

Vanity Fair Gives a Bobbed Hair Party

Our Contributing Staff Cuts Loose in Greenwich Village

EVERY once in so often Vanity Fair has to break away from the drab round of its economic discussions, calory-charts and amortization tables, and just act up. Our recent affair in Greenwich Village only goes to show that the longer you keep people cooped up, the more extensive is the breakage. So, it is our intention to have these little editorial conferences more often in the future. The subjects of the above sketches, made that evening, have been awarded misleading names in the captions, but anyone who is familiar with the seamy side of New York life will at once recognize the characters.



People who can't come to a party without lorgnettes really should stay away, Mrs. Schermerhorn!



This tableau was announced at our party as "The Death of Alcohol," but that doesn't explain away John Alden standing up behind the lady cashier's desk



Since little Eva Twining was appointed soviet Consul she has grown less and less clubby

Bobbed Hair Party



Elsie La Barge's rendition of "Regulus to the Carthaginians" would have been well received had the waiters not been serving the place-plates at the time and cutlery



Those who were in the north-west corner of the room were enchanted by Norma Rourke's piano-forte interpretation of Pizet's painting "Dawn on the Marshes" (seen dimly in the background)



The committee on prize awards for costumes had considerable difficulty in deciding between that of Clara Tice and that of Ethel Plummer. The jury is still out, in fact

*Sketches by
Dorothy Ferris*