity to the expectation of something really exciting, the tattling tabby disclosed that "news" as merely a repetition of the vague rumors of dissension in the Brooks household over something or other, that a few days ago the Newberries had been circulating for quite a while. Frank Brooks, Jr., as I recall it, was not entirely persona grata to the Truman H. Newberys when he married their daughter, and, indeed, the newlyweds for a time were not welcomed at the par­entals', the arrival of the storm breaking the spell, however. That the end is not yet is the gossip's present summing-up of the various reports of trouble, though this cryptic but rather threaddbare dictum, as usual, may mean anything or nothing.

Then there are the Johnny Grays, concerning whose tribulations the sotto voce bridge has much more definite provender. Not a soul, so far as I know, now doubts that they are on the verge of a divorce, and when they announce the exact date, it will be a suit. Mrs. Gray went abroad a few months ago, leaving John at home, and if he missed her greatly no one noticed it, particularly in view of the lively parties he staged night after night in their beautiful home. And now, in the face of both Johnny and his wife tells me that Mrs. Gray's European trip was in part a vacation, to determine whether they would be better off divorced or not.

What exercises the gossips above all is that they have been quite unable to find anything to support their little theory that John has found the objectionable Mr. Mac has a beautiful home and an artist for chef, and if he will confine his social ambition to shining among his fellow Irish-Americans, he should be a success.

BOOTLEGGERS might be referred to as Worst Pint cadets.

NEITHER YOU, I, nor the Man in the Moon may truthfully deny that those well-known Cincinnati highbrows, Stanley Lawson, Jr., C. W. Swenson, John George Hollister, Robert E. Burchenal, Thomas Conroy, William Goodhall, E. Nelson High, Frank Buchanan and Herman Bayless can each lay the flattering unction and washing of hands in invisible soap and imperceptible with the fair pupils they craftily pose as tyros and become pupils themselves. As for the pupils, the real ones, their only worry is hoping to get the class. Blanket Misses is made a tri-weekly affair, for Lent comes, when no girl can dance.

TOWN TOPICS
were all brought by Miss Blair from Paris, and there were many sad
hearts when the same people were "favored" time after time, while
the less fortunate saw the costly gifts slip from them. Greenway's
choice proved an excellent one, for Tallant arrived accom-
panied only by the cottiollion and maintained a dignified and
unaffected air. On this occasion he wore a dark-colored going
away gown. Of course Mrs. Crosby, after much difficulty that the less
clever of the young dancers managed to follow the
usual figures, they were not entirely lacking in other spirits. The favors
declared for by the divorce of the Walter Crosbys, the somewhat uncon-
ventional details or whose wedding seven or eight years ago furnished
instances of publicly proving his aspersions upon the physical prowess
of the half-dozen officers affected by the recent reduction in the
regiment's staff. If so, from what I know of these officers, I fear the writing
gentleman is in for a sad awakening and, needless to say, society anticipates a very
humor for the present are tentative, but pending a more definite arrangement of her
futural plans, Captain and Mrs. Ethelbert Talbot to
their new pied-à-terre in Haiti. It is not imagined that the charming
lady will suffer from ennui, as the Captain is a live-wire, and Mrs.
Talbot never interferes with his plans.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA circles have a pleasant topic in the
marriage of Miss Maude Cleveland, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles
Cleveland, of Portland, Ore., and Selm Woodworth, son of Mrs.
Selm Woodworth, of Berkeley. The bride was a member of the
Faculty of Physical Education, and many a girl she put through her paces
when she was head of the Physical Education Department. Young
Woodworth is a graduate of the University and took a course in
mining at Columbia. He is now engaged in his profession as mining
engineer. The couple met in Europe while they were engaged in
war work. Mrs. Woodworth was decorated for her splendid services
in France.

Under the guiding hand of the ancient Ned Greenway the Cotillion
was revived in San Francisco at Miss Jennie Blair's ball for the
pretty débutante, Helene de Latour. Although very simple, the fig-
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clever of the young dancers managed to follow the
usual figures, they were not entirely lacking in other spirits. The favors
anyone ever doubted that Sir Adam Beck's slogan is "A bar
Montreal" ? surely no one doubts it now, after his vainglorious oration
at Port Stanley a few evenings ago. Never did I dream that his lung
power was so extraordinary, so appropriately the complement of his
heaven-storming enthusiasm for water power. Sir Adam, it seems,
has a plan for putting Port Stanley on the map as an "ocean port" and
shoveling Montreal into the limbo of forgotten things.
That his scheme calls for an enormous outlay of money is to him a
more bagatelle. Sir Adam also has discovered "This Great Mediter-
anean of ours," and the benchman, despite his politics, always
taken the drama au serious. I congratulate His Eminence
Cardinal Dubois upon his kind and gracious consent to pay a
late, but just, tribute of love and charity toward the great Parisian whose
wit has entertained so many countless minds while never really hurt-
ing the old Mother Catholic Church in the least. R. I. P.

The author of "Les Precieuses Ridicules" and twenty other plays
which we Americans pay three dollars for less than three hours'
entertainment of our people's eyes. And today Molière might him-
self be shocked at some of our modern performances. Assuredly his
artistic sense would have rejected a jolt at the crudities and cruelties for
which we Americans pay three dollars for less than three hours'
"entertainment." But, of course, in Molière's time there were no
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Already the notes of the swan song of the Disarmament
Conference are being echoed at Washington, and ere a week or ten days
are past Arthur Balfour and Lord Leo of Fareham, the heads of the
British delegation, and Albert Sarraut and Admiral Le Bon, the
principal representatives of France, will have left our shores, home-
ward bound. While their noble efforts may have accomplished little
of what they purposed, they have at least achieved the aim of their
objects that it set out to accomplish, yet much has been gained.
For it has brought about a far better understanding between the two
great English-speaking Powers of the world than ever before. More-
over, it has had the effect of bringing our people, as a whole, to
consider the question of our international responsibilities.

IF

TOWN TOPICS

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threw up the sponge long ago and would have come home. But Harvey is having what he considers to be the time of his life. It would need at least a hydraulic jack to pry him out of his job and to thus deprive him of the opportunity of laying down the law, as he does, every phase of life, even those of common courtesy, blind, apparently, to the resentments and to the ridicule which he excites. And so it is probable that he will take the snub just administered to him by the President and by Secretary Hughes—lying down—as he has done before when called to account.

And yet the blow which he received from Washington was a severe one. He had announced far and wide and in the most impressive manner that he was arriving in Paris from Buenos Aires, in order to discuss with Prime Minister Poincaré and President Milleraud the intentions of our Government with regard to the projected International Conference at Genoa, and also in order to make thoroughly clear to these two statesmen the attitude of President Harding and of Secretary Hughes toward France, in regard to the new situation resulting from the resignation of the Briand Cabinet and the advent to office of Premier Poincaré. It does not seem to have occurred to George Harvey that he have in Paris a duly accredited Ambassador in the person of Myron T. Herrick, a man of far greater diplomatic experience than any of which he can boast, seeing that this is the second term of Herrick in France, and that during the Great War he was called upon to care for the diplomatic and national interests of at least a half dozen different enemy powers embroiled in the conflict. Moreover, Herrick speaks French with facility, which Harvey cannot, knows all the ropes in Paris, political and social, and has endeared himself to the French people of every class and to all Frenchmen, irrespective of party. He is in close touch with them, understands them and enjoys their confidence. Any communications that come to the State Department for his ears can count upon to make to the French Government will naturally reach the latter through their normal and accustomed official channel, namely, through Myron T. Herrick, whom Harvey has seen fit to completely ignore.

It has been, therefore, found necessary to issue an official announcement, alike from the White House and from the State Department, to the effect that George Harvey has received no instructions enabling him to accept in Paris with Premier Poincaré, or with President Milleraud, and that Myron T. Herrick, the American Ambassador, was fully qualified to transact any business which the Administration might have with the French Department of Foreign Affairs. In fact, the tone of the official statement was such as to leave no doubt as to the resentment felt over Harvey’s unauthorized invasion of the natural field of Ambassador Herrick and the implied slight on the latter’s capacity. This rather sensational announcement naturally had the effect of abbreviating the sojourn of Harvey in the French capital, and served as an extinguisher of his impudent pretensions to parade on the banks of the Seine as the omnipotent interpreter of the views of our Government. After such a public disavowal from Washington neither Milleraud nor Poincaré will have found very much use in discussing matters with him. It would, in their eyes, have been a sheer waste of time. Some standard writer on diplomacy has described an ambassador as going abroad not merely as a representative but also as an emblem: if he may have failed to shine as an agent, has at any rate proved a howling success in London for several months past, and now in Paris, as a ‘spectacle.’

The Santerner.

OTHER PEOPLE’S?

“RICHES have wings,” quoted the good deacon.

“Is that what enables a fellow to feather his nest?” asked the unregenerate backslider.

The Soft Berth.

SUBWAY READERS

SHE was young—very young—and demure. She was the essence of femininity; the sort of girl built for cozy corners and sweet nothings—and she was busily reading—SYSTEM!

She was distinctly aggressive, a leader, an executive. She breathed efficiency, and one would expect almost anything from her in the business world; the sort instinctively listened to for words of wisdom and sound facts—and she was avidly absorbing—VOGUE!

She was like a fawn at bay, timid and shy. Her widow’s weeds framed a face of wistful youth and innocence. She drew into her cheeks and held her mouth tight, not for herself, but to lose herself in—THE WALL STREET JOURNAL!

She was what the world delights in calling “a typical old maid.” She was prim, and her clothes Storytay be getting in their meeklessness. She bespoke arch eminence with My Lady Nicotine and other vicissitudes. She was rigorously righteously and profoundly celibate—yet she knew not who or what she was, for she was wholly and completely submerged in—THE SHEIK.

Mary F. Kingston.

BOOTLEG Legacies

A NOD’S as good as a wink to a bootlegger.

It’s a long lane that has no bootlegger.

A bootlegger is known by the company he keeps.

None so blind as those who drink wood-alcohol.

It’s never too late to trouble.

Where there’s a still there’s a pay.

Speak easy when you’re spoken to.

A bootlegger in time kills nine.

Fine liquor makes fine bootleggers.

It takes a bootlegger to catch a bootlegger.

Harold Seton.

THE motor-car is constantly improving. They are making them now with springs so perfectly adjusted that the occupants feel no discomfort when the car runs over a pedestrian.

THE FASHIONABLE WORLD

(Advertisements suitable to this column are published free of charge. Information should reach this office not later than 3 p.m., Tuesday.)

Engagements

Miss Marjorie Brown, daughter of late Henry Alfred Brown and Mrs. Brown, of Baltimore, to Mr. Arthur Townsend, of Bainbridge, Ga.

Miss Sara Kennedy Boone, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Kennedy Boone, to Mr. Henry Stump Müldendorf, both of Baltimore.

Miss Nellie Hecker, of New York, to Mr. Samuel Prescott Fay, of Boston.

Miss Frances Smith, granddaughter of Mrs. Elizabeth S. Bailey, of St. Louis, to Capt. L. James Eiler, U. S. A.

Miss Nina Gore, daughter of former Senator and Mrs. Thomas P. Gore, of Washington, to Lieut. Eugene L. Vidal, U. S. A.

Miss Rebecca McElroy, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Kennard Keny, of Chicago, to Mr. Walter Frothingham Wyman, of New York.

Miss Susan Holman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Holman, of Evanston, Ill., to Mr. Duane Clinton, of Oak Park.

Miss Beatrice Hopkins, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Samuel Porter Hopkins, of Brooklyn, to Mr. Daniel Murray Edwards, Jr., of Syracuse.

Miss Jane Bell Yeatman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Pope Yeatman, of Philadelphia, to Mr. in charity home of Chestnut Hill, Pa.

Miss Alice Mealey Wheelwright, daughter of Mr. J. O. P. Wheelwright, of Minneapolis, to Mr. Maurice Dewey, of Toulon, Ill.

Miss Lois Wilber, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John E. Wilber, of Evanston, Ill., to Mr. Robert Nelson Landreth, of New York.

Miss Anne Whitridge Williams, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Whitridge Williams, of Baltimore, to Mr. Emory H. Niles, of Townsend, Md.

WEDDINGS

February 6—Miss Margaret Reick, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William C. Reick, to Mr. Henry Schermerhorn Starns, Jr., both of New York; St. James’s Church.

February 7—Miss Elizabeth Livingston Hall, daughter of Mr. Edward L. Hall, to Mr. Norwood Rathbone, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Parish, No. 6 East Seventy-sixth street, New York.

February 9—Miss Marjorie Brown and Mrs. Eugene Lent of San Francisco, to Mr. Herman Leonard Underhill, of Oswego, N. Y.

February 14—Mrs. Louise Cromwell Brooks, of Washington, D. C., to Brigadier-General Douglas MacArthur, Superintendent of the Military Academy, West Point; at Palm Beach, Fla.

February 15—Miss Helen Lispenard Stewart Trevor, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Graft Trevor, to Mr. Charles J. Coulter, both of New York; St. Bartholomew’s Church.

February 16—Mlle. Ynes Reyniats, of Belgium, to Mr. Hugh S. Gibson, American Minister at Poland, in Brussels.

February 18—Miss Margaret Hamilton Rea, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Rea, of Pittsburgh, to Mr. John Walter Smith Foster, of Baltimore; St. Specials Presbyterian Church.

February 18—Miss Stella C. Rogers, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Noah Cornwall Rogers, of New York, to Mr. Paul B. Tuffy, of Greenwich, Conn.

February 23—Miss Alice Delafeld Dean, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Hendrickson Dean, and Mr. Robert L. Livingston, both of New York; St. James’s Church.

February 25—Miss Elizabeth Field, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John L. Field, and Mr. John E. Stryker, Jr., both of St. Paul; Church of St. John the Evangelist, St. Paul.

Receptions and Entertainments

February 3—Junior Assembly; Ritz.

February 4—Mrs. Charles de Rham, Jr.; a dinner dance for her sister-law, Miss Clarisse, at her home, in Brooklyn.

February 7—Charity Ball; Waldorf-Astoria.

February 10—Third of the series of Knickerbocker dances at The Plaza.

February 11—Bridal Ball of the Gardiner School Alumnae; No. 11 East Fifty-first street, at 3 P. M.

February 14—Play at The Plaza, for the benefit of the Spence School.

February 16—Ball of the Fine Arts, by the Society of Beaux Arts Architects, at the Hotel Astor.

February 16—Ball of the Pall Mall Supper Club, in aid of the Dug Out; Hotel Lorraine.

March 25—Metropolitan Dance, at the Ritz-Carlton.

March 26—Colony Dance, at the Ritz-Carlton.
AT THE PLAY

"THE NATIONAL ANTHEM," AT HENRY MILLER'S THEATRE

HARTLEY MANNERS is shocked. He is shocked because our national anthem today is—"hooch." A great American novelist, Joseph Hergesheimer, has just noted the same two facts in his magnificent "Cytheera," and he is not at all shocked, though he himself is in the same case as to the national anthem.

This is the contrast, serve, at all events, to make my point. Hergesheimer knows what human nature is like and what is to be expected of it; Mr. Manners knows neither the one nor the other. He motes the worth of a work in the same case as to the national anthem.

"The national anthem today is—"hooch.""

His good man is one who is wholly absorbed by business. He opposes one single note of the anthem and so does the score of other business. He is afraid to practice it openly, just as Fanny Brice is afraid to practice it openly.

"The national anthem today is—"hooch.""

Lillian Kemble and Edward G. Robinson are excellent; that of Lester Tile she does, she is unimpressed. That is in him to take the place of his diversions! Exactly nothing.

This is the common aim of many of our actresses. It is a safe aim.

It has a good chance of being one that pays. It is not a high one, and every time I see Miss Taylor nowadays I recall the acting she did in "A Night in Rome." It was perhaps the best role she ever played, as a whole, that Mr. Manners ever wrote, but it showed that Miss Taylor can have mystery and tragic depth. Here she is sweet and pathetic. Very sweet and very pathetic. But how interesting that in the long run it is this multiplicity of roles that is really different and energetic performance of a grateful part. I liked Lilian Kemble Cooper and Paul Porcasi. Two or three years ago this play and this production would have had a relative importance. But the American theatre has moved on and Mr. Manners has stood quite still.

"THE DELUGE," AT THE PLYMOUTH THEATRE

TOWN TOPICS

This famous and admirable play failed in New York in 1917. Mr. Hopkins is to be congratulated in having revived the production and given it as it was put on here.

If you want a play with a moral but without moralizing—here it is; or a moral play without falsity—here it is. Loneragan is superb. But the direction is wavering in purpose, tricky in definite details, anxious to stress and stuff conceivably funny moments of which the natural rhythm is new dreamed. And both Charles Ellis and Kathlene MacDonnel are conventional and slack where spontaneity and tension were required. I need not add that the production still remains a fine achievement, one of the things that must be seen.

"MARJORIALE," AT THE BROADWURTHEATRE

THERE is just one thing that is duller than a thoroughly vulgar musical comedy. It is a thoroughly refined one. Musical comedy should frankly provide a mood in color, sound, rhythm. So-called refinement or the reverse is a secondary thing. It doesn't matter. "Marjorilane" is an example. The story is most refined; the score of Hugo Felix follows the best models and is written in a thoroughly musically refined manner; Lester Tile shows no knowledge whatever of the better sort. She is a diva; she practices the art rendered illustrous by Yvette Guilbert. But in America she is afraid to practice it openly, just as Fanny Brice is afraid to practice it openly. Miss Brice wrote a scene in the "Follies" where she is afraid to practice it; she writes the part of the world returns. Only the lawyer realizes that all men are prisoners on this little earth are in the same case that he and his companions have been—isolated in the universe, facing death. The barometer registers danger, the dam is known to be poor and the accoount to keep the money in that she saves to pay for the bag.

A WOMAN'S idea of logic is buying a gold mesh bag on a charge account to keep the money in that she saves to pay for the bag.

ON FAST LIVING

TOWN TOPICS

W E live too fast! Event crowds on event.

"Tis with despair we watch each sun's descent.

There's little time for love—to Love's chagrin!—
Still less for that to which love is akin,
And none at all for soulful nourishment.

Work may be proxy, leisure eloquent,
Or vice versa—both are exigent.

And vanity is quite as hard as sin—
We live too fast!

A NON'S breathless and our vigor spent,

We play, a while at being penitent.

From forty days of rest resolved to win
The strength to run again. But even in
The somnolent larvHASino of Lent
We live to fast.

Edward W. Barnard.
BROADWAY BANTER

POOR Johnnie Hoagland is forever dogging the footsteps of trouble. Vitus Marden's Lady Luck seems to have abandoned him, in his cardiac recovery, but is it an unkInd destiny that led his wife to leave her hotel with her maid one afternoon last week and journey up to his place in East Fifty­ fifths?—or is it, when Billie and the apartment she found the door locked and, woman­wise, it is alleged across Broadway, she departed for the street corner, where she enlisted the aid of a minton of the law in forcing an entrance to her husband's pied­à-­terre, and invading a little tea party Johnnie was giving in honor of a fascinating White Plains divorcée who has lately been modeling in the Garrick. (4) The temperance, the emotional appeal, and the policeman, being unexpected guests, naturally startled the fair divorcee, who suddenly realized that she was de trop, and gathering up her sable wraps, or more accurately, her sable collars, for they were on to don them in the hale and day beat a retreat. In the meantime, Johnnie, abandoned to his wife's reproaches, the maid's accusing stare and the policeman's abusive one after the divorcee, being read in detail by the stern discipline of Dick Enright's "force" from following (to give aid to distressed beauty) was having a lovely time. Billie decided to go into one of her ten thousand rooms and make a great thing of it. It is being shown in, their method of obtaining the choicest seats in any required number is simple, though in all probability the management of the theater, being aware of their reputation would not forgive the mere­ effect a working arrangement with the box­office whereby the latter receive twenty­five cents for each ticket they set aside, the speculators calling them up each day to let them know how many they will require. Considering the amount of profit the ticket speculator makes on each ticket it is a wonder to me that the box­office people are content with so meager a reward.

A CONTEMPORARY devoted to theatricals tells the world that it is the only publication which prints the information the show folks "must have." George Moore, though he has gleamed the information: (1) That Nora Bayes is one of the greatest stars in musical comedy history; (2) that Nan Halperin is a magnetic comedienne; (3) that Gregory Kelly is one of the most brilliant and thoughtful of the young leading men; (4) that Otto Kruger is another brilliant young leading man; (5) that Ernest Glendinning is the best player of juvenile roles in years; (6) that John Emerson is one of the most successful and best­dressed scenarists and movielands; (7) that Grant Stewart is great as actor and playwright, too, and a hundred and ninety­three other tarraddilles.

METHINKS Arnold Bennett doth protest too much. In 1919 Mr. Bennett, answering his self­propounded question, "What Is Wrong with the Theatre?" declared ex cathedra that the root of the evil was in the "extreme and notorious paucity of interesting plays." We are now in 1922, but Arnold Bennett's personal contributions toward lessening that "extreme and notorious paucity" have proved nugatory, despite his assurance that he never has, and never will, write a play except for his own artistic satisfaction.

John Galsworthy is a member, mirabile dictu, of the Athenaeum Club. How that stronghold of bishops and landlords ever failed to "pillage" the author of so many less­radical books as "A Man of Property," "The Elder Son," and "The Patrician" is quite beyond me. They'll be reading George Moore a member next, I suppose. Mr. Galsworthy will soon be here to confer with his publishers and read from his works.

Hugh Walpole, too, is headed your way to tell American audiences how much he admires Americans and loves America, and incidentally to collect his share of the Almighty Dollar. Hugh Walpole is unmarried, came of a family of only a few hundred years ago, though he has a good income from royalties on many successful novels. He is in every way a better catch than Major John Hay Beith (author of "The Man Who Was Too Much") with a"society girl" and a "society girl" who newspaper reporters until in self-defense the poor man officially announced that he had a wife and children three. Hugh is mildly Bohemian, belongs to the "beefsteak" and "savile clubs, and will be kind to any American girl who will be kind to him. Angling mammas please notice.

A rumor persists that George M. Cohan and Sam H. Harris will again become partners, without any legal steps entering into the transaction, it being recalled that no written agreements were connected with their being "United." Information has also reached the ears of the public that Harris and Mrs. Cohan, formerly the Misses Nolan, are sisters, another sister being the wife of Frank Otto, an actor, and still another being engaged to a son of Paula Patton, on the staff of the Boston Post. But when I put this to the wife Mr. Cohan has children, who therefore address Mr. and Mrs. Harris as "uncle" and "aunt." Another rumor concerns Georgette Georgette, the daughter of Mr. Cohan, who is engaged to be married, and being Mr. Cohan will revert to his original intention of writing a play which Georgette will be starred in.

It is interesting to note that Sigrid Holmquist, known, according to the press­agents, as "the Swedish Mary Pickford," will become a star under the management of George McGuire as soon as she finishes the filming of "In Old Kentucky" for the Smallwood Company. Mr. McGuire has obtained the rights of "The Queen of the Moulin Rouge," which was produced at the Circle Theatre a number of years ago, and from which Maloney departed for England. Also George Haynor Wells, son of Mr. and Mrs. William Storrs Wells, of New York and Newport.

Nor long ago a new production opened in New York after a brief try­out on the road. The presentation met with public favor, so all is well—apparently. But back stage certain parties seem desirous of proving that prima donnas in general get under the feet of opera houses, and are ultimately to blame for the tempest. One of the young ladies of the cast, whose name suggests Bolshevist tendencies, has caused considerable commotion by her high­handed methods, etc., and one who is wise should not be so much from personal regard as from financial obligation, the temperamental one being regarded as the backer of the production.

BROADWAY is all agog because the news has gone forth that Miss Alice Brady did not retire from the cast of her new play because of illness, but that her absence was due to the fact that Mrs. Harris and Major John Hay Beith persist that George M. Cohan and Sam H. Harris will again become a star under the management of George McGuire as soon as she finishes the filming of "In Old Kentucky" for the Smallwood Company. Mr. McGuire has obtained the rights of "The Queen of the Moulin Rouge," which was produced at the Circle Theatre a number of years ago, and from which Maloney departed for England. Also George Haynor Wells, son of Mr. and Mrs. William Storrs Wells, of New York and Newport.

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dance frocks, dignified frocks for restaurant wear that will certainly have an additional appeal at their present reduced figure to the older members of the shops’ clientele.

Further up the Avenue I found beautiful undies whose character has altered greatly in the last five years. Modern young womanhood has discovered many more charming ways of expressing her intimate self than in embroidered seersucker and obviously virtuous flannel. She has even changed the line of her garments. Buttons have almost vanished from lingerie, and “petit” and “camis” slip on in the most mysterious no-fastening way, as do her most beloved frocks. Elastic triumphs all along the line in an age of elasticity. What a joy! What a time saver.

Come now to the material things. Such enticing lengths of charmeuse, of brocades, of frills and of ribbon which may be secured with the purpose in view of rescuing an old frock or the rehabilitation of the old hat, providing, always, that individual skill goes with the job.

A few of the privileged folk who have been permitted glimpses of the spring modes find that they exhibit no novelties. This should be welcome news to those who are now purchasing frocks and incidentals in the present sales, as the bargains of today will prove good investments for now and ever after.

Since economy seems to be the watchword of all after the ravages of Yuletide, a few hints on hunting dress bargains may not go amiss. Wise ones think for a second before sallying forth on their hunt for treasures much in much need. First, there are the wonderful fur coats in all kinds of exquisite pelts, and fur-trimmed tailleurs, and wonderful evening frocks in the new home of the celebrated emporium now wedged under the eaves of the Cathedral of Trade. How my heart thumped, and thumped, and thumped at the glorious French acquaintances if I, veteran that I am, be affected in this wise, what can be said for the rest of femininity?

I came across a waistcoat blouse, always an essential of a wardrobe. An ordinary slip-on is so useful when going for a walk. Remnants of dark velvet and cloth are employed for the bodices of these. Tunics grow longer and longer, and to lengthen an ordinary one deep fringe is the best thing. Hand-painted silks in Arabic design are the last word in the capital. Caplets may be made lovely crocheted blouses, and then there are the marvelous rest gowns made of crépe marocain and trimmed with monkey. Ruche health seems almost a pity. Apropos of these tones, it is seldom that one goes to the play, opera or ball without meeting with one or two black-aid-white tones. I noticed, particularly, one worn by Anne Morgan. It was striking, and thumped, and thumped at the glorious French accessaries and if I, veteran that I am, be affected in this wise, what can be said for the rest of femininity?

The Department for Novelty Costume Accessories (on the Second Floor) also offers may appealing gift suggestions in the way of feminine apparel.

THE LITERARY SHOW

NEVER having been there, I naturally visioned Reno as a city not of homes but of people seeking to get rid of homes; of high-priced hotels where I had only to press an electric button to get a divorce; of boarding-houses presided over by judges of the “cure,” as they term it out there; in short, a place where you go downtown of homes but of people seeking to get rid of them; of high-priced homes but of people seeking to get rid of them; of high-priced hotels where I had only to press an electric button to get a divorce; of boarding-houses presided over by judges of the “cure,” as they term it out there; in short, a place where you go downtown...
Costumes for the Tropics

FOR TROPICAL EVENINGS
—dainty gowns and wraps of soft chifon, sheer lace and supple crepes.

FOR SPORTSWEAR
—a veritable treasure box of bright tweeds and home-spuns.

FOR TEA TIME
—Crisp voiles or organ-die frocks.

FOR COOL EVENINGS
—lovely summer furs, silver and blue fox scarfs and stoles of soft grey squirrel.

We send a representative to see you?

Mr. Corthell certainly has used his eyes to good purpose. Moderate coats-of-arms, seals, terms emblems and opera may kind in America, Faney Dre.e haby in Attire charge. May for (On 40th Street OPP. my tribute to the description of that feline person be; for Reno affords a wide choice in the characteristics er.g.s, Met. 101111s de divorce, 1/0/f JJ, York Prices. worth secing and fails to get acquainted with many a rare.

Henry Symonds

and

White Rock

The World's Best Table Water

and

White Rock Ginger Ale

THE SEASON'S Artistic Sensation

EXHIBITION
HENRY SYMONDS COLLECTION

date of sale

UNRESTRICTED SALE
February 8-9-10-11

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at

Clarke's
44 East 58th St., New York

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Personally conducted by
MR. AUGUSTUS CLARKE

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Advertising Department
TOWN TOPICS PUBLISHING CO.,
2 West 45th Street, New York City

the case may be; for Reno affords a wide choice in the characteristics of age, sex, coloring, weight, and previous conditions of matrimonial servitude.

Mrs. Stratton begins with the statement that her book was not written with any idea of promoting divorce, for she holds three things above all others—motherhood, marriage, home. She then proceeds to tell how all these may be abolished, easily as rolling off a log. She directs the reader to a good lawyer and provides his photograph, quoting his directions to aspirants, in which, I note, the necessity of a retainer is almost needlessly repeated. Chapters are devoted to the comedies, tragedies and romances of Reno, where, under "noms de divorce," celebrities whose facial irregularities are as familiar as the ethical curves which buckle the Sunday supplements as "fresh from Reno" are protagonists in heart-breaking or amusing episodes.

If one doubts the proper classification of the chapters, one has but to note the direful account of the middle-aged woman whose husband had "real in her older and fairer," to realize the horrors of the tragic side; as one must admit the humor of the situation when a Broadway chorus girl from the stairs of the best hotel sang the "Battle Cry of Freedom" to celebrate the getting of her decree. And if one questions the lack of culture, witness the anecdote of the auction held in a Red Cross Bazaar, where a gentleman's silk shirt—he had it on at the time—was raffled, the winner of the heated hour, herself having been handed him as he entered the dining-room; the same sad history might be written of the blonde stenographer so agile with her pothooks; the expert bootblack; the charming companion of your walks and talks, all of whom silently, like the Arabs, fold up their decrees and steal away.

Surely, if the reader accepts Mrs. Stratton's quotation as the final word, that "Nevada does not want to place an unwarranted premium on immorality and is consequently more moral than New York, which, as a consequence of its drastic law, has seven times as many proved cases of adultery as any other State," I see no reason why everyone should not emigrate at once to Reno, even if for no other reason than because it is the moral pie-belt of the country!

It was Novelli, the great Italian actor, who remarked to me once, "My schoolhouse was the street," and now comes the testimony of the worth of such tuition by someone not so well known but who is nevertheless deserving of his day in court. In "On the Sidewalk," I found short, graphic pictures of the world. I am at a loss whether to commend most his admission that women are superior to men, basing his assumption on the fact that women wear French heels, in a page termed "Paris," the term for a character." Mr. Corthell certainly has used his eyes to good purpose.

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containing a promise of what is to be. I prophesy that Louise Hart will be heard from again.

Says the everlasting paper flap, on which all sense of values has its cemetery, where only a string of hectic, perverted adjectives survive, "Carolyn Wells is inimitable in this sort of thing," by "this sort of thing" meaning "Ptomaine Street." (Lippincott), further described as a "rollicking parody of a famous book." I'd like to know, why "this sort of thing," anyway? There is, it is true, here and there a phrase at which I laughed, but that is the best I can say. I very much fear that "Ptomaine Street" was written in a hurry, dashed off at the hurry call of a publisher, amid engagements with a dentist, luncheon, auction bridge, dinner, theatre and a late dance. There is none of the effect of having found just the right word, the one juxtaposition of ideas which parody, more than any other form of wit, demands of its votaries.

Carolyn Wells is another of the writers who, without financial need, if one credits reports, is writing too much, overwhelming with an excess of commonplace, and I would suggest that she cut down the output and increase the quality. One book a year should be her output for a time, and if she skipped a year or two, I'd see no cause for complaint.

To show that I am not hypercritical, I quote an excerpt from the book opened at random. It is taken from the description of Ware's Petticoat's party and is supposed to burlesque the famous party in "Main Street":

"The party being divided, they bombarded each other with custard pies till there wasn't a round of ammunition left. Then Iah Payne said she felt sick and wanted to go home. 'I tell you Warb, '—the husband is talking and the guests have gone—you are sure one corkscrew!' You put 'em to sleep all right! Now you've shown 'em how you bet they won't go on having their stupid highbrow interlectual old gatherings. Now along to bed, little old tired Lollipop."

According to George Meredith, society is judged by its comedy. What kind of a reading public or social unit is it that finds such a book as "Ptomaine Street" amusing? I ask you!

The Ringmaster.

A FEBRUARY ADVERTISEMENT

DANIEL CUPIDSKI
Dealer in Wornout Loves, Used Honeymoons
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Will be pleased to hear from
Ladies and Gentlemen having
HEARTS
Which they desire to Rent, Sell or
Exchange
Highest prices paid for Single Specimens
or Job Lots
Telephone—Hymen Won Two

BALLADE OF PROSE AND RHYME

(With Apologies to Austin Dobson)

WHEN our purses shrink and our thirsts assail,
And to quench the same is a sinful vice,
When the virtuous stick to their Adam's ale,
There is hooch and enough if you have the price.

But the wilderness dry is a Paradise
To none but the favored whom Fortune wows,
So Necessity mothers, and must suffice.
Then hey!—for the gurgling of homemade booze.

When we cease to laugh, and the farce grows stale,
And the game with Fate is with loaded dice,
When to foreign shores we are prone to sail,
There is hooch and enough if you have the price.

But in vains do the beckoning pleasures entice;
Alas and alack! we forgo the cruise,
But we save our souls for the sacrifice.
Then hey!—for the gurgling of homemade booze.

When reformers jeer at the anguished wail,
And the grafters graft and each takes his slice,
When the bootleggers scoff at the empty jail,
There is hooch and enough if you have the price.

But the devil is keen to collect his dues;
In vain do the beckoning pleasures entice;
Alas and alack! we forgo the cruise,
But the merry tinkle of broken ice
Resounds in the glass that Necessity brews,
And variety proves to be life's allspice;
Then hey!—for the gurgling of homemade booze.

Send
Though the toll you pay may be twice and thrice,
There is hooch and enough if you have the price;
But the devil is keen to collect his dues;
Then hey!—for the gurgling of homemade booze.

Sam S. Stinson.

THE TURRET GUN

IT SPEAKS IN FAVOR OF DISARMAMENT

My body was torn from the bowels of earth,
The thunder and lightning attended my birth,
I was christened with blood, I was nourished with groans,
And rocked in a cradle of moldering bones.

My vitals are steel and my spirit is fire,
To maim and destroy is my only desire,
Enthroned on the debris of kingdoms I sit,
And my mouth is the gate of the nethermost pit.

Minna Irving.

AFTER TEN YEARS

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF THE INTERIM

In the crowd around the lace bargain table two women jostled each other rather more sharply than was customary even under such circumstances. Turning, mutually apologetic, each stood transfixed with sudden recognition.

"Anne Atherton!"
"You, Roma?"
Following close upon her exclamation the second speaker had a swift instant of withdrawal.
Where Dwelt
A Certain Lovely Bloom Lady

Across the wide, rolling Pacific, guarding the sun-lit waters of Japan, is the mystic mountain of Fuji. Mystic, majestic, loreladen Fuji. From it, so 'tis writ in Japanese, the Spirit Lady came who made flowers to bloom. You who have witnessed the enchanting loveliness of the Japanese Cherry Blossom Festival, can never describe it, nor ever forget it.

But you can send fragments of it to those you care for, or would have care for you. Fragments as told by our own message-telling flowers. I will give to their choosing my personal attention.

"To think that we should meet in New York like this!" she continued, sounding a hard note of artificiality. Then, afof details, she sensed the other's hurt disappointment, and as the salesgirl made a gesture of impatience she turned back to the counter.

"I will take three yards of this wide edging," and fumbled in a silver meshbag.

"Isn't it queer how all the world drifts through New York at one time or another?" she continued, again concentrating upon her friend, and realizing with a shock that the latter was unmistakably shabby.

"As for that, do we ever know anything about anybody?"

"I used to know her, once."

"And the girl who used to live in your shell believed in everything we do now," Roma admitted, watching the other closely, but Roma did not flinch, and her curiously hollow chair were drawn into subtly calculated positions for commanding the view, and small as it was the place possessed atmosphere, the same smart quality which distinguished Anne Atherton's personal attire.

"Take off your hat and be natural." The speaker flung aside her own jaunty turban and the strip of sable which had clasped her throat. "Going to a Colonial cupboard, which cut off one corner of the room, she produced a decanter and glasses.

"I hope you are not a Prohibitionist." The visitor shook her head as she awkwardly unpinned a stiff straw hat, disclosing a mass of pretty hair, unbecomingly arranged.

"Of course, though only a few of fortune's favorites can afford to drink nowadays. You handle it as carelessly as if there were not Mr. Volstead!"

"Pour for yourself," said Anne, "and light up," indicating the cigarettes.

"The other declined these last deprecatingly.

"Not doing it in Brooklyn, eh? Tell me, what do they do over there to make that Subway trip worth while?"

Roma spread out her thin, pretty hands helplessly.

"Nothing..."

"I can't see you coming to that." Anne knit her plucked eyebrows in perplexity.

"I hope you understand that I am quite outside the pale." She watched the other closely, but Roma did not flinch, and her curiously empty eyes did not waver.

"How interesting!" she drawled after an instant's pause.

"Do you remember, Roma, when we agreed that we would never have any secrets from each other, that no matter what happened we would always be utterly frank and confidential?"

Roma uttered a slight laugh.

"We said that nothing in existence, no heights of glory nor depths of despair, should ever come between us." Again the short burst of contemptuous laughter.

"What little fools we were!" Anne stared out of the great window at a bevy of scurrying clouds.

"Yet twelve months divided us almost as completely as death."

"We are dead," said Anne—at least the girls we once were are dead, and two quite different people are now living in our battered bodies. My Roma Harte never knew the meaning of caution, and now her lips are trim with prudence.

"And the girl who used to live in your shell believed in everything and everybody; she thought skepticism was an exploded theory..."

"Now," said Anne, "she has discovered that it is the only stimulant which will keep a poor starved little soul alive." She turned away from this and lighted a cigarette with practiced ease.

When she sank back upon the pillows of the chaise-longue, Roma slowly emptied her glass and placed it upon the table. Then she leaned forward from the depths of the sleepy, hollow chair, and the crimson light picked out the ugly little lines on her pale face.

"Tell me," she demanded.

"I can't see you coming to that," Roma uttered a slight laugh.

"Tell me," she repeated. "The rebel corners of Anne's mouth fled in the smile that was never far from her in any mood.

"You were always the one to talk first," she cried; "you used to listen and agree. What an egotistic young savage I was!"

"You were wonderful," her listener protested, "but—and for the first time the emptiness of her gaze was filled with a thrill of sentience which looked like pain—"you were never as wonderful in the old days as you are now. You've grown up tremendously, while I—"

I'm a sudden mass of deterioration. What do you do? How do you live to keep on such a fine edge?"
Divest and Invest

T0 BE strictly accurate, Oriental Pearls, are a divestment in that they involve great sacrifice, whereas Técla Pearls are more properly an investment in that they involve so little.

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familiarity. There are compensations in all conditions. Your neighbors all speak to you. You wouldn’t like it a bit if they didn’t.

But the other would have none of this.

"Bosh!" she groaned; "you know me better than a thing like that. I tell you life is all accident. I wandered just as far afield as you did. I had the ‘glory of the dream’ and all the horror of the awakening, too."

Anne started and stared.

“Yes,” the other continued; “he was a beautiful creature, but he never meant marriage. It was not his fault that my people forced him to do the right thing. What a travesty that phrase is—the right thing! We didn’t want each other in that way, for keeps. We had our beautiful hour, and because of that they gave us a life sentence. Poor old Jack, his splendid young shoulders have bent under the burden, and his hair is growing thin, and he wouldn’t be guilty nowadays of harboring an idea that had not been all thought up for a long time by ever so many people.

“My baby lived, and she is growing into a prim little replica of her father. Oh, I am not whimpering! He is all right—as good as most men—kind and polite enough except at breakfast. But it is not fair. Why should I have to pay such a penalty, and you go all so radiantly free? It was just an accident. They might have succeeded in marrying you off. In those days you would not have known enough to protest."

She pulled herself out of the deep chair and went to the window. "Roma," she cried Anne sharply, “Roma, how awful! And all the time I’ve been an arrogant fool. I’ve despised you others, because I thought you hugging your conventions. Oh, I’ve been worse than a fool! I’ve been stupid, unaware. You could not help yourself, but I’m the one who, deep down in my envious heart, have been a Philistine. All the time I was only jealous. I really think there was a difference between us—something that mattered, and that placed us apart."

"There is," muttered Roma, "I’ve got to go home and cook dinner for my man, while you—you will graciously permit some interesting male to entertain you at a jolly little joint where the lights are becoming.

"Ah, yes! There is a big difference between us, my dear!"

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TOWN TOPICS is universally recognized as the most complete weekly journal for men and women in the world. It is par excellence the society journal of America, and is unique inasmuch as all matter is original. The Saunterer discusses weekly the doings of society in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, and all the other large cities in the Union, reviews events of the week in his pungent style, gives you his ideas on men and women of the day, and generally concludes his series of paragraphs with notes on current politics.

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During the theatrical season TOWN TOPICS' reviews of plays and the Opera have gained wide recognition. It is fearless in its opinions. You will always find its critiques different from others.

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mother, a matron noted as one of the most adroit dowagers in Mayfair and one whose second husband is a great personage in the world of finance wherever in the world finance is known. This matron of Spartan qualities has triumphantly coped with many difficulties and this one did not by any means affright her. Why should it? Was not her husband, together with his financial associates, one of the great contributors to the recent Presidential campaign, and is it not reasonable to suppose that those in high places will be most grateful for past favors? She showed the letter to her husband, whose temper at best is not that of a spring lamb and whose Midas touch has somewhat enlarged his cranium. When he perused it he acted at once. He did what he had done on a prior occasion when one of his relatives stood in desperate need of assistance and that was post where the one concerned was in high degree yet this time he did not approach a Cabinet officer but went, I believe, to a certain gentleman who directs the destinies of a great political party and showed him the letter. At the request of the irate Cresus this latter official went to another mighty personage, one who, it might be said, is the final arbiter in things military and naval in the United States and placed the terse script before him. To complement the written matter the story of the entire affair was poured into the ears of this individual, who listened with the urbanity and courteousness that mark him. After a moment of serious reflection, however, the court of last appeal announced that he could not become a participant in the controversy and that the rivals for the hand of the "ladye fair" would have to adjust matters between themselves.

THAT settled the matter and word was conveyed to the worried divorcée and her mother that official clemency could not meddle with the affairs of Cupid. The lady most intimately interested then announced that she would wed the man whom she loves even if he were consigned to the Arctic regions, and there the matter rested for the nonce. It was decided that a period of time would be permitted to elapse before the announcement of the engagement and that most probably would have been the case had not the mother of the successful suitor, when interrogated about the affair, remarked that it would be quite charming if her offspring should marry the lady in question.

That, in common parlance, "spilled the beans," and the Spartan mother, who was then deeply interested in the welfare of her daughter, decided that it was time to take the public into her confidence. This she did by an official announcement to a waiting world which, for a most splendid nuptial fiesta and the devotees of high society along the Atlantic seaboard, as well as several in Detroit and Chicago, are preparing their wedding garments, for the date is almost at hand, and I would not be at all surprised if St. Valentine as well as Cupid were present at the function.

But beneath the calm surface of social life in the Capital City and Palm Beach there are many and ominous rumblings and heads wag as tongues prattle forth the possible dénouement. Now the question is asked: Will the soldier and his bride really be shipped to a remote spot where the ladies and worries of high life will not absorb their attention and where social activities will be restricted to listening to the mournful wail of the ukelele and witnessing the gyrations of dusky belles as they plunge into the surf that sweeps up on the beach at Waikiki? Or will the stern son of Mars, who loved and lost, prove himself as great in this defeat as he has been in victories where soft sentiments had no place?

WHAT I have suspected concerning Francis Burke Roche ever since he and Lord Fermoy rented that hunting-lodge in England last year, that he would eventually follow his brother's example and make his home on the other side of the Atlantic, is borne out by the most recent development in his plans. That the news will be a bitter pill to many signing masas who have been conning themselves for Maurice's decision to assume his title by the thought that Francis was still fair game and within reach is but natural. Francis, it seems, has connected himself with the Guaranty Trust Company and is slily
learning the banking business, in which he intends to embark on his return to England. On his return, mark you, for he is going back, and I shan’t be at all surprised to hear of his decision to live in Britain permanently... Lord Fermoy, surnamed by his father, and whose personality and technical qualifications are already well known, was recently nominated unanimously as the Conservative candidate for Horncastle, Lincolnshire, in the next election.

If I hear of many more distinguished persons paying visits to Colombo, capital of the spicy isle of Ceylon, I shall begin to think there is some peculiar and unheard-of fascination that far-off possessions can’t have. It can’t be a new variety of hooch, unprecedentedly beautiful dancing girls or anything so frivolous, surely, that has induced the present visit of Lord Granard and the Princess de Croy. As for Mrs. Reid, the Prince of Wales is due in Colombo next month, and quite possibly she will figure in the entertaining for him, though during the return journey to London Mrs. Whitelaw Reid and the Alexander Hamilton Rices plan to make a sojourn in Colombo. As for Mrs. Reid, the Prince of Wales is due in Colombo next month, and quite possibly she will figure in the entertaining for him, though returning from the States the Hamilton Rices are going to explore a few Rivers of Doubt or even fish for pearls, as there is, or was, considerable pearl fishing carried on in Ceylon. Marshal Joffre, later to visit the United States, heard of the recent visit of Lord Granard as were the Prince and Princess de Croy. Stopping as birds of passage on their way from China to the States came the Edward Everetts and but a short time ago Benjamin Brewster Jennings, of New York, cast anchor to try his seas legs on land.

Some of my coeurs de confesseurs of the daily press have been propping the election of the former Beatrix Mills as the first American woman to become what they egregiously term “vicerovine” of the New Irish Free State. And there is as yet not known. Perhaps the Hamilton Rices are going to explore a few Rivers of Doubt or even fish for pearls, as there is, or was, considerable pearl fishing carried on in Ceylon. Marshal Joffre, later to visit the United States, heard of the recent visit of Lord Granard, as were the Prince and Princess de Croy. Stopping as birds of passage on their way from China to the States came the Edward Everetts and but a short time ago Benjamin Brewster Jennings, of New York, cast anchor to try his seas legs on land.

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POLL, whose family owned one of the original Colonial Manor Houses and whose name is found distributed throughout New York City and its environs with great frequency. For Mrs. Richardson has a keen sense of social propriety; she is not only a great hostess but she has a great gift in a social way, but she set a magnificent example to those who, in these Volstead days, depend upon gallons of cocktails and quantities of magnums to attract guests. Mrs. Richardson adhered strictly to the law, and to the point in gathering it all up, that no claimant was heard. Several of the diplomats who had come up from Washington to attend the Vanderbilt ball, including the Princess Lubomirska and the Countess Széchenyi, were present, as well as Mrs. Vanderbilt, Mrs. John Wysong and others of the Oelrich Point set. So as to assure a one ragbag sort of these days of fantastic facial decorations and confirmed cigarette quitting females, of which latter indulgence there was practically no demonstration. I am certain that the shade of Caroline Schermerhorn Astor smiled her approbation from the land of spirits.

The "children's hour" still applies to the vague period of twilight that comes before the dusk, but the stage is somewhat differently set. Instead of children sliding down the banisters, I find them sliding over the floor of the Plaza, the "stags" (aged seventeen) lined themselves around the dancers, as rapacious for a chance of cutting in as a chicken-hawk for its prey. The dearth of elderly, or even slightly matured adults, is conspicuous, the few that dare presume on the sacred hour seeming to be repentant of their rashness. I noticed Virginia Sterry looking quite thin, snatching an hour from the worries of "En Cercerole," Constance Banks, Virginia de Haven, Marie La Marche and others of the misunderstood generation also demonstrated the art of dividing one dance among ten eager claimants.

Pretty Ada Heinzte considers herself an "old woman," by reason of being out all of two years, but she does not let her advanced age stand in the way. Although her quasi-professional distinction, and despite her Roosevelt Hospital, where she works as a nurse's assistant, filling in the rest of her spare time by such tasks as a part in the Junior League Entertainments and the Spence School show.

From all appearances the season at Jekyll Island will not be anything to brag about this year, a late Lent usually foreshadowing a short and busy one. However, the club is filling up quickly, the habitual sojourners looking as usual. Among those who will be there this year, to whom we pay our respects, are Mrs. Frederick Constable, Mrs. Frank Morgan and Mrs. Seth Lawrence.

A benefit performance of "Thank-U" will be given at the Longacre Theatre next Tuesday evening at 8:30 in aid of Greer House, the Episcopalian organization for girls. The object of the performance is to raise the balance of a loan made to Greer House. Mrs. George Mortimer is chairman of the committee, while among the patronesses are Mrs. Frederick Constable, Mrs. Coleman du Pont, Mrs. Frank Morgan and Mrs. Seth Low. Tickets are on sale at the theatre and at Greer House.

"Many a clever actress is a charming woman."
"And on the other hand, many a charming woman is a clever actress."

THOUGH the Bertram G. Works, who sailed on the Aquitania Tuesday, as usual will make Paris their headquarters, they will spend part of their time on the Riviera, for Bert dearly loves to try his luck at Monte Carlo. Young Bertram, who is a freshman at Yale, remains here, a novel experience for him, as heretofore he has accompanied his parents overseas.

Miss Anne Morgan stood guard at the Manhattan Opera House Saturday evening last when "Salome" was sung for the benefit of Devastated France. Some of the auditors evidently remembered how, some years ago, Miss Morgan had been so highly shocked at the same opera when it was given at the Metropolitan that she persuaded her father to have it banned; but time changes the mental attitude of various people, as is evidenced in the case of Miss Morgan, who, upon one occasion that what she then viewed years ago today supremely proper. Miss Morgan was so pleased with the performance that she not only applauded until her palms must have ached, but went behind the scenes to personally congratulate Miss Garden. Miss Garden, who was very effusively. But if Michael Strange could have heard the remarks that conventional stroke with strangers, she would have been convinced that weird garments and the floating of conventions do not always find favor in public places.

"Salvation is free," cried the good deacon.
"Has the war tax been taken off, too?" asked the unregenerate backslider.

THE HERE whisper that the Government was considering the advisability of ceasing horse-breeding operations at Front Royal, in Virginia, has evoked a storm of protest and a deluge of letters to representatives of the people that bids fair to break existing records. For the huddled reason is an unemployment of the men and their not infrequent and critical comments, the two ladies puffed nonchalantly away upon their respective weeds. Mrs. Barrymore and her companion promenaded around the smoke-filled lobby several times, the former puffing her velvet-lined cigar and her dark bobbed hair presenting a spectacle that will not shortly be forgotten by those who witnessed it. Her perorations were several times stopped by acquaintances who greeted her effusively. But if Michael Strange could have heard the remarks that conventionals stroke with strangers, she would have been convinced that weird garments and the floating of conventions do not always find favor in public places.

"Salvation is free," cried the good deacon.
"Has the war tax been taken off, too?" asked the unregenerate backslider.

But I was unable to see Margot's chiseled features in the darkened theatre last Sunday, and all the members of the gay and festive set who regard sports as the Alpha and Omega of life were on hand to celebrate the event. But there were many who were unable to skate—physically—so these individuals made themselves feel quite at home by clipping to the glass and suffering the brevity and kindly feeling that they wear is worth wearing unless it comes from the Rue de la Paix.

The Irving Brokaws gave their annual skating carnival at the Hippodrome last Sunday, and also the members of the gay and festive set who regard sports as the Alpha and Omega of life were on hand to celebrate the event. But there were many who were unable to skate—physically—so these individuals made themselves feel quite at home by clipping to the glass and suffering the brevity and kindly feeling that they wear is worth wearing unless it comes from the Rue de la Paix.
in every way worthy of the important office they so well upheld, would have felt as completely out of the running at any advanced ritualistic service as any Blue Lodge mason would in a Roman church.

But it is a long way from Bishop H. C. Potter to Bishop W. T. Manning. And Bishop Manning, by his action at St. Mary's, has made a big jump and taken a big step in a new direction. This, of course, will make the ritualistic element feel mighty nervy, though the result may be a tripe embarrassing for the Bishop in days to come when, perhaps, some ritualistic parson follows "his lordship's" lead and culls odd bits here and there from the Roman Missal and sprinkles them over the paraphazers and then calmly refers people to My Lord the Bishop's own action, and, in Othello's words, "these unlycky deeds relates."

I wonder, en passant, if the crozier Bishop Manning carried at St. Mary's was the one I alluded to a few weeks ago in these columns as about to be presented by admirers of the Bishop in England, and whose names read like a verse out of the Mayfair "Book of Life"—the Peerage?

It is to be hoped that the members of the time-honored Atlantic Yacht Club will see their way to save this oldest and best-known yachting organization from the breaking up that appears to be threatening it. Always vitally to the front during the races for the America's Cup, it was for long years prominent, ranking second only to the New York Yacht Club in all racing affairs in this country. It has been crippled and some of the life sapped from it by the changed conditions that surround the once exclusive Sea Gate, where the club people used to congregate in olden times. There is a Sea Gate and a club indebtedness of about $42,000, but now the long-drawn-out controversy with the city over the riparian rights has been settled, it should not be difficult to revive ancient glories. The "Peers of the Sea Gate," it is observed, is what is left of the hodge-podge and the man renting it.

THAT affairs in the American Kennel Club have long been unsettled and apparently headed to a nation-wide revolution has been no secret for some time, but the latest move, debarring all who sell dogs from acting as judges has, in all probability, precipitated an impasse. For it is a house divided practically in two. One admits practically as an amateur breeder, such as Mrs. Payne Whitney, Mrs. Halsey Fiske and others, who occasionally buy a dog and sell it for a higher price, and if it be not rigorously enforced it will merely stir the existing fermentation to dangerously near an explosion.

Of course the genesis of this new rule lies in many flagrant transgressions of certain individuals, one of whom bought a dog for the proverbial song, sold it for considerably more than one thousand dollars, and, in the course of negotiations, was unable to believe there was a Sea Gate and a club indebtedness of about $42,000, but now the long-drawn-out controversy with the city over the riparian rights has been settled, it should not be difficult to revive ancient glories. The "Peers of the Sea Gate," it is observed, is what is left of the hodge-podge and the man renting it.

But, as is too often the case in our racing and other sports, the individual erring was not promptly crucified on that particular cross, but was allowed apparent immunity until he could be included in the present blanket and obviously inoperative ordinance. Then there is a fairly prominent woman who boasts of making more than ten thousand dollars for a "write-up" and thirty dollars for the insertion of a photograph in the organ they may or may not represent; all against A. K. C. rules.

The hodge-podge, it is observed, is what is left of the hodge-podge, and the man renting it.

Coldate Hoyt, widely known both as a New York stockbroker and financier, was as has often been rumored from the Chippewa names Colgate and Lydig in the connection, the New York Brahmin caste of Hoyts to whom the Livingslprgs were related, but emigrated from an excellent Cleveland, Ohio, family of which his father, James M. Hoyt, was a lawyer of marked ability. Mr. Hoyt's home for years had been at Center Island, in the Oyster Bay section of Long Island, where, like his former townsman, Theodore Roosevelt, he was a stanch Republican in politics. The public is well aware of Mr. Hoyt's success in business, his acquisition of the Now York Yacht Club, and Wall Street magnate. Mr. Hoyt's first wife, by whom his four surviving children were born, was a Miss Sherman, a daughter of Judge Charles T. Sherman and niece of General W. T. Sherman and of Senator William Sherman. Four years after her death Mr. Hoyt married, in 1912, Mrs. Katharine Sharp Cheesman, of this city. Of the four children by the former marriage still living, one is Lydig Hoyt, who married Julia Robbins, in consequence being vicariously, at least at the present hour, the most widely advertised Hoyt in the State of New York. The funeral services, at which the vasque figures were the Rev. Francis B. Boyer and one Bernice Boucher, who last week took her life after being told by the rector that he was married. One can hardly even imagine the intense of excitement when the situation will be first made public in detail through the press. of the younger Episcopals, perhaps none enjoyed the popularity that Boyer did in his position in the aristocratic Church of the Advent and in the exclusive home circle in which he and his wife are dominant figures. Boyer married Catharine Gardner, the only daughter of the General and Mrs. John Gillett, Jr., and married one of the Grosvenor girls. The senior Mrs. Gardner was Esther Burnett, of the Southborough connections. Boyer, shortly after his term as curate at the Advent, went to New Brunswick, leaving there for a short time before he died in the New York Post office, where he and others, who occasionally buy a dog and sell it for a higher price, and if it be not rigorously enforced it will merely stir the existing fermentation to dangerously near an explosion.

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Not for years, if ever, has Boston staged such tragically affecting society at high water mark. In the cast are the Hoyts, and some of the life sapped from it by the changed conditions that surround the once exclusive Sea Gate, where the club people used to congregate in olden times. There is a Sea Gate and a club indebtedness of about $42,000, but now the long-drawn-out controversy with the city over the riparian rights has been settled, it should not be difficult to revive ancient glories. The "Peers of the Sea Gate," it is observed, is what is left of the hodge-podge and the man renting it.

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...
PHILADELPHIA society has had the news that the Bayard Bowies, Jr., are the proud parents of a babe, who recently opened its eyes upon this wide world out in Chicago. Mrs. Bowie will be remembered as the former Miss Christine Cadwalader, whose elopement with young Bowie just spring caused many tongues to wag. But all’s well that ends well, to be trite but truthful, and I understand that everybody is pleased with the exception of Mrs. Bowie, Sr., who has not recovered from the disappointment she felt when her young hopeful took matters into his own hands. From the standpoint of family young Bowie could not have done better, for his bride is the quintessence of the Biddle and Cadwalader clans, which in the eyes of all Philadelphians exalts her to the very pinnacle of social prestige.

FINANCIAL as well as social circles in the Quaker City are recounting with unusual unction the details of an altercation between two men high in the fiscal world which finally led to blows. The participants in the affair are both well known, and are internationally so, not only because of his immense wealth, but likewise for his contributions to art and magnificent entertainments. The discussion, I am told, originated at a business meeting, and the divergence of opinion between the men led up to a display of bad blood. Finally the younger of the two permitted his anger to get the better of him, and to such an extent that he landed a "Jack Dempsey" upon the other’s chin with such telling effect that the bout was then and there ended.

Friends interposed and the "incident" was prevented from assuming graver proportions. But I understand that the two gentlemen do not speak as they pass by and that future fistic demonstrations may form part of their fiduciary programs. But my money will be placed upon the richer of the two, for his career has proved that he always attains his end, which is, after all, what men most desire. A word to the wise.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL EDWARD BUCHANAN CASSATT, son of the late president of the Pennsylvania railroad, A. J. Cassatt, by his death on the morning of the 28th, at Chesterbrook Farm near Berwyn, in that State, which he inherited from his father, who was first president of the American Hackney Horse Society, leaves a distinctly noticeable gap in the ranks of horsemen and sportsmen of national repute. Colonel Cassatt was an up-to-date society man of exactly the proclivities which stand out alike in ultra-smart Englishmen and Americans, not the five o'clock tea, specifically dining out and dancing sort, but nearly all his entertaining was done in connection with athletic sports, hunting and his racing stables. His splendid military education, enhanced by his connection with the Special Militaire of St. Cyr, France, besides by his being at one time military attache to the American Embassy at London, and his efficiency as an army officer in general, it is not necessary to dwell further upon.

At the outbreak of the recent war he sold out nearly all the horses of his racing stable and offered his services to the Government. Upon his return from the war Colonel Cassatt rebuilt his stables, and the same horses he had reared and trained for his own use in his business and of whom he had been so proud had long been in private hands. As a member of the Jockey Club he at one time had Kentucky horsebreeders all up in arms by one or two innovations he championed. Besides his widow, Eleanor B. S. Cassatt, the remains of his wives and their families are still talked of. Lois Buchanan Thayer, of this city, a daughter; Robert Cassatt, of Philadelphia, a brother, and Mrs. Plunkett Stewart, a prominent factor in the Quaker City’s smartest set.

Miss Catt—Did he declare his love?
Miss Nipp—Yes, but father refused to pay the duty.

Whatever the basis for all the gossip of the past year concerning Alfred Jenkins Shriver’s manner of looking after the financial affairs of his sister, Mrs. Harry O’Donavan, the latter’s bank account is evidently far from slender, judging by the very gay and elaborate christening party she gave in the private boudoir of the lady known as "Missie" last Saturday afternoon at the home of Harry, Jr., and Hugh. Mrs. O’Donavan’s fulminations against her brother regarding his management of her patrimony have certainly stirred up a whirlwind in the Shriver-O’Donavan circle, and, indeed, as one of her dear friends remarked the other day, "A large serpent tongue has got under Ann’s skin.”

I never suspected that Mary Morton had it in her to become so enthused over anything; she is working like a Trojan over the new Gilmore building, but I had neither noticed that she had must mustered nor gathered in the applicants for membership in what she and Stuart Symington hope will be completely realized. I have no reason whatever to wish the project anything but success, as it is not necessary to dwell further upon.

ANYTHING but happy and carefree members of Baltimore society are Mr. and Mrs. Graham Archer just now, as the way things are progressing in the Archer-Harvey failure. Gossip and criticism are running riot, and Graham is coming in for anything but sympathy at the Maryland Club, where even his old cronies, they say, are beginning to wonder precisely what’s what. Seeing that for years Graham Archer has consistently given the cold shoulder to many men in the club, of no small importance, he can hardly blame them for taking this opportunity of returning the compliment. To speak plainly, I hear that the little affair with the Harford County Bank would have cost Graham his liberty last week had not the Archer family came forward with a very large amount of financial security.

There is, there is, there is a little affair in the Baltimore courts to come, with all manner of direful possibilities.

LIKEWISE is Howard Harvey a quaking in his boots. About a year ago, as I recall it, he retired to a hotel, but in any case he has been compelled to leave his retreat, and may be forced to tell what he knows concerning the firm of Archer and Harvey at the coming trial. Harvey is reaping the penalty for his unpopularity of past years in finding the confidence and sympathy of many of his club and business acquaintances withheld. No wonder Harvey is on the anxious seat, with the threats Mrs. James Madison Thompson’s son-in-law, Livingston Smith, of New York, is making.

MRS. TOM COTTMANN’s pet, the Theatre Club, which met last Friday evening at the Belvedere for the last time this season, surely brought out every climber of the winter. Lawrence Simmonds, the young man who has been so much discussed this year, particularly in regard to his not being invited to the Assembly, in spite of the money he spends so liberally, attracted a great deal of attention by giving a theatre party for forty and including among his guests the most prominent brides and debutantes of the season. It was quite a card for Simmonds to get at the Theatre Club and is listed by the Robert’s for a midnight Joe Igleharts to accept his invitation, to say nothing of such fashionables as Ida Lee Spence, Louise Fisher, Margie James, Edith O’Donovan and Helen and Alice Whittle, Charlie McGill James, Denison Frick and Irvine Keyser, 2d.

JOHNNY HILDt and his lady also found the Theatre Club a very convenient means of keeping themselves on the map, or should I really say getting there? They arrived at the Belvedere with a small crowd of their guests and with a speech at the end of luncheon given by Mrs. Wilson and Laura Parr, I noted with a sly grin, both accepted the Hildt’s invitation, as did the Harry Parrs and Wilson Cary. A great night for the Hildts, forsooth!

Mrs. Citer—What a clingling gown she has on!
Mrs. Biter—Yes, it’s been sticking by her for at least six seasons, I believe.

RECENTLY there died in Washington a man who for a number of years had been a most potent factor in governmental affairs and whose abilities as a legislator had never been questioned, nor his patriotism impugned. After his death much amazement was occasioned by the story which spread through Washington that the late politician’s collection of cash represents his part of the late gentleman’s share in a large bootlegging game in which he had been a partner. It is likewise rumored that a former prominent Government official cleared up a vast amount of money in the same scheme and that the details of the affair have become so public that many fear a grave scandal may break at any time. Those who believe that the late politician’s collection of cash represents his bootleg earnings point to the fact that since the first reports of the nest egg no more details thereof have been permitted to seep out, despite the efforts of the keen newspaper fraternity.

In commenting on the election to the House of Commons of Viscountess Windsor our newspapers state that her brother, Hugo Charteris, is attached to the British Embassy in Washington. Now the Congressional Directory lists twenty-two members of the Embassy in Washington under Sir Auckland Geddes and of these twenty, Leander McCormick-Goodhart, but Hugo Charteris is not listed even as an honorary attache. I hear awkward questions are to be asked in the House of Commons, questions seeking information why Sir Auckland Geddes must have twenty-one assistants, when the House of Commons, questions seeking information why Sir Auckland Geddes must have twenty-one attaches is not an excessive number for rich American wives, twenty-one attaches is not an excessive number for rich American wives, twenty-one attaches is not an excessive number for rich American wives, twenty-one attaches is not an excessive number for rich American wives, twenty-one attaches is not an excessive number.

In Chicago. Mrs. Bowe TOWN TOPICS 7 7
Commercial Counselor of Embassy, really does not require the services of Messrs. Wilson Goode, H. C. A. Carpenter, L. A. H. Parish, as commercial secretaries, and for that matter if Henry Getty Chilton, Counselor of Embassy, put in the same hours as the average American, would very easily assume the dual charge of Counselor and Commercial Counselor. The French make their attachés work, and hence get results. None who knows official Washington will deny that while the English bachelor crowd, Messrs. Tennant, Harker, Sims, Parish, are very amusing, and as our Washington golf and dance well, their business competence is not to be compared with that of the French attachés, M. Hubert Guérin, M. Jules Henry, M. Heilman, and Count Jacques de Sicié de Yevens.

MRS. CROMWELL BROOKS will leave a wide void in Washington, and many are genuinely sorry that her marriage to General Douglas MacArthur will take her from the Capital. There is every indication of her burning her bridges behind her; her home in Massachusetts Avenue will be sold for a quick market. Despite all manner of rumors, the marital ties which bind this lady to her absent spouse are yet unbroken. Grafton Minot is, as usual, years firer, and Allister fretted as vice-president of the Chicago and Oak Park Elevated....

...IS fingers a good deal."

Washington, and yet if it failed to appear at the little party the night before,...

"God, Mr. Ream said something not in the least like "God bless you, my children." During the war—the war with Germany, none of Secretary Hughes, or Paris, has been permitted to attend. Miss Ream, as a member of the War Department Claims Board. Stephens is now quite a clubman. He is a member of the Chicago, University, Owensia, Saddle and Cycle, Metropolitan and Harvard (New York), University (Washington) and Harvard (Boston). Indeed, it was, according to the divorce bill of particulars, Redmond's preference for seeking his clubs rather than his domestic fireside that started the little rift within his domestic lute. Redmond is now a man well- set for getting his "whipping boy" for the frenzied finance of Big Business. What 'Red' sent Marion for a wedding present has not been disclosed. Perhaps it was a box of Russian cigarettes, or maybe some Paderewski records.

Now that Mrs. Ream Stephens is Mrs. Anastase Andrevith Vonsiatsky-Vonsiatsky, there is only one big matrimonial bargain left for fortune-hunters—buxom Mrs. Jacob Baur.

As the Fred Countisses are doing the theatres together again, there is much less talk of their domestic troubles. What a blessing this must be to the former Eleanor Robinson! Perhaps she remembers the first years of their married life, when she never let a morning pass without taking the corkscrew. Getting a flange of satisfaction, she was delivering her "prize package," Rain or shine, sickness or health, until just a day or two before the baby came, this delivery was her morning's work. In those days people used to say that she was the only "really happy woman" in Chicago, with perfect health, an unlimited income and Fred. Now that things take on a much less rainbowlike, I hope that the Lake Geneva place will be kept in better shape. In comparison to the J. H. Moore days, it is a sorry spectacle.

With Allister McCormick and Mary Landon Baker both away, Chicago seems dull indeed. If they could hear the many reasons ascribed to as to why "would be different" Mary failed to appear at the wedding they would be astounded. Perhaps the rumor that she had not sufficiently recovered from a mephitic party the night before. A casual glance from Mrs. Fowler and a hurried telephone message an hour before the wedding, when Mary is supposed to have told Allister that she need not expect her at the church. To which he replied: "I shall certainly expect you." Mary can be real contrary when she has a mind to be so, but I understand that Allister still has expectations.

REDMOND STEPHENS was a country boy, like ex-Governor Frank Lowden, who married the Pullman heiress. Redmond came to Chicago from an obscure village in Iowa called Marion. He went through Harvard, and coming to Chicago to read law, managed to get a big slice of forty millions. Anyhow, he had his first big slice, and he was a member of the War Department Claims Board. Redmond is now a man well-set for getting his 'whipping boy' for the frenzied finance of Big Business. What 'Red' sent Marion for a wedding present has not been disclosed. Perhaps it was a box of Russian cigarettes, or maybe some Paderewski records.

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"Is there any difference between betting and bluffing?"

"Yes, a good deal."

QUITE a surprise to St. Louisians was the engagement of Frances Reid Jones, daughter of the financier, Breckinridge Jones, to Kent Marver Clow, of Lake Forest, Ill. Miss Jones has been a prominent member of the War Department Claims Board. Stephens is now quite a clubman. He is a member of the Chicago, University, Owensia, Saddle and Cycle, Metropolitan and Harvard (New York), University (Washington) and Harvard (Boston). Indeed, it was, according to the divorce bill of particulars, Redmond's preference for seeking his clubs rather than his domestic fireside that started the little rift within his domestic lute. Redmond is now a man well-set for getting his "whipping boy" for the frenzied finance of Big Business. What 'Red' sent Marion for a wedding present has not been disclosed. Perhaps it was a box of Russian cigarettes, or maybe some Paderewski records.

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Jay Tschudy, Mrs. Ralph Nafziger, Mrs. Howard Austin, Mrs. Malcolm Thomas, the former Betty Bliss, of Boston; Mrs. James Platt, formerly Ann Drew, and Mrs. Henry Ziegenhein, the former Mildred Stirling, have always been very charming and are real birds of a feather. In their pursuit for pleasure they allowed no grass to grow under their feet. Apparently they gave too little thought to the husband whom Mrs. Binnie, and Mrs. Binnie, and the famous Bobbies and Stuues were wrecked. Ann divorced Jim Platt a year ago, after a turbulent domestic career, and is now doing social settlement work in New York. The Ziegenhein divorce was granted a few months ago, while Mrs. Ziegenhein has been in Boston with her family, the Blisses, since last May, and there is little indication that she will return to Malcolm in St. Louis.

Alice—But she meant well.
Virginia—My! Was it as bad as that?

Cynicism society eagerly awaits St. Valentine's Day, when the much-heralded souper de têtes arranged by the two highly esteemed if not beloved scions of the Assembly takes place. Unquestionably the Ohio Engineer in holding a souper de têtes, "puts one over on one's deadly rival, Chicago. The idea comes from the Phryne of cities, and differs from that of a costume dinner or ball, since instead of complete fancy dress, the head and cuifoine alone suggest the character. The real dinner is eaten, and the guests are decorated. A false nose and a mus-tache for the men are sufficient for those too indolent to copy the face of a portrait or a famous stage role. The thing is simplicity itself; there are men in the University Club who will have only to powder their radiant noses to be considered as the godlike Hermes. The women of course have on velvet stockings. Let us hope they will choose appropriate models, that we shall not have girls of the healthy, dairymaid type making up as Elaine, the Lady Maid of Astolat. After the piquant titillating souper de têtes comes the Assembly ball, and a gay ball it doubtless will be to make up for the dull monotony following Ash Wednesday.

Is'Y Mrs. Edward MacDowell rather overplaying her hand? The Peterborough colony has been supported generously by Cincinnati, and, after all, she does begin at home. What is the matter with Cincinnati's creative artists having a refuge from the turmoil and cares of everyday life as well as Mrs. MacDowell's New Hampshire pets? Mrs. Earl Galbraith and Miss Dixie Selden can find plenty of society and musicians right in their home town if they will but look around.

Still another triumph for Grace Henry was the Cincinnati Junior League's luncheon at the Country Club in her honor. She came, she was seen and conquered, her clothes, hat and accent running the gauntlet of gimlet-like inspection, but emerging unscathed, triumphant. Miss Henry is to direct the Junior League's extravaganza, "Chairs." I'm afraid the number where the Amazons dance in puris naturalibus, not to the Fiddlehead, but to the brazen tomtac melody of a tomtom, will occur. When all the Ma'tei Cathari's cataracts of water, anyway, Grace is a directrix with backbone and she will direct, or quit, and if any of the League's troublemakers who have made miserable the lives of directors less firm than steel hand in a velvet glove will very soon show their heads. Sir William Braden, W. W. Crocker of the Palisades, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Corbin, Mr. and Mrs. Jay Tschudy, Mrs. Ralph Nafziger, Howard Austin, Mrs. Henry Ziegenhein, Mrs. William T. Murray and numerous others gave large course dinners and luncheons. Mrs. Murray, the one-time Rose Corrigan, is a poor American woman; and boots and, after drawing across his face a red bandanna handkerchief, stretched himself on a lounge and successfully wooded Morphius.

Herbert S. Goodl certainly was born under a lucky star. Herbert, now frizzing to a rich sable color in Managua, Nicaragua, has been made a second secretary of the American Embassy in London. Some jump! Mrs. Herbert Goodl, now brown as a chinamquin from the Nicaragua solstice, is just as glad as Herb is. Both are immensely popular in San Francisco society, in which of late years they have not been seen much.

Del Monte Lodge at Pebble Beach has been very much Crocker of late, as the Templeton Crackers, the William H. Crackers, Helen Crocker, Mary Julia Crocker and W. W. Crocker have been making the Rounds. Of course there were "eats," as they say so much now-adays, but Mrs. Gordon Beaham, Mrs. Harriet Corbin, Mrs. Jay Tschudy, Mrs. Ralph Nafziger, Howard Austin, Mrs. William T. Murray and numerous others gave large course dinners and luncheons. Mrs. Murray, the one-time Rose Corrigan, is a poor American woman; and boots and, after drawing across his face a red bandanna handkerchief, stretched himself on a lounge and successfully wooed Morphius.

Soon Miss Marian Huntington and Mrs. Julia Davenport will leave for a trip up the Nile. With Egypt so troubled, the popular San Francisco ladies might better stay home this winter. Egyptian cigarette, however, come from Turkey, and are readily procurable at home in the City of the Golden Gate.

The Roy Pikes have returned from Santa Barbara, where they were permitted to rest up with the Corona Bills and garden. When the Bills are tired of resting up in Santa Barbara they go to Frisco to gad about with the Roy Pikes, till the four of them go to Santa Barbara to rest up.

"You must be mistaken. I am sure Isabel told me that her husband is a broker."

"The dear girl must be growing absent-minded. I know she usually marries brokers, but this one happens to be a lawyer."

Many Canadian matrons who visited England during the war have pleasant recollections of Norfolk House, St. James's Square, which was lent by the Duchess of Norfolk as the clubhouse of the Royal Canadian Ladies Golf Club. The Duchess that she is prepared to place the house at the disposal or furnished tenancy of any hostess entertaining on a large scale is of great interest, for already the wives of two Montreal millionaires are:

HOHN & RENZIO Imported Gowns and their own Original Creations
74 East 55th St., N. Y.
planning to entertain in the magnificent pile, where, by the way, King George III and his brother, the Duke of York, were born in the older portion at the rear of the house. I shall not spoil the grandiose place for the notables by revealing their names in print. I have decided myself with voicing the speculation as to how they will acquit themselves as hostesses in such surroundings. I have my little doubts!

Of course it was bound to happen, the sending of an invitation to one of the Governor-General’s affairs to a well-known matron and her husband, the latter most unfortunately having died only last month. That the lady is exceedingly irate is putting it mildly, particularly in view of the prominence of her late husband, who was a judge of the High Court of Canada for forty years. It is laid at the door of the A. D. C.’s, whose excuse is that they are new at the job; rather a lame extenuation, to be sure. Such breaches of etiquette seem to be inevitable with the Dominion Governor-General’s staff; why, nobody knows. Among such little ripples, Montreal society is eagerly awaiting the visit of Lord and Lady Byng.

I am sure that I am not the only person who finds amusement in the fact that at Mrs. Henry Joseph’s annual fancy dress party for women only, a number of ladies disported themselves in masculine attire. Lady Shaughnessy was very brave, indeed, for she took the part of a Russian count, though she is no longer young and slender. The hostess was not so daring, appearing as Catherine de Medici. That some of the guests at a for-ladies-only affair should choose to impersonate men is to my mind a great compliment to the sterner sex and proof that they are not so easily dispensed with, even for a couple of hours. Mme. Harold Hanse, of the Canadian Expeditionary Forces and later in the Royal Naval Air Service, and Mrs. Sidney Small, of Montreal to California is a long way to go to be married, permitted to own and run automobiles in and around the province of Orleans (county, to prevent the liberation of any homicidal maniac who has escaped justice by means of insanity, is most comforting to us and to the world. It is all too certain that it is difficult to understand why it should not have been established long ere this. In Great Britain and on the Continent of Europe anyone tried for murder and relieved of the actual responsibility of their crime in due time must be sentenced to perpetual detention in asylums is relegated to institutions for the criminal insane. Here, when the inmate of these establishments is pronounced cured by aliens of more or less note, he or she is set loose to endanger the lives of their fellow citizens, until a new murder is committed, a felon who escapes justice once more is beyond the law. Abroad, homicidal maniacs, judicially decreed to incarceration for the criminal insane, do not recover their freedom if cured. They are given to choose between remaining in the institution concerned for the rest of their days, or their transfer to an ordinary state Penitentiary or penitentiary as life convicts. There are so many murderers and murderers living among us or wandering about the country, who by the judicious use of money in the employment of high-priced attorneys who can make a case, can escape capital punishment on the plea of more or less temporary insanity. Had President Hibben and the Faculty ruled against the use and ownership of automobiles by the undergraduates they would have placed themselves open to charges of tyranny, emanating not only from the boys, but also from their parents and from their relatives, whose disapproval of the measure would have encouraged the youngsters to disobedience. But the decision of the senior student body in permitting the ownership of automobiles has at least a different footing. It has made the issue one of college ethics instead of college rules, and from henceforth the undergraduates at Princeton will avoid being seen in motor cars, not because it is forbidden, but because they themselves have decreed it to be bad form.

That the State Bar Association of New York should have come out strongly in support of the bill of Assemblyman Frank H. Lattin, of Orleans county, to prevent the liberation of any homicidal maniac who has escaped justice by means of insanity, is most comforting to us and to the world.
TOWN TOPICS

A BALLADE TO BETTY

THAT day I choose to verify
My special Pegasus goes lame;
My brush contributes to the "sky"
Unworthy daubs 'twere hard to frame.
A niche in any hall of fame
Will never, I am sure, be mine;
But love? O lady! That's my game!
So let me be your valentine!

I am too plain a bird to try
Flights with the smart crème de la crème,
And ever have been olivry—
To acquire a modish miss is dame.
But always is my mood the same;
My eyes with youthful ardor shine,
And Cupid's perfecting my aim,
So let me be your valentine!

No dilettante singer I
To win the drawing-room's acclaim;
At dancing I'm a graceless guy,
My repartee is tritely tame.
I cannot eloquently blame
Them to single lives incline,
But I can wake love's tender flame,
So let me be your valentine.

With diffidence akin to shame
I have confessed my lacks unfine;
But Betty, love's my middle name!
So let me be your valentine!

Edward W. Barnard.

THE FASHIONABLE WORLD

(Announcements suitable to this column are published free of charge. Information prior to publication elsewhere is desired. Communications should reach this office not later than 3 p.m., Tuesday.)

Engagements

Miss Dorothy Hancock, daughter of Mrs. Lewis Hancock, of Austin, Texas, to Mr. William Baylis, of New York.
Miss Edna W. Diggs, daughter of the late Edward A. Diggs, of Tarrytown, to Mr. E. Prioleau Gaillard, of New York.
Miss Katherine Terry Thornton, daughter of Mrs. Bessee McDonald Russell, of New York, to Mr. Frances Wilford Willett, son of Mr. and Mrs. George F. Willett, of Norwood, Mass.
Miss Eleanor Cromwell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln Cromwell, of New York, to Dr. Fremont A. Chandler, son of Dr. Fremont E. Chandler, of Waupaca, Wis.
Miss Frances Smith, daughter of Mrs. Charles H. Bailey, of St. Louis, to Captain Leo James Erler, U. S. A.

Weddings

February 14—Mrs. Louise Cromwell Brooks, of Washington, D. C., to Brigadier-General Dough MacArthur, Superintendent of the Military Academy, West Point, at Palm Beach, Fla.
February 15—Miss Helen Liepenward Stewart Trevor, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Graft Trevor, to Mr. Charles J. Coulter, both of New York; St. Bartholomew's Church.
February 16—Mlle. Ynes Reyniems, of Belgium, to Mr. Hugh S. Gibson, American Minister to Poland, in Brussels.
February 18—Miss Margaret Hamilton Rea, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Rea, of Pittsburgh, to Mr. John Walter Smith Foster, of Baltimore; Shadyside Presbyterian Church.
February 18—Miss Grace B. Rogers, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Noah Cornwall Rogers, of New York, to Mr. Paul B. Tubby, of Greenwich, Conn.
February 23—Miss Alice Delafeld Dean, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Sidney Dean, to Mr. Robert R. Livingston, both of New York; St. James's Church.
February 25—Miss Elizabeth Field, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John I. H. Field, to Mr. John S. Strryker, Jr., both of St. Paul; Church of St. John the Evangelist, St. Paul.
February 25—Miss Elizabeth Forrester La Boyteaux, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William H. La Boyteaux, of New York, to Captain Edward S. Pogram, of New Canaan; Church of the Heavenly Rest.

Receptions and Entertainments

February 10—Third of the series of Knickerbocker dances at The Plaza.
February 10—Bachelors Dance; Delta Robbins Room, Vanderbilt Hotel.
February 11—Bridge party of the Gardner School Alumnae; No. 11 East Fifty-first street, at 3 p.m.
February 11—A tea for the benefit of the Vassar College Salary Endowment Fund; at the residence of Miss Belle Skinner, No. 56 East Thirty-ninth street.
February 14-15—Play at The Plaza, for the benefit of the Spence School.
Miss Virginia Sterry in charge.
February 16—Ball of the Fine Arts, by the Society of Beaux Arts Architects, at the Hotel Astor.
February 17—A tea at the Dug Out in honor of the Pall Mall Supper Club.
February 25—Cannon Ball of the Pall Mall Supper Club, in aid of the Dug Out; Hotel Lorraine.
THE "CAZARINA," AT THE EMPIRE THEATRE

KATHERINE OF RUSSIA has been on the stage before. It is, she, too, with her great red body, in one of the plays. A magnificent psychological study in dramatic terms could be written about her. That is not what the authors of the "Czarina," the Hungarians Lengyel and Biró, have chosen to do. They have frankly written a comedy of rebuke. The single goal in the whole is to bring out irony of force or pointedness or subtlety. Katherine was a lady of the eighteenth century, of the age of enlightenment which was, in some vital respects, not so unlike our own immediate present. Also, she was the first of a certain type of woman. She was not being a woman, lived the life of a French philosopher on a throne. She attended to the affairs of state scrupulously, with ideas far in advance of those of most of her countrymen. In her hours of leisure she amused herself—a man. It was a curious experience for the metropolis, the epitome of the fashion trends of her floor-length skirts. They were to be the pastime, the "little ray of sunshine" of this imperial Don Juan in a crinoline.

The elements of ironic humor in this situation are clear. And it is upon these alone that the comedy is founded. It has true grace and sparkle. That the situation is artificially stripped of all its other accomplishments in reality will not annoy anyone greatly. The authors pretend to no more than they have actually felt it in their power to do. One is quite willing to accept their account for the sake of its comic vitality.

Miss Doris Keene, so long lost in "Romance," shows that she has other strings to her bow. Her performance, which is decisive for this particular play, is coherent in motive and method, skilful in its own right. The situations of women in Katherine, which she does not smell of mothballs at all, are as fresh as the proverbial daisy. To see "The Voice from the Minaret" serves to explain a number of things; it explains the fact that Shaw and Galsworthy have never seen Broadway; that Oscar Wilde is a popular dramatist west of the Rhone; that even A. A. Milne had to come to us for recognition; and that the sweet and trivial Barrie alone is as popular at home as abroad.

Consider Robert Hichens, the author of this opus. Once—but that was very long ago he wrote "The Green Carnation." He was a dashing young man in those days. Now he is solemn about problems that have long solved themselves and so are not problems at all any more. His characters are terribly ponderous about very simple issues, and mysterious about things as clear as consomme. He exhibits the lady with the desperately wicked husband who—the lady, I mean—has an "experience" with a youth destined for the church. Out of this psychical background grows strange doubts à la "Robert Esmere"—do you remember him?—and wild revenges and atavistic renunciations. We are back with Mrs. Humphry Ward and Gladstone and the noble curate about whom that Victorian world revolved. I sat there in a state of incredulity, trying in vain to figure out who was the villain—all the shooting was for.

Consider, also, Miss Marie Lörh. She is a terribly estimable actress with an admirably cultured enunciation. There is nothing about her that you can find fault with. But the public to whom she has seemed so long a great actress is, evidently a public that has neither nerves nor finesse, that has read neither Fater nor Symons and that lives exclusively on roast beef and Cheshire cheese. Miss Lörh has no magnetism, no charm, no overtones, no magic. Her work is good, like a schoolboy's good mark. That merits approbation; it does not give an interpretation—which he created in the original—by act, by act Lörh.

The authors pretend to no more than they have actually felt it in their power to do. One is quite willing to accept their account for the sake of its comic vitality.

The "FEGEEN," AT THE GREENWICH VILLAGE THEATRE

JOHN GALSWORTHY has the sensitive corner of his fine art. Hence, realizing an elaborate and improbable plot, he has chosen this call beautiful and moving play a fantasy in three acts.

Ferrand is a vagabond; Mrs. Megan is a flower seller; Timson is a drunken cabbie. It is Christmas Eve and want has driven them all to the solitude of Claridge's public bar. The play follows the fortunes of these three types. All are concrete symbols of the human soul. Choked with the sterile bitterness of life, they go vainly seeking after its sensuous fullness. The young man finds a child who is the image of the old man in rum. "The Pigeon" is at once an exposition of the artistic temperament in its frustrate development—that spirit, wild, flame-like, not to be imprisoned—and a commentary on our shallow and futile theories of social and institutional charity. Institutions and individuals deal with the unfortunate in terms of an inner man which they have constructed by the light of their own anterior prejudices. There is even less hope in the law. But Wellsley, the artist, whose instincts are at one with their own, treats these human derelicts with the saving helplessness, it reveals the tragedy of motherhood in its frustrating development. The first order can transcend the limitations of the actor's personality and give us the perfect illusion. Mellow humanity, beautiful restraint, invincible kindness and delicate insight make up the heroism of "The Pigeon." It is a great moment in the performance; greater, I think, than the moment when the gipsies seem to stop performing on a stage before an audience and let themselves go and flame up into pure ecstasy through their singing. Not the entire program is on that level. There are disappointing moments, too. But who would not go far to see the wooden soldiers march and hear the gipsies sing?

The "NEST," AT THE FORTY-EIGHT STREET THEATRE

"The Nest" is the French of Paul Gerardly, is no common piece of work. On the contrary, it reveals the tragedy of motherhood in the time of its disillusion—those hours in which a mother learns that she is no longer first in the hearts of her children. How is it possible? Has she not centered all her love and interest in them? And now can strangers supersede her? The play unfolds act by act to the mother's
consciously the feeble hold she has on her children’s lives and dates. Jacques Hamelin, the father, is resigned; he understands life.

But Marie, the mother, is baffled. Susanne, the daughter, marries Henri and goes on her wedding journey. Max, the son, slowly withdraws his confidence from his mother, and then only by chance that Marie discovers that he has taken her own best friend, Muriaine, for his mistress. Her friendship with Muriaine is broken off. She is shocked at the implications of her son’s attitude; but with the growing tenacity of motherhood she comes at last to understand his divided life and accepts it as her lot.

Little by little Marie is pushed still farther out of her children’s lives. Susanne returns from her wedding journey. Delicately and adroitly her growing detachment from her old home is shown. She asks for gifts, but absorbed as she is in her new happiness, she has little to give. The father dies. Now Marie has only her children. But even her most modest claims on them press too heavily. Both shun their obligations. They have no time for her and she must find new interests—and their own.

Both Lucile Watson as Marie and Christine Norman as Muriaine give excellent performances. Christine Norman is characterized by fine sincerity of touch; Lucile Watson’s by an engaging naturalness of speech and gesture. Frank Burbeck as Jacques Hamelin is restrained and impressive. All the members of the cast do good work.

“PINS AND NEEDLES,” AT THE SHUBERT THEATRE

This is an English Revue staged by Albert de Courville. The name is something of an irony, for in no respect is the show sharply pointed. The principals are Edith Kelly Gould and Harry Pilcer. Mrs. Gould wears becoming costumes and dances well; Harry Pilcer is as graceful and agile as an Eastern dancer. The Marseillaise at burlesque and Jane Taylor has a good voice and a pretty face. Maisie Gay, a true comedienne, does the most effective work. The chorus girls are extremely attractive and the dancing and costumes are pleasing. But the numbers are put together quite at random and hence the “Revue” misses all unity of effect.

The Bax-Lamb.

HIS VALENTINE

I WOULD an old-time valentine
Could bring my love to Grace,
A dainty little trifle wrought
Of girt and paper lace
And frosted silver wedding-bells
With azure ribbons tied,
And roses red and cupids pink,
With arrows well supplied.

But she, alas!—alas!—expects
A heart of jeweled gold,
Or satin box of chocolates,
The most expensive sold,
And I am not a millionaire,
And love to me design.
To seek a maid of simpler tastes
To be my valentine.

Misra Irving.

CROCHETS AND QUAVERS

SALTO MORTALES IN MUSIC

Salto mortales? Meaning somersaults, of course, as any circus acrobat could have told you. What connection have such seemingly harmless somersaults as were Nietzsche’s famous somersault when he turned upon Wagner after having defiled him, and then proceeded to prove that the Biza of “Carmen” was a far greater composer than the Wagner of the “Ring of the Nibelungs.” Another bundle of hate was accomplished by Debussy, who started out as an awed admirer of the German school of music but discovered in 1914-15 that Beethoven Symphonies are filled with poison gas and that the rest of the Teutonic music was so thickly and loudly scored that the hellish fury of a woman scorned is sharper than a serpent’s tooth, or words to that effect in one of the Amy Lowell sonnets. Or is it in a Le Gallienne ode?

Strauss’s music retains all its vitality, bite, and instrumental cleverness. It is a wonderful tonal etching, sharp and clear, illustrative of every phase of the action, physical and psychic. No such score could be written by any other living composer. He is the supreme master of orchestral music.

Gentle, handy, appealing, not at all endowed with musical prowess or undulations de venire is Geraldine Farrar’s Manon, a rococo gem of delicate singing and winsome acting. Mario Chamele tumbles but to be a splendid Des Grieux, graceful, fervid, mellifluous. But I wished to see him climb the walls of St. Sulpice or at least throw Lescaut with a headlock or half-Nelson. The Fried Piper.

THE RECIPE

THE Queen was very unhappy—it would be too unpicturesque to imply that she was a beautiful creature had a groinch. Nevertheless Her Majesty felt, had felt for a long time, that life was not worth the living. So many things, big and little, dissatisfied her.

She summoned her court chamberlain.

“Pelahchromio,” she said sadly, “I am in the doldrums. I cannot shake off the gloomy thoughts which people my tired brain. You, with all your great wisdom, can surely prescribe for me.”

She finer him for court chamberlain.

Pelahchromio bowed humbly.

“Nothing makes you happy, your majesty?” he asked.

“Nothing. I am beyond the power of smiling.”

“The more trouble there is you to do,” proclaimed Pelachromio. “Seek out the maiden in all your kingdom who says that she is utterly happy and would want nothing more. Then bid her give you her corsets. Wear them and you will be happy.”

The Queen swallowed the pry Queen blushing.

“How dare you presume to mention such unmentionables to me!”

Pelahchromio bowed humbly.

“For that I crave your august pardon,” he said quietly. “But I am
**She Never Contradicts**

"Let me congratulate you on your necklace of Oriental Pearls. It is superbly beautiful!"

"Thank you. I am so glad you like it!"

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Single rooms, $6 to $8 per day. 
Suits $12 to $25 per day.

Make Reservations by Letter, Cable or through any Leading Travel-Bureau

Alfred Gomard, Manager

---

**BROADWAY BANISTER**

Very few people are aware that Dick Barthelmess's mother was a character actress, taking small parts in road companies under the name of Caroline Carroto. As Dick grew up, he decided to enter Yale, and in order to get the money for his first year he went into the movies for a short time. The short time lengthened with his growing popularity, and finally Barthelmess gave up his ideals and resigned himself to his work in the movies. How good a student he would have proved is problematical, but what a figure to be lost to the "proms!"

They say that while playing in Chicago his managers were so fearful of losing track of him should he once get anywhere near liquor that they locked a certain well-known male star in his room and refused to let him out until it was time for him to go to the theatre. Of course such a challenge could not go unheeded, and they say the resourceful star confounded his friendly enemies by having the bellboy bring up a tray of cocktails, which he drank through a straw inserted in the keyhole.

All hopes of a reconciliation between Grace Field and her husband, Billy Eth, have vanished. Though they were divorced at the time, Billy was at the pier when Grace returned from Europe and everything seemed bright, but in some way the attempted reconciliation fell through and now Grace is dancing at the Colony Restaurant, while Billy shivers in Palm Beach.

Palm Beach is full of Barons—Baron Munchausen, J. Leonard Replogle says he has twice caught an eight-foot sailfish weighing eight pounds. His auditors, sad to say, are "from Missouri."

Karl Kuchen has jumped over the connubial broom again and this time his bride is none other than the beautiful and voiceful Miss Dorothy Follis, at one time a musical comedy star and subsequently a real Grand Opera diva with the Chicago Opera Company. Karl's friends, and they include everybody of importance from President Harding to Mary Pickford, are pleased with the marriage, as they rather suspected that he was contemplating marriage again because of his absence from his old haunts.

The burial place of Elizabeth Arnold Poe, the actress-mother of Edgar Allan Poe, is finally to be appropriately embalmed, as this spring a monument will be erected as the result of popular subscription. The grave has occupied an out-of-the-way corner of old St. John's churchyard in Richmond, Va., this same town having been the scene of Patrick Henry's famous speech, "Give me liberty, or give me death!" The Raws Society of the University of Virginia and the Actors Equity Association have contributed, as well as private individuals.

Betty Brown evidently believes that "it pays to advertise," so keeps the luxurious Rolls-Royce initialed "B. B." waiting each day outside her apartment in New York. When Betty was last in town, her husband and noted friend, the actor, rang for her confidential secretary, Gwenelisia.

"Gwenelisia," said the Queen. "Somewhere in my kingdom there dwells a maiden who is so perfectly happy that she desires no more to please her. Seek her out, this utterly contented girl, and bring her to me without delay. Speed you!"

Gwenelisia hastened as upon wings. On the evening of the third day she returned, tired, perspiring, but triumphant. By her side was a girl at whom no one could look without realizing that real happiness dwelt within her. Her eyes were running over with gladness. Her mouth broke into smiles at the least provocation. Joy seemed to exude from her whole being. The Queen eyed her sharply.

"My girl, are you really happy?" asked Her Majesty.

"Oh, my Queen, absolutely," replied the girl in a voice fairly bubbling with joy.

"Never have the blues?"

"Never."

"What do you do?"

"I dance, Your Majesty, in the cabarets."

"And you want for nothing?"

"Not a thing."

The Queen sighed. "Lucky one! Then I command you to give me your consent. I would wear them."

The girl smiled.

"Your Majesty, I have none," she said. "They were parked this twelfth month."

Harry Irving Shumway.
draw business to the house after the first couple of nights, when the cut-rate rates began disposing of the tickets, so the $400 salary that was paid her each week can be cut in half by an actress without fashionable affiliations.

A contemporary of Mrs. Hoyt's in smart society, a young matron who has also her fling at professional engagements, although it is true in a large branch of the "show business," has all along adopted the attitude of ridiculing Mrs. Hoyt's dramatic ability. Someone who listened politely to this adverse criticism subsequently remarked, 'She may be right, but it takes a thief to catch a thief!'

Mrs. OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, who recently was evicted from her apartment at the Manhattan Opera House, has determined to become a moving-picture actress. Mrs. Hammerstein has, I believe, lost all her property and is now living with friends who have been her staunchest allies since the beginning of her difficulties over the theatre which her late husband built. Mrs. Hammerstein is much too large to try for fame and fortune as a "vampire," but she is extremely handsome in the face, I imagine, finds many parts that she could play in a satisfactory manner. However, I am certain that she will never be cast in the same photo play with her step-granddaughter, Elaine Hammerstein, who has the matter that Mary Garden should that erratic diva decide to again endeavor to win "filium" honors.

NEVER put off till tomorrow what you can get somebody else to do today.

THE LITERARY SHOW

I HAVE no rooted aversion to a canvas which portrays an unclad female reclining on a grassy bank, while an amorous shepherd pipes at her feet; but the idea of a feminine figure on a large canvas, which can be completely skied on account of its size, a young lady naked and unashamed walking down Fifth Avenue in broad daylight without any of the clothing imposed by a meticulous civilization, arouses in me a sensation of disgust, of innate shrinking that is always set in motion by the futilely inept in morals, whether this be in conduct or workmanship. The Lost Girl is a young woman D. H. Lawrence has painted in his book of the same name (Thomas Seltzer) as a fairly decent, wholly human person, and her plight is not due at all to her inconsistent demands for complete license, but to the belief of the world in the delusion that "the woman's problem," which she desires to be paid for her work she must do as he says or go to the workhouse. The author has, one by one, and often in unseemly haste, it seems to me, stripped the cloth off his brain and every covering that could conceal demand, and he has done it in a manner that suggests that he is nowhere so enamored by the story itself as he is by the opportunity it offers as a means to an end, that end being the same that inspires the sad little boy to write unseemly rhetoric on nearby walls.

He wallows in Rabelaisian frankness, but without the Rabelaisian humor to make it immortal. One senses under the freedom of his paragraphs something sinister, the possibility that these insets of thorough as ineradicable, cannot obey them whenever their concrete demand is personified in a specific example.

She takes her best to be immersed in the few male morsels offered, but always, at the yielding moment, the skirts of her acceptance are pulled back by the fingers of inherited distastes. So Alvina paraphrases the old saying, "Be it ever so humble, it's better than being unclean!" Alvina's case cellibacy is based on that and something more, that the author's "ancient sapience." In other words, he is a maternal surrogate, preying toward sex expression, cannot obey them because she is withheld by equally forceful repulsions when the concrete demand is personified in a specific example.

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After the Theatre To-night See

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Address R. A. Stott—440 Fourth Avenue, N. Y.
Clarinda Theorizes

Clarinda stared past the hurrying waiters, with their well-balanced trays of oysters and pastries, past the smartly gowned women dressed at luncheon hour as for a dinner party, past the listless lunch lizards who looted through an hour at someone else's expense.

She was searching in the long mirror opposite for her rich, vague reflection. Someone moved suddenly and with a satisfied glow she discovered herself, gorgeous, blonde, in deep, sable furs and shimmering crépé.

"The only way to keep them true to you," she informed me, "is to spend all they earn. Then they can't frivol it away on any other expense."

Directly behind us Clarinda's husband shoved the menu into the hands of an Emancipated Flapper.

The Headwaiter.

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CLARINDA THEORIZES

When lunching on a grave, don't talk scandal without consulting the headstone.

CHARACTERS

DAISY

VIOLET

MR. SCHUYLER VAN TROMP

MRS. SCHUYLER VAN TROMP

SCENE—The graveyard of Trinity Church, on lower Broadway, New York.

TIME—Noon.

Since their departure from this vale of tears in 1810 and 1814, respectively, Mr. and Mrs. Schuyler Van Tromp have been permanently resident in the southwest corner of Trinity Churchyard.
TOWN TOPICS

By the well-known clubman, Schuyler Van Tromp, 4th. A scene from his latest screen play, "Mavis Madison, the famous movie star who is being sued for divorce by the well-known clubman, Schuyler Van Tromp, 4th."

MRS. VAN TROMP—There's no such thing as being exclusive any more. Van Tromp—Why? It's lunch hour. MRS. VAN TROMP—Like father, like son! . . . They're growing up just like they say she does.('Reading.)"Schuyler Van Tromp, 4th, is the son of one of the oldest families in the State. His great-grandfather settled here in 1740 and founded the family fortune which has grown enormously through the increase of land values in the greater city. Divorces are frequent in the Van Tromp family: Schuyler Van Tromp, 3rd, was divorced twice and married three times. Young Schuyler Van Tromp, who is now suing the famous film actress, Mavis Madison, has been married before. He bids fair to beat his father's record . . . ."

MRS. VAN TROMP (a trifle hastily)—What a pity! To be married once before this, if you remember.

MRS. VAN TROMP (comfortingly)—Idle chitchat, my dear! . . .

VAN TROMP—He is married, isn't he? Why, I don't think so, my dear.

VAN TROMP (convinced by his denial)—Yes they are! They're talking about our great-grandson. Or is it great-great-grandson?

DAISY—Listen here, Vi, to what it says about him—the plaintiff."(Reading.)"Schuyler Van Tromp, 4th, is the—sky-on of one of the oldest families in the State. His great-grandfather settled here in 1740 and founded the family fortune which has grown enormously through the increase of land values in the greater city. Divorces are frequent in the Van Tromp family: Schuyler Van Tromp, 3rd, was divorced twice and married three times. Young Schuyler Van Tromp, who is now suing the famous film actress, Mavis Madison, has been married before. He bids fair to beat his father's record . . . ."

DAISY—Listen here, Vi, to what it says about him—the plaintiff. . . .

VIOLET—Don't need to worry about her! She's nobody's fool! . . .

VIOLET—Don't need to worry about her! She's nobody's fool! . . .

MRS. VAN TROMP—Well, you see what it leads to!

VAN TROMP—My dear, you can scarcely blame me for what my father warned me.

VAN TROMP—I fancy, my dear, a peripatetic player as distinguished as this one ought to have thought of that before.

VAN TROMP (thoroughly upset)—Can those young upstarts be talking about one of our families?

VAN TROMP—Why, I don't think so, my dear.
$30,000,000
Great Northern Railway Company
General Mortgage 5 1/2% Gold Bonds, Series B
Dated January 1, 1922  Due January 1, 1952

These Bonds are not redeemable by the Company before maturity.

Interest payable January 1 and July 1 in New York City.

Coupon Bonds in denominations of $1,000, $500 and $100, registerable as to principal. Fully registered Bonds in denominations of $1,000 and authorized multiples thereof. Coupon and registered Bonds interchangeable.

The issuance of these Bonds has been authorized by the Interstate Commerce Commission.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Trustees.

Louis W. Hill, Esq., Chairman of the Great Northern Railway Company, has summarized as follows his letter to us describing this issue:

The total mileage covered (directly or collaterally) by the General Mortgage is 7,575 miles, constituting approximately 96% of the total mileage of the Great Northern system. The company's outstanding mortgage indebtedness is at the rate of approximately $37,500 per mile, including the present issue. As a result of the conversion of Northern Pacific-Great Northern joint bonds into Great Northern Railway Company General Mortgage Bonds, stock representing approximately one-half of the ownership of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad Company is pledged, free from prior lien, under the General Mortgage. Bonds of a total of $113,000,000 have been issued against the ownership of such stock, which amount, deducted from the total bonded debt, would leave a balance of debt outstanding at the rate of approximately $22,500 per mile of road. No more underlying mortgage bonds may be issued.

The Company's gross operating revenues, income, charges and surplus for ten years have been as follows:

<table>
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<tr>
<th>Year Ended</th>
<th>Gross Operating Revenues</th>
<th>Income Available for Charges</th>
<th>Charges</th>
<th>Surplus</th>
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<tr>
<td>June 30</td>
<td>$66,197,819</td>
<td>$33,175,038</td>
<td>$11,520,782</td>
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<td>11,620,644</td>
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<td>11,701,384</td>
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<td>11,765,747</td>
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<td>40,603,039</td>
<td>13,999,769</td>
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<td>22,139,586</td>
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<td>124,916,776</td>
<td>32,106,299</td>
<td>12,802,202</td>
<td>19,304,097</td>
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<td>17,517,300</td>
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<td>1921*</td>
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In the above ten years, income available for charges averaged about 2% times the amount required.

The income account as stated above includes this Company's cash dividend income from its holdings of Burlington stock as well as interest payments by it on obligations issued in connection with the acquisition of the Burlington stock. The Great Northern's proportion of the Burlington's surplus income for ten years prior to July 1, 1921, when the Great Northern-Pacific joint 4% bonds matured, averaged approximately $10,481,913 annually, but of this amount the Great Northern received in cash dividends (with the exception of an extra dividend in 1917) the sum of only $4,304,540 annually, sufficient to cover its share of the annual interest on such joint bonds. For the six months ended December 31, 1921, cash dividends received by the Great Northern on its Burlington stock were more than sufficient to cover interest for that period on its 7% General Mortgage Bonds issued in conversion of joint bonds.

THE ABOVE BONDS ARE OFFERED FOR SUBSCRIPTION, SUBJECT TO ISSUE AS PLANNED, AT 9 1/2% AND INTEREST, TO YIELD APPROXIMATELY 5 7/8% PER CENT.

Subscription books will be opened at the office of J. P. Morgan & Co., at 10 o'clock A. M., Monday, February 6, 1922. The right is reserved to reject any and all applications, and also, in any case, to award a smaller amount than applied for. The amount due on allotments will be payable at the office of J. P. Morgan & Co., in New York funds, the date of payment to be specified in the notices of allotment, against delivery of temporary Bonds exchangeable for definite Bonds when prepared.

J. P. MORGAN & CO.  FIRST NATIONAL BANK, New York THE NATIONAL CITY COMPANY

New York, February 6, 1922.

As subscriptions have been received in excess of the amount of Bonds offered, this advertisement appears as a matter of record only.
VEN TROMP (mournfully)—What a memory you have!

Mrs. VAN TROMP—To think of our family name being bandied about like this by the lower classes!

Daisy—Can you imagine—Here the paper says that Van Tromp has no nerve to say that the child is not his.

Violet—He’s going to have a hard time proving it. If he was at the Bayside Inn on the Boston Post Road the night of the ninth...

Van Tromp—The Boston Post Road! Why, that’s quite a distance from bowling Green, even on horseback!

Mrs. Van Tromp—The thought of a pretty face at the journey’s end would shorten the distance for a Van Tromp!

Daisy—That was the night that Mavis Madison—

Violet—Sure! If the defense can really prove that Van Tromp was at the Bayside the night of the ninth it lets Mavis out. Don’t you get it?

Van Tromp—I wish I knew more precisely what they are talking about.

Mrs. Van Tromp—It’s perfectly obvious. This play-acting hussy that Schuyler is married to was caught in some skullduggery on the night of the ninth, and he is reluctant about allowing her to divorce him.

Van Tromp—I’m not certain that I heard correctly, but it appears, that, out—my—great-grandson—on the same night—ahem—!

Mrs. Van Tromp—How can you say that about one of your own?

Van Tromp (philosophically)—After all, he’s only a great-grandson. I’ve never even met him.

Mrs. Van Tromp—He doesn’t signify. He’s a Van Tromp! (She pulls out her trumpet.)

Daisy—Of course, they do say though that the chauffeur, Daly—

Violet—Here’s Daly’s picture. (Reading.) “The latest photograph of Frank Daly, the chauffeur, whom Schuyler Van Tromp, millionaire clubman, is naming as co-respondent in his sensational divorce suit against Mavis Madison, famous silversheet actress. . . .” He’s swell looking, don’t you think so, Daisy?

Daisy (critically)—He’s got an awfully strong face.

Mrs. Van Tromp—Who is this man they’re talking of, . . . a what?


Mrs. Van Tromp—Chauffeur . . . chauffeur! It’s quite an attractive title—carries quite a distinguished air with it.

Van Tromp—They’re always having new titles at the French court, and I suppose Schuyler’s wife couldn’t resist him—the foreign nobility has such a fascination for our American females.

Violet—If Mavis can prove that Van Tromp was at the Bayside the night of the ninth, she wins.

Daisy—How do you suppose it’ll come out, Vi? Listen: what’s the yelling:

(There comes a sound from the street; newsmen crying the latest edition are heard—“Jury Brings in Verdict in Divorce Case! Decision in Van Tromp Case! Extra!”)

Violet—Oh, Daisy, do run and get a newspaper. I’m crazy to see how they decided it.

Daisy—All right! I’ll be back right back.

(She runs into the street. Daisy scowls, as hurriedly as she can, the last remnants of her lunch.)

Van Tromp (enthusiastically)—Damme! It’s as good as a foxhunt! (He hasn’t so worked up in years.)

Mrs. Van Tromp (to his chauffeur courage)—They wouldn’t dare give a verdict against a Van Tromp on this island!

Daisy (returning with newspaper)—Oh, Vi, Mavis Madison wins! She gets a hundred thousand a year and the custody of the child!

(They dance the news. Presently Daisy starts giggling.)

Daisy—So that’s what happened on the night of the ninth! You might have known, mightn’t you? I’ll bet when Van Tromp left his place at Tarrytown on the afternoon of the ninth he never thought that—

(At this point the clock in Old Trinity strikes two, recalling the girls to their duties. They jump up and walk away, Daisy exclaiming, “Violet listening rapidly.”)

Van Tromp (greatly disappointed)—Damme!

Mrs. Van Tromp—I can’t understand a verdict like this! What’s New York coming to? In our time this Madison hussy would have been put in pillory!

Van Tromp—Well, dear, she was tempted... After all—a Chauffeur of France! I suppose it suited her pretty height. She must be pretty—to attract a Chauffeur!

Daisy (petulantly)—Of course you’d sympathize with her.

Van Tromp—I simply want to see both sides, my dear. At my age, one always tolerates—

Mrs. Van Tromp—Fiddlessticks! That French Chauffeur was after her money!

(With this exception on the affair she relaxes into sleep. It is quiet again in the churchyard. The stonewalkers, as one woman, have returned to their Oliviers and Underwoods. The surf of chatter has retaken the permanent residents settle to their regular business of shopping.)

Van Tromp (as he dozes off)—I wonder what really did happen on the night of the ninth?...

Paul Hally.
A round cigarette that does not have to be tapped, squeezed or loosened. -
Made from the famous PALL MALL blend of 42 Kinds of Turkish Tobaccos.

20 Pall Mall Rounds in the new foil package.

Pall Mall regular in boxes of 50 to 100 plain or cork tipped as before the war.

"A Shilling in London, A Quarter Here."

THEY ARE - GOOD TASTE
J.J. Slater
CUSTOM SHOP
24 East 57th Street

SPONSORED BY
THE STOCK DEPARTMENT

Developed in various leathers and colors with contrasting trim
For Early Spring

AMUSEMENTS

B. F. Keight's
PACEL
Times Square & 47th St.
Matinees Daily at 2 p.m.
25-50c-750

"GET TOGETHER" at the HIPPODROME
PRICES CUT IN TWO

BELASCO West 44th St. Matinees at 2:15

ED. WYNN as KIKI
A Character Study by ANDRE PICARD

NEW AMSTERDAM ROOF
NEW ZIEGFELD MIDNIGHT FROLIC
GREATLY REDUCED PRICES

ART DEALERS
KNOW THE VALUE OF
TOWN TOPICS
AS AN ADVERTISING MEDIUM

Its readers are people of wealth, culture and refinement

WHAT society is doing and how it does it—look in Town Topics. If there's a tale to be told—it's in Town Topics.

Town Topics has a value to advertisers peculiarly its own. It has a patronage and a following reached by no other publication. It is distinctly in a class by itself.

Full information and advertising rates upon application to the publishers.

TOWN TOPICS
2 West 45th Street, New York
DOWN at Miami one of the distinct novelties of the season, architecturally, is Comfort Lodge, the unique but unpretentious bungalow of Louis Comfort Tiffany, of which he has just moved into, taking several of the servants from Laurclton Hall, his Long Island estate near Oyster Bay. Comfort Lodge, Miami, which is largely built of glass, is a veritable house of a thousand windows, the Louis Tiffany's, however, being such well-intentioned and diplomatic people that the proverb about "people who live in glass houses, etc." in their case is remanded to the Ananias index. However, the bungalow's own natural illumination through the medium of its windows is supplemented by a psychic light from over way, Peggy Joyce and her household being the nearest neighbors to Comfort Lodge.

At the luxurious resorts of fashion circusembled building lots sometimes make strange neighbors as well as, in less highly favored localities, poverty makes strange bedfellows.

While the affairs of Mrs. Edith Rockefeller McCormick and her former husband, Harold McCormick, are still holding the attention of the social worlds of New York and Chicago, word comes from overseas that the young daughter they left behind them in Europe—Mathilde by name—is also quite the center of public attention in Zurich, where her activities are exciting considerable comment. This young lady—her summers number seventeen, I understand—has also experienced the artistic urge and rumor has it that she once tempted the thespic fates in Vienna, but with indifferent success.

It is not solely to talents histrionic that her ambition tends at the present time, according to the stories now drifting across the big pond with returning tourists. It appears that love in its most virulent form has attacked the miss, and that the object of her affection is none other than a Mr. Oser, whose aristocratic tendencies find an outlet in the management of an academy of equitation, the name of which, I believe, is similar to that of a well-known saint in whose honor a celebrated embrocation, which was lavishly advertised some years ago, was named. This kindly gentleman who teaches, or, I am sure I should say whose employes teach the youth of both sexes how to mount a steed and also how to dismount, has just passed the half-century mark, and he, as most natural in the case of a young miss of such prospective wealth as shall eventually accrue to a Rockefeller-McCormick, is thoroughly enamored of the juvenile Mathilde. And this notwithstanding the fact that Mr. McCormick, when he learned of this infatuation, upon the occasion of his last visit to Europe, did everything in his power to terminate the romance.

Now gossip has it that the engagement which at that time was understood to exist between the couple, and which was broken by another of higher financial altitude—the promotion of a company in France, the chief feature of which was a proposed pipeline from the French capital to Havre. This organization later passed into the hands of a reorder, under suspicious circumstances, and despite the losses sustained by the shareholders, it is narrated in financial circles that the promoter himself did not participate in these losses; indeed, it is most emphatically stated that he profited by them. It is even said that the genial promoter knew of the precarious condition of the concern when he urged his friends to place their money at his disposal. But this may be only the rash statements of his enemies. His marriage to the American heiress is said to have been made for the very purpose of giving stability to his tottering monetary condition, as the ceremony, which decided the name of one of France's grandest families to a beautiful and wealthy American girl was performed within a week following the announcement of the engagement. All of which is a sad commentary on the ease with which foreign adventurers are accepted by gullible Yankees, while American youths of good family and breeding are frequently looked upon with disapproval by ambitious parents who seek distinguished husbands for their daughters. This moral may be much cogitated upon by a certain metropolitan matron, who at the present time is much intrigued by a titled youngster, whose depleted purse augurs he is only endeavoring to rebuild his family's shattered fortunes.

SAUNTERINGS

RESIDENTS of New York's most exclusive suburb are greatly agitated over stories that have come from Europe regarding the antecedents of a man who last July married an American heiress of established social standing. Not only is the origin of this foreign gentleman questionable, according to the stories now on the tongues of his former acquaintances, but it is also stated that he has been employed in a financial game that does not bear the white light of inspection. The couple are now living in Paris, I understand, and their friends on this side of the Atlantic are regaling themselves with the details of the groom's early career in the land of the free and his activities in Europe, did everything in his power to terminate the romance. Not only is the 'origin of this foreign gentilhomme was swept rapidly away, and as time passed our way, Peggy Joyce and her household being the nearest neighbors to Comfort Lodge.

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IN CHANGING ADDRESS, old as well as new must be given.

THE EDITOR will give prompt and careful consideration to short stories, burlesques, verses and jokes, and will pay liberally for acceptable material. While no responsibility is assumed for manuscripts submitted, unsalvageable contributions will be returned if possible, and for that purpose are enclosed. All communications intended for publication must be addressed to "EDITOR TOWN TOPICS, 2 West 45th Street, New York City, N. Y."

TOWN TOPICS
(EVERY THURSDAY)

ZENN GOULD, Managing Editor

Published by the Town Topics Publishing Co., E. Marx-Venne, President.
W. L. Daniels, Secretary and Treasurer; 2 West 45th Street, New York City.

ONE YEAR, $5.00; SIX MONTHS, $2.50; THREE MONTHS, $1.25. Postage free U. S., Mexico, Hawaii, Porto Rico and Philippines. To Canada, five days after the first month. Remit to Express Money Order, P.O. Order, Registered Letter, Cheque or Draft on New York, payable to TOWN TOPICS, 2 West 45th Street, New York, New York.

European Manager: Dr. William Forgan, Zurich, Switzerland.

European Correspondence: 25 Sandall Street, London, W. 1.

Registered as a Newspaper at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, Town Topics Publishing Co., 1922. Title registered as a Trade Mark.


TOWN TOPICS
THE JOURNAL OF SOCIETY.

Vol. LXXXVII. No. 7 NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1922 PRICE 20 CENTS

T. M. & J. M. FOX, 23 East 56th Street, EARLY SPRING COLLECTION OF GOWNS, SUITS, WRAPS AND HATS
McCormick has been renewed and that things have reached the point where Mr. Oser has felt it safe to commission an advocate friend to purchase a house for his hoped-to-be young bride. That the mature wover is endowed with a certain amount of gold—although possibly not so much as the Rockefeller’s or McCormicks, respectively—Mr. Oser’s house is said to be a “castle.” The chateleine of so pretentious a residence naturally not be expected to assist in the sale and “chopping” of tickets of admission from the enthusiastic equestrians who patronize Mr. Oser’s exercise. However, the enthusiastic wife, Miss Mathilde McCormick, occupied her leisure time when not engaged in the study of psychoanalysis, at her mother’s behest, and the arduous and engaging attention to the cultivation of the higher histriomyn.

Knack—Did she dive into the sea?  
Knack—Yes, but she never came to the surface.

“Salome” to be revived at the Metropolitan Opera is rather a startling item of news. How strange the mutations of time and—circumstance! Trite—oh, so trite! But like all truisms, oh, so true! Have we advanced in culture—may I should say Kultur—or have we degenerated? Is it possible that the Metropolitan Opera who could not bear to look on the head of John the Baptist on the platter in the hands of Olive Fremstad have been brought to believe that in the hands of the New Austrian favorite it will be quite the passing thing? It looks as though the new star is destined to shine wherever she elects, but where she gets the influence that brings back “Salome” to the Metropolitan—if indeed it comes back—is a question freely asked, freely discussed, freely conjectured in both the realms of society and those of the stage.

Now that FluX XI has been crowned with the triple tiara and the American Cardinals have learned how exceedingly their Italian confrères love them my mind reverts to that late sanctimonious spinster, the Congress Learner, who made so much of the saintliness of the Italians that she even founded a mission for them in New York. Recently I passed the white and gold mansion at No. 1032 Fifth avenue, the former home of the venerable Countess, and saw three “for rent” signs plastered over its front. Immediately there recoiled the specter of that New Pontiff at his coronation as tufts of raw flax were burned before him: “Sic transit gloria mundi,” and I thought how applicable it might be to the home of the late Countess. While she lived it was the scene of numerous ambitions functions, but now, the spirit of the property is the property of the new occupant who sits high and dry with spirits not even one socially industrious Irish family has thought it worth while to purchase the property.

Marie of Roumania is due to arrive in New York this spring, I believe the approximate date being late in April. The most beautiful Elenes in history have been heralded, until this one has long delayed with America as soon as she learned that the Disarmament Conference was about drawing to a close, and this despite the fact that the young noblewoman who came here as her advance agent (for royalty in these days is quite a business) (thoroughly Harnannized) has not met with overwhelming success, either socially or financially. In fact this young lady instead of immediately placing herself in touch with high society (for the simple reason that the same high society, I am told, refused to countenance her) was compelled to associate with those on the ragged edge, which naturally did not cause the stock of the queen she was “boosting” to attain extreme altitudes. Now, that the Princess Bibesco, the wife of the Roumanian representative has lent her official position to the advertisement of her mother, I greatly fear that the failure of the latter will not add to the enthusiasm with which Her Majesty is to be acclaimed when she disembarks upon those golden strands. But, nevertheless, I am officially informed that Marie will arrive here in April.

The “Gentleman with a Duster” has written a new book, in which, turning from Downing Street and Mayfair, he appraises the pillars of the Church of England. Under the caption of “A Tired Bishop” he draws an extended visit over here in 1918. The gentleman has a broad white mustache, and sudden pointed beard sloping inward, made a sensation in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and Chicago hotels and clubs, by nonchalantly smoking a pipe, black as Tophet.

Members of the Pall Mall Supper Club have been invited to go to the Dug Out, at No. 150 East Sixty-first street tomorrow afternoon where there is an interesting exhibition of unusual and useful articles made by disabled service men who are taking vocational training. The exhibition is in connection with the time when Vincent Astor, George Jay and Frank Gould, Hamilton Fish and others equally influential are quite sympathetic with the high apartment house trend· of the times for Mil-

CRYSTAL SPRING WATER 1 WEST 34TH ST. 9600 CRYSTAL Clear Crystal Pure

TOWN TOPICS

Mr. Charles S. Whitman, Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, Mrs. John Sanford and the Princess Rospigliosi.

Many Americans now thriving Monte Carlo, I hear, have joined in the crusade inaugurated by Lord Northcliffe against live pigeon-hunting. Not only have they lately trimmed his and bloody feathers, sometimes it is only wounded, and flutters over to drown in the sea, sometimes it escapes, and has the chance to join the other tame pigeons, white, or shining with iridescent blues and grays, which strut among the flowers and take corn almost out of the very hand of visitors, but by its trimmed tail feathers, it is caught again. I understand that the Prince of Monaco has stated his detestation of the practice, and has offered to place himself at the head of a movement to suppress it.

I have long since quite lost count of the New York-Boston alliances the little blind god has to his credit, so that whether Miss Jean Fletcher’s engagement to Harrison Gardner Reynolds of the City of Culture marks the one thousandth or the one thousand and first I cannot say. Miss Fletcher, of course, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Fletcher of Park avenue and made her debut two seasons ago. She is a Westover girl. Mr. Reynolds, being a Bostonian, is a Harvard man, ’17, and as a captain in the 9th Infantry, saw that the old flag never touched the ground in his vicinity during the war. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Murray Reynolds.

Now since 1916, when the Hippodrome imported a European ice ballet, has skating been so popular as this winter. There is the small “in” exclusive “waltzing” novelty, which Mrs. Edward S. Knapp is president, and which developed from the private sessions held at the Palais de Glace. Mrs. Knapp and Miss Rosalie Knapp, both tall and graceful, make excellent skaters. The Mrs. Andrew G. Thorne, who, as Julia Loomis, had her early training on Tuxedo Lake, practices her figures most assiduously. Mrs. Philip Britt, Mrs. Oakley Van der Poel, the most athletic of the Barclay girls, Mrs. George Baylies Sanford and Mrs. Robert LeRoy are devotees of the sport in all its curlicues, with Mr. and Mrs. Stephen M. Van Rensselaer and Mr. and Mrs. Sanford and the Princess Rospigliosi.

HARLY ever before in art circles there has been there such a pitiable collection as that made by Mrs. Clare Sheridan at the dinner of the Society of Arts and Letters on Sunday evening last. Mrs. Sheridan openly confessed that her mission to the United States, in so far as securing commissions, has been a dire failure. She intimated that she found it rather difficult to keep the wolf from the door. But her ardent attempt was much better received than her author who, I opine, was rather pleased that the lady was not being given further opportunity to accept hospitality which afterward was violated in sensational newspaper and magazine articles.

Knack—Was it a runaway match?  
Knack—In a way. When they arrived at the station, her father was holding the train for them.

The purchase by Mrs. Hamilton Rice of a building lot in Millionaires’ Row in Fifth avenue, with the announcement of the intention of erecting a $900,000 home thereon, has caused smiles of qualified approval in various social groups. While they are welcomed as prospective neighbors, what qualifies the smile is that the Rice should plan to build at just the time when Vincent Astor, George Jay and Frank Gould, Hamilton Fish and others equally influential are quite sympathetic with the high apartment house trend of the times for Millionaries’ Row. The Hamilton Rice, of course, have been away so long, with only fitting visits to the Rita-Carleton, and are not aware of the revolutionary residential tendencies of the day.

SCHNEIDER-ANDERSON CO. 222-230 W 35TH STREET Fancy Costumes for Special Entertainments
MRS. LOUISA WILSON has been missed from some of the débuts of the past week, and inquiry brought out that she had gone to Philadelphia to stay for a while with Mrs. Edward B. Cassatt, and was taken ill there. It may appear rather unusual for one so recently bereft of a husband as Mrs. Cassatt to have visitors, but the instance is exceptional. The late Mr. Wilson and the Cassatts have been closely associated for many years, an affiliation brought about by their mutual interest in racing, and the Cassatts looked upon the Wilson children as almost their own. What puzzles people most is her own declaration that she looks upon illness as an insult to one's intelligence.

JAY GOULD made a flying visit to Charleston, stopping at the Charleston Hotel on route for Palm Beach, which emphasizes the fact that the sunbathers of this season, above all others, are the very rich, people of more moderate means retrenching in that respect. This effect of the financial doldrums of the year was felt palpably at Washington all through the Disarmament Conference. Miss Mary L. Cassatt, daughter of the late Mr. Cassatt, is still in Paris, and from there to New York, to St. Louis, Chicago and Boston, where she ran the family's large day. Miss Cassatt is very young, and is an heiress in her lifetime, a wealthy Currie.

The marriage of a smart couple, next week's smart weddings will be that of Miss Stella Plack, of New York, and Alexander Bixby, of Washington, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry B. Plack, who is the postman for the Post Office Department, and the son of the former mayor of Carteret, New Jersey. A reception for the couple was held at the Park Hotel, and it is expected that the wedding will take place at Christ Church, Cambridge, on the fourth of June, for it is set for the last day of the month at East Orange, N. J.

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BARBARA THORNDIKE of Philadelphia to stay for a while with Mrs. Edward B. Cassatt, and was taken ill there. It may appear rather unusual for one so recently bereft of a husband as Mrs. Cassatt to have visitors, but the instance is exceptional. The late Mr. Wilson and the Cassatts have been closely associated for many years, an affiliation brought about by their mutual interest in racing, and the Cassatts looked upon the Wilson children as almost their own. What puzzles people most is her own declaration that she looks upon illness as an insult to one's intelligence.

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LAST Thursday night, at the third of the smartest subscription dances of the season — the supper dances at the Copley-Plaza — the limelight played so impartially on Mrs. Grafton Minot and Eleo Sears as to make honors even for the pair, whose appearance was one of the welcome surprises of the night. Eleo, fresh from her Washington and the East, was at her best, and was warmly welcomed with the Cordell-Vanderbilts' dinner for the Right Honorable Arthur Henry Balfour and Lord and Lady Lee of Fareham, and looking her smartest, was one of a gay table group including Mrs. Dickey Whitman, the Francis H. Appletons, Mrs. Willie Amory Parker, and Mrs. Harry Dooney. Mrs. Minot, excelling in flame-colored brocaded velvet, held court with all the seeming zest of a brand new experience. The Leter LeLands were evidently elated at having captured for their table the Louis Jacobs, just returned from England, and greetcd on all sides with the Henry Sturgis Grews' presence. The Grews' only sou, though the cud was quite unexpected. The Websters' only sou, Edward Parker Deacon, of Boston, and sister of the Duchess of Marlborough was followed by a luncheon party at the bride's residence. Mrs. Dicky Whitman was so decorously gowned in pure white satin with shadow lace that one of her dear pals ventured to remark that "Adelaide must be turning over a new leaf." The newly wed Mrs. Arthur Adams, of the string of matrimonially inclined George Lee girls, made one of her first appearances that night. Mrs. Harold Coolidge and her sister-in-law, the beguiling Mrs. Jack Lawrence, both chanced to carry the parents of a certain popular and romantic hersel f and Yes; but we kiss and make up again.

This daughter, whose late father was head of the Romance, carry the parents of a certain popular society daughter, who, after a month's absence is to come back a mother and her law and the Parsons, of New York, was as good to look at in her wedding dress as she was in her big cards for their entertainers' aspiring ambition. Mrs. Hendricks Whitman was so decorously gowned in pure white satin with shadow lace that one of her dear pals ventured to remark that "Adelaide must be turning over a new leaf." The newly wed Mrs. Arthur Adams, of the string of matrimonially inclined George Lee girls, made one of her first appearances that night. Mrs. Harold Coolidge and her sister-in-law, the beguiling Mrs. Jack Lawrence, both chanced to carry the parents of a certain popular and romantic hersel f and Yes; but we kiss and make up again.

The marriage of Count Palfy and Miss Dorothy Deacon, daughter of Edward Parker Deacon, of Boston, and sister of the Duchess of Marlborough and Mrs. Henry G. Gray, of New York, took place last January 22 in the Eternal City, the bride's former residence. The wedding was held on a grand scale with Prince Albert Radziwill, contracted in 1910, having been recently annulled by papal decree. The ceremony, at which those present included Prince Clement Aldobrandini, the Duke of San Gregorio, the Marchese Alceo, but not the Duke of Marlborough and his present husband, was followed by a luncheon party at the bride's residence near the Trinita dei Monti.

Shaking hands of Boston from their shoes, the Edwin Webster's have started on a tour of Japan and China. Last year Stone and Webster sent out representatives to look over the field with a view to business, but evidently Ned Webster decided to view the situation for himself. Just as Mrs. Webster sued the news of the wedding last week to be silent, even the last words of a friend, "though the end was quite unexpected. The Websters' only son, Edwin, Jr., is at Harvard, where he is quite a popular youngster.

Alice—Are you looking for a kind husband?
Virginia—Oh, yes, any kind!

Staid Philadelphians who recall the palmy days of the old Academy of Music—long the stamping ground of the Assemblies—now shudder with terror when they lift up their morning journals, fearing lest the news read through the hi st ory will again be applied over to the social uses of the colored population that rules in the vicinity of Lombard street. Since the Academy has passed under its new management the "dining" beaux and belles within its walled walls have been growing in frequency and now the leading families of the darkie caste are beginning to take an official interest. One debutante engaged the foyer of the Academy for a dance in the young lady's honor but were horrified to learn that on the evening preceding the date of their dance an aggregation of colored society had determined to hold a chowder party, or some similar exclusive and intellectual diversion, within the same sacred precincts. With lightning rapidity they cancelled the rental of the foyer and, calling up all their prospective guests upon the telephone, told them that the dance would be held at a well-known hotel. No cause for the change was given. Afterwards it was said that Edward Bok and George Fales Baker have had several intimate conversations over the matter. Mr. Baker is a long-suffering and kindly man, as is well known, but the acquaintances of Mr. Bok aver that he has gone over to the other side. One question now agitating the minds of many Philadelphians is: Who will get the prize Mr. Bok has offered for the best benefactor of Philadelphia this year? Could he, with propriety, be asked to award it to himself?

With the announcement of the engagement of Polly Thayer to H. Hoffman Dolan, the gossips of the Quaker City will, at least, have their predictions verified in one respect. The courtship of the young couple had been so pronounced for several months past that their marriage was a foregone conclusion. In fact I am told that Miss Thayer and Mr. Dolan were secretly engaged for some time and that they had determined to keep it strictly sub-rosa. But such matters cannot be kept from the tongues of speculative friends and eventually it became so generally talked about that Mrs. Thayer decided to make an official announcement. Miss Thayer is very popular and one of the best liked young women in Philadelphia. His reserve and unostentatious manner are possibly his chief characteristics, while he is by no means unpleasant to gaze upon, which, I understand, Polly Thayer has declared to her friends. But last, and by no means least, the Dolans are enormously rich, so rich, in fact, that even in these days of colossal fortunes, they are rated exceedingly high by Broadstreet. Which I am quite sure is most pleasing to Mrs. Thayer.

Mrs. Dushawsey—When my husband is cross, I cry until the tears rain down my face.
Mrs. Flubhub—Good gracious! Doesn't it ruin your complexion?
Mrs. Dushawsey—Yes; but we kiss and make up again.

A little Baltimore romance that is of particular interest to the quidnuncs and to two recently married members of the Johns Hopkins set will in all probability mean the end of the social career of a young woman who, though seen much in fashionable circles, has never quite been a favorite of the popular set. The phenomenal Miss Zell, lately remarried widow of one of the professors high in university circles. This daughter, whose late father was head of the Romance Department at Hopkins, is evidently very romantic herself and has been given a month of love affairs with the society of a supposedly wealthy family, whose sister has recently become engaged. It is whispered that so far had the love affair gone that the girl's mother planned to announce the engagement last week, but when the news was broken, the girl would not hear of it. The love affair is now over and the whole affair is off and the young woman on the verge of a nervous breakdown. The débutantes are especially wroth up over the affair and if their remarks are any indication, the youth will never again figure in society in the Monumental City at least.

So the great event is at last upon us, nothing less than Miss Harriet Lippincott Zell's debut as a concert singer, the day of days having been selected as the twenty-third of February. That hand­some, fancy-looking boy who, we understand, was in effect the whole affair was a direct slap at Fred O'Brien on his own Main Street, for O'Brien, whose South Sea stories have recently enjoyed much popularity, is, of course, the Fred O'Brien of the North Calvert street family who left home several years ago and is now a professional concert artiste.

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Of course Adaline Piper and the Friends of Art were in their glory at the learned Dr. Traprock's lecture. For some reason or other, many of those who went to hear the Doctor, i.e., George Chappell, were killed that in effect the whole affair was a direct slap at Fred O'Brien on his own Main Street, for O'Brien, whose South Sea stories have recently enjoyed much popularity, is, of course, the Fred O'Brien of the North Calvert street family who left home several years ago and is now a professional concert artiste.

ELIZABETH CLAYLAND TURBULL's engagement to George Harryman, son of the George Harrymans of Mount Washington, Balti­more, County, is of more than passing interest since it is the Douglas Turnbull's daughter. Douglas is quite popular at the Balti­more Country Club and at one time held some sort of a professional position there, I believe. Mrs. Turnbull was Elizabeth Brodie, a daughter of the late Dr. Brodie, of the University of South Carolina, and Mr. Turnbull a West Pointer at West Point in the historic section. George Harryman is a grandson of Chauncy Brooks. The wedding will take place during the coming summer.

Highlands Burns has given the use of the ballroom of the recently completed clubhouse of the Maryland Casualty Company to the Bryn Mawr League and Betty Atkinson, a débutante of last year, and a Bryn Mawr committee have lost no time in announcing a Mi­caréne ball on March 21. Although the Church frowns on these middle-of-the-week festivities the ball will surely be given and Mrs. Horace Whitman, Mr. Talbot T. Speer, Augustine Herman Stump, Mrs. William

TOWN TOPICS

LUCERNE, Palace Hotel
Must Up to Date Dining in Comfort and Luxury

LUGANO GRAND PALACE HOTEL
Highest Class Best Position on the Lake

N. J., the home of the Davesy. Fay's brother Rodman, who married Gertrude Schirmer, their home now in New York, will be best man, the two graduating in the same Harvard year, '07. They both belong to the Someret, following the lead of their late father, Joseph S. Fay, of the well known real estate firm.

The Prescott Fays will spend the summer on the South Shore.

Edward Bok and George Fales Baker have had several intimate conversations over the matter. Mr. Baker is a long-suffering and kindly man, as is well known, but the acquaintances of Mr. Bok aver that he has gone over to the other side. One question now agitating the minds of many Philadelphians is: Who will get the prize Mr. Bok has offered for the best benefactor of Philadelphia this year? Could he, with propriety, be asked to award it to himself?
Orri~k. and match C
and Arunah S. Abell Brady.
Ihe boon the Paint and Powder Club has been, when you stop to think
early days
To the chagrin of
debb!es

"For God's sake, don't stick me next to some woman who has something
to sell!" Never have the social votaries shown such av¬
acious traits. They cannot disentangle themselves from business.
how short which the large circle of illers in Washington always
give the lion (or lioness) of the hour. She had a tame audience.
At one of those dreary dinners which a certain set of officials must
tender another set, I heard a smart young business man, who had
had the misfortune to be present, deliver the following toast:
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BOO K IN G S

The lines are not indispensable to some of our Solons, in and out of
the "Mirrors of Washington."

I AM told that a woman well known in official Washington is to
give us some relentlessly realistic reminiscences of Washington life,
in which statesmen, socialites, and Reliable ladies do different things
that which are portrayed in the "Mirrors of Washington."

Well, the thing has been done before. So far back as 1888 a Mrs.
Kate Chase Sprague, a charming lady who gave frequent receptions
and more frequent dinners to special and particular friends.

And the Senate, occasions when state secrets were unreservedly

Spiced and circumstances, puzzling to the uninitiated, were made
dear within that proscribed circle, permitted her memory to riot in
a hook that lacked neither for space nor readers. So that if the 1922
Mrs. Kate Chase Sprague' beats her prototype of 1888; now dead
and with the saints, I trust, she will have to "go some," and match
Mrs. Sprague’s story of her flying trip to New York in the wake of
the late Senator Jones, of silver fame, whom she overtook at the
now dormant "Tree of the New York Times". (That was the story of the
the nurse, the Senetor, who is not known to have done more to
be the center of attention than his wife, to whom she had been the
triumphant of another Washington belle, so far as this Senator was
had no foundation to rest upon.

Nor since the early days of the Taft Administration have there
been so many complaints about the evening parties at the White House.
One cannot imagine what Miss Laura Harlan is dreaming about.
She must have been aware of the criticism aroused by Mrs. Roose¬
velt’s rules, which were adopted by Mrs. Taft, and which now, after
sleeping for eight years, have been revived in all their folly.
The grouping of different classes ill becomes the executive of a republic,
and the rules about motor-cars and pedestrians are positively ridicu¬
ous.

And Mrs. Harding should know that the presence of some few
famous gentlemen to keep the atmosphere from being too plain
is a witty Washingtonian remarked that at the White House
fetes these days the company is divided into three ratings—fair, good
and excellent. As a consequence, those who are rated "fair" and
who feel that they are the largest cats, are probably the most
far from pleased, while the small class of "excellents" feel highly
complimented, and are very condescending to the least fortunate
guests.

In the old days, before the Roosevelt régime, these affairs
were conducted much more satisfactorily, and the rules governing
them were revived at the few amenities of the Wilson Adminis¬
tration.
All who received invitations were accorded equal attention.

Evidently Princess Bissbcs Felt that February 10th, the date set
for her reception and dinner in honor of Mama Margot, was not the
psychological moment for the event in postponing the affair until
Monday of this week hoped for a gala occasion, but it can hardly
be said that her expectations were realized. As for the dinner,
she received so many "regrets" that part of the entertainment
was declared off, and the reception was attended only by those
women who cannot ignore such an invitation because of their official
status.
Indeed, the Princess has been made to feel by the Washington inner
TOWN TOPICS 7

The BROADMOOR HOTEL. "COLORADO SPRINGS", BOOKINGS
AT RITZ CARLTON, NEW YORK

Representative American Hotels. CHARLES H. CONGDON, Pres.
to Chicago have ever been few and far between, although in the old days when *equus* was rer both Alfred and Reginald Vanderbilt attended and exhibited at the annual horse shows.

**LADY CAPEL WOLLSELEY** has divided the distinguished visitors' honors with Count Szechenyi, a name which no one attempted to pronounce, on account of the rigorous police-ensigning of the anti-sneezing ordinance. Lady Wollseley's self-acclaimed mission to inure an agnostic-American Ku Klux Klan was perceptibly injured by some acrid criticisms à la Lepel Grinn-Charles Dickens-Rad- yard Kipling concerning American manners, of which she delivered herself to the ubiquitous reporters. As the protagonist of an Anglo-American Entente Cordiale, Lady Wollseley seems sadly deficient in tact and plain common sense.

Orry for a pleasure jaunt to the Edward L. Ryerson's pleasant winter home at Santa Barbara, Cal., is Frank Cramer. Thanks to paternal spinning and toiling, Frank toils not neither doth he spin. All Frank spins is a toy roulette and gives the girls a chance to show their cleverness, which seems to the canny Scot seems to the canny Scot.

Not only does Harriet Monroe, edit *Poetry*, but at times smites the lyric herself. Harriet is an old maid, and unashamed, I take it, from the following masterly "pome":

An old maid people say I am, and what they say is true:
If there are joys in married life, those joys I never knew.
But married life is not all joy, as Lucy I've heard tell.
And if Lucy I've heard tell, I've never heard tell.
If I have 'ne'er been petted, as a husband pets his wife,
I've never had a servant girl to worry out my life.

Harriet is quite content to mother other women's kiddies. If she could be a rich widow, like Sister Lucy, that would be another prospect. Sometimes, however, her spirit will soar, and Herbert Stone, for the late Herbert Stuart Stone, was literary on the side, like Sister Harriet, in which capacity she discovered "I, Mary McLane," of Butte, Mont. A much more important discovery was the aged rich widow, Whooping Colossus, and Harriet made their acquaintance, and he had been appointed United States Ambassador. Lucy is a rich widow, and if she hangs the typewriter keys nowadays it is merely to compose screeds on "My Three Years in China," which she is so unkind as to read before the Forty-Fortnightly and Scrubbers Clubs.

**JAMES B. FORGAN** has gone to Winter Park, Fla. Banker Forgan went under protest. He just hates to take his nose from the grindstone. In the winter home of the lady for the young married women is holding indignation meetings, and perhaps, incidentally, attract the eye of a future bridegroom. Mesdames Strobridge, Erwin Bosworth, Bill Ernst, Ed Radway, Harry Gordon, Jr., Roscoe Crabb, Howard Hart, Ralph Carothers, Fred Geier, Bill Fuller, Bill O'Dall, Clifford Wright, Stanley Lawson, Harry Heiser, and many, too many others, are keeping debutantes out of the show. They should gracefully retire. The young matrons are blessed with husbands—why does dance à la daughter of Herodias for hubby instead of for charity? The mothers of the debutantes crowded out by the young married women are holding indignation meetings, and my guess is that there will be many changes in the cast before the curtain goes up on "Chairs."

"Chairs," as I said last week, is going to be the best show ever pulled off by the Junior League. The bars are down, and the roof's the limit. Julie Gilvin is to do a *pas de deux* and Julie as a Russian dancer will make the clubmen gasp. Mrs. Clifford Greene is to tempt Bob Ives as he does, and she is to be aided and abetted by Mrs. John Clarence Egan, who is to dance the danse des sept vifs, all for

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Bob Ives's undoing. Well, Mrs. Egan can dance. She is one of the few dancing women who is light and airy. Still it seems unnecessary to requisition the dancing services of Mrs. Johnnie Egan as Mrs. Cliff Greene need not assistance to vamp Bob Ives. Perhaps in this vamping scene it is better to use young married women rather than deals fresh from convent schools.

Some Cincinnati matrons, greatly daring, have commissioned for portraits of themselves Olyn Philpot's cruelly clever brush; the brush that under the friends of Chicago's present Mrs. Potter Palmer de- nounces his picture as a shameful caricature.

Mrs. C. P. Taft reported as one of the inventive booklovers in Cincinnati who never reads trash, keeps the booksellers busy order- ing books that the crowd does not read. Mrs. Taft's browsings since the New Year include Lionel Strachey's "Queen Victoria," "The Mirrors of Washington," "The Glass of Fashion," Leslie Shane's "Civil Manual" and the daring novel "Privilege," by Michael Sadler, mentioned in "The Glass of Fashion." Senator Lodge's book she has read at and tossed over to her husband.

Just as Mrs. Taft leads "Cincin" in knowledge of the very latest books, so Mrs. F. J. Enger, "Janet's mother," is the leader in popularizing the baroque developments of female attire.

*Mira Catt*—You understand, I am not saying anything against Bella.

*Mira Nipp*—Surely. I detest her myself.

**ST. LOUIS** woke up one day last week to find the newlyweds, Webster and Eleanor Dostick Tilton, in its midst after a fantastic honeymoon. Without the bale of trumpets that usually accompanies all of Eleanor's movements, they quietly slipped into town with only a few close friends cognizant of their arrival. It is whispered that about that strenuous a trip did they have in company with the same four fashion-conscious friends and that Mrs. Tilton's pet desert has deserted her and she is quite worn out. A favorite topic with the calamity howlers is the union of Eleanor, divorced wife of Stuart Stickney, and the twenty-one-year-old heir of a large slice of the Tilton fortune. The sky is cloudless at present, but...

**FOR** some time rumors of a rift in the William Glasgow O'Fallon ménage have floated through the Mound City. But those who know also the pride of Cora's mama and also her dream for a moment that the wife would leave her husband. But Cora did that very thing recently. She packed up bag and baggage and departed from the domestic hearthstone, taking her children with her and leaving her husband and her fatherless home to roll on their tongues. At the time of the marriage, said to have been arranged by the young couple's mothers, Mrs. William McChesney and Mrs. John Young Brown, the fact that William had once embarked upon a matrimonial voyage and had been divorced leaves the marriage at the eleventh hour, and several of the bridesmaids, strict adherents of the Catholic Church, withdrew from the bridal party.

**Cora South Brown** was one of the great belles of her day.

**THE** John B. Kennard household is pleasantly a-flutter with preparations for the marriage of their charming and only daughter, Elizabeth, and Harold Jolley. Although young Jolley was brought into social notice only after he had won Elizabeth's heart, the match was made with the approval of the Kennards and the Jollies. Jolley's Elizabeth's send-off shall be second to none of the brides of the season. It is hinted that the Jolley-Kennard nuptials will rival in brilliancy and gaiety the marriage of Mary Plant and Leicester Faunt in January, and, if it does, it will be going some.

And speaking of that young couple, the Leicester Fausts, they are at present woeing the fickle goddess of chance at Monte Carlo, and Mary writes home glowing letters of the good time she is having. While in the bridal couple have been arranged by the young couple's mothers, Mrs. William McChesney and Mrs. John Young Brown, the fact that William had once embarked upon a matrimonial voyage and had been divorced leaves the marriage at the eleventh hour, and several of the bridesmaids, strict adherents of the Catholic Church, withdrew from the bridal party.

**HAYWARD** successfully launched their older daughter, Elizabeth, during the past season, the Albert Tattles are already looking forward to the coming of their younger daughter, Elizabeth, and the debutantes of next fall. Lucy has much the same dash as Elizabeth and should also meet with popularity. The greatest triumph of all, an invitation to join the exclusive Imperial Club, crowned Elizabeth's season.

**PREPARATION** for the Junior League Follies, to be given one or two evenings in April, with one matinee, is filling the time of the debutantes, older girls and young matrons these days. Mrs. Blasdel Shapleigh, an indefatigable worker in behalf of the Junior League, despite a well-filled nursery; manages to give part of each day to 'the tantes, older girls and young matrons these days. Mrs. Blasdel Shapleigh, an indefatigable worker in behalf of the Junior League, despite a well-filled nursery; manages to give part of each day to the Junior League's forthcoming extravaganza.
FRANKLIN FERRIS, sometime Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of Missouri, is frequently confused with a gentleman of the same name in the wholesale corset business. Mail gets mixed, the judges get letters containing photographs of beautiful women who want to be corset models, and altogether it's most annoying, but as the judge is the only person annoyed, the world wags on pretty much as before.

The Hill litigation continues to afford a subject for piquant gossip in the Twin Cities. At this writing it seems likely that Louis Hill's comb will be cropped. Owing to his dominating nature Louis Hill is often thought to be the eldest son of the Empire Builder, but he is two years junior to his brother, James Norman Hill. James, like Louis, had a practical training, from overall up. After his novitiate, "J. N." hiked out to New York where he has remained ever since, but Louis stuck in the town-home, and became the old man's right hand. Now Louis is getting so Napoleonlic in his ideas that brother Jarram is beginning to think of the road to the head of the family, are quite overshadowed, and greatly daring, have leagued with some of their sisters to curb Louis.

James J. Hill was a lifelong lover of pictures and his gallery of specimens of the Barbizon School was superior to any in Europe or the United States. He understood from the first the greatness of the modern so-called Impressionist School. As far back as the early eighties, before they were on all men's lips, he had acquired some works of Puvis de Chavannes a remarkable collection. He had distributed the pictures, instead of proceeding on the "what I have I hold" policy, I fancy there would be more chance of arbitrating the present family clothesline squabbles. Maude Hill is said to be in favor of letting the sisters-in-law house the pictures, and is in favor of Louis doing so, though her assumption that Louis is rich enough to replenish the gallery is a rather naive belief that old and new masters are issued in editions of 100,000 like a Best Selling novel.

EDWIN HACKER BROWN has found his membership in the Minneapolis clubs richly repays him. There Edwin has met men who have given him commissions, one to build the Metropolitan Bank building, another to build St. Mark's Church, while C. S. Pillsbury, and other big names have let him to their desires. It pays to be an eligible clubman. Edwin Brown, despite his rather plebeian name, is a patrician. A native of Boston, a graduate of Harvard, he is, in his own opinion at least, New England leaven for crude Main Street, Minnesota.

MOLLY—Has Mildred ever given you any encouragement? Cholly—I wouldn't call it encouragement, exactly. She keeps talking about the expensive things she is going to have in her house after she's married.

KANSAS CITY'S rajah row is quite wrought up over the pending costume ball to be given by the Harris House Association. As the Colonial Ballroom at the Muehlebach is by no means vast, it looks, from the length of the list of names of the committee of the men, luminous satellites will be sadly put to it for a place to camp when they arrive that night. Maybe all of the social potentates mentioned will not attend. I know Mrs. B. T. Whipple won't, as she has already booked a passage on the April 7th for eternity with Jack Fennell, and her husband, the shipbuilder, and Irwin R. Kirkwood. The chances are that Mrs. August R. Myer, too, may not be on hand, as she is far more interested in helping accumulate the sum requisite to preserve the historic old mansion than putting on her diamonds and showing her dress off to the snobs. Mrs. Nelson Studebaker Riley, Mrs. Ralph Goodlett, Mrs. Karl Daenzer Klemm, Mrs. Le Roy Snyder and Mrs. William P. Munger are all sure to be there with bells on. Everybody must have wondered why the William Marston Reids were not mentioned among the patrons, as nobody in the Midwest city is more deeply interested in the Harris House project than they are.

Society frets are watching Mrs. Elizabeth Wilson Douglass, who shows signs of recovery from the apathy which seems to have restrained her since she and Burr Douglass decided to dissolve partnership. Mrs. Victor Wilson, too, appears to be in need of a restorative of some kind, an operation certainly never required by her mother, the late Mrs. John Long, who mingled freely in society and was considered one of the most beautiful women in Kansas City. Mrs. Wilson, though still young and the possessor of an independent fortune, has not yet returned from a trip to San Francisco, and it is expected that she will return in May. After a somewhat fragmentary dabble in stock company acting, Miss Long married a nondescript dancer, who had but little fame and less fortune, after which the sequences common to domestic existence deftly set in, and now her caller is so frequent that he is an echoing:

"No one knows." But returning to Mrs. Wilson Douglass, the actresses agree that she is a long way from the end of her row, and is likely to start something almost any day.

The Drs. E. Goodriches are entertaining to beat the band this winter, and Mrs. Goodrich, enveloped in her gorgeous ermine coat, is as familiar a vision as once was Mrs. Freddy Hornbeck when she used to wear a similar wrap which looked like a tiger's pelt. The Hornbecks, by the way, have given up housekeeping for the present and seem to find life very pleasant at the Brookside, where the clientele is so exclusive that some of them hardly dare speak to one another, and Mrs. Jed Durkee, who acts sometimes as hostess, frequently finds it decidedly difficult to arrange satisfactorily dances when there are only two or three guests. Mrs. Elmer Williams, the logical leader there, seems to be wholly uninterested in engineering anything, being content to look on and let happen to the faddist what ever may. Presley Williams, her son, is, in the estimate of the matchmakers, unalterably slow about choosing a charter fair thing. Ever, for women, the world rolls on pretty much as before, and may follow the example of his Uncle Charlie, whose hair was quite white long before he led the beautiful Anne Aylesworth to the altar.

"Flub—Congratulate me, old man, I'm a full-fledged chauffeur now!" Dubb—So you got a summons for speeding, eh?

Though San Francisco is their home town, the Edgar L. MarstonS are seen so often in New York that most people, if asked, would say, if queried by strangers, "What do you mean, the MarstonS of San Francisco." The MarstonS arc entertaining to beat the band this winter, and Mrs. Long married a nondescript dancer, who had but little fame and less fortune, after which the sequences common to domestic existence deftly set in, and now her caller is so frequent that he is an echoing:

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MRS. WHITELAW REID, who recently arrived at the family estate in Milbrae from New York, is not accepting any invitations but is enjoying the rest that is almost invariably the object of her visit to California. Her brother, Ogden Mills, is with her, and prior to his arrival down the San Mateo Peninsula, he enjoyed a short trip in Southern California where he met his friend, John Hays Hammond. Mr. Mills has been in Mexico, attending to his large business interests there.

There is considerable speculation among the friends of a popular couple who secured a divorce that autumn as to the probability of a direct descendant of Gen. Beuregard and served in the 91st Division as lieutenant, receiving the Distinguished Service Cross. Mr. and Mrs. Burgard are spending the honeymoon in Europe, whence they will return in May.

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More people, including the judge is the only person annoyed, the world wags on pretty much as before.

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Further:

If...
young wife of Oakland’s postmaster has been professionally engaged for more than a year. Rosborough, who with his wife is prominent in society, has been selected by Ruth St. Denis to take one of the leading parts with her in a big pageant planned for a college endowment fund.

Announcement that Mrs. Sidi Wirt Spreckels is engaged to Art Hoeho but not because he wears a single eyeglass, oh, no! He married saying. “Women without have been coming to my desk telling of “scandals of the cloth” and, waste such good material as a battleship—cast it into the sea.

If the directors are shirking in my bny. Sunday has laid divorce at the door of the movies. “Veil, I deliberately wrecking—only a few weeks ago, in a sermon to those interested therein. But oh and Ronald’s laurels have been dimmed in a measure by those of crime and fishes. He is not a churchwarden.

thinnest, but I expect to give up bridge. I’ve been losing a bit too much thrift in some of us Yankees to permit of many a scoop. This man of dignity and learning, who has spent high and low in the courts of this city and abroad, is the head of the committee of the palladium of civic liberty is again in danger. A fiendish plot is afoot.

But that was yesterday. Of late years Frederick has served with great distinction as churchwarden in Montreal’s smallest Episcopal church.

Fred Hibbard’s laurels have been dimmed in a measure by those of Colonel John Jennings Creelman, D.S.O., K.C., also of the University Club. Well, John Creelman is a K.C. Mephisto will never have “on his list,” as the old song put it, as he is a conscientious K.C. But John Creelman is a Texas, girl, and John has always been more than friendly to the neighboring Republic. John has no Diamond Jubilee medals, but he served in the European War, as officer commanding the 2nd Canadian Field Artillery Brigade (mentioned (and not by himself) six times in despatches, and was severely wounded. For recreation this popular advocate golfs, curls and fishes. He is not a churchwarden.

Mrs. Nile—are you going to observe Lent in any way this year? Mrs. Kips—Oh, yes, I expect to give up bridge. I’ve been losing so heavily of late.

CUT BONO? was what I couldn’t help thinking of the “debate” that took place between the Reverend Roach Straton and Mr. Brady, the theatrical producer, in the reformer’s church last Sunday. Who is helped or what cause is served? It seems to me that the church nor the stage. Shouting actors and actresses on the one hand, and ministers on the other is poor business all round. It only begins unchristian hostility and makes confusion worse confounded. If the Reverend Roach Straton could only see the letters which for many years have been coming to my desk telling of “scandals of the cloth” —young girls seduced by ministers—he might pause in his onslaught upon others, especially those of the theatrical profession. Out of my respect for the cloth I have in countless cases withheld the publication of scandals and refrained from many a “coop.” Ministerial muckraking is a poor sort of business at best, and rarely accomplishes any good purpose. Priests and preachers are, me judice, not placed in an absolutely position to speak of others—but, and I may say, to “guide our feet into the way of peace” by teaching and pleading the cause of the Prince of the Peace. Ministers of Christ who work and find their strength in the "quickness and confidence" of God and the things of God beget far more respect for religion than those who court the open and the applause and excitement of the market place.

Dr. Straton has laid divorce at the door of the movies. Well, I hold no brief for cinematography or those interested therein. But all of the charges, these is one of the most amazing things I have ever heard of. This cinema was heard of were being leading the world in divorce. And Dr. Straton blames the movie-picture business for the Sunday School leakage of nearly 500,000 Protestant children. Hardly fair that.” Reverend Doctor! It seems to me that it is rather unchristian hostility and makes confusion worse confounded. Out of my respect for the cloth I have in countless cases withheld the publication of scandals and refrained from many a "coop." Ministerial muckraking is a poor sort of business at best, and rarely accomplishes any good purpose. Priests and preachers are, me judice, not placed in an absolutely position to speak of others—but, and I may say, to "guide our feet into the way of peace" by teaching and pleading the cause of the Prince of the Peace. Ministers of Christ who work and find their strength in the "quickness and confidence" of God and the things of God beget far more respect for religion than those who court the open and the applause and excitement of the market place.

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would be interesting to learn whether Judas Iscariot has ever figured in judicial proceedings in America. In England a jury has just awarded damages to the tune of $10,000 to a man by a payment of thirty pieces of silver. This is the first occasion in the annals of British law of the treacherous disciple's name being judicially declared to be a term of infamy and of insult, calling for heavy damages. There would have been no such case without the pronouncement of the British courts. For Judas Iscariot has found defenders on both sides of the Atlantic: by Kloppstock in Germany, and by De Quincey in England, while across our northern border, in Canada, there is that curious Russian sect which teaches that Judas was the only one of the Apostles worthy of reverence or obelion, since he repented of his sins and hanged himself for their atonement.

Now that freights on horses have been reduced by the railroads it might be wise for the directors of the management of the Westchester Racing Association at Belmont Park to take some steps calculated to decrease the exortionate rates asked by the motor van folks for the transportation of competing animals from the nearly courses at Jamaica. Be this as it may, the time some legal ruling was made concerning the idio of permitting wealthy and prominent owners placing horses in thirty tall stalls to the exclusion of the small army of racing men looking for suitable accommodation for prospective starters at that course, it is more than possible that in the future not only the names of racers but their horses' events might be greatly ameliorated. These defects of capable management are common gossip in racing circles.

Since the ponies for English polo that three weeks ago I mentioned had been sold by Colonel E. Brown of California, our American polo men may perhaps, wake up to the preparations England is making to send another polo challenge in 1923. A challenge that is certain to come unless the visiting Argentine team, of which there are splendid reports, should take the British players' measure this season. As, however, history indicates the Argentine players take two seasons to get into their highest form on British fields, it is possible there will be two challenges in 1923, one from England and one from the Argentine. The more the merrier—if our players are duly prepared in the matter of ponies. Which they most certainly are not at present.

**Astrology at last has been applied to race horses, to tell what they will do, or fail to do, on the track. Our Dr. Brooksmitt has cast the horoscopes of three youngsters—unknown to him—that were bought and sold at auction during last summer. Knowing nothing but color and date of birth, he finds that J. S. Cosden's son of Sweep-Ballet Girl, a two-year-old this year, will prove very lucky, being foaled under Mars, Uranus and Mercury, and so possesses great speed, endurance and weight-carrying ability; he will be most successful on heavy tracks and during July. Of Bud Fisher's brown filly, by Brownstock-Embroiderer, another two-year-old, foaled under Uranus, Saturn and Mars, the doctor discovers she will be erratic and difficult to handle and manage, capable of going short distances on fast tracks only; she should not race during the second week in August or the mid-week in September, and will be most unlucky when driven in the heat of the day and during the nights. She may become unseem through an accident. The Allied Stable has the two-year-old chestnut son of Cunard-Cousin Martha, foaled under Mars in Scorpio. He is full of muscular power, endurance and energy; a horse that will generally win by a nose, a head or a neck, and he will be at his best at four years old; he will frequently be made favorite and will furnish many surprises. Now, those who like to dabble in horoscopes may paste these in their hats and look for horses at such a breeding under the silks of Cosden, Fisher and the Allied Stable.

**When Warren G. Harding delivered, near a year ago, what may be described as his inaugural address to the Senate, I predicted that his success in so doing would be based on the approval of Congress of his choice of Col. E. Watson and his expulsion from the Senate, which he has disgraced. We have no right to admit men of his type to the councils of the nation, or to permit them to be brought into contact with decent, self-respecting citizens, or with distinguished foreign guests of the nation.
difference Treaties to the Senate last week, touched upon this in a manner which deserves more than mere passing attention. Quoth he: "I alluded a moment ago to my knowledge of the viewpoint of the Senate. And now you have seen some experience I have come to know the viewpoint and inescapable responsibility of the Executive. To the Executive comes the closer view of world relations and more impressive realization of the menaces, the anxieties and of the apprehensions that have to be met." There are volumes in that admission.

In another part of this same frank and imperious speech he warned the Senate: "Your Government encouraged and has signed the compacts which it had to do in the business of nations. Let to these understandings for peace, if to these advanced expressions of the conscience of leading Powers, if to these concords to guard against conflicts and lift the burdens of armament, if to all these the Senate will not add its cordial sanction, it will be futile to try again. Frankly, Senators, if nations may not agree to confer, if one to the compact threatens trespass, or may not agree to advise, if one party to the pact is threatened by an outside Power, then all concerted effort to tranquilize the world and stabilize peace must be futile to the winds. Either these treaties must have your cordial sanction or every proclaimed desire to promote peace and prevent war becomes a hollow mockery. In brief, the President makes clear what I intimated in these columns last week, namely, that if these treaties, signed and sealed by our four plenipotentiaries, two of them the leaders of the Republican majority and the Democratic minority and indorsed by him are defeated by the Senate our relations with foreign Powers will become impossible, since it will be equivalent to an announcement to the entire world that we have no one, not even the President, who is in a position to speak and negotiate in the name of the United States and whose signature as Chief Magistrate can be considered abroad as binding.

Business, in spite of all that may be said to the contrary, is now at a low ebb. It stands in sore need of stimulation and encouragement. Yet the members of the House Committee at Washington have found nothing better to suggest than the introduction of the additional revenue needed for the payment of the soldiers' bonus than increase of parcel postal rates, additional taxes on stock and bond transfers, on undivided profits of corporations, on real-estate transfers, on alcohol, on admissions to theatres, and the heavy increase of taxes on cigarettes and on chewing and smoking tobacco. That is to say, Congress threatens to hamper and obstruct our efforts to revive business by substituting ;an efficient and wholesome taxation for a system which left to us, since the intolerably tyrannic Volstead Act, namely, the soothing enjoyment of tobacco. Fortunately, all the interests that are menaced by this iniquitous and preludary legislation are up in arms, warned in time, may be relied upon to fight the very last ditch, this time with the nation behind them. As stated last week in TOWN TOPICS, the revenue needed for the bonus could be easily and speedily provided, without any interference with business, by a modification of the Volstead Act, permitting the production and importation and sale of light wines and beers, the taxation of which would provide all the money necessary. And that is the only sensible, equitable and popular solution of the bonus problem, of which the greater part of the nation feels heartily ashamed.

The Santerre.

LOVE creates empires; marriage builds bungalows.

THE FASHIONABLE WORLD

(Announcements suitable to this column are published free of charge. Information prior to publication elsewhere is desired. Communications should reach this office not later than 3 p.m., Tuesday.)

Engagements
Miss Jean Fletcher, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Fletcher, of New York, to Mr. Harrison Garnett Reynolds, son of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Murray Reynolds, of Boston.
Miss Dorothy S. Beck, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John G. Elliott, of New York, to Mr. Laurence Berkley Tillard, of London.
Miss Margaret Houghton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Seymour Houghton, Jr., of New York; and Hengist Houston, son of Mr. and Mrs. Francis A. Houston, of Boston.
Miss Evelyn Alvord, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dean Alvord, to Mr. John E. Cleland, both of New York.
Miss Ruth Shriver, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Tower Shriver, to Mr. William A. Hanway, son of Mr. John Hanway; both of New York.

Weddings
February 18—Miss Margaret Hamilton Rea, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Rea, of Pittsburgh, to Mr. John Walter Smith Foster, of Baltimore; Shadyside Presbyterian Church.
February 18—Miss Grace B. Rogers, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Noah Cornwall Rogers, of New York, to Mr. Paul B. Tubby, of Greenwich, Conn.
February 18—Miss Alice Delafeld Dean, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Sidney Dean, to Mr. Robert R. Livingston, both of New York; St. James's Church.
February 20—Miss Elizabeth Field, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John I. Field, to Mr. John S. Stryker, Jr., both of St. Paul; Church of St. John the Evangelist, St. Paul.
February 20—Miss Alice Forrester La Boyeaux, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William H. La Boyeaux, of New York, to Captain Edward S. Pegram, of New Canaan; Church of the Heavenly Rest.
February 21—Miss Margaret Thomson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar S. Thomson, of New York, to Captain John Bellinger, Jr., U. S. A.; St. Patrick's Cathedral.
February 21—Miss Stella Fackerell Todd, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Ryerson Todd, of Bangor, Me., to Mr. Gilbert Curtis Demorest, son of Mr. and Mrs. William Curtis Demorest, of New York; St. Thomas's Church.
March 6—Miss Katharine G. Miller, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Norton Miller, to Mr. William Wickham Hoffman, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Carroll, both of New York; at the home of the bride's parents.

Receptions and Entertainments
February 16—Ball of the Fine Arts, by the Society of Beaux Arts Architects, at the Hotel Astor.
February 17—a tea at the Dag Out in honor of the PAll Mall Supper Club.
February 17—Bachelors Dance; Vanderbilt Hotel.
February 17—Second of the Senior Dances; Plaza.
February 19—Film Under the stars given by Mr. and Mrs. J. W. S. Jennings, No. 882 Fifth avenue; a dinner.
February 18—Saturday Evening Dance; Plaza.
February 20—"Fiesta and Fandango," for the benefit of the Society for the Prevention and Relief of Tuberculosis; Biltmore Hotel.
February 25—Cannon Ball of the Pall Mall Supper Club, in aid of the Dag Out; Hotel Lorraine.

PARADOXICAL as it appears, the best domestics are imported.

AT THE PLAY

"THE CAT AND THE CANARY," AT THE NATIONAL THEATRE

"BAT"! "Bat"! Who's the "Bat"! "Cat"! "Cat"! Who's the "Cat"? The same mystery; the same formula; the same thrill. Except that the sudden and silent opening and closing of bookcase and a second's glimpse at the clawlike grip of the so-called "Cat" is even weirder and more unexpected than the widespread wings of the "Bat" in flight.

Three years after the first performance with the relatives of an eccentric, perhaps mad, old man assemble in his library to listen to the reading of his will. The lawyer who drew up the will discovers that it has been tampered with. The seals have been broken, the will altered and the papers resealed. But he has duplicates of the original in his own safe. Who has tampered with it? Is the witness a madman or an interested party. Could it have been the lawyer himself? But the "Cat" kills the lawyer suddenly and artistically. A relative then. Which relative? Is the relative the "Cat"? The altered will is the exciting force and speculation runs wild. The lady at my left believes that the old man never died, that he went quite mad, and, hating all mankind in general and his own relatives in particular, has surreptitiously provoked, spent the intervening years prowling in the wall space between the sliding panels of his library and bedroom to whet his vengeance on his hopeful heirs. The lady at my right is subtler. She suspects the poet. Poets are all a little mad and this one is far too plausible. But the secret is the thrill, so I must not divulge it.

The cast is well balanced. Blanche Frederici is a painstaking artist in any role and she makes a picturesque and impressive Mammy Pleasure. Florence Eldridge is pleasing as the heiress, Annabelle West. Henricus Hull, as Paul Jones, is the most engaging and likable character. There were others who have duplicates of the original in his own safe. Who has tampered with it? Is the witness a madman or an interested party. Could it have been the lawyer himself? But the "Cat" kills the lawyer suddenly and artistically. A relative then. Which relative? Is the relative the "Cat"? The altered will is the exciting force and speculation runs wild. The lady at my left believes that the old man never died, that he went quite mad, and, hating all mankind in general and his own relatives in particular, has surreptitiously provoked, spent the intervening years prowling in the wall space between the sliding panels of his library and bedroom to whet his vengeance on his hopeful heirs. The lady at my right is subtler. She suspects the poet. Poets are all a little mad and this one is far too plausible. But the secret is the thrill, so I must not divulge it.

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"THE LAW-BREAKER," AT THE BOOTH THEATRE

The public, for reasons not fitting to be discussed here, loves a crook. But the public, for other reasons too obvious to need explanation, loves the sense of its own security from crooks even more. Combine these two reflections and you get the result of the play in which a gay, bold, gallant crook reforms in the last act has often been among the soundest investments of the commercial theatre.

But these old dishes need new sauces. Mr. Jules Eckert Goodman has concocted a sauce that is more effective than the crime wave and, more surprisingly, from certain thoughts and speculations concerning crime and its punishment, which are very much alive in the world today, but which I did not expect to find. Of all places, in a play written by Mr. Goodman and produced by Mr. Brady. In Wassermann's extraordinary novel, "The World's Illusion," the protagonist saves the murderer's soul by refusing to judge him or to bring him to justice. And he does this by abandoning the notion of property in its external sense and letting the murderer keep...
unmolested the famous pearls that are used as a symbol throughout the story. Well, that is precisely the method that Mr. Goodman lets Joan Fowler adopt toward Jim Thorne. I need not say that the incidents and the sentimentalities are muddled up. But the essential idea is used and the result of the use of this idea amid the otherwise perfectly conventional clattletrap of Broadway is strange and weird and disconcerting. The same production steals into the acting. Mr. William Court­ney is a breezy, conventional crook who takes his reformation in the accustomed way. The others act up to or down to him very nicely indeed—except Miss Blanche Yurka, who acts precisely as though she had read "The Eternal Percy Van Ness" and had dropped into this sleek, false, ready-made environment out of a place of utterly different values and ideas. She gives a very fine performance indeed, but one that has little or nothing to do with this play. The moral of the whole situation is that you want a moral, and this the light is beginning to fall into dark regions. The result is curious, but not discouraging.

"FRANK FAY'S FABLES," AT THE PARK THEATRE

Frank Fay tries to give his revue an intimate and jolly touch. At first it leaves you rather cool. After a while it comes to seem both more skillful and more genuine and you unblend and are persuaded to have a fairly agreeable time. Nearly all devices in this sort of thing are a little stale. To be amusing, therefore, with only a modest standard in the way of scenes, costumes, dances—well, if it isn't an achievement it is, at least, a stunt. The comedy is pretty feeble and funny only when it is a bit too vulgar. But some of the verses of Frank Fay and some of the tunes of Clarence Gaskill are of a certain freshness and vitality, and some of that freshness of mood seems to get into the performances, including the rather rough and ready chorus, so that finally one is persuaded to join in the fun. That is unusual, and will probably keep the show alive. It was odd to see Fania Marinoff in a one-act melodrama in the midst of these proceedings. But in that oddity, too, there was the general feeling of spontaneity that helped the evening along.

"THE BLUSHING BRIDE," AT THE ASTOR THEATRE

This is a conventional musical comedy, but with the conventional virtues of its kind present in a very high degree. The score by Sigmund Romberg is very agreeably written and bursts into actual melody two or three times. The chorus is quite comely and excellently trained; Cecil Lean is a versatile and vivid comedian; Tom Lewis has touches of real comic characterization in his work; Cleo Lewis has touches of real comic characterization in his work; Cleo

ARTISTIC TRIUMPHS

I

The most successful novel of the year has sold more than 600,000 copies because the heroine suddenly, in Chapter IX, becomes a mother and blames it upon a scoundrel who kissed her beneath the rose-arch last summer!

II

The most successful farce on Broadway has taken $300,000 over the counters of the ticket speculators and at least $87.50 through its box office because, in Act II, a couple of perfect strangers suddenly meet under the bed in the ingenue's boudoir.

III

The biggest selling monthly magazine boasts millions of readers because Fannie Hurst, Robert W. Chambers and Elinor Glyn write its classics and Harrison Fisher provides magnificent opera of art!

IV

There is an old Frenchman down in the levee district in New Orleans who will shake you up a Sazarac cocktail for two bits and who insists he never heard of any Constitution save the one they publish up in 'Tlanta!

John Scott Calhoun.

BROADWAY BANNER

LAST week a Mrs. Henry S. Oppenheimer of No. 57 East Eightieth street sent letters to some of her acquaintance and some without that distinction, requesting contributions for the purchase of a gold laurel wreath to be presented to Geraldine Farrar on the occasion of her farewell season at the Metropolitan Opera House, each letter to be inscribed with the name of an opera in which the singer has appeared since her American debut. Surely very nice of Mrs. Oppenheimer.

When Percy Hammond came to the Tribune and Heywood Broun went to the World, many in the newspaper world inquired "What next?". The answer is now being announced by the rumormonger. Just as Mr. P. (Franklin P. Adams) went from the Tribune to the World and was replaced by F. F. V. (Frederic F. Van de Water) so F. F. V. will be replaced by the World, September 8th, by I. A. H. (Inez A. Hall). All of which recalls the children's game of "Going to Jerusalem!"

"PINS AND NEEDLES," although put into the cut-rate agencies shortly after the opening, seems to have exerted a special fascination for well-known New Yorkers who happen to be in mourning. Not only did Sailing Barnach attend the premiere, his mother having died a few weeks ago, but Mrs. Carroll L. Wainwright attended a subsequent performance with a party of friends, her mother also having passed away quite recently. Dressed all in black, with her dark hair becomingly bobbed, she presented a striking figure. Born Edith Gould, she probably met her fate by looking at her ex-aunt and namesake, Edith Kelly Gould, the second Kelly wife of Uncle Frank Gould.

CHARLES HENRY MELTZER, long known along Broadway as a critic of music, has removed his esthetic presence from the metropolis to Chicago. It is not at present known whether Mr. Meltzer is not translating into the English language any of Dr. Jung's textbooks on psychoanalysis, but is engaged in turning into good Anglo-Saxon the librettos of the standard grand operas. Rumor has it that next season his patroness is going to insist that a number of the musical masterpieces be given in the vernacular, and that she is convinced that Mr. Meltzer is the only man that can do the job to her taste.

ABELE Ritchie has deserted the stage and has gone in for society. At least that is the story that is being told along Broadway. Since the pretty Miss Ritchie's marriage to Guy Battle Post, several years ago, she has not been seen much behind the footlights, and recent inquiries on the part of her old-time friends have elicited the news that she has practically lost touch with or the glories of the limelight. This, I am told, is due to her desire to sacrifice herself to the advancement of her husband's art. Then some feline members of the "profesh" have been so unkind as to say that it was time Adele retired anyway and that if she had not married Guy she would have been compelled to seek admittance to the Forest Home, near Philadelphia. Which to my mind was a most un-Christian thing to say.

Bobby Porter, that gay and festive bachelor, who hails from the Windy City, is once more in our midst, or at least it must be his astral body, if it is not his corporeal one that I have seen at various theatres recently. When, some months ago, I last beheld Robert, he told me that he was soon to sail for Europe, and if my memory serves me aright, I read in a cable that he was ascending the Nile. Just last night, when, the other evening, I saw him, or his shade, as I before stated, seated in a prominent box at a theatre, quite lost in attentions to a beautiful young creature seated at his left. My astonishment to learn that he had married. I am so used to reading of Mr. Porter's peregrinations in the columns of the daily press that for a moment I doubted the evidence of any eyes. But why did Robert not see to it that the ship news reporters spread broadcast over the front pages the interesting item of his return? Surely this was one time that the beau from the Porkopolis did not avail himself of every opportunity.

THE ETERNAL PERCY VAN NESS

A GIRL RITTED UP

Like a Dance Club pup,
His waistcoat suspiciously bulging;
Expression bored
As an unencored
Acquaintance who's blandly indulging
Theチャー in your drink.
Without seeming to think
There's an object in your divulging
Your bootlegger's blends
And name and address—
Such, my friends,
Was Percy Van Ness.

Sealskin-smooth
When aiming to soothe
A widow's sable-cloaked sorrow;
Wistfully gay
When aiming to win
The heroine of a "Tomorrow";
And never averse
To run up a hill—
Such was Percy,
And such he is still!

Richard Butler Glanzer.
Wirt the flight to Europe of Peggy Hopkins Joyce, gossips along the White Way are giving their tongues no rest, for the story has gone abroad that the sprightly Peg did not really go to Europe for the purpose of writing her memoirs as she naively stated, but to be near a certain very famous Russian baroness who was reported engaged to Paul Fitzsimmons, who later married Mrs. French Vanderbilt and became Paul Fitz Simons. The father’s poems are rather serious and the daughter’s are rather sentimental, but all are well written.

The new play in which Grace George will shortly reappear will be called “The Perfect Hour,” her most recent appearance, earlier in the season, having been christened “Marie Antoinette,” but nicknamed “The Perfect Failure.” Claude King, who made a hit in “Declassée” with Ethel Barrymore, has been engaged as leading man. If Miss George is making two attempts in one season, Helen Hayes is making three! She is under the management of George Tyler, and has already opened and closed in “The Wren” and “Golden Days.” The new piece, which will be called “To the Ladies,” is by George S. Kaufman and Marc Connolly, authors of “Dulcy,” which Mr. Tyler and Otto Kruger goes these records, one better or one worse, having already been in three productions this season!

**GLADYS’S GALOSHES**

**WHEN Gladys wears galoshes,**

And through the water sloshes,
I love to see her go;  
Her silkens ankles twinkle,
And her feet make a sound, 
She walks upon tiptoe,
Her skirt, extremely scanty,
Shocks both her ma and aunty,
She is a laugh, I think, 
Her beauties she counts by dozens,
And calls them pals and cousins,
And breaks their hearts for sport.

---

**THE ETERNAL FEMININE**

**ALICE—Do you believe in equality of the sexes?**

**VIRGINIA—What! No man is my equal!**

---

**THE LITERARY SHOW**

**C**ertainly everyone knows her, the spoiled darling of the *nouveau riche* class, who is born and bred in art environment where material gratification is the essence of being, where there are no traditions of self-restraint, no objection of the meaning of *noblesse oblige*, similar to the Bolshevik public of today.

Selfish, arrogant and dictatorial, yet oftentimes such an one, as in the case of the young woman about whom the story of “Manslaughter” in *The Literary Show* revolts, provides a money, a charming and material world, but also a new sort of bond, according the violence she does to the sensibilities. Whatever its lacks, the family is, after all, a kind of moral whipping post and when a young person is deprived of its special form of discipline be sure that the lack will be made up for by life itself, which, like the church and other educational agencies, teaches resignation and obedience to moral and physical laws as well as spiritual, less easy to define but no less drastic. And when the teaching is left to this agency, it is much done with knott and thumbscree, as with the refractory *Lydia*.

I think the authoress has done an extremely fine piece of work in her characterization of old Joe Thornc’s daughter, whom I simply detested on one page, only to turn to the next and read myself into an exciting frame of mind, eventually hoping that she may be saved from the whirlpool of dire events into which she is remorsefully sunk. And in doing this, I was unconscious of any jolt to the artistic verities, for so easy would it be to fall into that literary abyss where mechanical optimism and an arid Polyannaing masquerade in the depths as truth.

Obviously, having nothing to do, and with servants at beck and call, *Lydia* was always late at appointments and her pet aversion was having traffic cops delay her speeding. She tossed bribes with her nose in the air, a diamond bracelet falling to the claw of one zealous pursuer. The story moves along with relentless smoothness, and possibly the only incredible part of the tale is that which implies that money and pull in New York do not always avail to free the criminal, but advantage is taken of the fact that every rule has an exception to round out the story of *Lydia’s* conversion.

"SPRING, FLOWERS and BOWERS," a volume of verses, is just off the press, and is interesting for various reasons. First because it is the work of a father and daughter, James and Doris Kenyon, second because the daughter is none other than the leading lady of screen and stage productions, and third because the book was reported engaged to Paul Fitzsimmons, who later married Mrs. French Vanderbilt and became Paul Fitz Simons. The father’s poems are rather serious and the daughter’s are rather sentimental, but all are well written.

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**THE STROLLERS**

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**MAKE YOUR CHOICE**

**BENHAM—Suffrage makes woman better known.**

**BENHAM—Yes, either suffrage or short skirts.**

---

**THE STRAIGHT SEAM**

---

**THE UNDER DOG**

---

**THE WALNUT STREET THEATRE**

---

**THE PERFECT HOUR**

---
su. done in scarlet letters on the paper flap, further embellished by a
moi~
for the fundamental laws of line and proportion
a
of color makes a charming difference to a dark
application
the smartest thing,
twin
Bock.
by
sktlful adaptation that the
arc
have to be adapted to meet modern needs and tastes, and it is
MODERN WOMEN'S
pl
the spontaneous and whole-souled wit and humor, the gen­
it~
any fashions that indicate artistic dress. Most
well-known and noted beauty appear at an im­
portant ball or restaurant in a frock that is the opposite from the
standardized lines, and immediately every feminine cries out for one.
SIR Walter Besant observes that two hundred years ago "the
women wore hoops until the latter part of that century. They wore
small caps, hoods, big chapeaux, flat hair and curls tight to the head."
The distinctive note this season is undoubtedly the triumph of
black. We are repeatedly being told that it is passé, but still it ap­
ppears. A dash of color makes a charming difference to a dark
ensemble. Red, which the French love, appears in quite a discreet
way as a lining, a piping at the edge of the sleeve or collar, as a
gridle or an ornament on a black hat.
This combination makes its influence felt in many minor ways. Crip­
sin black handbags are inlaid with tiny geometrical designs in red
chervaux glacé and the heels of smart slippers are often a bright
clrimson, which is most effective. Apropos of gloves with the new
funnel sleeves reaching almost to the wrist, it is not always convenient
to wear the gauntlet mouquehaître that we adore, so the French turn
down the cuffs of the gloves lined with fur, making them serve as
muffs, with the great advantage of allowing the tips of the fingers
free to carry a handbag, parcel or umbrella. A new fantasy for
night wear is lace mits, real old grannie style. Making but a shy
bow, the wonder whether or not they will come into vogue again.
Trotteur suits continue to find a rival in the coat or house frock.
What an age it seems since the latter came into its own! It is not
only most charming but a big saving to the tailored suit, as no self­
respecting woman sits down for fear of creasing her coat tails,
poor things. I saw a lovely one-piece frock at a bridge party the
other day in satin beaute and Chantilly lace. At the same party
I noticed Mrs. Gary looking very sprightly again and wearing an
excellent hat all a-drooping with coque feathers.
Fashion experts have conferred to make peace between the dance
frock and the contrasting wrap. The latter is either made from the
same fabric as the gown itself or must bear some relation to its
scheme of tint and decoration—an excellent thing, for contrasts may
at times be most alluring. They are singularly difficult of achieve­
ment, and many a wrap has killed a toilette and vice-versa—an inglo­
rious death for either.

OLD HINTS FOR YOUNG BRIDES
COLD shoulder should never be served to rich relations.

Warm-ed over love should not be in evidence if guests are
present.

Never roast your better half before old flames.

Reserve all cold cuts for those with poor prospects.

Never cook potatoes in their jackets unless cut in the latest style.

If the lettuce cuts up, try knocking their heads together.

Spicy remarks often season a bad dinner.

If the salt cellar becomes too fresh, try shaking it.

Always encourage the tea-kettle to sing.

Don't worry if the spoons get in their cups.

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Chapeaux adapt themselves to circumstances and the weather in the most sensible way. It may be that small ones are chic and greatly worn. But such a state of things continues only so long as the weather is favorable. Let the sun begin to make its presence felt and the Gainsborough can be relied upon to make its appearance without loss of time.

Such a smart one Mrs. Johnnie Wanamaker wore at a Metropolitan matinee in black, real lace with a single water-lily at the side. I glimpsed the lovely Mrs. Tangeman in a dim and distant stall sporting a geranium-colored top, too charged with silk trimming and narrow sable edge. Nearby, to my regret, was a hard, incongruous three-cornered one expressed in green velour bound with black crépe ribbon, while I heard my neighbor say she had spent a whole day covering an ancient mushroom shape with musquash and endowing it with a steel cord and tassel to lighten its extinguishing effect. Although the object of her industry seemed successful, she decided to rest upon her laurels and buy all other future millinery necessities.

Lady Modist.

A TIFF

My little love and I fell out;
My heart was filled with gloom and doubt;
I'd never known so black a day.

When next we met her eyes were wet;
I yielded, and in pledge of it
Bestowed on her a vinaigrette
With Cupids 'round the edge of it.

So if your love you chance to miff,
Don't pause to "but" or "if" any,
But go, if you have any tiff,
And call on Mr. Tiffany.

Clinton Scollard.

AMERICANS ABROAD

Germans' tourist business is picking up again. This is as it should be, and if the German hotel-keepers reach their former levels the number of visitors should increase, because of the advantage of the low exchange. For instance, an American went to the Bayerischer Hof in Munich, and enjoyed the comforts there all the more because he understood that the daily rate for his room, three hundred and fifty marks, was in reality less than two dollars per day. He felt annoyed, however, when he was asked one mark more for a lump of sugar, which is demanded when he was given only two lumps for about three cups of coffee. It is a small matter, not worth mentioning, but when such petty annoyances are repeated the visitor gets peev'd.

I am glad to state that in Switzerland similar "supplementary" charges, about which my readers have been informed in former paragraphs, were recently stopped. The high hotel rates, mostly due to the high exchange of the Swiss francs, will vanish this season according to binding agreements reached at a meeting of the Swiss Hotelmen, which took place on February eighth. The high hotel rates have now disappeared, and the beneficial results are evident. In the first days of the winter sports the number of visitors rose considerably. In the Canton of Grison alone, to which belong St. Moritz, Davos and Klostert, the English visitors numbered about three thousand, the Americans nearly five hundred, but the most striking effect of this new rate policy was shown in the presence of about nine hundred Germans, whose valuelessly money had made it impossible for them to appear in Switzerland, were those true sportlovers in the last few years were sorely missed.

Beautifull Lucerne for the first time in its history is given to winter sports. The demand for city comforts added to winter sports was so urgent that the magnificent lawn tennis courts on the Lake appeared, and the beneficial results are evident. In the first days of the winter sports the number of visitors rose considerably. In the Canton of Grison alone, to which belong St. Moritz, Davos and Klostert, the English visitors numbered about three thousand, the Americans nearly five hundred, but the most striking effect of this new rate policy was shown in the presence of about nine hundred Germans, whose valuelessly money had made it impossible for them to appear in Switzerland, were those true sportlovers in the last few years were sorely missed.

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French Switzerland in winter has the advantage of a climate like the Italian lakes. mild and balsamic, permitting summer sports in winter. The demand for city comforts added to winter sports was so urgent that the magnificent lawn tennis courts on the Lake appeared, and the beneficial results are evident. In the first days of the winter sports the number of visitors rose considerably. In the Canton of Grison alone, to which belong St. Moritz, Davos and Klostert, the English visitors numbered about three thousand, the Americans nearly five hundred, but the most striking effect of this new rate policy was shown in the presence of about nine hundred Germans, whose valuelessly money had made it impossible for them to appear in Switzerland, were those true sportlovers in the last few years were sorely missed.

In the Palace of the United States are M. A. Heath, Mr. and Mrs. Camp, Mr. and Mrs. Hinton, Mrs. E. F. Forbes, Mrs. and Mrs. Rett, M. and Mrs. H. Ahrenfeldt, Mrs. L. Angell, Mrs. A. Kenyon, Mrs. C. C. Coogan, Miss Margaret Shelley, Mrs. A. M. Watson, at the Hotel Monney, Mr. and Mrs. Ahrenfeldt, Mrs. L. Angell, Mrs. A. Kenyon, Mrs. C. C. Coogan, Miss Margaret Shelley, Mrs. A. M. Watson, at the Hotel Monney, Mr. and Mrs. Ahrenfeldt, Mrs. L. Angell, Mrs. A. Kenyon, Mrs. C. C. Coogan, Miss Margaret Shelley, Mrs. A. M. Watson, at the Hotel Monney, Mr. and Mrs. Ahrenfeldt, Mrs. L. Angell, Mrs. A. Kenyon, Mrs. C. C. Coogan, Miss Margaret Shelley, Mrs. A. M. Watson, at the Hotel Monney, Mr. and Mrs. Ahrenfeldt, Mrs. L. Angell, Mrs. A. Kenyon, Mrs. C. C. Coogan, Miss Margaret Shelley, Mrs. A. M. Watson, at the Hotel Monney, Mr. and Mrs. Ahrenfeldt, Mrs. L. Angell, Mrs. A. Kenyon, Mrs. C. C. Coogan, Miss Margaret Shelley, Mrs. A. M. Watson, at the Hotel Monney, Mr. and Mrs. Ahrenfeldt, Mrs. L. Angell, Mrs. A. Kenyon, Mrs. C. C. Coogan, Miss Margaret Shelley, Mrs. A. M. Watson, at the Hotel Monney, Mr. and Mrs. Ahrenfeldt, Mrs. L. Angell, Mrs. A. Kenyon, Mrs. C. C. Coogan, Miss Margaret Shelley, Mrs. A. M. Watson.
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OUT OF THE EARTH

Now dispensing advice on all the leading markets

COMMODOIR prices are very irregular again. Some of them, such as steel products, sugar and rubber, which had advanced sharply some time since, have been showing definite declining tendencies, though the rubber market, after a drastic decline, is stiffening somewhat. Others, and especially the grain markets, have been going the other way, advancing sharply as export requirements have cut into surplus stocks.

Incidentally the crop outlook is not any too favorable right now, and this situation has been playing into the hands of the bulls in the grain pits. Indeed, I think it would not take a great deal of outside pressure to start the market on another big rally.

There are a good many public utilities that have turned the corner, and some stocks in this section of the list that are not among the dividend payers are in a way to become standard investment issues of the class. There are remarkable opportunities here and there for those of large income who naturally do not desire to pay more than necessary in taxes in investment of substantial amounts in securities that do not pay a dividend but that will eventually not pay but will in all human probability be recognized as good investments.

When that time comes, of course, the stocks which may be picked up at low prices now will probably have appreciated in market value fifty to a hundred per cent., and there will also be much less stringent tax requirements, so that the so-called "income tax dodger" would thus be doubly feathering his nest.

The Room Trader.

OUT OF THE EARTH

GIVING ADVICE ON ALL THE LEADING MARKETS

The stock market has a very different ring these days from that of December. At that time there was a great deal of buying that was encouraged by bull activities was on the theory that business would be improving and that the only thing necessary to do to make large profits was to buy stocks and wait. Oftentimes people in buying stocks have forgotten that prices cannot continue to move up with the spring, just as the ice man does in the winter.

In the first place, a year ago our railroads were seemingly anxious to spend all they could to show as deplorable net earnings as possible in order to encourage favorable legislation. Toward the end of the year, in most cases, they had to cut expenses to the bone in order to make any showing of earnings as would encourage their security holders. Especially was this necessary where new matters.

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The Room Trader.
The copper trade has lost some of its enthusiasm, as consumers did not feel inclined to follow up the recently advancing prices with new orders. Meanwhile plans for reopening mines here and there are being announced, and this means, of course, considerable additions to the supplies sooner or later.

Unfavorable conditions still abound in the steel trade, which, it seems to me, has a long road to travel before its final "readjustment" to normal.

The ROUÉ DREAMS

AFTER BROWNING ON SWINBURNE

IF I were a wealthy farmer,
And you were a farmette,
Maud Muller would seem no charmer,
But merely a false alarmer.
Of you none would say I'll harm her,
For you'd be my one best bet;
If I were a wealthy farmer,
And you were a farmette.

If I were a film director
And you were a movie star,
I'd place you in pleasant sector,
With no one around to Hector.
No troublesome screen inspector,
Nor bankrupt my golden hopper
And leave me without a cent;
If you were a tired shopper,
And I were a kindly gent.

LOVE is a happy expedient whereby we shift our burdens to the innocent shoulders of posterity.

A PREMIÈRE ON BROADWAY

THE CRITICS—A youth who was a baseball reporter last summer:
A Levantine who gained fame by giving Sarah Bernhardt the raspberry twenty-one years before; a young man who distinguished himself by being the stupidest member of his class in dear ol' Harv., which is a greater distinction than one might think; a former wall-ad

THE CLAQUE—A wholesale underwear merchant from Bleeker street who has loaned $3,000 on the production at twenty per cent interest; a damosel from Central Park West who was once a cloy model; forty-three actors who attempted to get the leading role in the drama; fifty-six actresses who ditto; the youthful son of the star who ran up from college to be on hand.

THE COGNOSCENT—Nine hundred and forty-six persons incapable of putting sums varying from $8.80 to $3.30 to proper uses.

THE CYNETS—The house treasurer; the man in the fly-gallery; the house fireman; the cute little tyke who ushers on the left side of the second balcony; the Corkonian daughter of Irish kings who swells out the auditorium after the evidence is in and the jury is out.

THE CORPUS DELICTI—The author!

AN EMPTY RETORT

"SAY, old man, can you—"
"Not a drop."

THE ISLAND

A TALE OF A WONDERFUL ADVENTURE

THE moonlight drowned sea and sky in silvery sheen of splendor.
The yacht heeled to a faint breeze that brought odors of Alage. Below, someone was playing on a violin, and the haunting strains penetrated the shadows cast by the smokestack and brought the man and the woman closer together.

"You feel it, too—the music, the lure of it. Let us go—together. The stars and the waves sing to us—urge us. Now is the time."
He whispered the world-old argument.

"Where can we go—here—in the South Sea?" She laughed softly, indulgently.

"Anywhere—here—hundreds of blessed isles—little Edens of delight!"
"Without a motor car—or a decent hat shop!" She shivered mockingly.

"You are not as frivolous as you pretend to be," he objected. She smiled.

"Will you come?"

"When?"

"Now!"

"How absurd!"

"There is a lifeboat here, ready to lower away. Everyone is busy; we can get away easily."

The madness of the moment seized her. She lifted her face to his with sudden abandon.

"I will go! Now!" she whispered.

He was a man of action. "Get in," he said tersely, pulling back the sail that covered the boat. He tossed his cigarette over the rail. It formed a parabola of crimson and fell into a forgotten bucket of oily waste behind a coil of rope. There was a smudge of black smoke—a few minutes later a burst of flame, a bellow of alarm, and for a while fear was rampant. In the midst of the running to and fro, the man lowered the lifeboat, and presently they were moving away from the yacht.

Through the long hours he scanned the eastern sky while the hours dragged. The heat had been terrific; they sat inert under the awning they had rigged over one end. The woman crouched down with her face hidden in her hands, her unbound hair falling like a veil about her. The man regarded her sullenly. He had risked everything for her sake, and now he hinted at her. But when she lifted her wide blue eyes and smiled faintly, he forgot his hate.

"Is there any chance?" she asked.

"Hundreds of them. We shall drift upon a coral island before morning. I am afraid the yacht—has gone."

"Don't!" she whispered, and hid her face once more.

He gnawed his parched lips.

"What are you thinking of?"

"The yacht—the others—of him?"

"Why dwell upon it?"

"It is terrible—our fault."

She shivered in the hot sun.

"The blame was mine—but it was an accident."

"I know—I know!"

She drew a wrap about her, and the sun twinkled on the narrow wedding ring she wore. There were other rings—costly gems—but this heavily carved symbol always seemed larger than any of the others—to the man.

To the woman it had grown to be a symbol of her bondage. Now that she had broken the bonds so carelessly, she might have tossed the ring overboard.

But she did not.

There was nothing to eat and not a drop of water to drink, save a small supply he had found in the boat. At dawn of the next day, when the boat's keel grounded on a sandy beach, he scarcely glanced at the woman crouched uncomfortably in the bow. He ran ashore and searched for food and water; and after a while he came back, refreshed with fruit, and found her twisting up her fair hair.

"You look fagged," he said bluntly.

"Thanks," she snapped at him.

"Here is something to eat—fruit. It is refreshing. Perhaps I can find something else?"

She shrugged indifferently. "It is too bad that you didn't bring any clothes."

He scowled at his lady fair. He wondered what his valet would do with his things. There were dozens of scarves that he had never worn... and the hot-weather clothes... Rotely was a jewel of a servant—he sighed because he never expected to find another valet as efficient.

She thought he was sighing because of her cruelty, and she began to suspect that he was a fool; her husband was one of the most influential men in the business world... men bowed to his judgment. She was suddenly obsessed by a great fear that she might never see him again. She slipped off her bright silk petticoat and tied it to a palm at the water's edge.

"He may plan to spend the rest of his days here—but I shall try to escape," she muttered as she returned to the boat.

She saw the man disappearing toward the jungle, dragging a dead sapling after him. Afterward she saw him climbing a small hill on the farther side.

"The yacht must be somewhere. He would not go away and leave us—me."

She was so sure of his love for her that she played with it ruthlessly. Now she should have gone down on her knees and begged for a glimpse of his rugged face.

A few hours passed, and the man did not come back. She forgot to watch the sea for sign of a sail, and she drowsed a while on the hand.

Foresight

More than forty years ago, when the telephone was still in its experimental stage, with but a few wires strung around Boston, the men back of the undertaking foresaw a universal system of communication that would have its influence upon all phases of our social and commercial life.

They had a plan of organization capable of expansion to meet the growth they foresaw; and their wisdom is borne out by the fact that that plan which they established when telephones were numbered by dozens is efficient now when telephones are numbered by millions.

This foresight has advanced the scientific development of the art of telephony to the multiplied public requirements. It has provided for funds essential to the construction of plant; for the purchase of the best materials on the most advantageous terms; for the training of employees to insure skilled operators; for the extension of service in anticipation of growth, with the purpose that no need which can be foreseen and met will find the Bell System unprepared.

The foresight of the early pioneers has been developed into a science during the years which have elapsed, so that the planning of future operations has become a function of the Bell System. This is why the people of the United States have the most efficient and most economical telephone service in the world.
Where Three Worlds Meet

The men and women of three worlds meet in the lobbies of the Lenox and the Brunswick - the Business World, the Professional World and the World of Society.

The Lenox - always a cordial host to a distinguished company of guests.
The Brunswick - always the high place of Boston's fashionable night-life.

Close to the Back Bay stations, near the theatres, neighbors with fine shops - two hotels that share the traditions with which the Seven Arts have endowed the "Most Beautiful Square in America"

The Lenox
Boynton St. at Easter

Boston

The Brunswick
Boynton St. at Chestnut

TO MANAGERS OF HOTELS AND RESORTS

That TOWN TOPICS

is one of the very best mediums in the country for hotel advertising has been demonstrated beyond a doubt by the continued patronage of its advertising columns year after year by the most select and fashionable resorts of the country. No paper, whatever its character, reaches so many wealthy, fashionable and traveled people as does TOWN TOPICS.

You, perhaps, cannot afford to advertise in ALL of the daily newspapers to get the select few from each city, but an advertisement in TOWN TOPICS will accomplish the same purpose, and at a small fraction of the cost.
NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 23, 1922

MRS. IRENE CASTLE announces Her Personal Appearance

THE Knickerbocker Grill
Forty-Second Street at Broadway
Where She Will Dance Nightly at Supper

JOSEPH L. FAMM

Mollie O'Hara
Importer and Designer
546 FIFTH AVENUE
Jaeckel Building
DISTINCTIVE "CLOTHES" FOR ALL OCCASIONS

Buck-Neiss
Millinery
6-8 W. 57th St., NEW YORK
Hats, Wraps, Furs, Novelties

FOR CLUB, BANQUET AND HOLIDAY HEADACHES
TAKE
BROMO-SELTZER
SOLD EVERYWHERE

MRS. MARTINA DOWNING
INDIVIDUALITY IN WEARING APPAREL FOR YOUNG PEOPLE
22 EAST 65TH STREET
CORNER OF MADISON AVENUE
NEW YORK

O'SULLIVAN INC.
GOWNS, SUITS, WRAPS AND FURS
17 EAST 54TH STREET
Formerly at 3 East 53rd St.

BERGDORF GOODMAN
616 FIFTH AVENUE
Impostors and Originators of Exclusively Clothes

Where 45th St. crosses 5th Ave.
CLOTH COATS—SPORTS WEAR

JA RECEKES & SONS INC.
One Family Management Since 1863

49 E. 57TH ST.
Gowns-Suits-Wraps-Millinery

JACOB RUPPERT'S
KNICKERBOCKER BREWS
AMUSEMENTS

B. F. KEITH'S PALACE
PRE-EMINENT INTERNATIONAL ENTERTAINMENT
ALL-STAR PROGRAMME
FRI. & SAT.

GET TOGETHER at HIPPODROME
PAGES CUT INTO TWO

BELASCO
WEST 44TH ST.

LENORE ULRIC
as KIKI
A Character Study by ANDRE PICARD

NEW AMSTERDAM ROOF
NEW ZIEGFELD
MIDNIGHT FROLIC
GREATLY REDUCED PRICES

The Musical Comedy Sensation
“GOOD MORNING DEARIE”
GLOBE
EVENINGS AT 8:30
MATINEES WED. & SAT.

COHAN
ED. WYNN
“THE PERFECT FOOL”
HIS NEW MUSICAL RIOT

CENTRAL THEATRE
BROADWAY AND 47TH ST.
DAILY
CARL LAEMMLE PRESENTS

“FOOLISH WIVES”
BY AND WITH VON STROHEIM
A GIANTIC AND COLOSSAL STAGING OF
LOVE AND ROMANCE AT MONTE CARLO

PRINCESS THEATRE
W. 46TH STREET

NORMAN TREVOR
as the Primitive Lover in
A Colorful Melodrama of the Orient, by WILTON COLLISON

DESERT SANDS
with EDMOND LOWE
VIRGINIA HAMMOND—ANZONETTA LLOYD

If you cater to the people of wealth, the exclusive and discriminating, you can reach this class of people through the advertising columns of TOWN TOPICS.

You buy quality circulation at very low cost in Town Topics—as you reach a one hundred per cent. audience and pay for no waste circulation. How large a percentage of the readers of the average daily paper in each hotel could afford to stay at your hotel—should your appropriation permit of your advertising in the leading paper in each and every city of the United States? Do you realize that you can reach the leaders of society—in every town and hamlet all over America—through an announcement in their favorite paper—TOWN TOPICS?
TOWN TOPICS

EVEN DAY THURSDAY

ZINN GOULD, Managing Editor

Published by the TOWN TOPICS PUBLISHING CO., E. MANN-VINNE, President: W. L. Daniels, Secretary and Treasurer: 2 West 45th Street, New York City.

Entered as Second-Class Matter, August 18, 1885, at the Post Office, at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, TOWN TOPICS PUBLISHING Co., 1922. Title registered as a Trade Mark.

Copyright

It seemed such a wonderful idea to Helen that she went to see a well-known Broadway producer of musical plays for his advice, and upon that advice told George all about her plans one night while out driving with him in his car. The result was that the next day George, who was engaged in a business of his own with hand-me-downs and whose father had plenty of money, enough to see that Princeton said son George was a great lawyer, went to his beautiful offices on Fifth avenue, took a book off the shelf, dusted it and read how to incorporate a company to produce musical plays, how and where to buy a pretty seal that looks official, can be carried in the pocket and used to sign chorus girls’ contracts with your own name and still not be personally responsible, and other information, all of which his LL.D certificate from Princeton assured him he knew about.

Well, the Broadway producer said everything was more than lovely, took George’s cheque and opened offices on Broadway and got busy telling the press that Society had invaded the Sacred Street with a wonderful musical comedy written by a beautiful society lady who looks as young as she is, but is still enjoying the rehearsals as much as ever.

ONE must admit, then, that what was written under Helen’s picture was shocking. It is said that a certain young matron caused to be sent out from one of the largest news photo services some time ago her photograph with a very clever caption, written by, I suppose, the same person who writes most of what goes out under her name. It said in part:

There is no equal to the sharp wit of a woman, says an ancient philosopher, and it has been so ever since the world began. Although one cannot judge the intelligence of women with that of men, we do know that many women have inspired and helped men to success, no matter how rich he or she was. Especially so this woman, who is not only noted in fashionable society, but very talented, having won fame and favor in the world of literature and art. The world does not always produce Marie Antoinettes, the selfish kind. We are guided by the actual work wrought by this celebrated woman who makes the female of the species an honor to posterity, in her class. And so we might go on and on and tell how the matron admits to the world that she’s somebody, even though it is said that this “quoted” fame is the brains of, well—what we might say a secretary.

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TOWN TOPICS

That doors of a fashionable and much-discussed wedding which recently took place somewhere south of the Mason and Dixon Line have not yet died away, and from the aftermath of gossip the quid-nuncs have culled a succinct bit that adds to the interest of the event. According to the "succinct bit," the groom was, until a short time before the announcement of the engagement, undecided whether, after all, he should bestow his name upon the wealthy divorcée and upon another woman whose purse is as lean as the pocketbook of her successful rival is fat. The former, I am told, had been wooed by the man until the discovery of an engagement, the suddenness of which had been preceded by no announcement that had ever been made. Believing that her wedding day would eventually arrive, however, the young woman, whose family and social antecedents were by no means obscure, but in fact quite the reverse, having prepared the means to patronize fashionable couturiers, she spent all her spare time with needle and thread in hand, "building," as they say among the mannequin makers, her own wedding confections.

Then, according to the gossips, her dream was rudely shattered one day when she received a letter from her admirer in which he is said to have informed her that it was better they did not tread together the rosy path of matrimony. Being of a sensitive nature and not intended to play a leading part in a controversy of blighted hopes, that would most probably become public property, the discarded sweetheart quietly accepted the condition, bearing up bravely under the blow and dispensing her real feelings to those friends who knew of her love. As the woman of the moment, everyone is entitled to the man to the other woman, and followed quickly their marriage, with all its attendant display of pomp and fashion and enhanced by the glittering power of wealth. While the bride and groom are away on a visit to the land of roses and sunshine, the woman who loved and lost is visiting quietly with friends, endeavoring to forget the shattered romance.

One—Why are the girls wearing these flapping galoshes?
Two—Because people had stopped noticing their short skirts.

From St. Moritz comes a little conte that may account for Mrs. Asquith's characteristically caustic query, "Who are the Astors? I never heard of them," the tale would have us wonder. I note a page of time and recall that Margot's sister, Charlotte Tennant, was once Lady Ribblesdale, but dead these many years, her place having been taken, as we know, not so long ago by our own Mrs. John Jacob Astor. I add, that Murp without a thought, and the lady who married Astor never developed a cordial friendship; in fact, that the former Miss Willing never more than tolerated upon the terms of mere acquaintance the biting "Dodo," whose animadversions upon all things she desired her to forget coterie of Astor.

When, however, the leader of "The Souls" was forced to listen to the caustic voices of numerous irate tradesmen, the story goes, and found a journey to the land of milk and honey immediately imperative, if she was to win the hand in the hands of the half-bull, it was informed to her by Lady Ribblesdale that the then lady had at hand a tentative introduction to New York's most prominent families. The Vanderbilts were easy prey; she had met some of them in London—and those whom she had met were only too well qualified one of their number as Reverend Harry Darlington is, and, when he thought himself un-worse whose problem with which the churches have to grapple in these days of automobile and country-club Sundays, is how to keep their young people interested and the call of just such a irresistible, Win most ardently, and an engagement existed between them, although no announcement had ever been made. Believing that her wedding day would eventually arrive, however, the young woman, whose family and social antecedents were by no means obscure, but in fact quite the reverse, having prepared the means to patronize fashionable couturiers, she spent all her spare time with needle and thread in hand, "building," as they say among the mannequin makers, her own wedding confections.

Those astigmatic persons in society who persist in accepting at their face value the casually disclosed in questionable patents of nobility will find food for thought in an amiable and candid drama, recently prepared by Mr. and Mrs. Asquith. The lady, an American, has at times rendered herself conspicuous by her haste—well meant, to be sure—in extending hospitality to individuals with questionable connections she was not fully informed and her experience will, I trust, make her twice as good a guest in the future. One is informed that Lady Ribblesdale should prepare the missing cuff-link in person, her kin on this side of the water and, for one of the few times in her career, to become a cropper. I am informed that Lady Ribblesdale turned a deaf ear to the soft pleadings of Margot and that she was fully upheld by her husband. If the tale be true, and every reason to believe it is, there is no need to seek further for the cause of the now almost historic question: "Who are the Astors?"

Mr. and Mrs. Edward R. Stettinius, who have been house-hunting down on Long Island for more than a year, in quest of a country home, still to keep their town residence in Park avenue, have at last the satisfaction of lighting upon good ground even with commodious and up-to-date mansion in the fashionable Locust Valley section. The place is in every way so promising and suited to their wants that it will no doubt enable them in large measure to forget "Stettinius's Folly," the big Virginia Colonial villa Mr. Stettinius built at 111 East Sixty-Seven avenue, before she knew the ultra-smart ropes of this great metropol. Mrs. Stettinius, who is as hipped over the White Sulphur as Mrs. Orne Wilson is, seems to have been doing most of her entertaining of late in the station W. Old Wives' Cave, after St. Mark's, where she entertained for a former Virginiaian; but from now on, with an added Long Island estate, an attractive daughter (Miss Betty) to charm, and ample wealth, Mrs. Stettinius should fall more distinctly into line as one of the New York's most entertaining hostesses, for society needs those of the right qualifications as never before, with so many being obliged to curtail or drop back, and a whole horde of crude-oil aspirants shuffling to forge to the front.

On Ash Wednesday Reverend Henry V. B. Darlington, who is now with Mrs. Darlington at Palm Beach, will enter upon his duties as rector of the Church of the Heavenly Rest, succeeding Suffragan William S. Shattuck. Mr. and Mrs. Darlington are early in their thirties, the whole of their married life having been spent on Long Island, a year before the announcement of the engagement, undecided whether, after all, he should bestow his name upon the wealthy divorcée and upon another woman whose purse is as lean as the pocketbook of her successful rival is fat. The former, I am told, had been wooed by the man until the discovery of an engagement, the suddenness of which had been preceded by no announcement that had ever been made. Believing that her wedding day would eventually arrive, however, the young woman, whose family and social antecedents were by no means obscure, but in fact quite the reverse, having prepared the means to patronize fashionable couturiers, she spent all her spare time with needle and thread in hand, "building," as they say among the mannequin makers, her own wedding confections.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert D. Douglas of Llewelyn Park, West Orange. He is a graduate not only of Columbia University, but of the General Theological Seminary. The problem with which the churches have to grapple in these days of automobile and country-club Sundays, is how to keep their young people interested and the call of just such a charming benefactress that the man planned an assault.

Of course it is unkind of the gossips to say that the elder Mrs. Laccaci was somewhat more than pleased at Paul Thayer Iaccaci's recent marriage to the former Mrs. Christian de Gaume, but they point out that the fancifully dressed dowager, who still adheres to clinking ear checker when, to the extreme annoyance of the Count, a maid brake behind It, the eagle-eyed maid speedly brought to light the missing jewel, which proved to be worth nearer thirty cents than three dollars. Naturally the curtain fell then and there, with the crestfallen nobleman making an unceremonious exit. The story has spread throughout Mayfair and in consequence the Count finds himself ostracized by many of his former friends. Recently the lady ended the gentleman's acquaintance with a社交 sponsor for an unsuspecting patron, but all his efforts in this line fell flat. Unless he abandons his shoddy schemes forthwith and turns his hand to honest labor—I suggest he obtain a berth as stocker upon an Atlantic liner and working his way back at the same time, he will not publish his name and his entire record in the field of unscrupulous endeavor.
which, however, is not the only reason for her popularity with the diplomatic circles in Washington. It is no secret that financial reverses induced Mrs. Shelton to take up bridge work, speaking dentally, with the object of raising a honest penny; but, after all, is it any less pleasant a way than taking up trade (as a lark, you know) and endeavoring to remove its sordid sound by association with high-sounding names?

Out of sight, out of mind. One would think that Marshall Field, 3d, should have more respect for his only brother's memory than to permit the eternal rehashing of Henry's salad-day indiscretion with Peggy Marsh. Every little while the scandal seems to spring up overnight, like Jonah's gourd. Marshall Field, 3d, scotsches, not kills, the scandal by offering a $4,000 annuity during, not the life of Henry Field's son, nor of his mother, but of that of Marshall Field, 3d, a cool proposition that Edward Dunne, former Governor of Illinois, Peggy Marsh's lawyer, laughs to scorn. The proviso accompanying the bequest, which the law is to be offered, is that he shall reside in New York, and live in Europe or far, far away in the West, while dictated by Marshall's lawyer, is redolent of Evelyn Marshall Field, varium et mutable semper femina. Peggy rejected the Field offer. If she hadn't, ex-Governor Dunne might have spanked her.

First Climber—How we develop, don't we? Second Climber—Well, I should say so! I used to marry men that I wouldn't invite to dinner now!

THERE was as much amusement at the Ball of the Fine Arts at the Astor last Thursday night as one was wont to find in a Hoyt comedy of two decades ago, for the assemblage was a mixed one in every sense of that abused word. All the fringe of society was there, belles in pantaloons and adventurers in both sexes and a few, very few, social luminaries. Among the latter was Mrs. Nicholas Longworth, who came on from Washington for the event and was in tow of Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, but the former Alice Roosevelt was by no means as sprightly as in the days of yore. However, if the ball lacked the social distinction of its predecessors it was hot with spice, and as for hip-flasks I believe that every man carried a pair with envious eyes—whether envious of Mrs. Hoyt's attire or the blond's company I know not.

It was late after midnight when the "stunts" were shown, with the crowd impatiently anxious to learn the identity of the "real society" woman who was to make her entrance on an elephant and do an exotic dance. The elephant was of the familiar stage type, and the dancer, spectaculately undressed, had been so regardless of Mr. Volstead's admonitions that she almost ended her gyrations in the moving-picture cameras. I noticed among the first to seek the light (spot) were Mrs. Lydig Hoyt, who wore a stunning Russian garb, and Sumner Gerard, as a clown. Subsequently I beheld Mrs. Hoyt, who was garbed as a Pierrot, officiated at the "old-fashioned bar," and while he did not dispense anything with a "stick" in it I suspect that his voluminous silk trousers were not entirely innocent. Mrs. Gifford Clarke, who was "ordered" from the floor, carried a whole case, but they were beautiful blooms, so beautiful that they moved one jealous matron to slurringly assert that she resembled the "last rose of summer."

There was a mad dash for the photographer's room when it was announced that only the handomest people were desired to pose before the moving-picture cameras. I noticed among the first to seek the light (spot) were Mrs. Lydig Hoyt, who wore a stunning Russian garb, and Sumner Gerard, as a clown. Subsequently I beheld Mrs. Hoyt, who was garbed as a Pierrot, officiated at the "old-fashioned bar," and while he did not dispense anything with a "stick" in it I suspect that his voluminous silk trousers were not entirely innocent. Mrs. Gifford Clarke, who was "ordered" from the floor, carried a whole case, but they were beautiful blooms, so beautiful that they moved one jealous matron to slurringly assert that she resembled the "last rose of summer."

When I predicted three months ago that Robert A. Fairbairn would resign from the presidency of the National Horse Show to take a similar post of honor with the International Live Stock Exposition of Chicago, I scarcely expected the wholesale and eminently desirable revolutions which have taken place, though I did point out that on July 4th Mr. Fairbairn would be the most eligible candidate for the prize of their choice. I am informed, however, that he did omit several aspirants whose wirepulling to obtain the coveted cards was most distasteful to him.

TOWN TOPICS 5

CLUB ROYAL

FRIDAY, SUNDAY, THURSDAY

The Most Exclusive Residences for

the Smart New Yorker and His Friends.

LUNCHEON DINNER

Michael R. Sottile

The Owen Robertses; of New York, who cut quite a wide swath in Washington last winter, have betaken themselves and their goods and chattels to China and intend to establish a permanent home there. Everyone wondered last season as to what might be the raison d'etre of their brief sojourn in the Capital City, where they rented Mrs. Williams's big house out on Massachusetts avenue, now occupied by Count Széchényi and his household and entertained very largely. The season was a noisy one in the Astor House. It was a really notable event, and Mr. Vanderbilt was generous to all inquiring friends that they will return frequently to the land of their birth, but intend to make Pekin their headquarters. At one time Mrs. Roberts endeavored to reach the inner circles of Fifth avenue via Southampton, and having rented a gorgeous mansion in the popular Long Island resort, the Robertses were, I am told, left in splendid isolation. No doubt the "Open Doors" will prove more hospitable in China.
that board without the genial and efficient Johnnie will never be the
same, and they have been replaced by W. Russell Grace, who is
breeding polo ponies and taking great interest in hunting and horse
things generally, and James G. Marshall, the well-known saddle judge
and saddle-horse authority for many years past. So, taking it all
around, the great old Hastings of 1922 is far from dead and the
numerous improvements in the armor of Squadron A will go on
pace.

Of course every hunting man knows the immense importance of
the Masters of Foxhounds Association to the time-honored sport, and
the recent annual meeting of that body unexpectedly ratted a num-
ber of family skeletons one scarcely expected to see brought forth.
For instance, President A. Henry Higginson felt it necessary to warn
his brother Masters against the prevailing market in foxes to re-
plish the individual covetous without first making quite certain that
said foxes offered for sale had not been poached from some other
Master's preserves. And, as that Master has not the necessity of such
a bountiful supply of animals as was not sufficient, it was also suggested
that in future no hound should be bought until it had been definitely
settled that it had not been stolen from a member of the Association. It goes
without saying that no member would knowingly transgress either of
these judgments, but that there has been a lot of careless, inexcusably
careless, transactions in these matters in the immediate past is proved
by such resolutions being brought forward. And in sport, true sport,
the line of least resistance is not always the one to be followed.

An interesting feature of the dinner given later by John McC. Bow-
man, Master of the Westchester and Fairfield County Hunt, was that
the large table, accommodating over fifty guests, was centered by a
miniature representation of a beautiful hunting country, with hedges,
stone walls, water jumps, riders, horses and hounds in full cry and,
of course, the guests were all in club uniform, from the green and yellow of the Westchester, to the scarlet of the Merrylands, to the scarlet and yellow of the time-honored West-
wine, that for more than a quarter of a century has taken valuable
drafts from the famed Badminton kennels of Great Britain, and so
contains much of the hound blood in the United States today.

He—Shall we talk or dance?
She—Oh, I'm so tired. Let's dance.

Although the most successful Westminster Kennel Club show in
its history, there were so many pungent complaints about field dogs
and others being housed in the basement—owing to an overcrowing
entry and the generally foolish rulings of the Fire Department—that it
is almost certain Madison Square Garden has seen its last West-
minster exhibition. There was also very considerable dissatisfaction
with the judging, culminating in the strange spectacle of a lady, Miss
M. S. Stovell, of Philadelphia, bursting into tears when given the
championship in dogs, declaring her dog had no right to win, and
that her bitch, Lassie, should have won. There was also a strong
dealer atmosphere in both Pekingese and Pomeranian divisions,
and one wondered if that accounted for the absence of such influential
early supporters as Mrs. Paul Sorth, Mrs. Frederick Vanderbilt, Mrs.
B. W. Smith and Mrs. E. C. Wells, from the exhibiting ranks. Apparemtly some of the judges were not
versed in the mysteries of the uses of chalk and other powders to
intensiyfie texture of coat in a broken-haired terrier, or in the brush-
ing of a hairless dog, to remove or clarify bony, or unmolded, "trimming,"
for seldom indeed have the fakers flourished to such an extent as was the case last week. Perhaps the most amusing feature
was when the judge of a certain division audibly remarked "I don't wish
to upset the public mind," and then proceeded to bestow the champi-
on for a dog that was defeated in a former class of entirely different
color. These are only a few items, but if the Westminster is to
prosper as it has done, and as it should do, such things must not be
permitted to happen a second time.

Not one, probably, of the De Lamater-Ericsson Commemoration
Committee, which is making elaborate preparations for the sixtieth
anniversary on March 9th of the battle between the Monarch of
Hampton Roads, Va., is aware that the eldest son of the Confederate Captain Catesby ap Roger Jones, who was
temporarily in command of the Merrimac at the time of the en-
counter, Dr. Catesby ap Catesby Jones, is living in this city. The
Catesbys have been among our oldest families here, and it will be
of especial interest, to the extent of the use of "ap," meaning "son of," in the family tree
impiies, have always taken precedence above all other Josendes in the South, the family now being mainly distributed between Selma,
Ala., and Crawford Va. Dr. Catesby ap Catesby Jones of this city, who has been well known for years in certain exclusive
circles, has in his possession the sword of his grandfather, Captain
Roger ap Catesby Jones of Virginia. The constantly Winfield
Jones, the judge of his defense in the case of the San Francisco,
was an uncle of Dr. Catesby Jones. The De Lamats, from whom the De Lamart Iron Works took its name, were an
old Chelsea Square family of Huguenot forebears of the era of
Bishop Clement C. Moore and Don Alfonso Cushman.

Mrs. John N. Willys, who arrived at Palm Beach in her private
car with a party of friends has been entertaining in a quiet way,
but at the Everglades Club, last week, the large dinner she gave
in honor of Dr. and Mrs. Preston Pope Satterwhite greatly exceeded in
every way all the preceding fetes.

John C. Bell, who, naturally, could not permit the winter season
to pass without a visit to Palm Beach, appears to be as great friends
with the Stotesburies as ever, despite the little episode in which a
man of the First Water matrons was said to have been left out of
parts not so long ago. Also, Mrs. Stotesbury's friendship with Mrs.
Grahame-White is as pronounced and as much a matter of talk as it
was last winter, when no function at El Mirasol was considered com-
plete without that lady and the former Ethel de Lamater. This Which
recalls to mind the fact that some years ago (possibly more than the
one-time Mrs. George Cohan would care to remember) it was she
who helped popularize that favorite vaudeville song, "After the Ball." Time does fly.

Although Mrs. Stotesbury has smiled approvingly upon the wife
of the aviator she has not yet become friendly with Mrs. Charles
Dillingham, who, to all appearances, has to be content with Florence
Ziegfeld as a cavalier except on the rarest occasions. The quidnuncs
are saying that Mrs. Dillingham's rather duteous sun is far is due to
the fact that a certain very rich gentleman, whose name is one to
conjure with in the social world, has not yet arrived at the resort.
Others assure that his arrival would not add to the lady's enjoy-
ment, as now they hardly speak as they pass by.

By the time this appears in print the Joseph Widener will most
likely have arrived, and their advent is expected to inject the much-
suffered-from social atmosphere of Palm Beach with a very effervescent
talent, and they have planned a program of continnal entertainment. Several of
Mrs. Widener's friends are wondering if Arthington Gilpin will be
included in the party, because since Margaret Dunlap became Mrs.
Stotesbury, John, Mrs. C. S. Gilpin et al., have been
from the ineffaceable Mrs. Joe. Other gossips, whose tongues are
not so characterly inclined, assert that it is Mrs. Widener who has
appropriated the bashful Arthington. However, that gentleman's
presence at Palm Beach would probably be a welcome addition from
the standpoint of male pulchritude, whether he comes in the train of
Mrs. Joe or not.

With the advance guard snugly ensconced and the main army of
sun seekers well on their way, Palm Beach is beginning to assume its
midseason appearance. The latest at the Royal Poinciana are the Howard C. Brokaws, who are there with a month as the
declared length of their stay.

Mrs. James Corrigan has most carefully packed all her new frocks
away in her steamer trunks and started for England, where, I am
told, she hopes to arrive before the date set for Princess Mary's wed-
ding. But it is possible that the vessel which is carrying this inter-
resting and charming young woman and which may be delayed by the
winty weather, and that her arrival may not take place until the
last echo of the royal fanfare that greets the entrance of the Princess
into Westminster Abbey has long since died away. Let us hope that
Mrs. Corrigan will be as merry as ever she was, in her forward move to express to Miss
Corrigan's failure to attend the semi-royal nuptials, as such a mishap
might induce the lady to remain in London until the newly married
pair return from their honeymoon in Italy, when they may extend to
them, in behalf of America, the best wishes of the smart set.

The much-heralded and long-awaited "Cannon Ball" is at last imminent,
and, considering the imposing array of names on both the com-
mittees' and patronesses' lists, not to mention the formidable group of
debs composing the "firing squad," Saturday night's event at the
Lorraine should attain the proportions of a major engagement.

Queen Marie of Roumania has expressed her royal pleasure over
the fête which will be held at the Plaza on March 10th in aid of the
Lorraine Committee. The fête is to include a fashion show as one of the features. Claudia Muzio, of the Metropolitan
forces, will give a recital, and other prominent actors will assist.
Queen Marie is chief patron, with Princess Bibesco as Honorary
Huntington. Mrs. Stotesbury as Grand Matron and a much-coveted chairmanship, while
other patronesses include Mrs. Noble McConnell, Mrs. T. Tileston
Wells and Mrs. Edward McVickar. Tickets are on sale at the Plaza.

The Newport colony, Union Club and Ninth Coast Artillery were
amply represented at the largely attended funeral of Robert Sedgwick
at the Church of the Incarnation. The specially delegated ushers
were Messrs. T. J. Oakley Rhinelander, Walter L. Suydam and Lieutenant
W. S. P. Penfield, who were the first members of the Newport
Committee, which was formed last winter, when no function at El
Mirasol was considered complete without that lady and the former Ethel de Lamater. This Which
recalls to mind the fact that some years ago (possibly more than the
one-time Mrs. George Cohan would care to remember) it was she
who helped popularize that favorite vaudeville song, "After the Ball." Time does fly.
coals to Newcastle by dialing on the rather famous Stockbridge Mass., clan of judicial and literary Sedgwicks of which the deceased was a scion. Mrs. Robert Sedgwick, having been born a Renwick, resurrected that excellent but almost forgotten old New York name that of the deceased Henry Renwick and Robert Sedgwick, Jr., were Mr. and Mrs. Edward Brevoort Renwick, Mr. and Mrs. James A. Renwick, Henry B. Renwick and Mr. and Mrs. Grenville Kane. Emlen M. Drayton, of whom one does not hear often nowadays, was one of the delegation from the Union Club, as was John R. Suydam, another good old name dating back to Bowring Green mansion days.

Mrs. MARY BUTLER DUNCAN DANA, the wife of Paul Dana, was, until her protracted invalidism resulting in her death, an important factor in society, as her family, the Butler Duncans, always were. It was the son of a sister of Mrs. Paul Dana, Paul Phipps, of London, who married Miss Nora Langhorne, a sister of Lady Astor and Mrs. Charles Dana. The Butler Duncan house, No. 1 Fifth avenue, which she inherited from her parents and where she died, was famous in metropolitan social history for having entertained, among other celebrities, the Prince of Wales (afterward Edward VII) and his brother, the Duke of Connaught.

The Butler Duncan house at No. 1 Fifth avenue and the connecting house in Washington Mews at the back, which he built for his daughter, Mrs. Dana, have been the subject of many an amusing construction. People on the mews have long been converted into a boarding-house and, to make its approach more enticing, being styled “No. 1 Fifth avenue A,” which at times has kept the Paul Dana doorbell at No. 1 Fifth avenue overbusy, to say nothing of the fear of disposition of servants who prided themselves on functioning at a private residence of great dignity and not at a boarding-house.

WORTHINGTON WHITEHOUSE, who cut a wide swath as a cotillion leader in the days when the late Mrs. Astor and Mrs. John Jacob Astor, the present Lady Ribblesdale, held court, had gradually dropped out of things social during the past decade. Confining his business almost exclusively to Fifth avenue, Newport, Murray Hill and Lenox properties, Mr. Whitehouse was equally as fashionable and exclusive in his business as in his social relations. At times he kept the Paul Dana doorbell at No. 1 Fifth avenue overbusy, to say nothing of the fear of disposition of servants who prided themselves on functioning at a private residence of great dignity and not at a boarding-house.

With the death of Louis Keller last week there passed from the plane of New York—of almost national society, it might be said—a unique figure. Mr. Keller was half French, his mother having been Heloise Chazouvres of France before she became the wife of Louis Keller. He was a high-wire walker, a partner in the establishment of the Social Register thirty-five years ago that Mr. Keller gained considerable fame, considerable favor and considerable criticism. The idea was not his, but that of a well-known and fashionable woman who herself furnished him with the nucleus of names which for many years were supplemented sparingly in each of the few cities—New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington. The selections of those fitted to adorn its pages were most carefully made, which impressed clients as having a somewhat pompous manner, apropos of which I recall the occasion when he stepped into a Fifth avenue real estate office that had taken on its staff of clerks a rather pert young chap from up State, a born wag. Mr. Whitehouse made a most impressive exordium, ending it by remarking emphatically, “I am Mr. Worthington Whitehouse.” The clerk, not in the least dalted, answered, “Have two chairs, Mr. Whitehouse.” The Whitehouses are one of our Old Trinity families, of excellent English descent and the late William Fitz Hugh Whitehouse of this city and Newport, Worthington Whitehouse’s uncle, was a vestryman of Old Trinity. The burial took place in the family cemetery on the Worthington estate at Elmsford.

Jean Fletcher, in her engagement recently announced to Harrison Gardner Reynolds, is a replica of his grandmother. Many, I am sure, will feel that Mr. and Mrs. Paul Dana, whose daughter, Mrs. Dana, have been the subject of many an amusing stunt of this season, I believe, was Mrs. Bayard Thayer, looking distinguished and handsome, with her girls Ruth and Mabel and a party of their young people. Mrs. Nathaniel Thayer also lent her august presence. The Henry Forbes Bigelows, also of the Thayer widespread clan; the George R. Agassizes, Philip Sears, of their conspicuous box party; the Forest G. Fearing, Jr., of his own good-looking family and Mrs. Fearing in her rich fur coat and deep, red-toned toque matching the famed red gold Cochrane hair, reigned right royally. Really the great company, so closely fur-coated that, with the exception of the hats, no social splendor could be visible, made the prize smart showing of this winter.

The Claude Fanning Ayers also had a box full, as did the Amor Hollingsworths and the George Baty Blakes.

The Vanities—the older coterie, many of them not before in evidence this season, I believe, was the Paul Dana doorbell at No. 1 Fifth avenue overbusy, to say nothing of the fear of disposition of servants who prided themselves on functioning at a private residence of great dignity and not at a boarding-house.

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EXECUTIVE and his hostess to cool their heels in the latter’s ballroom. But Miss Garden will never treat Mrs. Hutchinson so rudely, for who could expect a hostess to be anything but polite.

SADLY Philadelphians are experiencing what they consider a much-needed relief from the importunities of a certain matron whose indomitable efforts to make for herself a position in society ceased not either by day or night. The lady in question is now sojourning in the Southern States, and there is no one to take her place.

Backed by several influential publications, this matron’s name is eternally in print, and the editors of papers not under her control are almost daily requested to publish items relative to committees upon which her name is found. A story is now going the rounds which ticks the ribs of everyone who understands how this publicity-ravenous female craves to see her name in print.

ONE mighty dowager who entertains extensively has instructed her secretary, when writing the list of acquaintances, to designate the social status of each name as it is read, by the appellation “assured” or “climber.” During preparations for a recent function it happened that the secretary’s voice rang out in clarion tones when it came to the name of the woman who is the subject of this screed. Without a second’s pause there followed the fateful word: “Climber.” The young lady was about to proceed with her recital of the profane litany when her mistress remarked sententiously: “Yes, she’s a climber, and put it on the list. You know, she commands several newspapers and is able to put things over.” So milady of the publications receieved an invitation and enjoyed herself thoroughly. But I am of the opinion that if the postman had not brought her a bid she would have inquired why she had not been included among the guests, as I know she has in the past when her presence has not been desired at certain social affairs.

Gusher—Parting is ever full of sorrow. Hush—But not when a lover walks away from his rivals, you know.

ANOTHER and more sensational marital wreck is expected in Roland Park very shortly, with the couple living on Boulder Lane, tales of whose gay revels were told in Town Topics just before Christmas, and at which time the lady left her house and returned to her mother’s home in Rochester, N. Y., following a violent scene that crowned a perfect avalanche of parties the wife staged, and to which her husband objected, since she included all the gayest young blades of the Country Club in her invitations. What happened at the final party has never been divulged, but milady suddenly left home, though her friends—if she has any—declare she will soon return. Now rumor has it that she will not return and that her husband is not at all averse to a divorce. Society awaits the dénouement.

EVIDENTLY the Howard Mannikhuysen Lees have been forgiven for their elopement just before Christmas. Lily Lee long ago forgave Howard, society declares, of course, “but only,” adds a sly matron, “because she has her list of in. The Howard Lees are in New York now, and Mrs. Lees is far from being a recluse. Mrs. Walter Hinder, Mary’s mother, is now visiting her wealthy brother, Charlie Heiser, in the Valley and, incidentally, looking over the prospects of the very youthful Howard Lees.

SPEAKING of the Howard Lees reminds me of the handsome manner in which the Walter Keiths have forgiven their son Walter for his elopement with the nurse who was in attendance upon Teddy Murburg. The Keiths, just before leaving for Florida, gave a stunning ball at the Mount Vernon Hotel and the son-in-law was an heirless. Mrs. Walter Hidden, Mary’s mother, is now visiting her wealthy brother, Charlie Heiser, in the Valley and, incidentally, looking over the prospects of the very youthful Howard Lees.

"JAPPY-LAND," a musical extravaganza, will be the next amateur sensation for the débutantes and their younger sisters, and will be given on March 10th. Among those who will dance in the spectacle are Marie Louise Abell, Helen and Annette Thom, Mary Louise Redwood, Carolyn Taylor, Beatrice Dohlin, Elise D’Onno and Nancy Theobald. "Jappy-land" is to be a fête on the order of the Spielkartenfest of bygone days, and will not only enlist society but all walks of life, from Highlandtown to Forest Park.

Even my charitable and obliging tendencies do not make it possible for me to call the fancy ball at the Belvedere the most brilliant event of the Baltimore season, for brilliant it hardly was, even though arranged by the gifted Mrs. W. W. Selk and her daughter, Harriet Zell, the sister. I note with little amusement how careless Miss Zell is, now that she is a Junior Leaguer, to attend only those functions representative of the League. Not nearly so many people subscribed to the ball as the patronesses hoped and, since these ladies had promised all the surplus funds to the Falls Point Free Dispensary, they are disappointed that society did not respond in greater numbers.

As that is the case, the cast at the ROME GRAND HOTEL OPEN ALL YEAR has been reduced even further, and those few who are now living in Baltimore, quite unknown to their friends. David Hawkins at one time was quite in the social eye in Baltimore, to which he came from Springfield, Mass., in company with the wealthy Billy Cochran, nephew of the Alexander Cochran who married Mrs. Pat Walska. However, Billy Cochran, after marrying one of the Baltimore belles of her day, Nina Gill, cast Dave adrift, and little has been heard socially of the latter since. Why don’t Billy and Nine remarry and take up the David Hawkinses and place them on their feet socially? It would be a graceful gesture for Billy, whose specialty in life these days is philanthropy.

THAT canny gentleman who caused all the suspense in the Tuscany Apartments last August by his attentions to a rather good-looking young matron, while the lady’s husband was totting daily as one of the officials of the telephone company, evidently is keeping up his attentions this winter, for said cavalier plowed through the snow-door, just before Christmas, and without a word of apology, he and Woodbury Blair carried into the Tuscan and carried off the lady to the Bal des Arts. The bold, bad man’s friend also was conspicuously attentive to the sister of a young French woman, now married to a former aviator and living in Baltimore. The two ladies and their lovers have been inseparable since Christmas, and, despite warnings, are keeping it up. A word to the wise may be sufficient, and I sincerely hope it will, as the town is discussing them at a furious rate.

North—I believe in every man doing just as he pleases. West—Well, I can’t agree with you. I think every man ought to marry!

THE Jack Merriams are now visitors in Washington and the former Rose Wallach is being graciously remembered by many of her friends. Mrs. Frederick H. Brooke had a few guests to dinner to meet her old-time chum—the Chandler Andersons, the Henry Spencers, the Jimmie Mitchells and Dr. John Minor. In the days when Mr. Brooke was a country lawyer, charming Rose Wallach was in a way on sufferance with the inner circle. Mr. Brooke, atten ions this winter, for said cavalier plowed through the snow-door, without a word of apology, he and Woodbury Blair carried into the Tuscany and carried off the lady to the Bal des Arts. The bold, bad man’s friend also was conspicuously attentive to the sister of a young French woman, now married to a former aviator and living in Baltimore. The two ladies and their lovers have been inseparable since Christmas, and, despite warnings, are keeping it up. A word to the wise may be sufficient, and I sincerely hope it will, as the town is discussing them at a furious rate.
It was very embarrassing, to say the least. The hostess, who prides herself on managing social events, sat back agast, when the exercise of patience had saved the situation. It is such gauche exhibitions that prompt foreigners to declare that the official hostesses of Washington are crude compared to those of other capitals.

The Victor Kauffmanns are rejoicing over the arrival of a second grandchild—the infant daughter of their son, Samuel H. Kauffmann, whose wife was Miriam Hoy, of Albany, and who is a bride of less than a year. One hears little these days of Mrs. Philip Kauffmann, who as Nancy Lady, a Cabinet débütante, blazed so brightly for a few months fifteen years ago. So fleeting is fame that the current deb's have probably never heard of her, as the Phil Kauffmanns are established in a modest apartment and cut no particular ice in the gay world. They have one child, a son, named after his grandfather, the late Franklin Lane. Mr. and Mrs. Kauffmann is certainly as enthusiastic as a girl over dances and gaieties of any kind, it is hard to picture her in the role of the old-fashioned grandmother.

Mrs. Sherman McCallum is the name by which her friends now know the former Mary Sherman, adopted daughter of the late John Sherman. Mary's matrimonial venture terminated some years ago in the divorce court, and she kept both children and all the large fortune bequeathed her by her husband, to hear all. Mrs. McCallum is very proud of the lovely young Spanish bride whom her son, John Sherman McCallum, brought home, and has lately been out to Mansfield to introduce this important new member of the family to the large circle of kindred established there. Daughter Cissie was in the wedding party, but she did not seem to relish it. After spending a year or so in China, young McCallum was returning home by way of Europe, when he stopped off at Madrid and contracted a most brilliant marriage. Mrs. McCallum and Cecilia take but small interest in Washington affairs, and not even the recent Disarmament Conference inspired them to exert themselves. Mrs. Arthur Lee and her daughter, Ellen Bruce Lee, are others who lag behind and seem too indifferent even to reply to invitations received from the most exalted circles. Mrs. Lee's social sphere is so restricted that she seems the lady who has just as little as the lady who has not at all affected by the vagaries of Katherine Hitt, her only daughter. Ellen Bruce Lee is exceedingly conservative, and as one of the intellectuals she frequently avows her preference for places than those which attract Katherine Elkins Hitt. The McCallums and Lees keep up their intimacy, but all the others of that once closely knit set have flown off at divergent tangents and barely nod when they meet. I never saw a golden bow that which was passed between Mrs. Lee and Mrs. Charles Bromwell at a concert recently.

Nipp—Guzzler isn't very communicative, is he? I can't seem to draw him out.

Tuck—Have you tried a corkscrew?

Some recent social affairs in Washington have been on a grand scale, and the luncheon at the New Willard on Thursday of last week, given by Mrs. Thomas Dunn, wife of the Representative from Rochester, was presumably the guest of honor, but she was swamped by many rivals, notably the versatile Madame Grouith, of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes, the solemn-looking Madame Peter, of Switzerland, and the voluble Mrs. Joseph France, who always holds a conference when she meets two or three whom she can fasten with her eye. Mrs. Dunn appears fatigued and no doubt she felt grateful for the relief these matrons very willingly afforded. Mrs. Dunn paid her guests the double compliment of having them all at her long table, so that many were separated from those whom they wished to meet intimately. Wives of senators have the opportunity to converse with the Vice-President and Mrs. Coolidge at the numerous reunions of the Senate, and the lady of the house of the lady of the house, as one hears from the talk of Ministers, one would dearly love to hear a few words from the lips of the Second Lady of the land. But Mrs. Dunn permitted no such opportunity, and there was much dissatisfaction among these ladies as a consequence. The poets have been more removed had they been attending church socials in their own city.

It is an active social chronicler indeed who can keep pace with the Jerry Bonapartes. One day in Washington, the next in New York, and tenante was with the Palm Beach they are at present. Tongues have been set wagging by a bequest of Charles J. Bonaparte, who left to the Baltimore Public Library his rare collection of Bonaparte papers, including the historical correspondence. The law can avert the marriage of Jerry's great-grandparents, Jerome Bonaparte and Frances Patterson. Attorney-General was unrelenting in his attitude toward Jerry's marriage with a divorcée, and priceless souvenirs that would have gone to the State of Maryland. But Mrs. Jerry does not care a whit, for, like most of those who can not boast of mighty ancestors, she scorns those who cherish them. One hears from New York that that young Amazon, Blanche Stieglitz, was not a shining success among the buds. She certainly looks massive and equal to holding her own in any sort of society, and the untiring efforts of the gymnasium of every school she attended; a fact which in a way obscured the more essential points in education. Washington has not been honored by a visit from the débutante stepdaughter of Jerry.

Mrs. George Vanderbilt is entertaining almost nightly at smart little dinners followed by theatre parties and suppers at home and in popular grills, though never a hint of these enjoyable affairs reaches the public ear. Cornelia is seldom seen in Washington, preferring New York, where she figures more conspicuously in the entertainments given in honor of the French dictator. Mrs. Vanderbilt was formerly very gracious to her neighbors. She now resides in the old Quay mansion, adjoining the Elkins house, but is quite abstracted whenever she meets any members of this clan, and quite openly avoids any of the Elkins fêtes. The Henry Whites grew weary of Washington in a remarkably brief time, and Mrs. White has returned to New York.

POLLY—I've just had a letter from Jack.

DOLLY—A declaration of undying love?

POLLY—No, merely a proposal of marriage.

When William Hale Thompson was elected Mayor of Chicago for the first time he sent out an urgent whip to his father's friends, the grave and reverend seigniors of the city, soliciting their support. The friends of the elder Thompson included Chicago's first citizens, men of worth, honor, and veracity. They rallied to Thompson's side, and so did their wives. Something happened, for soon the Thompsons withdrew from society, and the Mayor ran exclusively with the City Hall ragtag and bobtail, and Onwentsia and the Saddle and Cycle knew him and his no more.

What had happened was this: Bill Thompson made some egregious "breaks," and took umbrage at kindly protests from his father's old friends, who chanced to desert him. As a young man, Bill was a bit of a scamp, and like so many of the time-serving professional politicians. Though "old Mr. Thompson's" son knew himself utterly void of those qualities and perfections which the impudent sycophants, at the same time, adored and described to him, and in whose sleeves laughed at him for believing in them, though he knew that the flatterers themselves knew the falsehood of their own flatteries, yet he swallowed the fallacious morsels, loved the impostors, and with both arms hugged the abuse to such a degree that no offices of disinterested friendship from men who had known him when he was a kid in knickers, no real services from men neither desiring nor needing the highest offices in his gift were able to lie in the balance against those luscious falsehoods, which flattery feeds, and which will not be placated until the confidence of the one infinitely overcame the substance of the other. Flattery pleases even when rejected—the saying is as true as when Seneca said it two thousand years ago.

Gossips, who are as busy as beavers marrying off Harold Ford McCormick instant to this, that, or the other charmer overlooking the Illinois statute that prohibits either party from marrying within one year of the divorce. Selah.

Former Governor and Mrs. Frank O. Lowden sailed on Saturday for a further visit to the Mediterranean, to visit the European capitals before they return in leafy June. At Paris they will spend several weeks with their daughters, Harriet and Frances, who are being "finished" there. While engaged in his campaign for the Presidency Frank Lowden was a positive charmer. To hear him talk, and to judge from the patriotic screeds of his press agent Frank Lowden found his Illinois farm more to his taste than all the art centers of the effete Old World. The Governor was especially strong in his "Log Cabin to the White House" spieling, and Mrs. Lowden was described as never happier than when milking cows or picking apples just ripe in the orchard. With the ex-Governor's ignominious defeat all this sob sister camouflage was dropped, the girls were sent to a Paris school, and Mrs. Pullman having just died, plans were laid for the present grand tour of Europe.

Apropos of Frank Lowden and Florence, his wife. It has been forgotten by all save old friends of the Pullman family that Frank Lowden's bride in the fall of '93 came very near marrying Prince Lennartz-Birstein. The German and Austrian papers were full of the rumored engagement. Miss Florence was willing, Mrs. George M. Pullman was more than willing and old man Pullman was willing.
James Crawford, son of Mrs. Lucy Crawford and bear of several seasons, is floating around in the seventh heaven of bliss. He is to marry that very pretty and well-endowed lass, Charlotte Lawin, in April, and already preparations are under way for one of the most brilliant nuptial celebrations ever staged in St. Louis. Charlotte is so busy selecting her trousseau that she has canceled all engagements for afternoon affairs. Her sister Josephine, also a charming girl, and decidedly popular, will be one of the bridesmaids. The romance of Jiminy and Charlotte had its beginning at the many delightful house parties Bill Schoek gave at his rural estate, Selma, a year or so ago. For some reason best known to himself young Schoek has not attended many afternoons, but MR. Kirk, who has made such strenuous efforts to gain a foothold in the exclusive world, Schoek's wealth was all extracted from Oklahoma oil wells, and the social bee has been buzzing in his bonnet ever since he struck it rich. A couple of years ago he was very attentive to Marion Bond, but that belle turned a cold shoulder to his wooing and last summer married John Ruddle. Now the quidnuncus are wondering if there can be something between Josephine Lawin and the young Oklahoman magnate. Time will tell.

After a year and a half in Europe, Mrs. Isaac Cook and her daughter Augusta will soon return to St. Louis. When Augusta departed from these shores she left a sighing swain in the person of Charlie French, and he plainly shows by his indifference to other belles that the slighter has made his heart grow fonder. The matchmaker will not be surprised if the all-important announcement follows soon after the arrival.

For the first time since her marriage a year ago Mrs. Frederick Gooding, the former Julia Papin, has returned to St. Louis from her home in Boston for a visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Papin. There never was a more popular belle than the exquisite, patrician Julia, and Mound City society is exerting itself to entertain her. The Fairviews were pioneers to St. Louis, and the present generation is descended from a long line of distinguished French ancestry.

Mrs. William McBride has not yet recovered from her disappointment over the failure of the Imperial Club to invite her daughter Dorothy to its membership last season. She has become more and more subversive in her attitude. She has every reason to believe that, as the social elite of St. Louis accepted her hospitality, the much-coveted invitation to the Imperial would be forthcoming. But that exclusive organization welcomes into its fold only descendants of charter members. The McBrides are newcomers to the social ranks. Many others have tried to force an entrance, but have invariably failed.

Catherine McCrerry is in New York studying interior decorating, and since she refused to accompany her mother, Mrs. Wayman McCrerry, to Europe, where she went in the autumn to place her granddaughter, Christine Viets, and Claire Garneas in school, theMiss. The McBride has never in her time traveled about the world with her mother. Mrs. McCrerry is of a dominating nature and the Katherine country cousins thought she had no thought of her mother. She was always rather artistically inclined, and will now follow her own sweet will in Gotham.

Kitty—I would like to pay my attentions to your daughter, if you have no objections.

Wine—None at all, provided you are financially fixed to pay her the alimony to which she's accustomed.

Kansas City quidnuncus attach more than usual importance to the seemingly trivial occurrence of recent date at Oaklands, the home of Mrs. Edwin Shields. The mere fact that the charming widow gave a dinner meant nothing, but when the guest of honor happened to be Captain Charles Webster Littlefield—ah, that was another matter. At all events, whether it is nothing more than the vapor arising from gossip, the fact remains that there is no alliance between Mrs. Shields and the Captain would be more than suitable. It would, indeed, be ideal, in spite of the considerable difference in their years. Mrs. Littlefield, a native New Yorker, died six years ago, and Mrs. Shield's period of mourning has by this time been completely expired, besides, beautiful Oaklands is in obvious need of a master. Another trifle significant of something in the air is sensed in Miss Caroline Starling, who has been preparing for Naples, accompanied by her aunt, Mrs. Frances Kirk, of San Diego. Miss Kirk, it is said, has always been the daughter's constant companion. The late Edwin W. Shields and Captain Littlefield were very congenial friends, a circumstance which, in the estimation of the aforesaid quidnuncus, is more conducive than subversive to the match.

All the meddlesome Matties in the city by the Kaw are wondering what happened to prevent Mrs. Dorothy Moffatt-Crosby from accompanying the Ethelbert Talbots to Haiti, as was her well-settled intention when she had informed her friend that she would be in Morristown for a few days. Of expenditure on will wag, but I for one can see no reason why it should be inferred that Miss Talbot had anything to do with the alteration of Mrs. Moffatt- Crosby's plans. There still lingers an inclination to link the charming darling with a handsome and eligible suitor, and that name is none other than Captain mador, who has made such strenuous efforts to gain a foothold in the exclusive world. Schoek's wealth was all extracted from Oklahoma oil wells, and the social bee has been buzzing in his bonnet ever since he struck it rich. A couple of years ago he was very attentive to Marion Bond, but that belle turned a cold shoulder to his wooing and last summer married John Ruddle. Now the quidnuncus are wondering if there can be something between Josephine Lawin and the young Oklahoman magnate. Time will tell.
to enjoy the gratification seemingly inseparable from the white satin gown and its filmy accessories, but Mr. Shromer had some con­

gregation, being a widower. At all events the very attractive Titan-tressed Miss Barton was not minded to show off her handsome bridegroom at church, nor at Woodlea, and nobody but the immediate family assembled at the home of the Francis W. Bartons to see the knot tied. The bride was far too busy to make any note he made. Although he had been out of town two weeks, his stride and Ottawa has had a "A

You lee, who have married money, not in their own, their native Lady Senator story publication last verrons. scheduled atepdaughter the the Friday printed the d printed the exclusive story of the smart girls' schools in the East of'. Croclter teok !IiPk·tea-fulS in the Earl of Dalkeith, Captain Lloyd and say nothing of their own bailiwicks--some poor duffer the Everybody the ought to, but that he will is a horse of another color. Lord was stricken with influenza and died. Butler") ; a course of training at the A. F. SIaden. to to the United States made a special saw two lovely coats, one for $213, and another for $500. America" of the detailed then or since in their. ffSOdi a memorial gate at his Hillsborough home to cele­

itlDerant on expects name of Amy astonishing is that he is a member of the managed to have obtained for daughter Ambassador Bonar Law, Sir Hamar Greenwood and other out from Otta~ and residing, it goes without saying, to all who know seemingly inseparable from the white satin family assembled at the home of the Francis W. Bartons to see the knot tied. The tragedy that happened about a year ago in the neither time nor circumstance can wholly obliterate. besides there were perhaps certain memories of another affaire du cœur usual to all popular belles like Miss Barton; memories which

North—My wife has been out of town two weeks. West—What sort of hands have you been holding?

The Daniel Jacklings are making good in San Francisco society. Their ball for Eleanor Spreckels and Mary Martin was a big success. Mrs. Jackling was an admirable hostess, and Daniel's demeanor won the approbation even of the imported English flunkies. Everybody in San Francisco who is anybody was at the ball. A good time was had by all, and those particularly seeming to enjoy the dancing, though not dancing themselves, were Frank Carolan, Walter Hobart, Dr. Tracy Russell, Paul Kennedy, Leroy Nickel, Jr., whom the girls say is pure gold rather than nickel, and Howard Spreckels. Alexander Hamilton was the paid J.P., proprietarly, and will never be shot down as was his illustrious namesake. The Joseph Tobins and Mountford Wilsons beamed on Eleanor Spreckels and Mary Martin, while Mrs. Gerald Rathbone even competed on the dancing floor with the débutsantes.

Mrs. Georges de Latour is so fearful of entertaining the wrong people that she confines most of her invitations to the military and naval sets. There she feels she is safe. West Point and Annapolis stamp her guests sterling and the real thing.

At Del Monte it's Dick Tobin's turn to have Lord and Lady Rod­ney in tow. He has entertained at Del Monte Lodge for them, entertained repeatedly. Dick expects to be in England this summer, and if one good turn deserves another, Lord Rodney should, in a few weeks, see a horse of another color. He has bought his Kentucky saddle under the Rodney mahogany. He ought to, but that he will is a horse of another color. Nous verrons.

The smart set has a spicy titbit of gossip in the suit filed by George of paying. me the courtesy. of acknowledging the source. It is very impolite, to say the least. It remained for the New York American to go the limit in news-filching from my columns by the publication last Monday of this insidious paragraph:

"The New York American last Friday printed the exclusive story of the love affair between Miss Mathilde McCormick, granddaughter of John D. Rockefeller, and Max Oser, a riding master of Zürich, Switzerland. In thus stating that the American printed the exclusive story of the love affair between Miss Mathilde McCormick and Max Oser, it is not suggested that the two lovers are so fortunate as to be cut from the same mold. It is not, for instance, a subtle and beautiful art with those who study it for professional purposes that it is difficult for the laity to tell where the line of demarcation between plain lying and verbal obliquity can be drawn. There is no doubt that the American published a very detailed story about Miss McCormick and Max Oser, which it had every right to do; when it set about deliberately to create the impression that it furn­ished the news, it indulged in a spurt of mendacity that only the high communications are capable of. The news was published in TOWN TOPICS on Thursday. How easy it must be for Hizzoner to believe in New York—from the fastnesses of Palm Beach!" With theatrical managers and ministers exchanging their modi operandi—to say nothing of their own bailiwicks—some poor duffer is going to get mixed up and land in the wrong place.

SAy, who ever thought of this bonus business, anyway?

Glancing through the English "Who's Who," I was struck by the list of California girls who have married Englishmen. The yearly grows longer, and new names succeed those removed by paillida Mors. Among the California women now married to Englishmen, and residing, it goes without saying, to all who know Englishmen who have wives who have moved to California, their native land, are Lady Wolsey (Theresa Murphy, of San Francisco), Lady Waterlow (Margaret Hamilton, of Napa, Cal.), Lady Rich (Louisa, daughter of the late Hon. John Connors, sometime U. S. Senator from California), Lady Huntington (Amy, daughter of the late Charles W. Bonynge of San Francisco—her husband is known in Dublin as "butcher Maxwell," he was Commander-in-Chief of the British troops in Ireland during the rebellion of Easter, 1916—

famous British minister residence. General Ben Butler was known in New Orleans during the War of the Rebellion as "butcher Butler"); Mrs. Horace Annesley Vachell (Lydie Phillips of San Luis Obispo, Cal.), Lady Home (Amy Green, daughter of the late William Arthur Green of San Francisco), Lady Hesketh (Florence Sharon, daughter of the late William Sharon, U. S. Senator from Nevada, who maintained a town house in California to obtain for daughter Fl educational advantages not obtainable then or since in Nevada); Lady Forbes-Robertson (May Gertrude Elliott Dermot, of Oakland, Cal., where she was a school friend of Jack London, then an itinerant newsboy); Viscountess Dehrhurst (Virginia Daniel, stepdaughter of the late Charles Bonynge Wemyss, of Sandhurst); Countess of Cottenham (Patricia, daughter of the late John Humphrey Burke, of

TOWN TOPICS 11

CHAPA'S new Governor-General, Lord Byng of Vimy, G.C.B., K.C.M.G., M.V.O., is getting into his stride and Ottawa has had a change of ministers. The new secretary, Captain Balfour, seems to have "nailed" Lord Richard Nevill's job; the private secretary is an old­timer, A. F. Sladen.

Canada's new Governor-General, Lord Byng of Vimy, G.C.B., K.C.M.G., M.V.O., is getting into his stride and Ottawa has had a change of ministers. The new secretary, Captain Balfour, seems to have "nailed" Lord Richard Nevill's job; the private secretary is an old­timer, A. F. Sladen.

Society finds the newcomers a quieter lot than the old crowd—Lord Richard Nevill, the Earl of Dalkeith, Captain Lloyd and Captain Kinnaird. You see, the word has gone out from Downing street to "cut out the pink-tea fuss and feathers," and the aides-de­camp at Ottawa find Lord Byng even more infected with the new

MANY a young chappel in Montreal is building castles in Spain, hoping to emulate the meteoric career of Lord Beaverbrook, whose eventful life-story once more illustrates the truism that truth is stranger than fiction. Born Max Atkin, of crepuscular parentage, he was a strug­gl ing Canadian bank clerk to eighteen, a merger of mergers at thirty, a millionaire at thirty-one and a peer of the realm at thirty-nine. He went to England à la Bonar Law, Sir Hamar Greenwood and other Canadians about 1904 to live the "life of a gentleman." Instead of living it, he became a political Director of Lloyd George's machinations in the Asquith incident and for his services was made a peer.

LORD BEAVERBROOK is a member of the Montreal and St. James's clubs; in London he is a member of the Carlton, which is not to be wondered at, considering his lavish contributions to the Coalition Party chest. What is astonishing is that he is a member of the Marlborough Club. "It wouldn't have done for the Duke," as the old grenadier says in Conan Doyle's "A Story of Waterloo.""
JOSEPH CAILLAUX'S reappearance on the surface as a political factor, signalized in the most insolent fashion by the reappearance in Paris of the daily newspaper, *Bonnet Rouge*, the Pacific Defaiteit organ which he had heavily subsidized, both in and out of office, and which, identified with the machinations of Bolo Fasha, Malvy and their precious gang, maneuvered for an understanding by France with the Germans, at the expense of her allies during the war, is the inevitable consequence of Raymond Poindare's return to power as Premier. Against Caillaux, Poincaré is powerless. This was shown when on the eve of the war Mme. Caillaux was allowed to escape punishment for the cold-blooded murder of Gaston Calmette, in the face of overwhelming and by all odds more licentious evidence that Caillaux himself enjoyed in his treasurific machinations with Germany during the war, in complete defiance of the Government of the day. Indeed, it was not until old Georges Clemenceau became Prime Minister that at his request Caillaux, whose position, which he had previously made, was arrested and kept in prison until brought to trial before the bar of the Senate, sitting as a High Court of Justice, on charges of treason. Had he been tried by court-martial he would have undoubtedly been shot, and would have saved the lives of several of his associates who were executed by a file of soldiers at Vincennes. But the Senators lacked the indomitable pluck of old Clemenceau. They not only spared his life, in the face of the most damning testimony, but contented themselves with merely depriving him of all his civic rights for a number of years and with compelling him to reside in a region of France remote from Paris and under strict police supervision.

The secret of the leniency which Caillaux has all along enjoyed is to be found in the fact that he took advantage of his several terms of office as Minister of the Interior and as Premier to secure from the Secret Service Department and from the Prefecture of Police the records kept there of all the leading men in France: records afloat that only the President of the Republic and the Prime Minister are authorized to consult. This took place in the face of the fact that Caillaux had always been in a position to exercise in the most unscrupulous and cruel fashion. The only statesman who was and remains absolutely fearless in this respect is old Georges Clemenceau. Almost everybody else is vulnerable, or at least amounts to the same thing. Caillaux did not hold Poincaré responsible for his arrest and agent, with the machinations of Bolo Pasha, Malvy and who Caillaux is.

If George Washington had been a modern youth, he would never have been satisfied with a little hatchet. He would have craved a buzz saw.

If syntax were spelled with an "i" instead of a "y" and added to the rest of our imposts, we would readily find ourselves prosperous.

What is Herr Stinnes to Germany: a Kaiser, Junior?

MORALITY went to the dogs in the Vaterland in the second year of the Great War, when Germany, finding almost the entire world arrayed in arms against her, gave it to be understood that it was the patriotic duty of every woman and young girl to do her share in the destruction of the enemy by assisting in the rear. Women, instead of being bound to custom and restrictions. Adultery and illegitimity were encouraged, to the extent that the State undertook to care for the children born out of wedlock—for the war babies—so as to relieve them of the stigma of bastardy. This had the inevitable result of destroying the entire foundations of German family life and morality. Whatever respect formerly existed, and all the restraints which it had imposed, went by the board. But it at least had one plea in its favor. Its primary aim was to increase childbirth, and to promote the growth of the population. Today the transcendental illusion that now rampant in Germany has no such excuse. It has developed enormously, instead of showing any signs of wane. And this, taken in connection with much of the economic conditions, has brought about an altogether phenomenal distaste for marriage and a corresponding growth of free love and of birth control. I invite to this the attention of Mrs. Sangster and of all those other women, meaning but misguided men and women here who have lent themselves to the movement known as birth control in the United States.

BIRTH CONTROL is making rapid headway in Germany. And so phenomenal has been the decline in the number of marriages and births during the last twelve months that at the present rate, were many years are passed, she will cease to enjoy that superiority in the growth of the population, of which she was so proud, and that France has looked upon as a menace to her survival. Economic and moral conditions are responsible for this. The married woman, aye, and the unmarried one as well, despite the revolutionary decrees, is reacting instinctively against the tendency to become mothers, know that they lose their more or less well(cserved) position and wages in the event of their being overtaken by the troubles of maternity. The war widow forfeits her pension if she reverts—yet that position in no wise enabling her to live alone. Times are so hard and the difficulties of making an end meet are so great that women of the lower middle and working classes are not infrequently in families where stern doctrines of morality formerly prevailed the presence of a "friend" of the wife in the establishment, in order to share the expenses with the husband, is becoming quite accepted, and the ménage feeds the child, but appears to be more than content. Moreover, young girls who endeavor to relieve their parents of the necessity of providing them with board and lodging by saddling this burden upon their admirers, usually without marriage, no longer shock public opinion. Therefore the growth of birth control is a superiority, since the girl wishes to retain her freedom to abandon her lover for some more affluent provider when he appears on the horizon.

THE FASHIONABLE WORLD

(Accompanied suitable to this column are published free of charge. Information prior to publication elsewhere is desired. Communications should reach this office not later than 3 p.m., Tuesday.)

Engagements

Miss Charlotte Meador, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Meador, of Atlanta, Ga., to Mr. George Marion Fletcher, of New York.

Miss Ethelton Mar, daughter of Mrs. J. Frank Meador, of New York.

Miss Esther Irene Edwards, daughter of Mrs. Knute E. Edwards, of Chicago.

Miss Mary L. Lander, to Mr. Robert Henry Lawrence, of New York.

Miss Marjorie Penniman, to Miss Judah Benjamin Bowen Lawrence, of New York.

Miss Eugenie Edwards, to Mr. Frederick Lander, of New York.

Miss Esther Irene Edwards, to Mr. Knute E. Edwards, of Chicago.

Miss Mary L. Lander, to Mr. Robert Henry Lawrence, of New York.

Miss Marjorie Penniman, to Miss Judah Benjamin Bowen Lawrence, of New York.

Weddings

February 23—Miss Alice Delfield Dean, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Sidney Dean, to Mr. Robert R. Livingston, both of New York; St. James's Church.
MINDS OF FREEDOM

FROM all the quarters of the earth
The winds of freedom blow,
A gale that snatches crowns away
And spins them to and fro;
It blows across the Irish Sea,
And brings the glow of dawn
Unto the green, enchanted isle
Of harp and leprechaun.

It stirs the shamrock leaves that spring
Where Rober, Emmet trod,
And calls the minstrel from his sleep
'Neath Erin's emerald sod,
And to the sky unfurls once more
In many a silken fold
The ancient banner of the harp,
The flag of green and gold.

Minna Irving.

LET us extract what comfort we may from the contemplation of the truly Gilbertian happenings when an irresistible thurst meets an immovable Amendment.

AT THE PLAY

"MADAME PIERRE," AT THE RITZ THEATRE

TWICE the modern drama of France attained greatness; twice at least it rose to the stature of Molière. The first time was in 1891 when Georges de Porto-Riche wrote "Amoureuse"; the second time was in 1906 when Eugène Brieux forgot that it was his job to reform a wicked world, turned his attention to things as they are and wrote "Les Hannetons." The play, under various other titles, has been presented in New York before. In spite of the fact that I haven't had time to re-read the original, I venture the opinion that it has never had as good a chance as in the admirably idiomatic and elegant version made for the present production by Arthur Hornblow, Jr.

That production has other inestimable advantages. Miss Estelle Winwood, who also created the role of Germaine in "Amoureuse," "(The Tyranny of Love)" here last season, takes the part of Charlotte. And Miss Winwood is an actress who, from somewhat gawky and languishing beginnings, has gradually risen to the attainment of a psychical genuineness, a pointedness, force, edge and veracity that cause her to rank very high. In this instance she carries out the dramatist's intention with extraordinary energy. She is Charlotte; there is no doubt of that. But she is, as Brieux wanted her to be, far more: she is the charm and unscrupulousness and innocent yet deadly guile of the woman—the eternal woman—whose instinct, game, profession, purpose, life, are sex-dominance. Roland Young, as Pierre, is not inferior to Miss Winwood. He has had to look foolish in many foolish parts. Here he has one in which his special talent and his special personality find their adequate expression. He is not only Pierre; he is the eternally conquered man in that struggle for sex-dominance. He has other interests, aptitudes, passions. He is a learned botanist and teacher. But Charlotte has no other interests in life. She does not fight with divided forces. He does. Also, he introduces into that particular conflict notions of rectitude, pity, tolerance drawn from worlds that his adversary does not suspect. His defeat is inevitable. And Mr. Young projects a sense of all these interests, aptitudes, passions. He is the Emmet trod, here last season, takes the part of Elizabeth Field, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John I. H. Ryerson Todd, of Bangor, Me., to Mr. Gilbert Curtis Demorest, son of Mr. and Mrs. William Curtis Demorest, of New York; St. Thomas's Church.

February 25—Miss Katherine Twyford, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hal Baumont Twyford, of Mahwah, N. J., to Mr. Ernest F. Greer, of New York and Quogue, L. I.; All Angels' Church.

February 28—Miss Jean Warren Redfern, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Caleb H. Redfern, of New York, to Mr. Albert Heath, of White Plains, N. Y.; in the Brick Presbyterian Church, New York.

March 4—Miss Mary Meloy Rankin, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. James Dug Rankin, of Chicago, to Mr. Robert Ruffner Theobald, of Toledo, Ohio; Chicago, Ill.

March 6—Miss Katharine G. Miller, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Norcross Miller, to Mr. William Wickham Hoffman, son of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Burrall Hoffman, both of New York; at the home of the bride's parents.

Receptions and Entertainments

February 25—Cannon Ball of the Pall Mall Supper Club, in aid of the DunBAR Theatre, Hotel Lawn, Boston.

February 28—Costume Ball, in Russian effect, at the Seventy-first Regiment Armory, for the American Committee for the Relief of Russian Children, headquarters No. 24 West Fortieth street.

February 28—The annual Mardi Gras Ball, for the benefit of the Southern Industrial Educational Association, at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel.

March 25—Metropolitan Dance, at the Ritz-Carlton.

March 25—Third of the Mid-Winter Dancing Club, at the Hotel Plaza.

March 28—Colony Dance, at the Ritz-Carlton.

AT THE PLAY

"MADAME PIERRE," AT THE RITZ THEATRE

MONTMARTRE," AT THE BELMONT THEATRE

Moonlight over the "Moulin Rouge." A garden restaurant in Montmartre. The romance of the Parisian streets. The romance of sordidness and of the disillusion of youth. Such are some of the ingredients of this play which Mr. Benjamin Glazer has adapted from the French of Pierre Frondaile. It sounds like a modern version of "Camille." And such, in a sense, it is. With this essential and admirable difference that there are far fewer liberties taken with human nature than in the famous sentimental melodrama of the younger Dumas. M. Frondaile reasons as follows: Marie-Claire has become what she is by the force of inevitable circumstances, inner and outer. She cannot change. Love cannot change her. Nothing can. It is sad, but it is so. Therein lies the pathos, not in the dissolution of a saved soul.

In a word, the play is sound enough and skilful enough. But, like so many sound and skillful French plays, it wearies and disappoints us. If its modus operandi is still rarer, it follows obviously that no one can afford to miss seeing "Madame Pierre."

THE Wearing of the Green.

It sings the raven curl across
The rose of Nora's cheek.
And whispers in her lover's ear
The hope he fears to speak.
It vakes the village piper up
From dreams of his colt's
To tune his pipes and play again
"The Wearing of the Green."

Tell a woman the truth and she'll doubt you. Tell her a lie and she'll call it a poor excuse. But if you tell her nothing—she's apt to believe you!
**TOWN TOPICS**

**THE POET**

**WHAT** his reply to grief of daily life?

Or what to joy that's brief,

Only—a song.

And what then if Love came

Tender and strong.

Or the green bays of Fame?

Only—a song.

Charlotte Becker.

**BROADWAY BANTER**

Last week's celebration in the new Earl Carroll Theatre in connection with the dedication of the building was intended to duplicate the last year's one. To Mr. Carroll is credited the pre-Volsteadian gambol. It was a sorrowful group that stood shivering in the yet uncompleted lobby as Mrs. Carroll broke the christening bottle of champagne against the wall, but afterward, in the conclusion of the bare second story yet another scene was unfolded. Unfortunately the cold was so intense that it froze the instruments of the band, but even though there was no one present who could identify the stuff by any given name, all agreed that it carried no considerable kick. Two policemen guarded the door to see that only accredited Lambs and invited guests gained entrance. All others were delegated to the streets. Grafton Minot, accompanied by part of the roster of the Racquet Club, and weighted down with bottles of all shapes and sizes, displayed a most un-prestigious gallantry. It was a cynical harbinger that Mrs. Lohr was hard to remark "This is the first real gambol since Hector was a pup. It's just like old times." Liquor flowed in all directions, and though there was no one present who could identify the stuff by any given name, all agreed that it carried no considerable kick.

**CHICKEN LATIN**

Principal parts of the verb, "to flapper": Powdero; lipstickere; lizardi; vampum.

**HIDDEN THOUGHTS**

What was said

Sure, drop in on us any time, old tom-tom! We want you to let us know that you are coming.

What's that? You're having enough trouble already? That isn't too bad! If we had just a rope, I'd be only too glad to pull you back to town.

So you're going to the theatre tonight, too, are you? How lovely! If my husband had known it he would have gotten seats together, yet it's fortunate he didn't, for I certainly would have hated to sit next to you all evening and listen to your gabble.

The Mind Reader.
struggled to keep Sidney Blackmer going in "The Mountain Man." And the only outstanding hit of the lot has been registered by Guthrie McClintic, for several years assistant to Winthrop Ames, now doing excellent business with "The Dover Road," so that he has secured three new plays for next season.

Shakespeare will be well represented next season. David Belasco plans to present David Warfield in "The Merchant of Venice," and William Faversham has "Hamlet." It is highly improbable—though you never can tell—that his leading-lady of this season, Mrs. Lydig Hoyt, will essay the role of Ophelia. Leo Ditrichstein has been studying "Ophelio" for several years, and hopes to appear either as the Moor or as Iago.

One change at last has been effected by the Dolly Sisters since their success in England, and that is that their names Yancsi and Roszika, have been Anglicized into Jenny and Rosie. Now that they are divorced from Harry Hale and Jett Schrau, one may quite truthfully say that the late Diamond Jim Brady bequeathed the girls diamonds and pearls from his famous collection, he also willed jewelled souvenirs to their respective eyes.

Lillian Lorraine assures curious questioners that she has no thought of marrying Joe Welling, the prize-fighter, which recalls the fact that some of the English writers of To-day are beginning to make Frank Moran, another pugilist, Frank, by the way, is now an automobile salesman in New York. What with "Kid" McCoy in the movies, Jim Corbett in vaudeville, and George Carpenter selling kitchen utensils, one marvels at the versatility of the exponents of "the manly art of self defense," Lillian Lorraine, of "The Blue Kitten," is as attractive as when, years ago, she aroused the jealousy of the late Anna Held, at that time Mrs. Ziegfeld.

TALK about wheels within wheels! Flo Hart, formerly a Follies show-girl, recently began a divorce suit against her husband, Kenneth Harlan, a movie actor once attentive to Lottie Pickford, and he retaliated with a countersuit because his wife's name was mentioned in the divorce suit of Mrs. H. F. Beatty. Frank, by the way, is now an automobile salesman in New York, and Mrs. Harlan is known as a dancer in vaudeville under the name of Olga Unever. In the meanwhile Flo Hart is frequently seen about town with Lowell Sherman, who still has a perfectly good wife. He now earns big money for his work on the stage and in the pictures, having worked his way up from minor roles in Belasco productions.

Comment has been made by the report that an operation brought about the tiny mouth of Mrs. William Ellis Corey, who has been so stared at

UNPRECEDENTED

"Is it true, as this officer charges, that you were going forty miles per hour?" asked the judge sternly.

"Yes, your honor," was the meek response of the defendant.

That is why the judge's obstinacy appeared in the morning newspapers.

The Piston Slap.

THE LITERARY SHOW

A CERTAIN old gentleman of my acquaintance was asked if he had read a certain book and he said: "No; I am waiting to see if it will blow over." This has been my mental pose toward the books of Archibald Marshall, fourteen of them, with titles of catching quality. One of his recent and best works is entitled "The Hall and the Grange" (Dodd, Mead & Co.), I believe I come pretty near to finding this book as near to perfection as a novel can be. I am not one at random, the next to the last, as it chance, in order of publication, "Peter Binney" being the last, and in this work "The Hall and the Grange" (Dodd, Mead & Co.), I believe I come pretty near to finding this book as near to perfection as a novel can be. I am not one at random, the next to the last, as it chance, in order of publication, "Peter Binney" being the last, and in this work "The Hall and the Grange" (Dodd, Mead & Co.), I believe I come pretty near to finding the novel in which I was able to see the truth. The general reader is not only the best, but the only one who is not bound by the preconceived ideas of previous writers. He will, in this instance, I believe, see the truth more clearly than the author, "and am informed that it is not as good as it used to be, I

recend to the vernacular and state that his book was built about a family row; be sure he would take at least two long paragraphs for a situation which could be condensed into those few syllables, but such is the truth. The trouble starts over a garden, but the trouble the novel is ended in the Great War, which, of course, didn't start with a Servian bullet and a Scrap of Paper, would have found another pretext. When a family begins to quarrel, we know how each member, while apparently endeavoring to put the fire out, surreptitiously adds a little fuel to the flame. The unit of relationship, into which we are born and bred, seems to have been intended originally for our discipline and, better than most social entities, fulfills its allotted task. At any rate, in Mr. Marshall's book no one escapes a slight share of the grudge that is the basis of the quarrel.

A tepid thread of a love story ties the chapters together. From the start-off we see that Pamela was born to wed—and to wed Norman, and the pleasant mental state into which the novelist leads us right away is not even rippled into any suspense, although the quarrel separates them for a time.

When one has a house and children and the artistic urge becomes insistent, one is apt to free oneself by the medium of verse for the little book entitled "In Tree Top Mornings" (Cornhill Pub. Co.). This is a little book of verse which has a charm of its own, and it is amusing to have the matter?

The Narrow Squeak.

HISTORICAL ANYDATE

DAMOCLES saw the sword above him suspended by a hair.

He turned pale.

"What are you kicking about," sneered his wife, sitting beside him.

"Just because you were wearing an evening gown suspended by one ribbon,"
am reminded of the Irishman who said to his pal, 'Pat, Ireland is not the country for me.'

"'Begorra, no,' replied Pat, 'and she nivir was.'

Which, being translated, I assume means that a true lover of the sport indicated by the title "Some Fish and Some Fishing," by Frank Gray Grimes (J. L. B. Smith, Compiler), never really finds the fishing poor, for if he does not secure a catch for the frying-pan he be at least takes home a good story to be cooked up for his neighbor's delectation. Fishing is said to be a sporting fight between the fisherman and the fish, and, as no two families of fishes fight alike, the fisherman is matching his brains and cleverness against the ingenuity of the fish. In the words of Dr. Van Dyke, "Nothing attracts human nature more powerfully than the sport of tempting the unknown with a fishing line." In this work, which, I give you my word, reads much more delightful full of twenty-five per cent. of the books of fiction, the writer tells of his forty years of experience with almost every sort of fish that swims in American waters, including tarpon, tuna, swordfish, marin, giant bass, sailfish, bonish salmon etc.

No one in these parlorous times is safe from the omnipresent questionnaire so the facts with which the recitals are punctuated have a superinterest, induced by this Edison malady. In view of this it may lead us to some high peak of superiority to know and remember the letters of the alphabet.

A MAN can live in perfect comfort with three wives—if he keeps strict watch on their husbands.

A GOLDEN WEDDING

T H E PARSON—Dearly beloved and inquisitive friends: We are now gathered together in the sight of all the poor relations who were lucky enough to borrow the necessary fare to get here, and in the face of mock tears, black looks, to say nothing of the jealous marks we must naturally stand for, to put the matrimonial shackles upon this impatient man and this wealthy woman. The fluctuating bonds of matrimony will be issued just as soon as I ask a few questions relative to the couple about to be led to the block. If any man or woman, who has come here to price the presents, and to secure a free meal, can show just cause why this pair of silly fools should not be coupled, let him speak before the usual sentence, before I lose too much valuable time with no chance of a fee.

If you know of nothing serious that would make the spectators buy their own meal, I will begin to lay down the law; and as I believe that all men should stick together, I will make it a point to give the man the first chance to prove what a wonderful prevaricator he is. (To Short)—Wilt thou have this woman to thy wedded wife, to live together in the home she will provide? Wilt thou love her as long as her cash supports you, comfort her after you have given the bootleggers the best part of it, honor her as long as she will honor your cheques and keep her in ignorance of what you spend her money on? Will you obey my lawful sentence, before I lose too much valuable time with no chance of a fee? I require and charge you both, as ye shall answer after the awful days following the honeymoon, when the neighbors have found out as far as possible, how you had better come across with any reason you know of that would make it unlawful for me to pronounce the usual sentence, before I lose too much valuable time with no chance of a fee.

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Mr. Rich—I am giving her away. I always was generous toward her.

I, Short, take thee, Mary, to my wedded wife, to have and to hold all your property from this day forward, until you put the financial clamps upon me, for better if I can make it so, for worse until I can make a getaway, for richer, for poorer—when divorce will be the next step.

I, Mary, take thee, John, to my wedded husband in order to have a man to take me to places where escorts are necessary, to put one over on my less lucky friends, from this day forward, for better, if my old flames stick to me, for worse if they find I am married, for richer, which is not probable, for poorer, which is possible, in sickness of married life, and in health to cater to, to act as a cashier to, and to obey my own impulses until the judge grants me freedom.

Someday, with this second wind of gold that does not show it has been used on several other women, I thee wed, and with all my spare cash I cheerfully endow myself.

P A R S O N—What the Lord has put together is up to the judge to break asunder. Ahem! The detective who has been watching the presents can now be searched and dismissed. The man employed to guard the wine in the cellar can be told to stagger home. The mess line is now forming. I will take my fee at once before some taxi driver cleans you out. Bless you!

A. B. Bisee.

T REASURES

T H E Y E A R S we treasure with a miser's care Are often like his gold that none may share; But hours with love may yield a joy so deep We shall not miss the gold the harsh years keep!

T he Lover.

S O M E theatrical managers seem to think that if the show is warm enough it can't be a frost.

M ORALS, MOTIONPICTORIALS, ET CETERA

I

MORALS—Mrs. Duyvetyne-Ratiné has been reflected chairman of the Board of Directors of the Helping Hand Society for Unfortunates and Young Females. Mrs. Duyvetyne-Ratiné, it will be remembered, divorced Harold de Varece Duyvetyne last March and was married in April to Mr. Porqué Ratiné, her fourth husband.

II

M O T I O N P I C T O R I A L S—Nero was the first great director of the movies. Sodom was the first established studio. Cleopatra was the first ingénue. The volunteer Comstockists represent the smoke screen of the nastiest baggio since Belshazzar's mild entertainments.

I

M A R TYRS—Those who have never had an opportunity to taste of the Crimson Cup of what Methodist parsons call Sin.

IV

M I S T A K E S—What every flapper knows.

V

M U C K—Our most popular cosmetic.

O T H E R PEOPLE'S MONEY

HINTS FOR BOTH BULLS AND BEARS

W A S H I N G T O N advises show that the decline last year of 23.03 per cent. in railroad traffic in this country was the greatest ever recorded in the history of our transportation interests. The loss, as compared to 1920, amounted to 104,390,000,000 freight ton miles. The greatest loss was in the Eastern district, where it amounted to 24½ per cent., while in the Western district the loss was 22½ per cent., and in the Southern 20.6 per cent.

The first railroad to make a report for this year is Kansas City Southern, which shows for January a loss of about 23 per cent. gross and over 40 per cent. net. It may be seen, however, from the fact that the loss of $452,000 gross was cut down to a loss of only $192,000 net that the company is using diligent measures to keep down its operating expenses. Kansas City Southern traverses a very fertile section of our country and one that has been helped a great deal by oil developments in the Southwest. Consequently it is in a better position than most roads.

Many railroad rates came down last month, and naturally this will have its bearing on statements as they are made. There still is a
The New

SPORTS SALON

So important is the sports costume to the woman of today that Gidding is devoting a portion of their Main Salon to appropriate attire for all Spring Sports.

Tweed and Homespun Suits—Capes—Three-piece Costumes—Sweaters—Scarfs—Separate Skirts and all Accessories to make Sport a complete delight.

J. M. Gidding & Co.

724-726 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

A BALLADE TO THE RECTOR

DEAR RECTOR: I have thought and thought Of what you said to me last night Regarding Lent. I know I ought To do the things you say are right. I'll shun the wicked ways called white, Forsake the follies you aver Bring only bitterness and blight, I'll give up anything but her!

I'll be when once the spirit's caught As sober as a cenobite; I'll sing at matins, vespers,—naught Shall tempt me from the noble height!

Though vain and undevout invite Me earthward I'll refuse to stir; Pearl will take pity on my plight, I'll give up anything but her.

The good cigars I lately bought Shall be cached safely out of sight, And (to such cession am I brought) I'll keep my cellaret locked tight.

But when besought my Pearl to slight, Shall be cached safely out of sight, And (to such cession am I brought) I'll keep my cellaret locked tight.

Pearl is a pagan, but she might, O reverend and worthy Sir, Become (for love) a piousyte; I'll give up everything but her!

Edward W. Barnard.

THE WOMAN THAT INTERVENES

IN THIS CASE, TO HER OWN UNDOING

Pauline Gilman's equipment as a débutante was flawless.

Beauty, position, popularity—or had she popularity? Up to the moment when Jim Danvers and Basil Clifford entered the ring as rival aspirants for her favor, it was a safe bet to concede that she was more popular than not. From then on, however, she became more an object of curiosity than of favor.

The two men were friends in the most intimate and exclusive sense of the term—a friendship that had stood many tests—the rough and tumble of school life, the more mature intimacy of college, at the front shoulder to shoulder in moments of risk and danger.

Now that friendship was to be strained to the utmost, for a woman intervened!
It was quite evident that Jim Danvers was first in the field. He was her accepted cavalier. Yet out of her numerous admirers he alone refused to be at her beck and call. It had the lure of novelty, for she had been given all she cried for from her cradle.

But there was no doubt in the minds of those who understood her as to which she would marry. Jim Danvers could buy the earth for her; Basil Clifford could only paint it. He was a promising artist. Some day it would be more than likely he would be a famous one, but that day had not yet been reached. When Pauline wanted anything she wanted it at once.

That she should marry the man who could give her the most seemed only natural and reasonable. Her own fortune was very small; his was enormous settlements provided her with luxury for the length of her life.

Basil Clifford stepped back and stood aside. The best man had won. In spite of his own loss, the complete wreath of his hopes, he was glad that it was his own friend to whom the prize had fallen—a man deserving all that had been allotted him, a man among men, a sportsman to his finger tips.

And even Basil did not know that the little heart she possessed had been so given to him.

It did not occur to her that Danvers was too good a fellow to be sacrificed, to be estimated merely as a good investment, a satisfactory commercial enterprise. If it had done so it would not in any way have disturbed her or altered her determination. She gave him herself within certain limitations which practically began and ended with the marriage ceremony. She had a certain primitive respect for brute strength, like many women of her kind. Had she been the spoil of some cave man he would have been taken into submission.

In spite of ungrudging congratulation, Basil was not present at her wedding. That was a shade beyond even his heroism. Instead he transported himself to those places on the earth that would afford him solace by their beauty and by their transference to canvas would act as a salve to his memory.

Long before he turned his face homeward—she had been impatient for his return. Satiated with her easily won success, she required further excitement—the next thing out of reach. For the moment Basil became the object of passionate desire.

When at last he drifted back, his fame as an artist acclaimed, she found him more desirable than ever before. To revive his devotions, to seduce him to her feet once again, became an obsession with her. All else was dead sea fruit. She wanted Basil Clifford—and she would have him now.

The infallible role of neglected, unhappy wife was played to perfection by her—tentacles reaching out for his own heart as the only thing left in the world for her. But it took time and many lies before she understood his love for Danvers. He could not see his friend in the blunted picture. The god in the man had always stood forth when they had been together, in the days before a woman had intervened.

But during the absence of her husband in Europe, for the reconstruction of investments after the war, her plans already matured were consummated with entire success. The following letter to Danvers was the result:

"I'm going away with Basil Clifford. If your boasted affection for me has any foundation, you will prove it by getting a divorce as quickly as possible to enable us to marry. By the time this letter reaches you, it will be too late for anything else!"

Danvers' reply had been equally short and to the point.

He would procure the divorce, and he would kill the man who had disdained his name and been disloyal to the claims of friendship the first time they met! He begged her to make this clear to Basil and herself!

He had not hurried to fulfill this threat. One cause or another held him in Europe. The divorce had taken place; commented on, but hardly wondered at, and forgotten.

Pauline had laughed enough at the threat.

"An idle threat! Complimentary, but stupid! Men don't kill one another nowadays, even in the West—unless Jim's qualifying for a professional gunman!"

And Basil listened in silence. He knew the man they had wronged better than she did. There would come a day of reckoning!

He suffered moments of poignant remorse. He had lost a friend, shamed himself. It was a terrible price to pay for what he had lost. A beautiful, snobbish little girl in better days, scattered bubbles. His turn to be pricked would come, he did not doubt. For his eyes, once blind, now saw with stabbing keenness.

Fame followed him from place to place. Fame that is so soon over. The infame of the world. Honors were heaped on his head like coils of fire, and all it meant to him. Now without the extravagant display of Pauline; display that kept his nose to the grindstone that she might be lavishly supplied with the shekels of sin. Once only he had put down his foot. He had forbidden her to use the money settled in hand Danvers at the time of their marriage, and accompanied him to the mountains, where he had a studio.

"You make yourself ridiculous! What does it matter to Jim—he has money to burn!" she had angrily objected.

And he knew it would be of no use to explain that he was not the prisoner in a gilded cell. But in truth he could not afford without a shudder, he remained firm. His wife should not touch one penny of Danvers' money.

As a landscape painter he enjoyed a freedom from the madding crowd that kept him in health and sanity. Like Danvers, his heart was athletic. They had often tested their muscular development in one against the other. Evenly matched, the wrestling bout invariably terminated in a draw. Danvers had the advantage in height, that was all.

Sometimes Pauline accompanied him in his wanderings about Europe, but seldom in their own country. So it would seem that fate had not altogether done with them when she yielded to a whim, and decided by Basil's request, and accompanied him to the mountains, where he had a studio.

"You will be bored to death," he demurred. "The other camps are scattered a mile or two away. What will you do with yourself?"

"Best for the two of us, my darling," she answered with a gay one. "If I find you too dull, I won't stay!" she said carelessly.

But it is seldom dull when fate takes a hand in a game.

Danvers was the first person she met in the mountains. The scene had been set by tragedy. Basil's name had been repeated by Danvers at the time of their marriage, and the other lies of the same sort—a role that was only a role—lies that were only lies—could excuse the wrong done to the man he had loved.

"He is here!" she cried breathlessly. "He is here! We must leave at once!"

It was not necessary for Basil to inquire who it was he had come. He had been prepared for such a moment ever since he had been given an inkling that he was wanted. "What do you think?" she asked, face was glad—ready to pay. It had not taken him long to realize that the role of neglected wife and other lies of the same sort—a role that was only a role—lies that were only lies—could excuse the wrong done to the man he had loved.

"You are an ingrate! And then to hide from the consequences! You ask me that?" he questioned her coldly.

"You do not think of me! Neither of you think of me!" she cried angrily.

And the man left the obvious answer unsaid.

"You will kill you!" she declared tauntingly.
"We are evenly matched," he replied absently.

"Matched! And you don't even possess a gun!" impatiently.

"Oh, I see. Guns will not be necessary!" He rose, drawing himself up to his height of five foot eleven. He towered above her fairy-like stature.

"I don't understand! What do you mean?"

"You will understand when he comes." For he knew without doubt that they would settle their difference in the Anglo-Saxon manner.

The words had hardly left his lips before a shadow darkened the doorway, and the friends met once more. She glanced Basil push aside the easels, clear a space in the middle of the large studio, throw aside the rugs from under their feet.

"Go," he signed to her to leave them.

As she hesitated, still wondering, he removed his coat. Then she screamed.

"You are going to fight like two common prizefighters?" she gasped. Then her husband had pushed her gently through the door and locked it behind her.

And only the silence answered her.

She was in a room with a man who was dead, and one who survived. Which had done so?

"In-- in--"

An owl hooted, the pine trees shivered in a night breeze. Like spectres they waved back and forth. An icy hand clutched at her heart.

"For God's sake, somebody speak!"

For the stillness was like unto the stillness of death itself.

She pushed it open.

"Oh, I can't see!" she moaned. "Which is hurt?"

And only the silence answered her.

She crept toward it. Half way she paused. Was it the stain or satisfy. And she was powerless.

She watched Basil push the door with her hands, and it gave under the pressure of them. She pushed it open.

"If-- if--"

Stumbling up the steps of the bungalow, she groped her way to the studio. Beat on the door with her hands, and it gave under the pressure of them. Pushed it open.

"Forgive me!" Her lovely body was inclined toward him.

"Forgive me!" Her lovely body was inclined toward him. As she hesitated, even in this moment's anguish, did she prefer?

"Wait!"

"Nothing!" she repeated tonelessly.

"You implied just now that if I forgive you you would make amends. Were you speaking the truth? Could you?" sternly.

Nothing deadened or stillled the breathing of the two men wrestling silently in a life struggle. A struggle that would not cease until one or the other was crippled, or hurt to death. Nothing less could wipe out the stain or satisfy. And she was powerless.

She had been wife to both. Which would survive? Crouched there she lost count of time. Was it hours or moments before the one became lain and the other--died away?

A face showed at the window. It was now too dark for her to recognize the face. The fight was over. To which of the two men did the face belong?

She struggled a cry.

And only the rustling pines answered.

"And you don't even possess a gun!" impatiently.

She turned round eagerly, her eyes luminous as stars. It was perhaps the one selfless moment of her life. Her beauty flamed into life, vital, alluring: sex triumphant!

Her voice reduced hope to ashes.

"What are you going to do about me?" she stammered.

"Nothing!"

Without another glance at the body on the floor, the man with whom she had lived in the most intimate relation of life, she dragged herself to the door. She had killed him more really than he who had been guilty of the actual deed, yet she was only conscious of one thing. She loved for the first time in her selfish life. And the man to whom she had offered herself body and soul was sending her hungry and empty away once more.

"Forgive me!" Her lovely body was inclined toward him.

Then he laughed—and she understood!

"What are you going to do about me?" she stammered.

"Nothing!"

"You will forgive me—now?" she asked, "God! Forgive you? After that?"

"I don't understand! at do you mean."

"If- -if I were to do so?"

"Nothing!" she repeated tonelessly.

The man was Jim Danvers—her first husband!

He had said he would kill. He had kept his word.

In her eyes there shone something that no man had ever seen before. Something that recollected from the steel they encountered.

"You must be s-strong indeed!" she whispered.

But she looked at a mask that chilled her to the bone.

"You—you will forgive me—now?" she asked, "God! Forgive you? After that?"

"He pointed to the friend whom he had loved and she cried aloud in terror.

"If I had done what was right, it would be you who would be stretched out lifeless there!" he said hoarsely.

"No, no, I love you, I love you! You may not believe it yet, but I will show you—prove it ..."

She gazed at him uncertainly. His face was rigid, only in his eyes was an aching regret.
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