TDV İSAM
Kütüphanesi Arşivi
No 278-493-1

Ripley's "Believe It or Not" Starts New Craze All Over the Country

HERE'S HIS RECORD, BELIEVE IT OR NOT

The Multifarious Adventures and Gargantuan Feats of a Man Rabelais Would Have Liked to Know and Write About

By NORMAN KLEIN

"Now I'll tell one. Buffalo Bill never shot a buffalo in his life!"

"That's nothing. Listen to this. . . . Snakes can fly!"

"Yeah? Well—Emperor Mulai Ishmail was the father of 888 children!"

"Not bad. By the way, will you take yours straight or with ginger ale?"

"And orange juice. Say! Two Norwegians rowed across the Atlantic."

"Hold on. It's my turn. . . . Lindbergh was the sixty-seventh man to fly across the Atlantic!"

"Hey, hold on."

"Ah ... not ..."

Now another fad has seized the ... at cocktail ... and bridge games, on the Leviathan's lounge deck, in golf foursomes, under striped parasols ... the Florida sands.

And at the hoarse-voiced ... Old Soldiers' Home, the college ... houses and the Ladies' Aid bazaar at Ship Bottom, N. J.—it's a panic.

The countryside these days resound with the cries of "You're a liar."

Wives can't believe their own husbands. A Chicago judge interrupts a trial to tell the one about the Irish oysters that catch mice, and nobody shoots him; and . . .

"Believe it or not!"

This is the new coast-to-coast pastime started by "Rip"—that Marco Polo of modern times. There is a kick, apparently, in astounding one's fellows with quotes from "Rip"—otherwise, Robert LeRoy Ripley, whose trademark is "Believe It or Not."

"Rip" of the Evening Post sport pages—"Rip" and his pr... gyp carnival midway, "Believe It or Not!" has arrived.

He has become a one-man vogue. He has coined a phrase for the 120,000,000.

At thirty-six he is making as much as Hoover. Babbitt banqueteers invite him to name his price. He is summoned to the radio. Tin Pan Alley is putting out a funny song entitled "Believe It or Not!"

A collection ... pictur... Simon ... Schuster ... -seller on the ... national non-fiction lists.

"Did you get that?" laughs "Rip." "I've clicked on the non-fiction list! I guess the booksellers are the only people in the country who don't think I'm a liar."

... at one time or another, but he goes on laughing. He has received as many as 8,000 letters, telegrams and telephone calls accusing him of being, because of a single item, the biggest story-teller in Manhattan.

He has yet to eat humble pie.

He gets more mail than any movie star.

That's pretty good for a guy who was ... on a San Francisco paper a few years ago. ... be long ... even ... cov... "Rip's" comic ... the ... to ...

Now ... to see "Rip" in action. ... staging a "Rip party" ... amateur "Believe it or not" ... It will be held in W... handsome auditorium March 2... The show is free. Watch the ...

"Rip" fans are invited to ... in "BONS." A "BON" is a "F... or not!"

"Rip" will illustrate the prize ... selected by a committee of ... "Rip" is a one-man midway, but ... be a large ... ance pro...

Who is Robert ... Ripley?

What is ... like?

Well, he is twenty ... feet tall. He was once known as Aimee Semple McPherson and later doubled for ... Tin in the dangerous scenes. He has been married thirty-seven times.

He died in 19.. at the age of 160 and left two sons—one 9 years old, the other 103.

He left about 10,000 direct descendants, including his great-great-grandfather ... great-great-... is reversed. ... Senator He...

It was not Benjamin Franklin ... the saxophone.

"Rip" ... across the ... stand ... his famous ... travels overland the distance ... Today "Rip's" hair ... wrote Lincoln's Gettysburg ... He has explored sixty-four ... including Hel... Norway ... There are 145,125 ... his ... "Ripley." ... for thirty years.

In Djocjockarte he is acclaimed as the Sultan Hamengkocboewonosenopatitingalgongabgurrachmansaydinpanotagomode IV.

He once borrowed $4 from Harry Lauder. He has red whiskers, caused by a sunset in Panama.

These are but trifles.

"Rip" blows smoke through his ears and eats three Japanese babies for breakfast.

He coined the epigram: "A pound of feathers weighs more than a pound of gold." Also, "There is no lead in a lead pencil."

"Rip" is as bald as a chorus girl's ankles. It happened this way:

Every New Year's eve he gets a hair-cut. Last year the barber wet his hair. "Rip" stepped out on Fifth Avenue. He saw his old friend, the Duchess of Canarsie. It was a bitter cold night. He tipped his hat, and the Duchess screamed with laughter. "Rip's" hair had frozen to his hat.

Believe it or not, believe it or not!

• • • • • •

Do you want figures?

"Rip" was found on a Christmas tree. It was on December 25, 1893, out in Santa Rosa ... first drawing ... pen. He ...

He can draw Babe Ruth in seventy-four seconds, Lincoln in two minutes and is usually an hour late to luncheon appointments.

Today 10,000,000 newspaper readers are privileged to turn to his daily museum of miracles and few ignore the offer. This Barnum with affidavits now appears in 100 newspapers besides the Evening Post, which proudly cata-... pulled him to fame.

"Not so good! Statistics are fascinating when "Rip" ... entertaining ... he makes them dramatic, but there is only one "Rip." Statistics make a lazy picture. Suppose we draw up closer.

We push into his rooms at the New York Athletic Club. The door is open but "Rip" calls "Come in!" anyway.

He looks like an Englishman, an outdoors man, an explorer. He has a high forehead, a weather complexion and a cast-iron hand ... ell's, the godd...

He is wearing b... and a too-tight blue ... from London. ... board, littered w... pictures. A ... and ...

... says:

"Philip II of Spain possessed the largest heart of any known man."

"Rip," you see, is modest. His friends say he beats Philip II. He is the easiest "touch" in New York. He supports half the has-beens in sportdom. He'll give you his shirt, or carfare back to Sioux City, or last month's rent.

"Do you mind if I go on working?" asks "Rip," and adds, "I'm trying to get ahead of my schedule so I can get out of here."

"Rip" is always doing half a dozen things at once—dictating answers to fan mail; talking to friends; making appointments over the phone—and forgetting them; repairing the radio; writing a palindrome; autographing his book; drawing pictures.

Everybody in the sporting, literary, artistic and time-squandering rackets buttonholes "Rip" to unload a mess of grief. He listens to all, works on rapidly.

This wholesaling of his waking moments is explained by "Rip's" wanderlust.

He loves to travel.

He has been in sixty-four countries and he is always setting out for more. ... eign labels, are always packed. His favorite lands are India and China. South America entrances him. Right now he's getting ready to jump on a ship again.

"Where this time?"

"Oh, just a little trip."

His work room is filled with friends, arguments, tobacco smoke, jumbled piles of old drawings, stacks of letters, books, documents, cigars, maps, radio music.

A famous tennis player sits on a desk, lobbing mild insults at a Wall Street broker. A sports writer is telling a ballplayer how he lost the pennant in '23.

"Rip" works on, swiftly, flinging in comment now and then. It is like the dorm of some varsity football captain.

The pipe smokers hold the stage. Almost everybody—railroad executives, bankers with sporting blood, kid sprinters, reporters, mining engineers, authors, baseball moguls, broken artists, Atlantic skippers—drop in sooner or later.

"Rip" has a staff these days. One man does nothing but answer letters. Another, a linguist with twelve languages at his fingertips, delves into strange tomes. The chief ... their fare...

Bert has been a circus man and world tourist nearly all his sixty-eight years. His memory is prodigious, but he calls "Rip" a walking encyclopedia. Bert is a proud Missourian. Saline County, that's right.

"Why, sir," Bert says, "only a born-and-bred skeptic could satisfy Mister Ripley. He insists that we prove up and cross-check every fact before he'll draw it. I was born in Missouri; I have Missouri ways. Nobody, sir, has ever——"

"——Well, hardly ever!" calls "Rip," overhearing Bert.

I sit down by "Rip's" easel.

"Go ahead," he says, in that good-natured, bashful way of his, "fire away."

"'Rip,' do they ever trip you?"

"Not yet," he says. He knocks on the wooden drawing board. "You see, I can't afford to be caught in a misstatement. I've fooled them so many times that now there are thousands of sharpshooters all over the world aching to show me up."

He gets 100,000 letters a year. They are faithfully read. He never gives up hoping that somebody may send in a swell "Believe It or Not!" They seldom do. Marco Polos do not grow on trees.

"Sometimes they send back to me things I've already used. No, I don't say they're trying to put over a fast one. Maybe a fan hears a good one from a friend, who read it in my newspaper stuff. The fan shouldn't be blamed if he rushes the story to me.

"I get some wonderful letters. Women? Oh, yes, thousands of women write. A moving picture actor may get letters from more girls, but I'll bet I get more from middle-aged and elderly women—lot of them the nice, conservative Social Register kind. They are the women secluded by fate or fortune from the adventures of life. They can't barge around like the men folk or the flappers. So they write that they live thrillingly on my 'Believe It or Not!' pictures."

"Rip" is more skeptical than any of his public. He never believes anything he sees in a book. Authors, he says, are too willing to believe. Newspaper clippings? Yes, when properly authenticated. Ripley has taken a boat and gone to a foreign land just to verify a startling fact.

"What'll you do when you run out of incredible facts? You must have combed the world by now."

"Pshaw, I've just scratched the surface. The globe's a big place." He looks over at the big globe on a desk. "I find stuff everywhere, and I'm on the go all the time. I'm always on the watch for strange and bizarre things. ..."

He gets an endless stream of letters. Farmers and society women, doctors and sea captains, Northwest mounted police and English overseers of Ceylon plantations write suggestions.

"I do not use these contributed 'queeriosities' until I've verified them," Ripley remarks. "I've got two men verifying them."

"You draw swell!" I exclaim in fan-mail English. "How'd you ever learn to draw people the way you do?"

He never went to art school.

"You can't draw people unless you've studied anatomy," he says. "I've studied anatomy as hard as any surgeon. I've sat through a ball game drawing the batsmen, the pitcher, the catcher, over and over. I've gone to races and sketched the horses straining along the fence, the jocks crouched on their necks. Why go to art school as long as the world's revolving?"

Does this hint bombast? That would be unfortunate. "Rip" is as shy and unegotistic as any Californian can be. I suspect he is somewhat bewildered by the money and the clamor coming from his "Believe it or not" vogue.

The secret of this vogue simply is this: "Rip" is banishing boredom. He is making a machinistic-dulled people suddenly feel that it's good to be alive.

From Coue to Ripley is a milestone. Emil Coue, salesman of happiness, stampeded America into worshiping the great God Ditto. "Day by day . . ." was a narcotic, a treacherous faith in tomorrow. We stood on a rickety platform with eyes shut and denied the plagues and the lightning.

After Coue, Mah Jongg.

Another soporific. A kitten-on-the-keys pastime for women and children. Mah Jongg, the fad, chilled our imaginations and let us drift into the false security of a make-believe world. Mah Jongg was psychologically bad.

Then the cross-word puzzles. They were delightful for a moment and then we realized their use as sedatives, so that the roar and elbowing in the subway did not hurt our nerves so much, and the domestic after-supper wait might drift quickly into calm sleep.

Today "Rip" is here.

And "Rip" is much better.

"Rip" tells us of man-eating clams, of tree-climbing fishes, of glass snakes that shatter, of trees that eat men, of a woman with sixty-three husbands, of phenomenal creatures who held their hands above their heads for twenty years and have one eye and lie on beds of nails, of a seven-year-old boy who died of old age, of non-fiddling Nero, of that Frenchman, St. Patrick, of red, white and blue hailstones, of a one-armed paperhanger who had the hives.

"Rip," unlike Coueism and Mah Jongg and the cross-words, is an excitant—a whip to the adventure sleeping in our minds.

"Rip" has shaken us out of the warm stupor brought about by having the menial tasks and the dangerous tasks done for us. He has made us see how much that is surprising, how much that is Barnumesque, in our neighbors if not ourselves.

The "Believe It or Not" Factory

...lieve it or not, here's Rip at work.

TDV İSAM
Kütüphanesi Arşivi
No 278-493-1

SOME MAY THINK HE IS NEW MUNCHHAUSEN

But He Employs a Large Staff to Check Up on Every Fact He Digs Up, and if You Imagine You Can Fool Him, Just Try

Desert Bedouins Solve Sex Problems Better Than We, Says Dorothy Dix

Women Are Faithful Among the Nomad Tribes, Because When a Wife Steps Out of the Narrow Path She Commits Suicide

Marriage, separation, divorce, alimony, wrecked homes and weeping children—the unhappy spectacle one finds in the courts of America—are virtually unknown in the land of the desert sheiks. Dorothy Dix, writing daily for American newspapers concerning the problems of the mismated, found rigid codes of honor universally applied among Bedouins she visited during her recent tour of the Near East.

By DOROTHY DIX

STRANGE that a country where women have always belonged to the submerged sex and where they have never had any political or social equality should be haunted by the spirits of dead women! But so it is in the Holy Land. There is not a place, a tradition, a bit of history that is not dominated by the ghost of some woman ...

TDV İSAM
Kütüphanesi Arşivi
No 278-493-1

The Domain of the Sheiks

Females Have Rights, However, and May Go Home to Mother if They Pay Back to Their Husbands Twice What They Cost

transportation and, in dire necessity, can always be turned into money. Perhaps it is because the camel realizes how dependent man is upon it that makes it wear the arrogant and supercilious expression that it does, for not even a Colonial dame can look as important as a camel does.

Out of its hair is woven the coarse cloth that furnishes the Bedouins with their tents and robes. Its shadow is the maternity ward in which many a baby comes into the world. They dry its dung and make the fire with ...

... of life, doesn't try to steal her. He goes and buys her from her husband, whereby scandal is avoided and everybody is happy and satisfied. I can think of a lot of husbands who wouldn't drive too hard a bargain with any one who wanted to purchase their Marias. But it is said that these desert sheiks are great lovers and that not infrequently one of them will bankrupt himself to get the houri upon whom he has set his heart.

The desert woman also has her rights, ...

"fly across the Atlantic!"

"Hey, hold on."

"All [illegible]"

N[illegible] another fad has [seized] the [illegible] at cocktail [parties] and bridge games, on the Leviathan's lounge deck, in golf foursomes, under striped parasols [on] the Florida sands.

And at the hoarse-voice[d] [illegible] Old Soldiers' Home, the colleg[e] [illegible] houses and the Ladies' Aid bazaar [at] Ship Bottom, N. J.—it's a panic.

The countryside these days resound[s] with the cries of "You're a liar."

Wives can't believe their own husbands. A Chicago judge interrupts a trial to tell the one about the Irish oysters that catch mice, and nobody shoots him; and . . .

"Believe it or not!"

This is the new coast-to-coast pastime started by "Rip"—that Marco Polo of modern times. There is a kick, apparently, in astounding one's fellows with quotes from "Rip"—otherwise Robert LeRoy Ripley, whose trademark is "Believe It or Not!"

"Rip" of the EVENING [illegible] pages—"Rip" and his [illegible] carnival midway, "Believe It or Not!" has arrived.

He has become a one-man vogue. He has coined a phrase for the 120,000,000.

At thirty-six he is making as much as Hoover. Babbitt banqueteers invite him to name his price. He is summoned to the radio. Tin Pan Alley is putting out a funny song entitled "Believe It or Not!"

A collection [illegible] pictur[es] [illegible] Simon [illegible] [best]-seller on the [illegible] [nation]al non-fiction lists.

"Did you get that?" laughs "Rip." "I've clicked on the non-fiction list! I guess the booksellers are the only people in the country who don't think I'm a liar."

[illegible] at one time or another, but he goes on laughing. He has received as many as 8,000 letters, telegrams and telephone calls accusing him of being, because of a single item, the biggest storyteller in Manhattan.

He has yet to eat humble pie.

He gets more mail than any movie star.

That's pretty good for a guy who was [illegible] a San Francisco paper [illegible] years ago. [illegible] be long [illegible] coy [illegible] cosmic [illegible] the laws to [illegible]

Now [illegible] to see "Rip" in action. [illegible] staging a "Rip party" [illegible] amateur "Believe it or not" [illegible]. It will be held in W[illegible] handsome auditorium March 2[illegible] 23. The show is free. Watch the [illegible].

"Rip" fans are invited today [illegible] in "BONS." A "BON" is a "Believe it or not!"

"Rip" will illustrate the prize [illegible] selected by a committee of [illegible]. "Rip" is a one-man midway, but [illegible] be a large [illegible] ance pro[illegible].

Who is Robert [illegible] Ripley?

What is [his] life?

Well, he is twenty-[illegible] feet [illegible] once known as [illegible] and later double [illegible] in the dangerous scenes. [illegible] been married thirty-seven times.

He died in 19[illegible] at the age of 150 and left two sons—one 9 years old, the other 103.

He left about 10,000 direct descendants, including his great-great-grandfather [illegible] is revered [illegible] Senator He[illegible].

It was [illegible] not Benjamin Franklin [illegible] the saxophone.

"Rip" [illegible] across the [illegible] stand [illegible] his famous [illegible] travels overland the dista[nce] [illegible]

Today "Rip's" hair [illegible] wrote Lincoln's Gettysburg [illegible]. He has explored sixty-four [illegible] including Hell, Norway [illegible]. There are 46,[illegible] his [illegible] the "Ripley." [illegible] for thirty years.

In Djocjocarte he is acclaimed as the Sultan Hamengkocboewonosenopaitingalgongabgurrachmansaydinpanotagomode IV.

He once borrowed $4 from Harry Lauder. He has red whiskers, caused by a sunset in Panama.

These are but trifles.

"Rip" blows smoke through his ears and eats three Japanese babies for breakfast.

He coined the epigram: "A pound of feathers weigh more than a pound of gold." Also, "There is no lead in a lead pencil."

"Rip" is as bald as a chorus girl's ankles. It happened this way:

Every New Year's eve he gets a haircut. Last year the barber [illegible] his hair. "Rip" stepped out on Fifth Avenue. He saw his old friend, the Duchess of Canarsie. It was a bitter cold night. He tipped his hat, and the Duchess screamed with laughter. "Rip's" hair had frozen to his hat.

Believe it or not, believe it or not!

* * * * *

Do you want figures?

"Rip" was found on a Christmas tree. It was on December 25, 1893, out in [illegible] his first drawing [illegible] pen. He [illegible]

He can draw Babe Ruth in seventy-four seconds, Lincoln in two minutes and is usually an hour late to luncheon appointments.

Today 10,000,000 newspaper readers are privileged to turn to his daily museum of miracles and few ignore the offer. This Barnum with affidavits now appears in 100 newspapers besides the EVENING POST, which proudly cata[illegible] pulled him to fame.

"Not so good. Statistics are fascinating when "Rip" [is] entertaining [illegible]; he makes them dramatic, but there is only one "Rip." Statistics make a lazy picture. Suppose we draw up closer.

We push into the [illegible] rooms at the New York Athletic Club. The door is open but "Rip" calls "Come in!" anyway.

He looks like an Englishman, an outdoors man, an explorer. He has a high forehead, a weather complexion and a cast-iron hand [illegible] [illegible]ell's, the godda[illegible]

He is wearing b[illegible] a too-tight blue s[illegible] from London. [illegible] board, littered w[illegible] tures. A[illegible] and [illegible] says:

"Philip II of Spain possessed the largest heart of any known man."

"Rip," you see, is modest. His friends say he beats Philip II. He is the easiest "touch" in New York. He supports half the has-beens in sportdom. He'll give you his shirt, or carfare back to Sioux City, or last month's rent.

"Do you mind if I go on working?" asks "Rip," and adds, "I'm trying to get ahead of my schedule so I can get out of here."

"Rip" is always doing half a dozen things at once—dictating answers to fan mail; talking to friends; making appointments over the phone—and forgetting them; repairing the radio; writing a palindrome; autographing his book; drawing pictures.

Everybody in the sporting, literary, artistic and time-squandering rackets buttonholes "Rip" to unload a mess of grief. He listens to all, works on rapidly.

This wholesaling of his waking moments is explained by "Rip's" wanderlust.

He loves to travel.

He has been in sixty-four countries and he is always setting out for more. [illegible] [for]eign labels, are always packed. His favorite lands are India and China. South America entrances him. Right now he's getting ready to jump on a ship again.

"Where this time?"

"Oh, just a little trip."

His work room is filled with friends, arguments, tobacco smoke, jumbled piles of old drawings, stacks of letters, books, documents, cigars, maps, radio music.

A famous tennis player sits on a desk, lobbing mild insults at a Wall Street broker. A sports writer is telling a ballplayer how he lost the pennant in '23.

"Rip" works on, swiftly, flinging in comment now and then. It is like the dorm of some varsity football captain.

The pipe smokers hold the stage. Almost everybody—railroad executives, bankers with sporting blood, kid sprinters; reporters, mining engineers, authors, baseball moguls, broken artists, Atlantic skippers—drop in sooner or later.

"Rip" has a staff these days. One man does nothing but answer letters. Another, a linguist with twelve languages at his fingertips, delves into strange tomes. The chief "squawk" [illegible] fairy [illegible]

Bert has been a circus man and a world tourist nearly all his sixty-eight years. His memory is prodigious, but he calls "Rip" a walking encyclopedia. Bert is a proud Missourian. Saline County, that's right.

"Why, sir," Bert says, "only a born-and-bred skeptic could satisfy Mister Ripley. He insists that we prove up and cross-check every fact before he'll [illegible]

" 'Rip,' do they ever trip you?"

"Not yet," he says. He knocks on the wooden drawing board. "You see, I can't afford to be caught in a misstatement. I've fooled them so many times that now there are thousands of sharpshooters all over the world aching to show me up."

He gets 100,000 letters a year. They are faithfully read. He never gives up hoping that somebody may send in a swell "Believe It or Not!" They seldom do. Marco Polos do not grow on trees.

"Sometimes they send back to me things I've already used. No, I don't say they're trying to put over a fast one. Maybe a fan hears a good one from a friend, who read it in my newspaper stuff. The fan shouldn't be blamed if he rushes the story to me.

"I get some wonderful letters. Women? Oh, yes, thousands of women write. A moving picture actor may get letters from more girls, but I'll bet I get more from middle-aged and elderly women—lot of them the nice, conservative Social Register kind. They are the women secluded by fate or fortune from the adventures of life. They can't barge around like the men folk or the flappers. So they write that they live thrillingly on my 'Believe It or Not!' pictures."

"Rip" is more skeptical than any of his public. He never believes anything he sees in a book. Authors, he says, are too willing to believe. Newspaper clippings? Yes, when properly authenticated. Ripley has taken a boat and gone to a foreign land just to verify a startling fact.

"What'll you do when you run out of incredible facts? You must have combed the world by now."

"Pshaw, I've just scratched the surface. The globe's a big place." He looks over at the big globe on a desk. "I find stuff everywhere, and I'm on the go all the time. I'm always on the watch for strange and bizarre things [illegible]

He gets an endless stream of letters. Farmers and society women, doctors and sea captains, Northwest mounted police and English overseers of Ceylon plantations write suggestions.

"I do not use these contributed 'queeriosities' until I've verified them," Ripley remarks. "I've got two men verifying them."

"You draw swell!" I exclaim in [illegible] and over. I've gone to races and sketched the horses straining along the fence, the jocks crouched on their necks. Why go to art school as long as the world's revolving?"

Does this hint bombast? That would be unfortunate. "Rip" is as shy and unegotistic as any Californian can be. I suspect he is somewhat bewildered by the money and the clamor coming from his "Believe it or not" vogue.

The secret of this vogue simply is this: "Rip" is banishing boredom. He is making a machinistic-dulled people suddenly feel that it's good to be alive.

From Coue to Ripley is a milestone. Emil Coue, salesman of happiness, stampeded America into worshiping the great God Ditto. "Day by day . . ." was a narcotic, a treacherous faith in tomorrow. We stood on a rickety platform with eyes shut and denied the plagues and the lightning.

After Coue, Mah Jongg.

Another soporific. A kitten-on-the-keys pastime for women and children. Mah Jongg, the fad, chilled our imaginations and let us drift into the false security of a make-believe world. Mah Jongg was psychologically bad.

Then the cross-word puzzles. They were delightful for a moment and then we realized their use as sedatives, so that the roar and elbowing in the subway did not hurt our nerves so much, and the domestic after-supper wait might drift quickly into calm sleep.

Today "Rip" is here.

And "Rip" is much better.

"Rip" tells us of man-eating clams, of tree-climbing fishes, of glass snakes that shatter, of trees that eat men, of a woman with sixty-three husbands, of phenomenal creatures who held their hands above their heads for twenty years and have one eye and lie on beds of nails, of a seven-year-old boy who died of old age, of non-fiddling Nero, of that Frenchman, St. Patrick, of red, white and blue hailstones, of a one-armed paperhanger who had the hives.

"Rip," unlike Coueism and Mah Jongg and the cross-words, is an excitant—a whip to the adventure sleeping in our minds.

"Rip" has shaken us out of the warm stupor brought about by having the menial tasks and the dangerous tasks done for us. He has made us see how much that is surprising, how much that is Barnumesque, in our neighbors if not ourselves.

Believe it or not, here's Rip at work.

TDV İSAM Kütüphanesi Arşivi No 278-493-1

Desert Bedouins Solve Sex Problems Better Than We, Says Dorothy Dix

Women Are Faithful Among the Nomad Tribes, Because When a Wife Steps Out of the Narrow Path She Commits Suicide

Marriage, separation, divorce, alimony, wrecked homes and weeping children—the unhappy spectacle one finds in the courts of America—are virtually unknown in the land of the desert sheiks. Dorothy Dix, writing daily for American newspapers concerning the problems of the mismated, found rigid codes of honor universally applied among Bedouins she visited during her recent tour of the Near East.

By DOROTHY DIX

STRANGE that a country where women have always belonged to the submerged sex and where they have never had any political or social equality should be haunted by the spirits of dead women! But so it is in the Holy Land. There is not a place, a tradition, a bit of history that is not dominated by the ghost of some woman.

If you come into Jerusalem by the railroad, you pass by Gaza, the scene of Delilah's great vamping stunt when she wheedled the secret of Samson's strength from him and turned him into a weakling. On the way you pass the town where Dorcas, the mother of sewing societies, lived, and whose ministrations the inhabitants still [illegible] need, as they [illegible]

Go to Jericho and you visualize not so much Joshua blowing down the walls with his rams' horns as you do Rahab, the harlot, who betrayed the city for the sake of an upstanding fighting man.

Look at the place where once stood the great palace that Solomon built, and your thoughts turn toward those thousand wives who made life such a perpetual petting party to him that at last he exclaimed: "Stay me with flagons. Feed me with apples, for I am sick of love."

The Queen of Sheba

And you picture the jealous curiosity with which those many wives peeked through their lattices when the great Queen of Sheba came riding up in her camel litter decked out in barbaric pearl and gold at the head of her resplendent retinue to pay Solomon that famous visit.

Drive out toward Hebron and you pass the tomb of Rachel, who held a man's heart in her little hands so securely that he was willing to serve for her seven long years. Even Hebron itself does not interest you so much because it was the capital of David's kingdom for seven years as because within it is the Cave of Machpelah, which Abraham bought from the Hittites in which to bury his dead when his old wife Sarah passed on, and which is regarded as so sacred by the Mohammedans that we were only permitted to mount six steps of the outer stairs and merely touch the wall with the tips of our fingers.

Coming back from Hebron, we passed a big brown, bare field in which was laid the scene of a romance whose plot might have been written by any of our modern novelists who stress the sex appeal. For this was the field of Boaz, who was a rich landholder in his day, and here came the beautiful young widow Ruth, who adorned herself in her best raiment and anointed herself with perfumes, and then went out into the fields of the most eligible man in the community to glean the grain that was left by the reapers.

Ruth and Boaz

Here she kept herself apart from the other women who were also gathering up the spilt grain, called herself to Boaz's attention and then threw herself at his feet and jollied him, making him think she worshiped him. The way she used her youth and beauty and physical charms to ensnare him and pursued him until she got him forms the basis of the tactics of the widow that are still in good working order even to this day.

On other drives you go near the cave in which the Witch of Endor wrought her spells, and the place where Jael lured the fleeing general, Sisera, and gave him drink and "butter on a lordly dish" and hid him in her tent and then, while he slept, drove a nail through his forehead. It seems that everywhere you walk with the ghosts of dead women.

In the early dawn of a summer morning we left Jerusalem for the long drive to Damascus, and as the sun came up behind the brown Judean hills we turned for a last glimpse, and saw it strike the dim mirror of the Dead Sea into life and paint the dome of the rock with rose and throw into highlight for a moment the Church of the Holy Sepulchre as it rose above the squat houses of the bazaars.

Mount Beatitude

Then away we went, over the ochre hills, along the road on which Allenby brought up his troops when he came to take Jerusalem, where he held his hand from bombarding the city because he did not wish to destroy sacred landmarks. Past the little mountains where Saul and his son took their own lives when they were defeated in battle. Through Cana of Galilee, where Christ turned the water into wine and performed the miracle for which He would be arrested if He were in America today. Past the little mountain whereon was preached the greatest sermon to which human ears have ever listened, and on whose side was worked the miracle of the five loaves and four fishes.

Real Home Makers

The women and the smaller children were perched high in litters on the backs of the camels, while on other camels and the donkeys were packed the tribe's whole earthly possessions—the rolled black tents, a few primitive cooking vessels, a few bags of food, a rug or two, or a few sheepskins to sleep on, and that was all. When night came they would stop, pitch their tents, light a fire and in ten minutes be as much at home as they would be anywhere on earth. Tomorrow they might resume their march or they might stay for a year and raise a crop. As Allah pleases. It is all one to them. They are troubled with none of the hopes, plans, ambitions, strivings that make life such a strenuous proposition for us of the Western World.

The camel is literally the staff of life to these nomad tribes. It furnishes them with food, fuel, clothes, transportation and, in dire necessity, can always be turned into money. Perhaps it is because the camel realizes how dependent man is upon it that makes it wear the arrogant and supercilious expression that it does, for not even a Colonial dame can look as important as a camel does.

Out of its hair is woven the coarse cloth that furnishes the Bedouins with their tents and robes. Its shadow is the maternity ward in which many a baby comes into the world. They dry its dung and make the fire with which they cook their meals and by which they warm themselves when no other fuel is available. They eat its flesh and drink its milk.

Camel's Milk

Centuries ago desert women devised a method of boiling down camel's milk in the spring—when the camels are "fresh," as dairymen say—and make it into little hard dried balls, which they put away for future use. Later on, when food becomes scarce, they dissolve these milk balls in water and with a handful of dates consider that they have had a sumptuous meal.

Most of the nomads have only one wife, and the wives are models of conjugal fidelity for the very excellent reason that when a married woman sidesteps she virtually commits suicide, because it is incumbent on her nearest relatives to put her to death with horrible tortures. The whole tribe sees that this is done, for if the flighty lady is permitted to live the whole clan is dishonored and the men of the desert tribes refuse to marry their daughters. Such "goings on" as are revealed in American divorce courts would shock these simple children of the desert to death.

Their Sex Problems

In fact, they seem to manage the sex appeal problem better than we do. A man, for instance, who wrongs a woman, even with her consent, is punished as if he had killed a man. A man who falls in love with his neighbor's wife, as will happen in every circle of life, doesn't try to steal her. He goes and buys her from her husband, whereby scandal is avoided and everybody is happy and satisfied. I can think of a lot of husbands who wouldn't drive too hard a bargain with any one who wanted to purchase their Marias. But it is said that these desert sheiks are great lovers and that not infrequently one of them will bankrupt himself to get the houri upon whom he has set his heart.

The desert woman also has her rights, and in case she loses her taste for her husband she may return to papa and mamma, provided papa is willing to salve the forsaken husband's wounded feelings with double the amount that the husband paid as the girl's price when he married her. In order, however, to prevent graft on the husband's part, it has to be established that he has treated his wife kindly, not abused her or driven her from home.

The settlement that a man makes on his bride depends upon her rank in life. If she belongs to an ordinary family, a few sheep and goats suffice, but if she is a rich sheik's daughter, her worth is estimated in camels. The price of a maiden is double that of a widow or of a divorcee, the latter being more or less on the bargain counter.

The women of the nomad tribes are not secluded as are the town women, though, of course, there is no such free mingling of the sexes as in Europe and America. Nevertheless, the young people have a chance to see each other before marriage and there are said to be many love matches. When a young man asks a father for his daughter in marriage the father seldom refuses unless for some good reason.

Copyright, 1929, by N. Y. Evening Post, Inc.

In the harem of a prince, in beautiful Damascus, a palace as wonderful as any pictured in the Arabian Nights, Dorothy Dix found modernism—a harem party where the women, when they cast aside their veils and cloaks, displayed the very latest in Paris frocks. Read about it next week.

The Domain of the Sheiks

TDV İSAM Kütüphanesi Arşivi No 278-493-1

Camel Patrol in the Desert. From an etching by James McBey. Reproduced by courtesy of the Kleemann-Thorman Galleries.

TDV İSAM
Kütüphanesi Arşivi
No RTB-693-2

Antiques From Southern Colonies Closer to English Styles Than Others

PLANTATION OWNERS CHIEFLY IMPORTERS

Womenfolk of Rich Agriculturists in Virginia, Maryland and Georgia Kept in Closest Touch With Europe

By AARON MARC STEIN

New England and the States of the Middle Atlantic seaboard seem to have contributed the most to collectors of American Colonial and early Federal antiques. The makers of Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New York and Pennsylvania provide the great names that have come down to us—names such as MacIntyre in Massachusetts, Townsend in Rhode Island, Chapin in Connecticut, Phyfe in New York and Savery in Pennsylvania.

One must not assume, however, that the South was unproductive in this respect. Maryland, Virginia, the Carolinas and Georgia had wealth and they had beautiful homes. Much fine furniture was undoubtedly designed and built in the Southern colonies. The organization of the Southern communities was such, however, that the craftsman artist probably could not attain the dignity which was the result of artistic work in the North.

Landowning Aristocracy

In the field of manufactures the South never attempted to be so self-reliant as the Northern colonies. The Southerner saw that his greatest economic advantage for the future lay in the exportation of agricultural produce. The country was naturally suited to large-scale agricultural exploitation and the climate was too warm for the small English farmer.

The small farms of Pennsylvania produced a self-sufficient agricultural community. The Southern country was valuable to Englishmen only in the form of plantations. The possibilities of production of one commodity for export were so great that the prosperity of the owner of a large tract of land seemed assured.

The social structure which grew up in this new country, therefore, was characterized by a sharp distinction between the owner of many acres and the remainder of the population. One usually expects that in a newly founded community the colonists will fall naturally into relationships productive of change and increased social equality.

In the Northern colonies this natural process was evident. The South, however, was quite different. There natural development produced an aristocracy the supremacy of which was based on the ownership of land.

Importation of Luxuries

Such aristocracy, of course, has no need of producing its own home furnishings. The profits from a plantation can be used to buy any necessities or luxuries. An exporting community is very likely to be an importing community. The ships which carried the fruit of Southern fields to England, old and new, could, on the return voyage, bring furniture, glass, porcelain, silver and textiles.

The middle classes were important in England and in the Northern colonies during the eighteenth century. A craftsman could win for himself a great and dignified reputation by the excellence of his workmanship. The Southern landowner, who probably felt some contempt for a craftsman who was his neighbor, was, nevertheless, likely to look upon a famous artisan of England or the North with the same respect as the artisan commanded from his neighbors.

Importation of luxurious household furnishings from New England and the British Isles came about naturally in the South and was undoubtedly practiced extensively.

It is hardly possible, however, that all such objects were imported. Fine Southern homes show in the wood paneling of their walls and the carved architectural details of their woodwork a sophisticated beauty of design and excellence of execution which point to the artistry and skill of distinguished craftsmen.

Traveling Craftsmen

Much of this fine wood work must be the product of native workmen and it is incredible that craftsmen of such capabilities did not make beautiful furniture as well. That their names are not so famous today as those of the cabinet makers of the North is probably attributable to the fact that the planter aristocracy denied to them the dignity which should have been the social accompaniment of their artistry.

Traveling craftsmen were not uncommon in the Colonial period, and it is very likely that some of the fine wood work was done by Northern carvers touring the South professionally.

Whatever the source of the furnishings of the planters' homes, however, there are many fine old antiquities in the South, for the most part in excellent state of preservation. Negro slaves could be employed all day polishing furniture and silver, and there is every reason to believe that they were [illegible] in many households.

The furnishings of the South seem closer to the English styles than is usual in other American antiques. The planters kept a close personal touch with England, and the ladies of the South followed contemporary London fashions eagerly.

Accomplished Ladies

These ladies, odd as it may seem, must be recognized as the makers of some of the fine old things in the South. It is not likely that any Southern gentleman would make for himself a chair, a bottle or a porringer. The ladies, however, were "accomplished."

Embroidery, harp playing, sewing and painting were features emphasized in the curriculum of their education. The household arts, such as patchwork, lace and needlepoint, are well represented, therefore, in the South.

A collection of important antiques from the South goes on exhibition today in the galleries of the American Art Association, where it is to be sold at auction next week. The pieces were the property of Judge Henry McAlpin of Savannah, Ga., and of the John C. Calhoun family. The Calhoun objects are being sold by the order of Rose Calhoun, wife of the great-grandson of John C. Calhoun, who is a familiar figure in American history as Senator from South Carolina, Secretary of War in the Cabinet of President Monroe and Vice-President of the United States

[illegible] the administration of John [illegible] which [illegible] antiquities which belonged to a prominent family of the South are naturally interesting. The interest in these pieces, moreover, is particularly [illegible] significance which arises from their connection with Calhoun.

John Caldwell Calhoun, 1782-1850, was undoubtedly one of the greatest leaders in the defense of the Southern economic and social structure in the political strife in Washington which preceded the Civil War. As Senator from the State which was later to lead the South in secession from the Union he enunciated in Senate debates many of the principles which later were rallying cries for the Confederacy.

One of the objects which through association with the famous statesman are features of the collection is a mahogany sideboard made in America about 1820. It is a heavy piece, Empire in design.

The sideboard is supported in front by four lion's paw feet. The feet are heavy and naturalistic in their carving, even to the hair. The rectangular top has a scrolled rear pediment and is fitted at the sides with plinths in which are contained single drawers enclosed between reeded stiles.

The Constitution Sideboard

The front has five drawers above paneled cupboard doors which carry down to the feet. The lines of the feet [illegible] three-quarter pilasters which support the drawer section. Above each pilaster is carved a rosette, separating the drawers. The drawers are fitted with large brass rosettes and ring handles.

This sideboard was one of two made from the wood of the captain's cabin of the Constitution, when she was reconditioned after her fight with the Frolic off the Carolina coast. Henry Clay had them made, according to records in the Calhoun family, using one for himself and presenting the other to John Calhoun, at that time Secretary of War. It stood in the Calhoun home at Georgetown, S. C.

A portrait of Calhoun painted in the year of his death by a Flemish artist, Eugenius Frans de Block, is also to be sold. This portrait, it is said, was borrowed by the United States Government and a copy made which hangs in the Senate at Washington, and by the State of South Carolina for the copy in the Capitol in Charleston. It is also said to be the source of history textbook illustrations portraying Calhoun.

Others items directly connected with the statesman are six walking sticks which belonged to Calhoun. One of them is carved in the form of a snake and, according to family tradition, was the work of his slave, Moses.

Mrs. Calhoun's Scarf

There is a large group of laces belonging to the Calhoun family. A Brussels net scarf was worn by Mrs. John C. Calhoun at the inauguration of John Quincy Adams, when her husband became Vice-President of the United States. [illegible] knitted by the Vice-President's wife in 1829 in Washington.

Historic Pieces of American Furniture

Above, mahogany sideboard made of wood from the captain's cabin of the Constitution. Presented by Henry Clay to John C. Calhoun. American Art Association. Below, mahogany serpentine front chest of drawers. Philadelphia about 1765. John Wanamaker. Right, silver porringer made by Paul Revere. American Art Association.

TDV İSAM
Kütüphanesi Arşivi
No RTB-693-2

ORIGINAL CRAFTSMEN MOSTLY IN THE NORTH

Much of the Fine Woodwork Found in the Luxurious Houses Was Done by Journeymen Cabinetmakers

Another object of interest in the history of the South is an American bronze lamp made in 1840. Four clustered columns on a square plinth support a globular reservoir. The lamp is supposed to have been the property of Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederacy, and it is said that it was used by him at the signing of the Articles of the Confederacy.

There is also included in the collection a New England item of historical importance, a silver porringer made by Paul Revere in Boston about 1770. Revere, who was trained by his father, [illegible] in Boston in 1757. He is [illegible] famous of the American silversmiths probably because of the part he played in the War of the American Revolution.

Paul Revere's ride is known to every one. At the end of the war he had risen to the rank of Lieutenant Colonel and in 178[illegible] he resumed business in Boston.

The simple bowl has a cylindrical lip and a triangular strap-scrolled handle. On the under side of the handle is the maker's mark, "Revere."

One Southern Piece

Among the furniture are many pieces made in England and a large number of origin in New England, New York and Pennsylvania. Only one piece is catalogued as of Southern make, a Sheraton carved mahogany side chair, which is said to have been made in Virginia about 1800.

The Au Quatrieme collection of the John Wanamaker store has recently acquired a group of furniture from the South, which is exhibited together in one room of their American House.

A serpentine-front mahogany chest of drawers made in Philadelphia about 1765 is one of the pieces. It has four large drawers and stands on ogee bracket feet. The moldings are very simple, as the piece depends for its decorative quality on the line of the serpentine front and attached inset reeded quarter colonnettes at the corners of the front.

A [illegible] tall clock was made by Rob[illegible] of Winchester, Va., about 1780 [illegible] Pendleton. This [illegible] of Southern origin is [illegible] design. It stands on ogee [illegible] and its moldings are very [illegible]. The lower sections have [illegible] detached colonnettes [illegible] the face. None of these is reeded. The top of the face is arched with a simple square cornice above.

A Needlepoint Rug

An interesting example of the patient and expert handicraft of a Southern lady can be seen in the collection of Charles Woolsey Lyon, Inc., of 35 East Fifty-seventh Street. It is a needlepoint rug about ten feet square from Virginia. Worked in wool on linen, it is supposed to have required thirteen years' labor for its completion.

The rug has a buff background and is centered by a coat of arms. A free many-colored floral pattern borders the rug. The design is complex and expertly executed.

In the American wing of the Metropolitan Museum of Art are four Southern rooms, all dating from the end of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth century. One is from Maryland and the rest from Virginia. The wall treatment and woodwork of these rooms show clearly the elegance and restraint of Southern luxury.

Strong Georgian classicism is evident in their styles. Yellow satin damask of a simple pattern of small recurrent rosettes is used as a wall covering in the room from Petersburg, Va.

Wall Decoration

The most ornate is the room from Marmion, King George County, Va., which dates from the third quarter of the eighteenth century. Fluted pilasters with Ionic capitals support a full classical dentilated entablature. The pilasters and entablature are carved from wood but are painted with veining to simulate marble. The paneling is painted decoratively with romantic landscapes and urns filled with flowers.

It is significant that these rooms are furnished almost entirely with pieces made in the Northern colonies. In the ballroom from Alexandria, Va., are exhibited Virginia walnut chairs made in Philadelphia in the second quarter of the eighteenth century. It is possible that the practice of commissioning Northern cabinet makers to build furniture from native wood was not uncommon in the South.

In the opinion of the museum authorities, it is probable that a Sheraton mahogany mixing table exhibited in the room from Baltimore was made in that city about 1800. The table has a marble top and is inlaid with satinwood.

Congress Will Probably Treat Hoover Better Than Coolidge, Says Gilbert

(Continued from Page One)

in the coming special session, and in all sessions for the next two years.

One could imagine a combination of progressives and farm bloc Senators with the Democrats which would defeat the Republican plans. By throwing all the borderline Senators over to the progressive side one could create a balance of power in the new Senate, for there are many shades of irregularity among the Senate Republicans.

Plain and Colored

But the tendency of the last election was to wipe out the differences that have existed in recent years between the conservative Republicans of the East and the more or less progressive Republicans of the West. Many a Senator who has in the past been rated merely as inclined to be regular will in this and the next session rate as perfectly regular. And more than one Senator who in the past ranked as generally irregular will now be ranked as generally regular.

Senator Borah is now almost as good a regular as leader Jim Watson. Senator Brookhart is now not far behind can. Confronted by that choice they are tending toward regularity—as Republicans.

The Plaguey Tariff

Therefore, Mr. Hoover may look pretty generally for the support of a working majority of the Senate, which is something Mr. Coolidge seldom had and which even Mr. Harding rarely had.

So Mr. Hoover should have comparatively easy sailing except perhaps on the tariff, in this special session just about to begin, and upon prohibition, whenever that issue finally takes shape in his administration.

I say perhaps on the tariff, in spite of Mr. Smoot's notable conversion, because the tariff is an issue personal to every member of Congress. The main thing that a Senator or Congressman has to think about is his own re-election. And when an industry with large influence and many voters on its pay rolls, in a State or in a district, is demanding higher duties the Senator or Congressman subjected to its pressure ceases to be a party member and becomes merely a man trying to save his own neck. As between the whip that the party can lay upon his shoulders in Congress and the whip that the industry can lay upon him at home in of getting by without serious trouble when the tariff schedules are opened in Congress are better today than it seemed likely they would be two months ago, it is too soon to predict that he will escape the fate that befell Mr. Taft when tariff revision was fatally undertaken in his administration. It looks as if Mr. Hoover would obtain from Congress the limited tariff revision that he desires, or at least not many more upward changes in the schedules than he wishes, but there is still a chance of trouble when the Senate gets to work making the special session's tariff bill.

Two Jobs Ahead

The special session will convene for two purposes—to pass a farm relief bill and a bill revising the tariff—the main purpose of revising the tariff being to raise the duties on farm products and so extend further aid to the farmers than will be afforded in the so-called farm relief bill. Such a session for such a purpose was promised by Mr. Hoover in the latter days of his campaign for election to the Presidency.

Revising the tariff upward could not be confined to the single schedule in which the agricultural products are grouped, because there are various man- they are thus suffering. New England's textiles, for example, have been in the doldrums for several years. Their situation, perhaps, had a good deal to do with the unprecedented loss of both Massachusetts and Rhode Island by the Republican candidate for President last November.

Now, it may be maintained that what the New England textiles are suffering from is not so much foreign as Southern competition; still they can point to some invasion of American markets by foreign textiles. And, anyway, the Republicans would just as soon think of opening the tariff schedules without giving a raise in votes to the New England textiles as they would of entering church without taking off their hats. If there is anything sacred about the tariff it is the textiles. They are the Plymouth Rock of the American protection policy.

I use them merely as an illustration. There are other less striking examples of the political necessity of raising duties on commodities outside the agricultural schedules than that afforded by the chief industry of the descendants of the Puritan Fathers.

The Ticker's Influence

So there will be many revisions up- reasonable limits is not so much Presidential leadership or the power of patronage in the President's hands as a wholesome fear that has run through the Republican party that if any general revision of the tariff upward is attempted disastrous economic consequences may ensue. I suppose the somewhat scary condition of the stock market, the tightening of credit and rising interest rates, the various warnings of the Federal Reserve Board that speculation may result in a crisis have had as much to do as anything else with moderating the raptures of the victorious Republicans on the Hill. Most of the boys in both houses keep their eyes on the ticker these days and a good many of them have a lively interest in the stock quotations that come spluttering out of it. They would not do anything to send stock prices down for anything in the world.

However, it may be the zeal for upward revisions has considerably abated. Discretion has taken the place of valor on the Hill. It was amusing during the hearings before the House Ways and Means Committee to note the change that went over the House as industry after industry showed up and asked for higher duties.

witnesses who come demanding higher duties. This year a chill gradually developed. Good old high-tariff men began to express their disgust. The short and ugly word was applied in private to much of the testimony.

This change of manner sprang from the fear that too much upward revision of the tariff would bring grave economic consequences. It is a commonplace saying that every general revision of the tariff had been followed by business disturbances. This was much repeated this year. And those repeating it thought rather often of the ticker.

Then there was the question of foreign trade, which has become more important to this country than it ever was when any previous tariff revision was undertaken. That gave a good many of the rate boosters pause.

And, furthermore, there was the perception that any general advance of rates would rob the farmers of the advantage of some of the aid that Congress was preparing to give them. The complaint of the farmers has been for several years that they sell in a world market and buy in a protected market. Any general increase in a tariff would force them to buy in a still more highly protected market.

vancing the tariff. They do not want to face defeat in 1930.

The House machine has come into pretty complete agreement with Mr. Hoover's views as to what the tariff revision should be. And the House machine will completely dominate the making of the tariff bill in the first instance, for revenue measures have to originate in the House. To all intents and purposes half a dozen men will determine the nature of the House measure. And these half a dozen men are co-operating fully with Mr. Hoover. They are co-operating with him partly from a desire to do the will of the President as the head of their party and partly out of fear of the ticker, which is no respecter of parties.

It is going to be all simple for Mr. Hoover so far as the lower house is concerned on what is to be the first critical measure of his administration. The Senate is another story. The Republicans will, as already said, have a working majority in the Senate, but party control over that majority is slight. There is not any machine in the Senate. The House bill will be made by six men, let us say, and the Senate bill be made by ninety-six men, or rather ninety-five, Senator Vare be- way of satisfying the requirement of his State. And two-thirds of them will serve long enough so as not to have to worry about the immediate political effect of tariff making. So, Mr. Hoover will obviously have made more trouble in the Senate than in the House.

The Senate has in the past always controlled the final making of tariff legislation. It has always been substantially the Senate's bill which has become the law. This time it is hoped to force the Senate in conference to accept the House bill. That is what President Hoover and his friends count upon and that is the one hope of the Hoover administration to get safely by the first great crisis that confronts it.

The Farm Problem

The other major subject before the special session offers no problem at all. After many years of disputes and controversies over how to improve the economic status of the farmers, farm relief now turns out to be as simple as the nose on your face. All the old pride of opinion has disappeared. No one on the Hill will stick out for any of the things that formerly he pronounced absolutely essential for the aid of the farmers. Nothing more is heard of the equalization fee over which several ses-

chusetts, Townsend in Rhode Island, Chapin in Connecticut, Phyfe in New York and Savery in Pennsylvania.

One must not assume, however, that the South was unproductive in this respect. Maryland, Virginia, the Carolinas and Georgia had wealth and they had beautiful homes. Much fine furniture was undoubtedly designed and built in the Southern colonies. The organization of the Southern communities was such, however, that the craftsman artist probably could not attain the dignity which was the result of artistic work in the North.

Landowning Aristocracy

In the field of manufactures the South never attempted to be so self-reliant as the Northern colonies. The Southerner saw that his greatest economic advantage for the future lay in the exportation of agricultural produce. The country was naturally suited to large-scale agricultural exploitation and the climate was too warm for the small English farmer.

The small farms of Pennsylvania produced a self-sufficient agricultural community. The Southern country was valuable to Englishmen only in the form of plantations. The possibilities of production of one commodity for export were so great that the prosperity of the owner of a large tract of land seemed assured.

The social structure which grew up in this new country, therefore, was characterized by a sharp distinction between the owner of many acres and the remainder of the population. One usually expects that in a newly founded community the colonists will fall naturally into relationships productive of change and increased social equality.

In the Northern colonies this natural process was evident. The South, however, was quite different. There natural development produced an aristocracy the supremacy of which was based on the ownership of land.

Importation of Luxuries

Such aristocracy, of course, has no need of producing its own home furnishings. The profits from a plantation can be used to buy any necessities during the eighteenth century. A craftsman could win for himself a great and dignified reputation by the excellence of his workmanship. The Southern landowner, who probably felt some contempt for a craftsman who was his neighbor, was, nevertheless, likely to look upon a famous artisan of England or the North with the same respect as the artisan commanded from his neighbors.

Importation of luxurious household furnishings from New England and the British Isles came about naturally in the South and was undoubtedly practiced extensively.

It is hardly possible, however, that all such objects were imported. Fine Southern homes show in the wood paneling of their walls and the carved architectural details of their woodwork a sophisticated beauty of design and excellence of execution which point to the artistry and skill of distinguished craftsmen.

Traveling Craftsmen

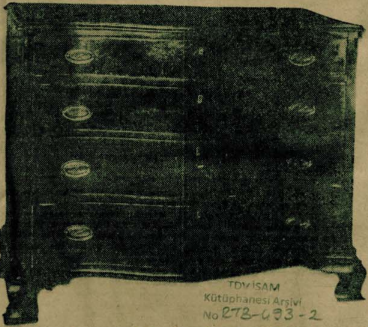
Much of this fine wood work must be the product of native workmen and it is incredible that craftsmen of such capabilities did not make beautiful furniture as well. That their names are not so famous today as those of the cabinet makers of the North is probably attributable to the fact that the planter aristocracy denied to them the dignity which should have been the social accompaniment of their artistry.

Traveling craftsmen were not uncommon in the Colonial period, and it is very likely that some of the fine wood work was done by Northern carvers touring the South professionally.

Whatever the source of the furnishings of the planters' homes, however, there are many fine old antiquities in the South, for the most part in excellent state of preservation. Negro slaves could be employed all day polishing furniture and silver, and there is every reason to believe that they were [illegible] in many households.

The furnishings of the South seem closer to the English styles than is usual in other American antiques. The

at auction next week. The pieces were the property of Judge Henry McAlpin of Savannah, Ga., and of the John C. Calhoun family. The Calhoun objects are being sold by the order of Rose Calhoun, wife of the great-grandson of John C. Calhoun, who is a familiar figure in American history as Senator from South Carolina, Secretary of War in the Cabinet of President Monroe and Vice-President of the United States



TDV İSAM Kütüphanesi Arşivi No 273-693-2

Above, mahogany sideboard made of wood from the captain's cabin of the Constitution. Presented by Henry Clay to John C. Calhoun. American Art Association. Below, mahogany serpentine front chest of drawers. Philadelphia about 1765. John Wanamaker. Right, silver porringer made by Paul Revere. American Art Association.

the administration of John [illegible] which [illegible] antiquities which belonged to a prominent family of the South are naturally interesting. The interest in these pieces, moreover, is particularly [illegible] significance which arises from their connection with Calhoun.

John Caldwell Calhoun, 1782-1850, was undoubtedly one of the greatest leaders in the defense of the Southern economic and social structure in the political strife in Washington which preceded the Civil War. As Senator from the State which was later to lead the South in secession from the Union he enunciated in Senate debates many of the principles which later were rallying cries for the Confederacy.

One of the objects which through association with the famous statesman are features of the collection is a mahogany sideboard made in America about 1820. It is a heavy piece, Empire in design.

The sideboard is supported in front by four lion's paw feet. The feet are heavy and naturalistic in their carving, even to the hair. The rectangular top has a scrolled rear pediment and is fitted at the sides with plinths in which are contained single drawers enclosed between reeded stiles.

The Constitution Sideboard

The front has five drawers above paneled cupboard doors which carry down to the feet. The lines of the feet [illegible] three-quarter pilasters which support [illegible] drawer section. Above each pilaster is carved a rosette, separating the drawers.

The drawers are fitted with large brass rosettes and ring handles.

This sideboard was one of two made from the wood of the captain's cabin of the Constitution, when she was reconditioned after her fight with the Frolic off the Carolina coast. Henry Clay had them made, according to records in the Calhoun family, using one for himself and presenting the other to John Calhoun, at that time Secretary of War. It stood in the Calhoun home at Georgetown, S. C.

A portrait of Calhoun painted in the year of his death by a Flemish artist, Eugenius Frans de Block, is also to be sold. This portrait, it is said, was borrowed by the United States Government and a copy made which hangs in the Senate at Washington, and by the State of South Carolina for the copy in the Capitol in Charleston. It is also said to be the source of history textbook illustrations portraying Calhoun.

Others items directly connected with the statesman are six walking sticks which belonged to Calhoun. One of them is carved in the form of a snake and, according to family tradition, was the work of his slave, Moses.

Mrs. Calhoun's Scarf

There is a large group of laces belonging to the Calhoun family. A Brussels net scarf was worn by Mrs. John C. Calhoun at the inauguration of John Quincy Adams, when her husband became Vice-President of the United States. A [illegible] knitted by the Vice-President's wife in 1829 in Washington.

There is also included in the collection a New England item of historical importance, a silver porringer made by Paul Revere in Boston about 1770. Revere, who was trained by his father, opened his shop in Boston in 1757. He is the most famous of the American silversmiths probably because of the part he played in the War of the American Revolution.

Paul Revere's ride is known to every one. At the end of the war he had risen to the rank of Lieutenant Colonel and in 1783 he resumed business in Boston.

The simple bowl has a cylindrical lip and a triangular strap-scrolled handle. On the under side of the handle is the maker's mark, "Revere."

One Southern Piece

Among the furniture are many pieces made in England and a large number of origin in New England, New York and Pennsylvania. Only one piece is catalogued as of Southern make, a Sheraton carved mahogany side chair, which is said to have been made in Virginia about 1800.

The Au Quatrieme collection of the John Wanamaker store has recently acquired a group of furniture from the South, which is exhibited together in one room of their American House.

A serpentine-front mahogany chest of drawers made in Philadelphia about 1765 is one of the pieces. It has four large drawers and stands on ogee bracket feet. The moldings are very simple, as the piece depends for its decorative quality on the line of the serpentine front and attached inset reeded quarter colonnettes at the corners of the front.

A [illegible] tall clock was made by Robe[illegible] of Winchester, Va., about 1780 [illegible] rd Pendleton.

This [illegible] of Southern origin is seve[illegible] sign. It stands on ogee [illegible] and its moldings are very [illegible] The lower sections have [illegible] slender detached colonnettes [illegible] the face. None of these is

needlepoint rug about ten feet square from Virginia. Worked in wool on linen, it is supposed to have required thirteen years' labor for its completion.

The rug has a buff background and is centered by a coat of arms. A free many-colored floral pattern borders the rug. The design is complex and expertly executed.

In the American wing of the Metropolitan Museum of Art are four Southern rooms, all dating from the end of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth century. One is from Maryland and the rest from Virginia. The wall treatment and woodwork of these rooms show clearly the elegance and restraint of Southern luxury.

Strong Georgian classicism is evident in their styles. Yellow satin damask of a simple pattern of small recurrent rosettes is used as a wall covering in the room from Petersburg, Va.

Wall Decoration

The most ornate is the room from Marmion, King George County, Va., which dates from the third quarter of the eighteenth century. Fluted pilasters with Ionic capitals support a full classical dentilated entablature. The pilasters and entablature are carved from wood but are painted with veining to simulate marble. The paneling is painted decoratively with romantic landscapes and urns filled with flowers.

It is significant that these rooms are furnished almost entirely with pieces made in the Northern colonies. In the ballroom from Alexandria, Va., are exhibited Virginia walnut chairs made in Philadelphia in the second quarter of the eighteenth century. It is possible that the practice of commissioning Northern cabinet makers to build furniture from native wood was not uncommon in the South.

In the opinion of the museum authorities, it is probable that a Sheraton mahogany mixing table exhibited in the room from Baltimore was made in that city about 1800. The table has a marble top and is inlaid with satinwood.

Congress Will Probably Treat Hoover Better Than Coolidge, Says Gilbert

(Continued from Page One)

in the coming special session, and in all sessions for the next two years.

One could imagine a combination of progressives and farm bloc Senators with the Democrats which would defeat the Republican plans. By throwing all the borderline Senators over to the progressive side one could create a balance of power in the new Senate, for there are many shades of irregularity among the Senate Republicans.

Plain and Colored

But the tendency of the last election was to wipe out the differences that have existed in recent years between the conservative Republicans of the East and the more or less progressive Republicans of the West. Many a Senator who has in the past been rated merely as inclined to be regular will in this and the next session rate as perfectly regular. And more than one Senator who in the past ranked as generally irregular will now be ranked as generally regular.

Senator Borah is now almost as good a regular as leader Jim Watson. Senator Brookhart is now not far behind Senator Borah in regularity. Senator Nye is a perfect little Jack Horner, such a good boy is he. And so one [illegible] the list of the Republican correcting crew of the past.

Of out and out progressives who cannot be counted on ever to try to please the new President there are only Senators Norris, La Follette and Blaine, and perhaps sometimes Senators Frazier and Howell will be with them. The real irregulars are those who never go to the White House and don't ask for or expect any patronage. Of these there will probably be only three in the coming session. Of the three, Mr. Norris and Mr. Blaine openly bolted President Hoover in the election and Mr. La Follette took to the fence.

Third Party Dead

As a matter of fact the farm revolt collapsed last fall. It was ineffective on election day and as a consequence the more or less irregular or progressive Senators began to see that their future lay in being rather unblemished Republicans. The hope of a third or progressive party died. The farm issue is likely to be settled in the next four years, or at any rate for some time there are not likely to be votes in it.

The Democratic party, instead of committing suicide, showed unusual vitality in the last election, gaining six million or so votes. It promises to present new issues and to create new divisions in the electorate, so the alternative presented to the irregular Republicans is to be Democratic or to be Republican. Confronted by that choice they are tending toward regularity—as Republicans.

The Plaguey Tariff

Therefore, Mr. Hoover may look pretty generally for the support of a working majority of the Senate, which is something Mr. Coolidge seldom had and which even Mr. Harding rarely had.

So Mr. Hoover should have comparatively easy sailing except perhaps on the tariff, in this special session just about to begin, and upon prohibition, whenever that issue finally takes shape in his administration.

I say perhaps on the tariff, in spite of Mr. Smoot's notable conversion, because the tariff is an issue personal to every member of Congress. The main thing that a Senator or Congressman has to think about is his own re-election. And when an industry with large influence and many voters on its pay rolls, in a State or in a district, is demanding higher duties the Senator or Congressman subjected to its pressure ceases to be a party member and becomes merely a man trying to save his own neck. As between the whip that the party can lay upon his shoulders in Congress and the whip that the industry can lay upon him at home in his own State, he cringes most under the blows of the latter.

Therefore, while Mr. Hoover's chances of getting by without serious trouble when the tariff schedules are opened in Congress are better today than it seemed likely they would be two months ago, it is too soon to predict that he will escape the fate that befell Mr. Taft when tariff revision was fatally undertaken in his administration. It looks as if Mr. Hoover would obtain from Congress the limited tariff revision that he desires, or at least not many more upward changes in the schedules than he wishes, but there is still a chance of trouble when the Senate gets to work making the special session's tariff bill.

Two Jobs Ahead

The special session will convene for two purposes—to pass a farm relief bill and a bill revising the tariff—the main purpose of revising the tariff being to raise the duties on farm products and so extend further aid to the farmers than will be afforded in the so-called farm relief bill. Such a session for such a purpose was promised by Mr. Hoover in the latter days of his campaign for election to the Presidency.

Revising the tariff upward could not be confined to the single schedule in which the agricultural products are grouped, because there are various manufactured articles which are suffering from foreign competition or which can make out a case for the allegation that they are thus suffering. New England's textiles, for example, have been in the doldrums for several years. Their situation, perhaps, had a good deal to do with the unprecedented loss of both Massachusetts and Rhode Island by the Republican candidate for President last November.

Now, it may be maintained that what the New England textiles are suffering from is not so much foreign as Southern competition; still they can point to some invasion of American markets by foreign textiles. And, anyway, the Republicans would just as soon think of opening the tariff schedules without giving a raise in votes to the New England textiles as they would of entering church without taking off their hats. If there is anything sacred about the tariff it is the textiles. They are the Plymouth Rock of the American protection policy.

I use them merely as an illustration. There are other less striking examples of the political necessity of raising duties on commodities outside the agricultural schedules than that afforded by the chief industry of the descendants of the Puritan Fathers.

The Ticker's Influence

So there will be many revisions upward before Congress gets through. But what is helping Mr. Hoover to confine these upward revisions within reasonable limits is not so much Presidential leadership or the power of patronage in the President's hands as a wholesome fear that has run through the Republican party that if any general revision of the tariff upward is attempted disastrous economic consequences may ensue. I suppose the somewhat scary condition of the stock market, the tightening of credit and rising interest rates, the various warnings of the Federal Reserve Board that speculation may result in a crisis have had as much to do as anything else with moderating the raptures of the victorious Republicans on the Hill. Most of the boys in both houses keep their eyes on the ticker these days and a good many of them have a lively interest in the stock quotations that come spluttering out of it. They would not do anything to send stock prices down for anything in the world.

However, it may be the zeal for upward revisions has considerably abated. Discretion has taken the place of valor on the Hill. It was amusing during the hearings before the House Ways and Means Committee to note the change that went over the House as industry after industry showed up and asked for higher duties.

A Change of Attitude

Ordinarily the Republican members show the warmest sympathy for the witnesses who come demanding higher duties. This year a chill gradually developed. Good old high-tariff men began to express their disgust. The short and ugly word was applied in private to much of the testimony.

This change of manner sprang from the fear that too much upward revision of the tariff would bring grave economic consequences. It is a commonplace saying that every general revision of the tariff had been followed by business disturbances. This was much repeated this year. And those repeating it thought rather often of the ticker.

Then there was the question of foreign trade, which has become more important to this country than it ever was when any previous tariff revision was undertaken. That gave a good many of the rate boosters pause.

And, furthermore, there was the perception that any general advance of rates would rob the farmers of the advantage of some of the aid that Congress was preparing to give them. The complaint of the farmers has been for several years that they sell in a world market and buy in a protected market. Any general increase in a tariff would force them to buy in a still more highly protected market.

All of those considerations taken together have inclined the Republicans in Congress to move cautiously in advancing the tariff. They do not want to face defeat in 1930.

The House machine has come into pretty complete agreement with Mr. Hoover's views as to what the tariff revision should be. And the House machine will completely dominate the making of the tariff bill in the first instance, for revenue measures have to originate in the House. To all intents and purposes half a dozen men will determine the nature of the House measure. And these half a dozen men are co-operating fully with Mr. Hoover. They are co-operating with him partly from a desire to do the will of the President as the head of their party and partly out of fear of the ticker, which is no respecter of parties.

It is going to be all simple for Mr. Hoover so far as the lower house is concerned on what is to be the first critical measure of his administration. The Senate is another story. The Republicans will, as already said, have a working majority in the Senate, but party control over that majority is slight. There is not any machine in the Senate. The House bill will be made by six men, let us say, and the Senate bill be made by ninety-six men, or rather ninety-five, Senator Vare being compulsorily absent. Each one of those men will be influenced chiefly by his own personal necessities in the way of satisfying the requirement of his State. And two-thirds of them will serve long enough so as not to have to worry about the immediate political effect of tariff making. So, Mr. Hoover will obviously have made more trouble in the Senate than in the House.

The Senate has in the past always controlled the final making of tariff legislation. It has always been substantially the Senate's bill which has become the law. This time it is hoped to force the Senate in conference to accept the House bill. That is what President Hoover and his friends count upon and that is the one hope of the Hoover administration to get safely by the first great crisis that confronts it.

The Farm Problem

The other major subject before the special session offers no problem at all. After many years of disputes and controversies over how to improve the economic status of the farmers, farm relief now turns out to be as simple as the nose on your face. All the old pride of opinion has disappeared. No one on the Hill will stick out for any of the things that formerly he pronounced absolutely essential for the aid of the farmers. Nothing more is heard of the equalization fee over which several sessions fought.

Only one form of farm relief will receive any consideration, the kind that President Hoover recommends—whatever that may be. It is predicted that it will take the House one week to pass a Hoover farm bill. The Senate will while away some time on it, waiting for the House to send up its tariff. But the prevailing idea in both branches is that Mr. Hoover should take full responsibility for farm relief. It is his kettle of fish.

The only other measures likely to be acted upon by the special session are the census bill, providing for the taking of the 1930 census and the reapportionment bill, providing for a long-delayed redistricting of the counties. In the fate of neither of these measures is Mr. Hoover greatly concerned.

New Celebrities Now Rule the Roast in Literary Cafes of Vienna

(Continued from Page Two)

is built on a hillside, whence there is a beautiful view of the Rax-Alp and of the Schneeberg, two Alpine peaks of about 6,000 feet altitude.

Werfel is a small, almost fat man, with long hair a la Beethoven. He is a nervous, restless soul and the waiters of the Cafe Museum tremble if occasionally he comes to read the papers. I often watched Werfel when he took his cup of black coffee in the Cafe Museum. Repeatedly he jumped from his seat and started to walk in the cafe among the marble tables, not caring for the questioning looks of the guests who were disturbed by his half-loud monologue as he walked and swept away the papers from the other tables. Then he sat down at another table and started to put down a poem on a microscopically small piece of paper. When two or four lines of the poem were completed, he again jumped up, started to walk, talked half-loudly, and if the waiter tried to stop him, he shouted: "Don't disturb me, you idiot." Then later on he was sorry for the insults he dealt out and apologized. I have often seen him on cold wintry nights come to the cafe without a hat.

Unquestionably Werfel is today the leading poet and playwright of Vienna. His dramas are the sensation of the year; his books are eagerly awaited. The "Bocksgesang," "Der Spiegelmensch," "Paulus Amongst the Jews" and "Juarez and Maximilian" are now counted among the great German dramas of our epoch.

Karl Schoenherr is the other successor to the literary fame of Bahr and Schnitzler. Schoenherr's plays such as the "Kindertragoedie," "Der Kampf" and "Es" made a sensation in Vienna and he recently had a great success with "Der Judas von Tirol," a drama about the betrayal of the national hero of the Tyroleans, Andreas Hofer. He is an extremely modest man and does not hunt either popularity or honors. He used to wear a huge Teutonic beard, something li[illegible] Hermann Bahr's, but a few years ago he shaved it off and resembles a successful American business man. But he is not a good business man and despite his success he has neither accumulated money nor lost his former modesty. He is almost invisible and lives a quiet life in his home in the Alsergrund district of Vienna.

Another successful poet and playwright, Anton Wildgans, has also departed from the footsteps of his forerunners and refuses to be a boulevardier. Karl Hans Strobl, a novelist whose description of small town life created some time ago a genuine sensation in Austria, was on the way to becoming a successor to Hermann Bahr. But he also shirked the issue and now lives a good bourgeois life at his nice country mansion at Perchtolsdorf, near Vienna.

Literary Amenities

The two prominent boulevardiers of present Vienna are Karl Krauss and Egon Friedell. Karl Krauss, or as he also is called the "Fackel-Krauss," is one of the great controversial writers of Vienna, almost a Viennese Mencken. He is from the old generation and his debating table stood once in the Cafe Griensteidl. He had the ambition to join Hermann Bahr at his boulevardier circle, but the then Pan-German Bahr distrusted the brilliant but controversial Jew, Krauss. So Krauss had to found his own table at the Griensteidl and as a sort of revenge for the snub administered by Bahr he vehemently attacked the boulevardiers in a pamphlet entitled "Decrepit Literature." This Don Quixote of Vienna has been for thirty years in constant conflict with all established literature, journalism and—all authority. In his periodical called Der Fackel he attacked everything and everybody. He assailed all the leading newspapers and newspaper men, especially the Neue Freie Presse and its editor, Herr Benedikt. In his periodical he always emphasized the complete ignorance and incompetence of Viennese editors, and to prove his thesis he started, with the aid of an engineer friend of his, a stunt which had cost many editors unpleasant hours and gave the readers a good, hearty laugh.

He wanted to expose the ignorance of the press in Vienna which writes pompously and with an air of authority on every subject in this world. Dr. Schuetz, the friend of Karl Krauss, now argued that newspapers are written for the masses and so they should avoid the use of technical or high-sounding phrases. The Krauss-Dr. Schuetz combination made its debut in 1914 with the famous hoax of the "mine-dog."

One night the story of a terrible mine catastrophe was telephoned to the editorial offices of the Neue Freie Presse from a small Silesian mining town. At the other end of the telephone the volunteer correspondent of the Presse was Dr. Schuetz, which the stenographer who took the message did not realize. Schuetz first gave the facts, the number of men killed, the time when the explosion occurred, etc., and then he started to give an expert explanation of the causes and circumstances of the catastrophe. He reported among others: "One of the curious facts noticed in connection with this catastrophe was that some hours before the explosion occurred the mine dogs started to bark, and just before the catastrophe occurred they howled piteously."

Just Like New York

"Mine-dogs"—this is the literal translation of the German "Grubenhund"—are, however, innocent little carts which transport the coal from the pithead to the washing plant and run on a cableway. They are "hauled," but they never howl, nor do they bark. . . . Miners knew this fact, but not the editors of the Presse. And when in the next copy of the Fackel Krauss exposed the "ignorance" of the Presse everybody laughed save the editor and his subalterns . . . Since then the "Grubenhund" (mine-dog) is the terror of all editors of Vienna. From time to time the Krauss-Schuetz combination succeeded in slipping into the various papers of Vienna new varieties of "mine-dogs."

Until recently Krauss always got the better of his adversaries. At least he could always make them the laughing stock of Vienna, though he never succeeded in bringing disaster to anybody. When his polemics were most vehement against the Neue Freie Presse and his former editor, Moritz Benedikt, this paper was continuously gaining in both circulation and reputation. He occasionally got a laugh at the expense of the Presse, but more he could not do. He attacked Hermann Bahr and his company of boulevardiers more than a score of years ago. But after his attack the sun of Bahr had just started to rise. When Bahr's tide turned, Krauss had long ceased to attack him.

TDV İSAM Kütüphanesi Arşivi No 273-693-2

Distinctive Mirrors
HOFSTATTER
INTERIOR DECORATORS
DISTINCTIVE FURNITURE
668 FIFTH AVENUE

Krauss, New Philadelphia Orchestra Conductor—Premiere of 'Fra Gherardo'

Music : By Oscar Thompson

Last of the Season's Opera Novelties, Its Composer, Its Background and Its Melodramatic Story

NOW FOR AN OPERA by a music critic. Ildebrando Pizzetti, whose "Fra Gherardo" will be mounted at the Metropolitan Thursday night, as the fourth and last of Mr. Gatti-Casazza's novelties for the season, has for some years been critic of La Nazione, Florence, to quote so trustworthy an authority as Dr. Eaglefield Hull's Dictionary of Modern Music, and prior to that was music critic of Il Secolo, Milan. Both are newspapers. His books, "La Musica dei greci," "Musicisti contemporanei" and "La Musica Italiana," attest an industry of the pen not exhausted by these newspaper activities. As a teacher (one of his pupils being the accomplished Mario Castelnuovo-Tedesco), as a lecturer and latterly as director of the Milan Conservatory, this gifted son of Parma has displayed an uncommon versatility, even aside from the stage music, the symphonic and chamber compositions, the songs and the Funeral Mass for King Humbert which have placed his name with the foremost in musical composition of the day.

Curiously, however, in view of these multiplex activities and the universal recognition of his talents, Pizzetti has remained the least sharply defined—for Americans—of the group of middle-aged Italians who only a few years ago were hailed as prophets of a new day. The "Paris Six" probably had less of affinity, man to man, aside from the common admiration of Eric Satie, their ironic paterfamilias, than has existed between Pizzetti, Respighi, Malipiero and Casella, different as have been the musical personalities of these artists. They can no longer be regarded as in any sense radicals, if indeed the term was ever justified on any basis except that which invests with radical qualities anything that is new. Certainly there is little of kinship between these workers in melody and warm sonorities and the atonalists and polytonalists of Central Europe. Casella, who, most of the four, suggested at one time a leaning toward the Stravinskyans of Paris, has become an outspoken opponent of what the northern extremists represent. Optimistically, he foresees a swing back to Italian melody, together with beauty of form. Pizzetti is a melodist, a master of form.

RESPIGHI, the senior of this group of Italians, is but four years older than Casella, the youngest. The four came into the world spaced about a year apart, each from the next; Pizzetti in 1880, the second of the infants whose musical mouths apparently possessed the silver spoon of orchestral mastery, if not the greatest gifts of thematic creation. All were of another generation than those surviving verismists, Mascagni and Giordano, the offspring of Ponchielli; and in their turn have become of fatherly maturity as compared to the young men of Italy, among them Castelnuovo-Tedesco and Mario Labroca. Verdi's "Otello," which has been referred to as Pizzetti's model for "Fra Gherardo," was produced when Pizzetti was a lad of seven.

Casella, some years ago, in summing up the characteristics of what he has styled the music of the "regeneration in Italy," wrote of Pizzetti and his companions as possessing "those qualities of simplicity, architectural sobriety, firmness of outline, versatility of form, vivacious and quick sensibility, which are precisely those of the classical Italian spirit, and which will make the new Italian music worthy of its glorious forerunners."

New York's experience with the music of Pizzetti has not previously embraced one of his operas, though the stage music he wrote for the "Abraham and Isaac" of Flo Belcari, a product of twelve years ago, was presented by the Friends of Music. "Fedra" and "Debora e Jaele," the first brought out at La Scala in 1915, the latter in 1922, are still unknown quantities to our audiences, save the chorus "Ippolito Is Dead," a threnody of haunting loveliness, which was excerpted from the former as material for a choral program at least six years ago. The familiar "Pisanella" Suite and Mr. Toscanini's most recent novelty, "Concerto dell' Estate," can scarcely be said to have shed much light, for those who have not heard a Pizzetti opera, on the dramatic gifts of the composer of "Fra Gherardo" or on the effectiveness in the theatre of his theorem that opera should be confined to the essentials of the drama and not be made the excuse for lyric effusions. The moral character of his writing has been much discussed; what Guido M. Gatti has termed his "religious bent" has been dutifully observed, the aristocracy and refinement of his workmanship, its freedom from the more sensational climaxing of his confreres, have been commented upon. But the composer of "Fra Gherardo" will enter the Metropolitan, in the spirit of his art product, Thursday night, a much less familiar personality than Respighi, Casella or Malipiero.

PIZZETTI wrote his own libretto for "Fra Gherardo," as he did for "Debora e Jaele," but turned from the classical subjects which had hitherto fascinated him, and with which his employment of the ancient modes was peculiarly en rapport, to a medieval tale of his native Parma, drawing upon material he found in the chronicles of the Congregation of the Apostles, an order founded in Parma in the thirteenth century, and freely adapting to his purposes incidents that had some basis in recorded fact. The tale is one of religious fanaticism, of weakness and recantation on the part of its hero, of sacrificial love and faith in the acts of the street Magdalen who is its heroine. Not Gherardo, but Mariola, those who have written of performances in Italy and South America agree, is the character that most interests and enlists sympathy.

Gherardo, a rich weaver, is led by his fanaticism to sell all his goods, give his money to the poor and become a wanderer. Mariola, an unfortunate at eighteen, comes to him destitute, and he yields to temptation. The next morning he casts her off, overwhelmed by what he considers the magnitude of his sin, despite her piteous pleading. Nine years later Gherardo is seen as the leader of a revolt against ecclesiastical and civic authority. Mariola finds him and tells him of their child that has died of starvation. In another travail of remorse and despair, Gherardo permits himself to be imprisoned, but Mariola leads the mob in rioting to force his liberation. Tricked into believing that Mariola has been taken and will be destroyed as a witch unless he saves her by denying his faith, Gherardo yields to his enemies. The populace is assembled in the Piazza to hear him recant. Mariola is stabbed by one of the mob and dies in Gherardo's arms, the victim of a very earthly love, steadier and no less fervid than Gherardo's religious mania.

THE LIBRETTO is good reading, if it leaves the question as to whether on the stage the atmosphere may be too dour, the worldly fascinations too few, to appeal to audiences of a day not particularly responsive

TDV İSAM Kütüphanesi Arşivi No R TB-493-3

Marion Talley, Singing Next Week at the Metropolitan Opera House

TDV İSAM Kütüphanesi Arşivi R TB-493-3

Music Programs of the Week

Tomorrow

Metropolitan Opera House Concert, 8:30 P. M.:

Overture to "Der Freischutz" ... Weber
Orchestra, Mr. Bamboschek, director
[illegible] from "Tales of Hoffmann" ... Offenbach
[illegible]
[illegible] and Love Death from "Tristan" ... Wagner
Mme. Corona
Duet from "Cavalleria Rusticana" ... Mascagni
Mme. Guilford and Mr. Marshall
Aria from "Faust" ... Gounod
Mme. Lewis
Aria from "Die Walkure" ... Wagner
Mr. Bohnen
"Spanish Rhapsody" ... Chabrier
Orchestra
Aria from "Aida" ... Verdi
Mr. Jagel
Garden scene, Invocation, Duet from "Faust" ... Gounod
Mmes. Lewis and Falco and Messrs. Tedesco and Bohnen
March from "Coq d'Or" ... Rimsky-Korsakoff
Orchestra

Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra, Arturo Toscanini conductor, Metropolitan Opera House, 3 P. M.:

"Iphigenia in Aulis" Overture ... Gluck
Symphony in D ... Haydn
"Sorcerer's Apprentice" ... Dukas
"Feste Romane" ... Respighi

Flonzaley Quartet, farewell concert, Town Hall, 3 P. M.:

Quartet in D minor ... Mozart
Quartet in C major ... Beethoven
Quintet in E flat major ... Schumann
Ernest Schelling at the piano

New York Chamber Music Society, Hotel Plaza, 9 P. M.:

A Fugal Concerto, Op. 40, No. 2 ... Holst
"Rhapsody—Divertissement" (Mss) ... Giorni
Quintet in F minor ... Brahms
"Suite Antique" ... Stoessel

League of Composers, Steinway Hall, 8:30 P. M.:

Percussion Music for Piano ... Blitzstein
Composer at the piano
Hymn for voice and flute and "Cantique Spirituel" ... Petit
"Dark Is Thy Glance" and "At the Dawn" ... Krein
Marianne de Gonitch, soprano, and Sarah Possell, flute.
String Quartet ... Morris
Hans Lange Quartet
"Sance Eines Fahrendes" ... Pisk
"Au Fond de Mon Coeur" and "Sous les Etoiles" ... Nystroem
Mildred Kreuter, contralto.
Trio ... Cowell
Stephanie Schehatowitsch, piano; Hans Lange, cello, and Percy Such, violin.

Beniamino Gigli, tenor, and Margaret Shotwell, piano, Century Theatre 3 P. M.:

Aria, "Mefistofele" ... Boito
"Occhi di Fata" ... Denza
"Solo Senza Nisciuno" ... De Curtis
"Stornelli Marini" ... Mascagni

Soiree Artistique, Booth Theatre, 8 P. M.:

Cecile Arden in "Carmen" in one scene. Eileen Curran in Gaelic songs. Jimmy Kemper in character songs. Zoe Cheshire in harp solos. Donald Ogden Stewart in "Conversations." Alene Mester and Rose Daly in comedy. [illegible] in comedy.

Florence Leffert, soprano; Guild Theatre, 3 P. M.:

"Sommi Dei" ... Handel
Aria from "Johannes Passion" ... Bach
"Solitudine Anenne" ... Scarlatti
Three songs from "Poeme de l'Amour." ... Chausson
Folk songs in twelve languages

Monday

"Rigoletto," Metropolitan Opera House, 8:15 P. M.:

The Duke ... Giacomo Lauri-Volpi
Rigoletto ... Giuseppe De Luca
Gilda ... Marion Talley
Sparafucile ... Leon Rothier
Giovanna ... Philine Falco
Monterone ... Paolo Ananian
Marullo ... Millo Picco
Borsa ... Giordano Paltrinieri
Ceprano ... Vincenzo Reschiglian
The Countess ... Minnie Egener
A Page ... Paolina Tomisani
Incidental dance by Corps de Ballet
Conductor, Vincenzo Bellezza

Dayton Westminster Choir, John Finley Williamson, director; Carnegie Hall, 8:30 P. M.:

"Hodie Christus Natus Est" ... Palestrina
"Crucifixus" ... Lotti
"Sing Ye to the Lord" ... Bach
"Jesus, Friend of Sinners" ... Grieg
"Psalm 51" ... Brahms
"Golden Slippers" and "Steal Away," Spirituals; "Alleluia! Christ Is Risen" ... Kopolyoff
"Going Home" ... Dvorak
"Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," Spiritual; "Religion Is a Fortune," Spiritual; "Three Kings" ... Arr. by Kurt Schindler
"The Shepherds' Story" ... Dickinson

Beethoven Association, Pro Arte String Quartet and Elly Ney, piano; Town Hall, 8:15 P. M.:

Quartet in B flat major ... Beethoven
Quintet in F minor ... Franck

Julius Richter, violin; Steinway Hall, 8:30 P. M.:

Sonata, Op. 24 ... Beethoven
Concerto in D (one movement) ... Brahms
Nocturno ... Chopin-Wilhelmj
Capriccio Valse ... Wieniawski
Moise Fantasie on the G string ... Paganini
Hungarian melodies ... H. W. Ernst

Tuesday

Philadelphia Orchestra, Clemens Krauss, conductor; Carnegie Hall, 8:45 P. M.:

"Thus Spake Zarathustra" ... Strauss
"Serenata Notturna" ... Mozart

Isolde ... Gertrude Kappel
Kurvenal ... Clarence Whitehill
Melot ... Arnold Gabor
Brangaene ... Karin Branzell
A Shepherd ... George Meader
The Steersman ... Louis D'Angelo
A Sailor's Voice ... Max Bloch
Conductor, Artur Bodanzky

"Faust," Metropolitan Opera House, 8 P. M.:

Faust ... Giacomo Lauri-Volpi
Mephistopheles ... Feodor Chaliapin
Valentin ... Lawrence Tibbett
Wagner ... James Wolfe
Marguerite ... Mary Lewis
Siebel ... Ellen Dalossy
Marthe ... Henriette Wakefield
Conductor, Louis Hasselmans

William Kroll, violin; Carnegie Hall, 8:30 P. M.:

Sonata for violin and piano ... Faure
Allemande, Comante, Saraband, Gigue ... Bach
Concerto in B minor ... D'Ambrosio
"Valse Triste" (Mss.) ... Kroll
"Tijuca" ... Milhaud
"Cossack" (Mss.) ... Kroll
"Habanera" ... Sarasate

Winifred Comstock, mezzo-soprano; Steinway Hall, 8:30 P. M.:

Aria from "Alceste" ... Gluck
Aria from "Semele" ... Handel
"In questa Tomba" ... Beethoven
"Das Veilchen" ... Mozart
"Die junge Nonne" and "Rastlose Liebe," ... Schubert
"Waldegesprach" and "Die Soldatenbraut," ... Schumann
"Das Madchen spricht" and "Auf dem Kirchof" ... Brahms
"Apres un Reve" ... Faure
"Romance" ... Debussy
"J'ai pleure en reve" ... Hue
"Le Crepuscule" and "Zanetto" ... Massenet
"By the Waters of Babylon" ... Dvorak
"Silent Noon" ... Vaughn-Williams
"Armida's Garden" ... Parry
"The Fuschia Tree" ... Quilter
"Tomorrow" ... Henschel

Compinsky Trio, Town Hall, 8:30 P. M.:

Trio in G ... Mozart
Trio in E flat ... Brahms
Trio (first performance here) ... Labroca
Trio in F sharp minor ... Franck

Thursday

"Fra Gherardi," first American performance; Metropolitan Opera House, 8 P. M.:

Gherardo ... Edward Johnson
Mariola ... Maria Mueller
A gentleman ... Everett Marshall
A fair woman ... Aida Doninelli
The notary ... Giordano Paltrinieri
An unbeliever ... Giordano Paltrinieri
Squint-Eye ... Louis d'Angelo
The red-haired man ... Louis d'Angelo
The blind man ... Paolo Ananian
An old woman ... Ina Bourskaya
An angry voice ... Henriette Wakefield
A woman's voice ... Phradie Wells
A woman ... Phradie Wells
A soldier ... Millo Picco

Schmidt, a jailer ... Pompilio Malatesta
Incidental dance by Corps de Ballet
Conductor, Tullio Serafin

Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra, Arturo Toscanini, conductor; Carnegie Hall, 8:45 P. M.:

Same program as Thursday

Saturday

Krauss in Debut as Conductor

To Direct Philadelphia Orchestra Next Week—Belgian Band's First Concert—Philharmonic-Symphony Programs

CLEMENS KRAUSS of Frankfort, Germany, will come before the New York public for the first time as guest conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra at its concert in Carnegie Hall on Tuesday evening. Krauss made his American debut in Philadelphia last week, and will direct the concerts of the Philadelphia Orchestra until March 23, when Leopold Stokowski will return to conduct all of the performances until the close of the season. This will include the two remaining concerts in New York on April 2 and 16. The first program will be Strauss's "Thus Spake Zarathustra," Mozart's "Serenata Notturna," Reger's "A Ballet Suite" and the overture to Wagner's "Die Meistersinger."

The Philharmonic-Symphony plays four times this week. Tomorrow afternoon at the Metropolitan Opera House, the program includes the Gluck "Iphigenia in Aulis" Overture, the Haydn Symphony in D, Dukas's "Sorcerer's Apprentice" and Respighi's "Roman Festivals." On Thursday afternoon and Friday evening at Carnegie Hall Mr. Toscanini opens the concert with the "Coriolanus" Overture, followed by two Busoni numbers, "Berceuse Elegiaca" and "Rondo Arlecchino." The Prelude, Fanfare and Fuga of Tommasini and the Schubert Symphony in C complete the program. For the Students' Concert Saturday Wagner's "Faust" Overture, Haydn's "Clock" Symphony, Prokofieff's Classic Symphony and Ravel's "Daphnis and Chloe" are scheduled.

In Town Hall Monday evening the Pro Arte Quartet will give the program of the sixth Beethoven Association concert, playing Beethoven's Quartet in B flat major and, with the assistance of Elly Ney, pianist, the Franck Quintet in F minor.

The Flonzaley Quartet makes its farewell bow forever tomorrow afternoon in Town Hall, playing for the benefit of the Musicians' Foundation Mozart's Quartet in C major; Beethoven's Quartet in C major and, with Ernest Schelling, pianist, Schumann's Quintet in E flat major.

In the Hotel Plaza tomorrow evening the New York Chamber Music Society will give its closing concert of the season, playing Gustav Holst's A Fugal Concerto, Aurelio Giorni's Rhapsody Divertissement from manuscript, Brahms's Quintet in F minor and Albert Stoessel's "Suite Antique."

The first of a series of Soirees Artistiques at the Booth Theatre will be given tomorrow night when Cecil Arden will be heard in a version of "Carmen" written for her by Buzzi-Peccia; Eileen Curran will be heard in Gaelic songs, Zoe Cheshire will play some harp solos and other entertainment will be offered.

In the Metropolitan Museum of Art next Saturday night the closing concert of the Symphony Orchestra under the direction of David Mannes will be held. The program will include the Overture to "Semiramide," the Overture to "Die Meistersinger," Strauss's "Tales of the Vienna Woods" waltzes, Schumann's "Spring" Symphony and Tchaikovsky's "1812" Overture.

BEFORE departing on its long European tour the Dayton Westminster Choir, John Finley Williamson, director, will give a concert Monday evening in Carnegie Hall, singing music of the sixteenth, seventeenth, eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, groups of negro spirituals and American songs.

A special program of new works by young American and European composers will be given by the League of Composers at a special concert at Steinway Concert Hall tomorrow evening. The composers represented on the program are Marc Blitzstein, Raymond Petit, Alexandre Krein, Harold Morris, Paul Pisk, Gosta Nystroem and Henry Cowell. The assisting artists will be Marianne de Gonitch, soprano; Sarah Possell, flutist; Mildred Kreuder, contralto; Stephanie Schehatowitsch, and the Hans Lange Quartet.

A trained choir from the Women's University Glee Club will sing at St. George's Church this and tomorrow evening the newly discovered "Stabat Mater" of Scarlatti, for the first time in America. Soloists will be Rhea Massicotte, soprano, and Mary Nott, contralto. Ruth Barrett will be at the organ and Gerald Reynolds will conduct.

The Symphonic Band of the Royal Belgian Guards, Captain Arthur Prevost, director, will be heard for the first time in America in the Metropolitan Opera House Tuesday night. The program will be the ballet suite from Stravinsky's "Petrushka," Dukas's "Sorcerer's Apprentice," Franck's "Offertory for Midnight Mass," the Overture to Smetana's "The Bartered Bride" and Bach's Prelude and Fugue in A minor.

Leading Recitals of Coming Week

MANY interesting musical recitals will be given tomorrow. In the Century Theatre in the afternoon Beniamino Gigli, Metropolitan Opera Company tenor, will be heard in arias from "Mefistofele," "The Masked Ball," "Manon," "Andrea Chenier" and "The Bohemian Girl" and groups of Italian and English songs. He will be assisted by the clever young American pianist, Margaret Shotwell, who will play Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody No. 11 and three Chopin numbers.

Elly Ney, the distinguished English pianist, will give an all-Schubert program in the evening in the John Golden Theatre, playing the "Wanderer" Fantasy, Sonata in D major, six "Moments Musicaux" and two impromptus. Leo Luboshutz will give a violin recital in the afternoon in Carnegie Hall, playing the Saint-Saens Concerto in B minor, the Corelli-Auer "La Folia" and shorter numbers by Kreisler, Tchaikovsky, Kreutzer and Wieniawski.

Josef Lhevinne, pianist, and Helen Bourne, soprano, will be the artists Tuesday night at the Barbizon. He will play the Beethoven "Moonlight" Sonata, Liszt's "Gondoliers," Strauss's "Beautiful Blue Danube" waltz and three Chopin numbers. Miss Bourne will sing three songs by Joseph Marx and others by Chasins, Wintter Watts and Carpenter. William Kroll, who has resigned from the Elshuco Trio, will give a violin recital Wednesday evening in Carnegie Hall, playing, among other numbers, Faure's Sonata in A major, D'Ambrosio's Concerto in B minor and Bach's Allemande, Courante, Sarabande, Gigne.

Andres Segovia, the eminent Spanish guitarist, will give his farewell recital this season next Saturday evening in Town Hall, playing two Spanish groups by Sor, Tarrega, Granados, Samazeuilh, Tansman and Albeniz and numbers by Bach, Paganini, Haydn and Grieg. The same afternoon in the same hall the English Singers will give their farewell concert of the season, their program including the usual motets, madrigals, ballets, canzonets, folk songs and duets and trios of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

"Fra Gherardo" in the Metropolitan

Premiere of the New Pizetti Grand Opera

ILDEBRANDO PIZZETTI'S "Fra Gherardo" will have its first production in North America Thursday evening at the Metropolitan Opera House as the last novelty announced for this season. The opera has been musically prepared and will be conducted by Tullio Serafin, who is also responsible for the stage direction assisted by Stage Manager Armando Agnini. The chorus, which in this opera has an outstanding part, has been trained by Giulio Setti. The scenery has been designed and painted by Joseph Urban, and the costumes have been made after sketches by Caramba of Milan. The opera will have the following cast: Gherardo, Edward Johnson; Mariola, Maria Mueller; a Gentleman, Everett Marshall; a Fair Woman, Aida Doninelli; the Notary and an Unbeliever, Giordano Paltrinieri; Squint-Eye and the Red-Haired Man, Louis d'Angelo; the Blind Man, Paolo Ananian; an Old Woman, Ina Bourskaya; an Angry Voice, Henriette Wakefield; a Woman's Voice and a Woman, Phradie Wells; a Soldier, Millo Picco; Another Soldier, Fred Patton; a Man and a Guard, Vincenzo Reschiglian; Frate Guido Putagio, Pavel Ludikar; Frate Simone, Angelo Bada; a Young Friar, Marek Windheim; a Mother, Julia Claussen; the Podesta and an Old Man, Ezio Pinza; the Bishop, Mario Basiola; the Podesta's Assessor, George Cehanovsky; a Mother, Merle Alcock; a Youth, Arnold Gabor.

Marion Talley will make her first appearance this season Monday night in "Rigoletto" with Marion Telva and Messrs. Lauri-Volpi, Rothier, DeLuca and others in the cast. "Faust" will be sung Wednesday evening by Mary Lewis and Messrs. Lauri-Volpi, Chaliapin and Tibbett and "Tristan and Isolde" with the usual cast will be the matinee in the Wagner cycle. A special matinee of "Die Meistersinger" with Grete Stueckgold and the usual cast will be given Friday and in the evening, "Andrea Chenier" with Easton and Lauri-Volpi will be sung. "Mignon" will be given for the first time this season Saturday afternoon with Bori and Gigli and Talley and Rothier, and in the evening "Der Freischuetz" with Mmes. Mueller and Fleischer and Messrs. Laubenthal and Bohen will be the attraction.

Donizetti's "The Elixir of Love" will be sung next week, beginning Monday, by the Little Theatre Opera Company at at the Heckscher Theatre. Adina will be sung alternately by Helen Ardell and Avis Phillips (debut); Nanetta, by Marcia Merrill and Miss Eisler; Sergeant Belcore, by Evan Evans and Paul Parks; Dulcamara by Wells Clary and Nemerino by Terry Horne, William Hain and Harold Digney.

CONCERTS

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE
Tuesday evening, March 19th, at 8:30
First American Appearance
ROYAL BELGIAN SYMPHONIC BAND
Benefit Concert for the RECONSTRUCTION HOSPITAL
Tickets $10 to $1. Now at Box Office.
Management: Rogue-Laberge
130 West 42nd Street

TOWN HALL, Sat. Aft., at 3:00, March 23
FAREWELL CONCERT
THE ENGLISH SINGERS
Seats Now at Box Office (Baldwin)

TOWN HALL, Sat. Eve., at 8:30, March 23
Last Recital This Season—ANDRES
SEGOVIA
The Spanish Virtuoso of the Guitar
Seats Now at Box Office
Mgt. Metropolitan Musical Bureau.

FELICIA SOREL AND M. SENIA

CONCERTS

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY
ARTURO TOSCANINI
Conductor
Carnegie Hall TONIGHT at 8:45
STUDENTS' CONCERT
GLUCK-PIZZETTI-DUKAS-BEETHOVEN
METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE
TOMORROW AFTERNOON, at 3:00
GLUCK-HAYDN-DUKAS-RESPIGHI
Carnegie Hall, Thurs. Aft., Mar. 21, at 2:30
Friday Eve., March 22, at 8:45
BEETHOVEN-BUSONI-TOMMASINI SCHUBERT
Carnegie Hall, Sat. Eve., Mar. 23, at 8:45
STUDENTS'
WAGNER-HAYDN-PROKOFIEFF-RAVEL
BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC
Sunday Afternoon, March 24, at 3:15
GLUCK-PIZZETTI-DUKAS-BEETHOVEN
Arthur Judson, Mgr. (Steinway)

CARNEGIE HALL, TOM'W AFT., at 3:00
LEA LUBOSHUTZ
Violinist (Steinway)

CARNEGIE HALL, Tom'w Eve., at 8:30
TATIANA de SANZEWITCH
Pianist (Steinway)

Guild Thea., Tom'w Eve. & Mar. 24, 8:45
DEMETRIOS VILAN with MARGARET SEVERN
Presenting HIS ORIGINAL DANCE DRAMA
—THE SIXTH SENSE (Steinway)

Steinway Hall, Wed. Eve., Mar. 20, at 8:30
WINIFRED COMSTOCK
Mezzo-Soprano (Steinway)

JOHN GOLDEN THEATRE
TOMORROW NIGHT at 8:30
ELLY NEY
All-Schubert Program

Curiously, however, in view of these multiplex activities and the universal recognition of his talents, Pizzetti has remained the least sharply defined—for Americans—of the group of middle-aged Italians who only a few years ago were hailed as prophets of a new day. The "Paris Six" probably had less of affinity, man to man, aside from the common admiration of Eric Satie, their ironic paterfamilias, than has existed between Pizzetti, Respighi, Malipiero and Casella, different ... have been the musical personalities of these artists. They can no longer be regarded as in any sense radicals, if indeed the term was ever justified on any basis except that which invests with radical qualities anything that is new. Certainly there is little of kinship between these workers in melody and warm sonorities and the atonalists and polytonalists of Central Europe. Casella, who, most of the four, suggested at one time a leaning toward the Stravinskyans of Paris, has become an outspoken opponent of what the northern extremists represent. Optimistically, he foresees a swing back to Italian melody, together with beauty of form. Pizzetti is a melodist, a master of form.

RESPIGHI, the senior of this group of Italians, is but four years older than Casella, the youngest. The four came into the world spaced about a year apart, each from the next; Pizzetti in 1880, the second of the infants whose musical mouths apparently possessed the silver spoon of orchestral mastery, if not the greatest gifts of thematic creation. All were of another generation than those surviving verismists, Mascagni and Giordano, the offspring of Ponchielli; and in their turn have become of fatherly maturity as compared to the young men of Italy, among them Castelnuovo-Tedesco and Mario Labroca. Verdi's "Otello," which has been referred to as Pizzetti's model for "Fra Gherardo," was produced when Pizzetti was a lad of seven.

Casella, some years ago, in summing up the characteristics of what he has styled the music of the "regeneration in Italy," wrote of Pizzetti and his companions as possessing "those qualities of simplicity, architectural sobriety, firmness of outline, versatility of form, vivacious and quick sensibility, which are precisely those of the classical Italian spirit, and which will make the new Italian music worthy of its glorious forerunners."

New York's experience with the music of Pizzetti has not previously embraced one of his operas, though the stage music he wrote for the "Abraham and Isaac" of Flo Belcari, a product of twelve years ago, was presented by the Friends of Music. "Fedra" and "Debora e Jaele," the first brought out at La Scala in 1915, the latter in 1922, are still unknown quantities to our audiences, save the chorus "Ippolito Is Dead," a threnody of haunting loveliness, which was excerpted from the former as material for a choral program at least six years ago. The familiar "Pisanella" Suite and Mr. Toscanini's most recent novelty, "Concerto dell' Estate," can scarcely be said to have shed much light, for those who have not heard a Pizzetti opera, on the dramatic gifts of the composer of "Fra Gherardo" or on the effectiveness in the theatre of his theorem that opera should be confined to the essentials of the drama and not be made the excuse for lyric effusions. The modal character of his writing has been much discussed; what Guido M. Gatti has termed his "religious bent" has been dutifully observed, the aristocracy and refinement of his workmanship, its freedom from the more sensational climaxing of his confreres, have been commented upon. But the composer of "Fra Gherardo" will enter the Metropolitan, in the spirit of his art product, Thursday night, a much less familiar personality than Respighi, Casella or Malipiero.

PIZZETTI wrote his own libretto for "Fra Gherardo," as he did for "Debora e Jaele," but turned from the classical subjects which had hitherto fascinated him, and with which his employment of the ancient modes was peculiarly en rapport, to a medieval tale of his native Parma, drawing upon material he found in the chronicles of the Congregation of the Apostles, an order founded in Parma in the thirteenth century, and freely adapting to his purposes incidents that had some basis in recorded fact. The tale is one of religious fanaticism, of weakness and recantation on the part of its hero, of sacrificial love and faith in the acts of the street Magdalen who is its heroine. Not Gherardo, but Mariola, those who have written of performances in Italy and South America agree, is the character that most interests and enlists sympathy.

Gherardo, a rich weaver, is led by his fanaticism to sell all his goods, give his money to the poor and become a wanderer. Mariola, an unfortunate at eighteen, comes to him destitute, and he yields to temptation. The next morning he casts her off, overwhelmed by what he considers the magnitude of his sin, despite her piteous pleading. Nine years later Gherardo is seen as the leader of a revolt against ecclesiastical and civic authority. Mariola finds him and tells him of their child that has died of starvation. In another travail of remorse and despair, Gherardo permits himself to be imprisoned, but Mariola leads the mob in rioting to force his liberation. Tricked into believing that Mariola has been taken and will be destroyed as a witch unless he saves her by denying his faith, Gherardo yields to his enemies. The populace is assembled in the Piazza to hear him recant. Mariola is stabbed by one of the mob and dies in Gherardo's arms, the victim of a very earthly love, steadier and no less fervid than Gherardo's religious mania.

THE LIBRETTO is good reading, if it leaves the question as to whether on the stage the atmosphere may be too dour, the worldly fascinations too few, to appeal to audiences of a day not particularly responsive either to asceticism or religious obsessions. Aside from Gherardo and Mariola, the characters are little more than voices in the crowd, beggars, passers-by, prelates, officials, Gherardo's fellow religionists. Gherardo's outlook is that of the gloomy devotee who warns of the judgment to come, who is forever calling upon sinners to prepare to face the punishment that will be visited upon them, and, who takes, as his rallying cry: "People of God, time is short, arise, arise and run!" He is deeply moved by the sufferings of the poor, is ready to die to liberate them from oppression, but when a woman comes to him in the hope that he can heal her sick child, he turns upon her, thus:

> You weep because your son is dying? You should have wept when you conceived him, when he was born through your sin, when you brought upon him the danger of death and damnation. Wherefore did you conceive him?

How different the cry of Mariola, at her death, that she is preceding him to be nearer him in the hour of his torture, to wait for him beyond the bar . . . "Death is kind!"

ARTURO TOSCANINI conducted the world premiere of this opera at La Scala on May 16 of last year. Later it was sung in Buenos Ayres under the leadership of Tullio Serafin, who not only will conduct the Metropolitan premiere but will assume responsibility for the staging, with Mr. Agnini in personal charge behind the curtain. There are three acts, the first and last each containing two scenes; and a score of characters in addition to Gherardo and Mariola, to be sung respectively by Edward Johnson and Maria Mueller. Joseph Urban's settings will picture a courtyard, then a street in the Parma of 1260, another exterior showing the convent of the Apostolic Brethren, the prison of the Bishop's palace, and the Piazza, where Mariola pays the supreme penalty for her devotion. The opera is not one to be prejudged on the basis of perusal of the score. That it is written chiefly in dramatic recitative with some important choral passages and with symphonic complexity of the orchestral parts is obvious. How it will sound in the theatre may be left for the American premiere to reveal.

Marion Talley, Singing Next Week at the Metropolitan Opera House.

"Die Meistersinger."

The Philharmonic-Symphony plays four times this week. Tomorrow afternoon at the Metropolitan Opera House, the program includes the Gluck "Iphigenia in Aulis" Overture, the Haydn Symphony in D, Dukas's "Sorcerer's Apprentice" and Respighi's "Roman Festivals." On Thursday afternoon and Friday evening at Carnegie Hall Mr. Toscanini opens the concert with the "Coriolanus" Overture, followed by two Busoni numbers, "Berceuse Elegiaca" and "Rondo Arlecchino." The Prelude, Fanfare and Fuga of Tommasini and the Schubert Symphony in C complete the program. For the Students' Concert Saturday Wagner's "Faust" Overture, Haydn's "Clock" Symphony, Prokofieff's Classic Symphony and Ravel's "Daphnis and Chloe" are scheduled.

In Town Hall Monday evening the Pro Arte Quartet will give the program of the sixth Beethoven Association concert, playing Beethoven's Quartet in B flat major and, with the assistance of Elly Ney, pianist, the Franck Quintet in F minor.

The Flonzaley Quartet makes its farewell bow forever tomorrow afternoon in Town Hall, playing for the benefit of the Musicians' Foundation Mozart's Quartet in C major; Beethoven's Quartet in C major and, with Ernest Schelling, pianist, Schumann's Quintet in E flat major.

In the Hotel Plaza tomorrow evening the New York Chamber Music Society will give its closing concert of the season, playing Gustav Holst's A Fugal Concerto, Aurelio Giorni's Rhapsody Divertissement from manuscript, Brahms's Quintet in F minor and Albert Stoessel's "Suite Antique."

BEFORE departing on its long European tour the Dayton Westminster Choir, John Finley Williamson, director, will give a concert Monday evening in Carnegie Hall, singing music of the sixteenth, seventeenth, eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, groups of negro spirituals and American songs.

A special program of new works by young American and European composers will be given by the League of Composers at a special concert at Steinway Concert Hall tomorrow evening. The composers represented on the program are Marc Blitzstein, Raymond Petit, Alexandre Krein, Harold Morris, Paul Pisk, Gosta Nystroem and Henry Cowell. The assisting artists will be Marianne de Gonitch, soprano; Sarah Possell, flutist; Mildred Kreuder, contralto; Stephanie Schehatowitsch, and the Hans Lange Quartet.

A trained choir from the Women's University Glee Club will sing at St. George's Church this and tomorrow evening the newly discovered "Stabat Mater" of Scarlatti, for the first time in America. Soloists will be Rhea Massicotte, soprano, and Mary Nott, contralto. Ruth Barrett will be at the organ and Gerald Reynolds will conduct.

The Symphonic Band of the Royal Belgian Guards, Captain Arthur Prevost, director, will be heard for the first time in America in the Metropolitan Opera House Tuesday night. The program will be the ballet suite from Stravinsky's "Petrushka," Dukas's "Sorcerer's Apprentice," Franck's "Offertory for Midnight Mass," the Overture to Smetana's "The Bartered Bride" and Bach's Prelude and Fugue in A minor.

have the following cast: Gherardo, Edward Johnson; Mariola, Maria Mueller; a Gentleman, Everett Marshall; a Fair Woman, Aida Doninelli; the Notary and an Unbeliever, Giordano Paltrinieri; Squint-Eye and the Red-Haired Man, Louis d'Angelo; the Blind Man, Paolo Ananian; an Old Woman, Ina Bourskaya; an Angry Voice, Henriette Wakefield; a Woman's Voice and a Woman, Phradie Wells; a Soldier, Millo Picco; Another Soldier, Fred Patton; a Man and a Guard, Vincenzo Reschiglian; Frate Guido Putaglo, Pavel Ludikar; Frate Simone, Angelo Bada; a Young Friar, Marek Windheim; a Mother, Julia Claussen; the Podesta and an Old Man, Ezio Pinza; the Bishop, Mario Basiola; the Podesta's Assessor, George Cehanovsky; a Mother, Merle Alcock; a Youth, Arnold Gabor.

Marion Talley will make her first appearance this season Monday night in "Rigoletto" with Marion Telva and Messrs. Lauri-Volpi, Rothier, DeLuca and others in the cast. "Faust" will be sung Wednesday evening by Mary Lewis and Messrs. Lauri-Volpi, Chaliapin and Tibbett and "Tristan and Isolde" with the usual cast will be the matinee in the Wagner cycle. A special matinee of "Die Meistersinger" with Grete Stueckgold and the usual cast will be given Friday and in the evening, "Andrea Chenier" with Easton and Lauri-Volpi will be sung. "Mignon" will be given for the first time this season Saturday afternoon with Bori and Gigli and Talley and Rothier, and in the evening "Der Freischuetz" with Mmes. Mueller and Fleischer and Messrs. Laubenthal and Bohen will be the attraction.

Donizetti's "The Elixir of Love" will be sung next week, beginning Monday, by the Little Theatre Opera Company at at the Heckscher Theatre. Adina will be sung alternately by Helen Ardell and Avis Phillips (debut); Nanetta, by Marcia Merrill and Miss Eisler; Sergeant Belcore, by Evan Evans and Paul Parks; Dulcamara by Wells Clary and Nemerino by Terry Horne, William Hain and Harold Digney.

Music Programs of the Week

Tomorrow

Metropolitan Opera House Concert, 8:30 P. M.:
...re to "Der Freischutz" ... Weber
Orchestra, Mr. Bamboschek, director
...le from "Tales of Hoffmann" ... Offenbach
[illegible]
... and Love Death from "Tristan" ... Wagner
Mme. Corona
Duet from "Cavalleria Rusticana" ... Mascagni
Mme. Guilford and Mr. Marshall
Aria from "Faust" ... Gounod
Mme. Lewis
Aria from "Die Walkure" ... Wagner
Mr. Bohnen
"Spanish Rhapsody" ... Chabrier
Orchestra
Aria from "Aida" ... Verdi
Mr. Jagel
Garden scene, Invocation, Duet from "Faust" ... Gounod
Mmes. Lewis and Falco and Messrs. Tedesco and Bohnen
March from "Coq d'Or" ... Rimsky-Korsakoff
Orchestra

Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra, Arturo Toscanini conductor, Metropolitan Opera House, 3 P. M.:
"Iphigenia in Aulis" Overture ... Gluck
Symphony in D ... Haydn
"Sorcerer's Apprentice" ... Dukas
"Feste Romane" ... Respighi

Flonzaley Quartet, farewell concert, Town Hall, 3 P. M.:
Quartet in D minor ... Mozart
Quartet in C major ... Beethoven
Quintet in E flat major ... Schumann
Ernest Schelling at the piano

New York Chamber Music Society, Hotel Plaza, 9 P. M.:
A Fugal Concerto, Op. 40, No. 2 ... Holst
"Rhapsody—Divertissement" (Ms.) ... Giorni
Quintet in F minor ... Brahms
"Suite Antique" ... Stoessel

League of Composers, Steinway Hall, 8:30 P. M.:
Percussion Music for Piano ... Blitzstein
Composer at the piano.
Hymn for voice and flute and "Cantique Spirituel" ... Petit
"Dark Is Thy Glance" and "At the Dawn" ... Krein
Marianne de Gonitch, soprano, and Sarah Possell, flute.
String Quartet ... Morris
Hans Lange Quartet
"Sance Eines Fahrenden" ... Pisk
"Au Fond de Mon Coeur" and "Sous les Etoiles" ... Nystroem
Mildred Kreuter, contralto.
Trio ... Cowell
Stephanie Schehatowitsch, piano; Hans Lange, cello, and Percy Such, violin.

Beniamino Gigli, tenor, and Margaret Shotwell, piano, Century Theatre 3 P. M.:
Aria, "Mefistofele" ... Boito
"Occhi di Fata" ... Denza
"Solo Senza Nisciuno" ... De Curtis
"Stornelli Marini" ... Mascagni
"Notte Lunare" ... Seismit-Doda
Mr. Gigli
Waltz scherzo ... Chopin
Miss Shotwell
Aria, "The Masked Ball" ... Verdi
"Then You'll Remember Me" ... Balfe
"Life" ... Curran
"Dream" from "Manon" ... Massenet
"Mother Machree" ... Olcott-Ball
Mr. Gigli
Berceuse ... Chopin
Hungarian Rhapsody No. 11 ... Liszt
Miss Shotwell
Aria, "Andrea Chenier" ... Giordano
Mr. Gigli

Elly Ney, piano, all-Chopin program, John Golden Theatre, 8:30 P. M.:
"Moments Musicaux" in C major, A flat major, C sharp minor, F minor, A flat major and F minor.
Impromptus in F minor and B flat major
Sonata in D major
"Wanderer," Fantasy

Lea Luboshutz, violin, Carnegie Hall, 3 P. M.:
"La Folia" ... Corelli-Auer
Concerto in B minor ... Saint-Saens
Poeme ... Chausson
Recitative and Scherzo Caprice ... Kreisler
"Air de Lensky" from "Eugene Onegin." ... Tchaikovsky
"Etude Caprice" ... Kreutzer-Kaufman
Scherzo-Tarantelle ... Wieniawski

Tatiana de Sanzewitch, piano, Carnegie Hall, 8:30 P. M.:
Fantaisie, Fugue and Toccata in D Major ... Bach
Etude, Op. 25, No. 3, Etude, Posthumous Barcarolle ... Chopin
Sonata in B minor (in one movement) ... Liszt
Rhapsodie Espagnole ... Charles Maduro
"La fille aux cheveux de lin" ... Debussy
"Fortane" ... Ravel
Prelude in C ... Prokofieff
Two Greek Folk Dances ... Poniridy
Seguedillas ... Albeniz

Gisella Neu, violin; Engineering Hall, 3:30 P. M.:
Sonata G minor ... Tartini
Concerto B minor ... Saint-Saens
Siciliano et Presto ... Bach
Menuett ... Mozart
Caprice XXIV ... Paganini
Hungarian Dance No. 4 ... Brahms-Joachim
"Souvenir de Moscou" ... Wieniawski
"La Ronde des Lutins" ... Bazzini

Soiree Artistique, Booth Theatre, 8 P. M.:
Cecile Arden in "Carmen" in one scene, Eileen Curran in Gallic songs, Jimmy Kemper in character songs, Zoe Cheshire in harp solos, Donald Ogden Stewart in "Conversations," Alene Mester and Rose Daly in comedy, Harry Tenney and Marty Ferine in comedy.

Florence Leffert, soprano; Guild Theatre, 3 P. M.:
"Sommi Dei" ... Handel
Aria from "Johannes Passion" ... Bach
"Solitudine Amene" ... Scarlatti
Three songs from "Poeme de l'Amour" ... Chausson
Folk songs in twelve languages

Monday

"Rigoletto," Metropolitan Opera House, 8:15 P. M.:
The Duke ... Giacomo Lauri-Volpi
Rigoletto ... Giuseppe De Luca
Gilda ... Marion Talley
Sparafucile ... Leon Rothier
Giovanna ... Philine Falco
Monterone ... Paolo Ananian
Marullo ... Millo Picco
Borsa ... Giordano Paltrinieri
Ceprano ... Vincenzo Reschiglian
The Countess ... Minnie Egener
A Page ... Paolina Tomisani
Incidental dance by Corps de Ballet
Conductor, Vincenzo Bellezza

Dayton Westminster Choir, John Finley Williamson, director; Carnegie Hall, 8:30 P. M.:
"Hodie Christus Natus Est" ... Palestrina
"Crucifixus" ... Lotti
"Sing Ye to the Lord" ... Bach
"Jesus, Friend of Sinners" ... Grieg
"Psalm 51" ... Brahms
"Golden Slippers" and "Steal Away," Spirituals; "Alleluia! Christ Is Risen" ... Kopolyoff
"Going Home" ... Dvorak
"Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," Spiritual; "Religion Is a Fortune," Spiritual; "Three Kings" ... Arr. by Kurt Schindler
"The Shepherds' Story" ... Dickinson

Beethoven Association, Pro Arte String Quartet and Elly Ney, piano; Town Hall, 8:15 P. M.:
Quartet in B flat major ... Beethoven
Quintet in F minor ... Franck

Julius Richter, violin; Steinway Hall, 8:30 P. M.:
Sonata, Op. 24 ... Beethoven
Concerto in D (one movement) ... Brahms
Nocturne ... Chopin-Wilhelmj
Capriccio Valse ... Wieniawski
Moise Fantasie on the G string ... Paganini
Hungarian melodies ... H. W. Ernst

Tuesday

Philadelphia Orchestra, Clemens Krauss, conductor; Carnegie Hall, 8:45 P. M.:
"Thus Spake Zarathustra" ... Strauss
"Serenata Notturna" ... Mozart
"A Ballet Suite" ... Reger
"Die Meistersinger," overture ... Wagner

Royal Belgian Symphonic Band, Metropolitan Opera House, 8:30 P. M.:
Prelude and Fugue in A minor ... Bach
Offertory for Midnight Mass ... Franck
Overture, "The Bartered Bride" ... Smetana
"Petrouchka" ... Stravinsky
"The Sorcerer's Apprentice" ... Dukas

Josef Lhevinne, piano, and Helen Bourne, soprano, The Barbizon, 9 P. M.:
"Moonlight" Sonata ... Beethoven
Impromptu in A flat, Berceuse, Polonaise in A flat ... Chopin
"Gondoliera" ... Liszt
"Beautiful Blue Danube" Waltz ... Strauss
Mr. Lhevinne
"Maienblueten," "Und Gestern hat er mir Rosen gebracht" and "Hat dich die Liebe" ... Marx
"Dreams" ... Chasins
"The Little Shepherd's Song" ... Wintter Watts
"Light, My Light" ... Carpenter

Alice Paton, piano, Town Hall, 8:30 P. M.:
Aria from "Judas Maccabeus" ... Handel
"Spirate pur, spirate" ... Donaudy
"Mattinata" ... Cimara
"Quell' ruscelletto" ... Paradies
"Oh! quand je dors" ... Liszt
"Fantoches" ... Debussy
Aria from "Semiramide" ... Rossini
"Morgen" ... Strauss
"Ablosung im Sommer" ... Mahler
"Waldeinsamkeit" ... Reger
"When Celia Sings" ... Moir
"My Dream" ... Piggott
"Pierrot" ... Andrews
"Wake Up!" ... Phillips

Elizabeth and Frances Copeland, two-piano recital; Steinway Hall, 8:30 P. M.:
Menuet and Gavotte ... Saint-Saens
Andante, from Sonata in D major ... Mozart
Scherzo, Op. 87 ... Saint-Saens
"Theme and Variations" ... Bach-Rheinberger
"Valse Viennoise" ... Parrish
"Gondoliera" ... Reinecke
"Turkey in the Straw" ... Frantz
"Espana" ... Chabrier

Wednesday

"Tristan und Isolde," Metropolitan Opera House, 2 P. M.:
Tristan ... Lauritz Melchior
King Marke ... Michael Bohnen
Isolde ... Gertrude Kappel
Kurvenal ... Clarence Whitehill
Melot ... Arnold Gabor
Brangaene ... Karin Branzell
A Shepherd ... George Meader
The Steersman ... Louis D'Angelo
A Sailor's Voice ... Max Bloch
Conductor, Artur Bodanzky

"Faust," Metropolitan Opera House, 8 P. M.:
Faust ... Giacomo Lauri-Volpi
Mephistopheles ... Feodor Chaliapin
Valentin ... Lawrence Tibbett
Wagner ... James Wolfe
Marguerite ... Mary Lewis
Siebel ... Ellen Dalossy
Marthe ... Henriette Wakefield
Conductor, Louis Hasselmans

William Kroll, violin; Carnegie Hall, 8:30 P. M.:
Sonata for violin and piano ... Faure
Allemande, Comante, Sarabande, Gigue ... Bach
Concerto in B minor ... D'Ambrosio
"Valse Triste" (Ms.) ... Kroll
"Tijuca" ... Milhaud
"Cossack" (Ms.) ... Kroll
"Habanera" ... Sarasate

Winifred Comstock, mezzo-soprano; Steinway Hall, 8:30 P. M.:
Aria from "Alceste" ... Gluck
Aria from "Semele" ... Handel
"In questa Tomba" ... Beethoven
"Das Veilchen" ... Mozart
"Die junge Nonne" and "Rastlose Liebe," ... Schubert
"Waldegespraech" and "Die Soldatenbraut," ... Schumann
"Das Madchen spricht" and "Auf dem Kirchhof" ... Brahms
"Apres un Reve" ... Faure
"Romance" ... Debussy
"J'ai pleure en reve" ... Hue
"Le Crepuscule" and "Zanette" ... Massenet
"By the Waters of Babylon" ... Dvorak
"Silent Noon" ... Vaughn-Williams
"Armida's Garden" ... Parry
"The Fuschia Tree" ... Quilter
"Tomorrow" ... Henschel

Compinsky Trio, Town Hall, 8:30 P. M.:
Trio in G ... Mozart
Trio in E flat ... Brahms
Trio (first performance here) ... Labroca
Trio in F sharp minor ... Franck

Thursday

"Fra Gherardi," first American performance; Metropolitan Opera House, 8 P. M.:
Gherardo ... Edward Johnson
Mariola ... Maria Mueller
A gentleman ... Everett Marshall
A fair woman ... Aida Doninelli
The notary ... Giordano Paltrinieri
An unbeliever ... Giordano Paltrinieri
Squint-Eye ... Louis d'Angelo
The red-haired man ... Louis d'Angelo
The blind man ... Paolo Ananian
An old woman ... Ina Bourskaya
An angry voice ... Henriette Wakefield
A woman's voice ... Phradie Wells
A woman ... Phradie Wells
A soldier ... Millo Picco
Another soldier ... Fred Patton
A man ... Vincenzo Reschiglian
A guard ... Vincenzo Reschiglian
Frate Guido Putaglo ... Pavel Ludikar
Frate Simone ... Angelo Bada
A young friar ... Marek Windheim
A mother ... Julia Claussen
The Podesta ... Ezio Pinza
An old man ... Ezio Pinza
The bishop ... Mario Basiola
The Podesta's assessor ... George Cehanovsky
A mother ... Merle Alcock
A youth ... Arnold Gabor

Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra, Arturo Toscanini conductor; Carnegie Hall, 3 P. M.:
"Coriolanus" overture ... Beethoven
"Berceuse Elegiaca" ... Busoni
"Rondo Arlecchino" ... Busoni
Prelude, Fanfare and Fuga ... Tommasini
Symphony in C major ... Schubert

Friday

"Der Meistersinger," Metropolitan Opera House, 1:45 P. M.:
Eva ... Grete Stueckgold
Magdalene ... Marion Telva
Walther von Stolzing ... Rudolf Laubenthal
Hans Sachs ... Michael Bohnen
Beckmesser ... Gustav Schuetzendorf
Pogner ... Pavel Ludikar
Kothner ... Arnold Gabor
Vogelgesang ... Max Bloch
Zorn ... Angelo Bada
Moser ... Max Altglass
Eisslinger ... Giordano Paltrinieri
Nachtigall ... Louis D'Angelo
Ortel ... Paolo Ananian
Foltz ... James Wolfe
Schwartz ... William Gustafson
David ... George Meader
A Night Watchman ... Arnold Gabor
Conductor, Artur Bodanzky

"Andrea Chenier," Metropolitan Opera House, 8 P. M.:
Charles Gerard ... Giuseppe Danise
Countess de Coigny ... Ina Bourskaya
Madeleine, her daughter ... Florence Easton
Bersi, a mulatto ... Ellen Dalossy
Fleville ... George Cehanovsky
The Abbe ... Giordano Paltrinieri
Andrea Chenier ... Giacomo Lauri-Volpi
Major Domo ... Vincenzo Reschiglian
[illegible] ... Paolo Ananian
Roucher ... Millo Picco
An old woman ... Henriette Wakefield
Fouquier ... William Gustafson
Dumas ... George Cehanovsky
Schmidt, a jailer ... Pompilio Malatesta
Incidental dance by Corps de Ballet
Conductor, Tullio Serafin

Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra, Arturo Toscanini, conductor; Carnegie Hall, 8:45 P. M.:
Same program as Thursday

Saturday

"Mignon," Metropolitan Opera House, 2 P. M.:
Mignon ... Lucrezia Bori
Philine ... Marion Talley
Wilhelm Meister ... Beniamino Gigli
Lothario ... Leon Rothier
Laerte ... Angelo Bada
Jarno ... Paolo Ananian
Frederic ... Ellen Dalossy
Antonio ... George Cehanovsky
Incidental dance by Elizabeth Mayer and Corps de Ballet
Conductor, Louis Hasselmans

"Der Freischuetz," Metropolitan Opera House, 8 P. M.:
Prince Ottokar ... Gustav Schuetzendorf
Cuno ... Louis d'Angelo
Agathe ... Maria Mueller
Aennchen ... Editha Fleischer
Caspar ... Michael Bohnen
Max ... Rudolf Laubenthal
Samiel ... James Wolfe
Hermit ... William Gustafson
Kilian ... Arnold Gabor
Bridesmaids ... Charlotte Ryan, Dorothea Flexer, Philine Falco
Incidental dances by Corps de Ballet
Conductor, Artur Bodanzky

Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra, Arturo Toscanini, conductor; Carnegie Hall, 8:45 P. M.:
A "Faust" Overture ... Wagner
Symphony in D ... Haydn
"Classic" Symphony ... Prokofieff
"Daphnis et Chloe" ... Ravel

Andres Segovia, guitar; Town Hall, 8:30 P. M.:
"Andante et Rondo," "Theme Varie" ... Sor
Little Suite ... Tarrega
Loure ... Bach
Andante et Allegro ... Paganini
Menuet ... Haydn
"Petite Valse" ... Grieg
Serenade ... Samazeuilh
Mazurka ... Tansman
Dance in G ... Granados
Sevilla ... Albeniz

English Singers, Town Hall, 3 P. M.:
Three Motets ... Byrd
Madrigals and Ballets, Sixteenth Century
Three Folk Songs and Traditional Arias
Italian Street Cries
"I Spy Celia," "Three Fairies" ... Purcell
Madrigals and Canzonets, Sixteenth Century
"John Come Kiss Me Now," Sixteenth Century

Leading Recitals of Coming Week

MANY interesting musical recitals will be given tomorrow. In the Century Theatre in the afternoon Beniamino Gigli, Metropolitan Opera Company tenor, will be heard in arias from "Mefistofele," "The Masked Ball," "Manon," "Andrea Chenier" and "The Bohemian Girl" and groups of Italian and English songs. He will be assisted by the clever young American pianist, Margaret Shotwell, who will play Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody No. 11 and three Chopin numbers.

Elly Ney, the distinguished English pianist, will give an all-Schubert program in the evening in the John Golden Theatre, playing the "Wanderer" Fantasy, Sonata in D major, six "Moments Musicaux" and two impromptus. Leo Luboshutz will give a violin recital in the afternoon in Carnegie Hall, playing the Saint-Saens Concerto in B minor, the Corelli-Auer "La Folia" and shorter numbers by Kreisler, Tchaikovsky, Kreutzer and Wieniawski.

Josef Lhevinne, pianist, and Helen Bourne, soprano, will be the artists Tuesday night at the Barbizon. He will play the Beethoven "Moonlight" Sonata, Liszt's "Gondoliers," Strauss's "Beautiful Blue Danube" waltz and three Chopin numbers. Miss Bourne will sing three songs by Joseph Marx and others by Chasins, Wintter Watts and Carpenter. William Kroll, who has resigned from the Elshuco Trio, will give a violin recital Wednesday evening in Carnegie Hall, playing, among other numbers, Faure's Sonata in A major, D'Ambrosio's Concerto in B minor and Bach's Allemande, Courante, Sarabande, Gigue.

Andres Segovia, the eminent Spanish guitarist, will give his farewell recital this season next Saturday evening in Town Hall, playing two Spanish groups by Sor, Tarrega, Granados, Samazeuilh, Tansman and Albeniz and numbers by Bach, Paganini, Haydn and Grieg. The same afternoon in the same hall the English Singers will give their farewell concert of the season, their program including the usual motets, madrigals, ballets, canzonets, folk songs and duets and trios of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

CONCERTS

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE
Tuesday evening, March 19th, at 8:30
First American Appearance
ROYAL BELGIAN SYMPHONIC BAND
Benefit Concert for the RECONSTRUCTION HOSPITAL
Tickets $10 to $1. Now at Box Office.
Management: Rogue-Laberge
130 West 42nd Street

TOWN HALL, Sat. Aft., at 3:00, March 23
FAREWELL CONCERT
THE ENGLISH SINGERS
Seats Now at Box Office (Baldwin)

TOWN HALL, Sat. Eve., at 8:30, March 23
Last Recital This Season—ANDRES
SEGOVIA
The Spanish Virtuoso of the Guitar
Seats Now at Box Office
Mgt. Metropolitan Musical Bureau.

FELICIA SOREL AND M. SENTA GLUCK
EXOTIC DANCE RECITAL
MARTIN BECK Thea., 45 St. & 8 Ave. Tom. Eve. at 9
POPULAR PRICES. Seats Now at Theatre.

PLAZA HOTEL SUNDAY SALONS Tomorrow Night at 9
NEW YORK CHAMBER MUSIC SOC'Y
CAROLYN BEEBE, Founder
ELEVEN SOLO ARTISTS IN ENSEMBLE
Assisting Artists, Mr. & Mrs. Albert Stoessel
Tickets at door. Steinway Piano

Carnegie Hall, Next Mon. Eve., 8:30.
Farewell Concert prior to European Tour
DAYTON Westminster CHOIR
SIXTY MALE & FEMALE VOICES
JOHN FINLAY WILLIAMSON, Conductor

TOWN HALL, Tues. Evg., March 19 at 8.30
SONG RECITAL
Alice PATON
Concert Mgt. Dan'l Mayer, Inc. Steinway Piano

TOWN HALL, Mon. Evg., March 25, at 8:30
Albert Rappaport
Tenor, Chicago Civic Opera Company
Management ANNIE FRIEDBERG

TOWN HALL, Next Wed. Eve. at 8.30
Compinsky Trio
Tickets at Box Office (Baldwin Piano)

CARNEGIE HALL, Next Wed. Eve., 8.30
William KROLL
VIOLIN RECITAL (Steinway Piano)

CONCERTS

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY
ARTURO TOSCANINI
Conductor
Carnegie Hall TONIGHT at 8:45
STUDENTS' CONCERT
GLUCK-PIZZETTI-DUKAS-BEETHOVEN
METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE
TOMORROW AFTERNOON, at 3:00
GLUCK-HAYDN-DUKAS-RESPIGHI
Carnegie Hall, Thurs. Aft., Mar. 21, at 3:30
Friday Eve., March 22, at 8:45
BEETHOVEN-BUSONI-TOMMASINI
SCHUBERT
Carnegie Hall, Sat. Eve., Mar. 23, at 8:45
STUDENTS'
WAGNER-HAYDN-PROKOFIEFF-RAVEL
BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC
Sunday Afternoon, March 24, at 3:15
GLUCK-PIZZETTI-DUKAS-BEETHOVEN
Arthur Judson, Mgr. (Steinway)

CARNEGIE HALL, TOM'W AFT., at 3:00
LEA LUBOSHUTZ
Violinist (Steinway)

CARNEGIE HALL, Tom'w Eve., at 8:30
TATIANA de SANZEWITCH
Pianist (Steinway)

Guild Thea., Tom'w Eve. & Mar. 24, 8:45
DEMETRIOS VILAN with MARGARET SEVERN
Presenting HIS ORIGINAL DANCE DRAMA
—THE SIXTH SENSE (Steinway)

Steinway Hall, Wed. Eve., Mar. 20, at 8:30
WINIFRED COMSTOCK
Mezzo-Soprano (Steinway)

JOHN GOLDEN THEATRE
TOMORROW NIGHT at 8:30
ELLY NEY
All-Schubert Program
Tickets $2.00 to 50 cents
(Steinway Piano)
Mgt. Beckhard & Macfarlane, Inc.

LAST CONCERT THIS SEASON
CENTURY THEA., TOMORROW (Sun.) Aft., at 3
GIGLI
The World's Greatest Tenor
and MARGARET SHOTWELL, Pianist
GIGLI will sing arias from Mefistofele, Masked Ball, Andre Chenier, L'Africaine, Carmen, Boheme, Rigoletto, Pagliacci, Martha, "Then You'll Remember Me" from The Bohemian Girl; "Mother Machree"; also French and English Songs.
Tickets $1 to $3 at Box Office. Mgt. R. E. Johnston
HARDMAN PIANO

CARNEGIE HALL, Tues. Eve., Mar. 26, at 8.30
NEVADA VAN der VEER CONTRALTO
Mgt. HAENSEL & JONES (Kranich & Bach)

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA
LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI, Conductor
CLEMENS KRAUSS, Guest Conductor
CARNEGIE HALL | TUESDAY EVENING, MAR. 19, at 8:45
(Steinway Piano)

Steinway Hall, Tues. Evg., Mar. 19, at 8:30
TWO-PIANO RECITAL
ELIZABETH and FRANCES
COPELAND
Concert Mgt. Dan'l Mayer, Inc. Steinway Pianos

MUSICAL INSTRUCTION

WOODRUFF DR. ARTHUR D. TEACHER OF SINGING
Member Amer. Acdy. Teachers of Singing.
Studio: 810 Carnegie Hall, New York City

TDV İSAM Kütüphanesi Arşivi No. 273-...-3

TDV İSAM
Kütüphanesi Arşivi
No RTB-493-4

British Statesmen Outline Peace Strategy for America

KENWORTHY ANALYZES AREA OF NAVAL DISPUTE

Professor Shotwell Finds Commander's and Young's Volume Stimulating Contribution to New Technique of World Peace

FREEDOM OF THE SEAS. By the Hon. J. M. Kenworthy and George Young. Horace Liveright. $4.

Reviewed by James T. Shotwell

SPEAKING in New York not long ago, Mr. George Young, one of the authors of this book, said that war between the United States and Great Britain was "unthinkable" only because people don't think. In so far, however, as a thoughtful consideration of international problems can prevent war, this volume is a war preventive. It is a courageous and penetrating analysis of the whole area of dispute as to naval armaments. The courage is real enough, although not of the swaggering type; for the authors do not hesitate to discuss ... with something of the detachment of those technical experts whose business it is to envisage catastrophe, while, on the other hand, they give equal play to the constructive imagination in the consideration of plans for avoiding conflict. Whether one agrees with these plans or not, one must recognize in this volume a vigor of thinking which carries the reader into the heart of the subject itself and presents a century-old problem in an unfamiliar perspective.

There has been a tendency in some quarters to criticize the volume as a Labor Party attack upon the Conservative Government in England, because both of the authors are prominent members of the British Labor Party. Such a characterization is as false as it is ungenerous. It is true that there is a thorough-going criticism of naval policy up to date, but it is not criticism in the narrow party sense at all. The whole problem of sea strategy is reconsidered in the light of the lessons of the World War. The technical knowledge of sea warfare, which one of the authors contributes, is skillfully welded into a criticism of existing sea law by his distinguished colleague, and the result is a volume that is neither too technical for the layman nor too general for the technician. It is a rich respository of data which must be kept in mind in all future discussions of this subject.

There are two fundamental facts which must be taken into account in future attempts to settle this question of Anglo-American sea rivalry. In both the engines of war and the machinery for pacific settlement, the world is witnessing an absolute revolution, a revolution so far-reaching as to falsify previous reckoning. Mr. Young deals with one of these two facts and Commander Kenworthy with the other. In no other treatment of the subject have they been put together in this way. The revolutionary fact in sea warfare itself is the development of those fighting arms which do not sail on the surface of the sea, airplane above and submarine below. The change which these new weapons imply is not yet more than in its beginnings. Nevertheless, for Britain the airplane warfare has substantially altered the question of its local defenses. The fleets no longer ride the Channel in triumph as they did in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, when a Dutch admiral could display a broom at the masthead as a sign that he had swept the seas of all hostile fleets.

In the last war the surface ships fought according to a new strategy by hiding in safety, to remain "a fleet in being," thus to threaten each other from safe distances. The battle of Jutland was a mistake on both sides, as neither fleet really wanted to meet the other head on. Naturally the technique of sea fighting cannot change wholly over night, but undoubtedly a greater change is under way than that which happened when steam succeeded sails or when ironclads succeeded wooden ships. Incidentally, it is worthy of note that the same kind of conservative thinking prevailed in navy quarters concerning these earlier changes as now prevails concerning the change in progress at the present time—the British Admiralty about a hundred years ago was protesting against the development of steamships as endangering British sea supremacy!

: : :

With the development of these

> ### The Literary Review
>
> *Editor*, WILLIAM SOSKIN
> *Associate Editor*, RUTH SEINFEL
> *Among the contributors to this issue are:*
>
> **James T. Shotwell**—Professor of History at Columbia University, Director of the Division of Economics and History of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, and the author of "War as an Instrument of National Policy."
> **Conrad Aiken**—Author of "Blue Voyage" and of a number of volumes of poetry, and editor of two American anthologies, as well as of some of Emily Dickinson's poetry.
> **Clarence Britten**—A former editor of the *Dial*, and one of the contributors to the symposium, "Civilization in the United States."
> **Max Lerner**—Associate Editor of the Encyclopedia for the Social Sciences.
> **Clifton P. Fadiman**—Contributor to *The Nation* and other magazines.

own policy. But in Locarno and the League, provision is made for policing the community of nations in case this pledge is violated, and Mr. Kellogg stated in his correspondence that his multilateral treaty was destined to strengthen rather than to weaken the peace instruments, which are the Covenant and Locarno. The only legitimate war henceforth is therefore that of police action against the illegitimate violation of these treaties. Now if we could be sure that the United States and Britain would be using their police forces on the same side of a quarrel—if the League or Locarno were violated—sea rivalry between the two navies would almost certainly disappear; for no sane observer of international politics envisages a head-on conflict between the United States and Britain, in which both or either of them uses war as the instrument of their national policy to overcome the other. That sort of imperial conquest on the seas by which the British dislodged the French and the Dutch, as the Dutch dislodged the Portuguese, is really unthinkable as between the United States and Great Britain. Therefore, the one problem is to assure both nations that the police action will be carried out substantially in agreement, which means that the United States would not interject its veto if Britain were called upon to apply the sanction of the League.

: : :

NOW the only way to reach this is by an agreement between the two Governments, the British and the American, that they should confer together in case a crisis arises. Conferring together would mean, of course, with an eye to the obligations of Britain under the League. This would mean an Anglo-American entente in the old sense of the word; it would not mean a treaty of alliance with the obligations to join in common action but it would mean simply that the international obligations of the two nations should be applied according to some co-ordinate principles to be worked out between them. In short, there is a strategy of peace to be developed that would implement the Kellogg-Briand Treaty—a point to which Mr. Hoover alludes in his inaugural address.

The authors of this volume have surveyed the elements that would have to be considered in any such procedure and suggest four definite steps: (1) a revision of the existing arbitration and conciliation treaties, the Root and Bryan Treaties, for the settlement of international disputes between Britain and the United States; (2) a naval disarmament agreement on the basis of sea police, which in practice is to be legitimized only by the approval of other nations, and the neutralization by regional agreements of the "Narrow Seas"; (3) conference for the revision of international law covering the prohibition of the traffic in arms and economic blockade on the basis of the

Morris Parades Glorified Loves in Gaudy Review

A Literary Procession of Flowers, Perfumes, Silks—and Passion

PROCESSION OF LOVERS. By Lloyd Morris. Harcourt, Brace. $3.50.

Reviewed by Clarence Britten

WHENEVER in the course of human events some plutocratic friend takes me to a Broadway revue, I am certain to be plagued by an old question. Always there comes the moment when curtains part on a terraced garden or an infinite flight of steps. Then (unless my seat is on the aisle) I am in for a parade of fantastically glorified mannequins representing a series of concepts to be identified only by reference to my program when the lights go up.

The question is: What public wants all this tedious prodigality of pigments, textiles and tinsels? I know only (and how surely!) that I am not a member of that public. But, on the off chance that you may be, let me here provide you the program of Mr. Morris's "Procession of Lovers."

BROKEN HEARTS

Scene: Terrace of the Princess de Courcelles's villa on the Riviera.
Time: All night.
1. Lesbian love (the Misses Sappho, Atthis, and Anactoria). 2. Sacred love (Miss Mary Magdalene). 3. Conjugal love (Miss Theodora). 4. Illicit love (Mr. Abelard and Miss Heloise). 5. Royal love (Miss Anne-Marie-Louise de Mortpensier). 6. Unrequited love (Mr. Kit Marlowe). 7. Platonic love (Mr. Michael Angelo).

I must also provide you the Decameronic scheme of the piece, if only because it is appropriately dispensable. Dinner over, the valetudinarian hostess contrives to extract a story from each of her week-end guests—an American youth, a Monsignore, the Thais of the season, a neo-Thomist, a skeptic, and a sculptor. The American, of course, is Sappho's mouthpiece! The prelate, the diva and the critic do not so much select the Magdalene, the Empress and the Schoolman as get selected by them. But this is to split hairs: the voice is always the voice of Mr. Morris. So you must not be surprised to find the sculptor speaking for Christopher Marlowe instead of for Michelangelo. The inextinguishable devotion of the Florentine, "near to death but far from God," is the Princess's own bedtime story, told at dawn, and quite as if she were the very Colonna. Between tales these polite puppets keep up a thin trickle of sophomoric conversation to cover the changes of set.

: : :

AND how sumptuous the sets! Umbrella pines rise to the balustrade of the terrace, which looks down to the flashing light on the Cap d'Antibes and eastward to the chain of moonstones that is Nice. The inner scenes are like one of the Magdalene's days, whose "loveliness unfolded imperceptibly, as a flower opens." Bird song trills, plumage glistens, and foliage dreams in a palpable dust of sunlight; or night is a tangible, fragrant stuff, soft-napped and silver-sheened. Then the backdrop of living water—the Mediterranean, the Bosporus or Seine or Thames in their pastoral youth, at the least a plashing fountain.

But it is as property man that Mr. Morris excels. He is an artificer in flowers, fruits, perfumes, jewels, fabrics—the materials of his craft as atmospherist. And names! Whether he is in love with love or lovers is dubious, but he is enamored with great or exotic names, so that he heaps them up, like Beaucaire's titles, until the Marlowe and Michelangelo pieces are top-heavy with romantic snobbery. Elsewhere his fragile moods are "practicable"; they hold together till their curtains. Afterward you remember nothing so sharply as his flowers. (I must look in "The Rebellious Puritan," his biography of Hawthorne, for a New England garden.)

: : :

HEARTS and flowers. . . . But the hearts are artificial. These

F. F. V.

Some Bewilderment About Matrimony

By Frederic F. Van de Water

WE have read two more books on marriage and seen three or four new plays on the same topic. Mental and emotional inventory convinces us that we are still in the same state of opaque bewilderment that overtook us at nine, when we began to consider matrimony seriously, and will continue in all probability to envelop us at sixty-five. All our life we have been surrounded by so vast and vociferous a cloud of witnesses that we have had no opportunity to do any independent thinking on the subject.

Frederic F. Van de Water

After all, even if we were capable of an original discourse on matrimony, our situation disqualifies us. We are married. Too close an association with the personal aspect of the subject, chivalry and the decencies of reticence make a married man ineligible as an exponent.

Single men can never pose as authorities, of course, because they have had no experience.

Divorced men, on the other hand, must necessarily have an unfair and biased attitude because their adventure has turned out badly.

Dr. Ira S. Wile, who has written "Marriage in the Modern Manner" in collaboration with Mary Day Winn (Century, $2), discusses matrimony from the viewpoint of a physician and psychologist. His opinions must be discounted in part at least because, by profession, he has come into contact chiefly with marriages in need of repair.

V. F. Calverton, in "The Bankruptcy of Marriage" (Macaulay, $3), upholds and celebrates the Soviet attitude and thereby discredits himself at once with the mass of humanity which is sure that these Bolsheviks are terrible creatures who have communized women.

None of the living can speak on the subject with the voice of authority. Neither can the dead, for in heaven there is neither marriage nor giving in marriage, which, perhaps is what makes it——

: : :

HOWEVER, as we were saying, there is probably no phase of human conduct more cluttered up with contradiction and paradox. We doubt whether any one short of Deity knows what it is all about and why. As a matter of fact, divine guidance on the subject is not wholly consistent, as comparison of the Old and New Testament will reveal. Paul is responsible for the attitude of the Christian Church, and Paul, a bachelor, might as well have tried to say the last word on electro-physics.

The Church itself, following its leader, established the virtues of continence, monogamy, fidelity, chastity as concomitants of marriage and then had to search desperately through Scripture from end to end to find a good example to hold up before the world. Isaac and Rebecca, celebrated in the marriage service, lived faithfully together. They are almost the only respectable married folk to be found in the Old Testament.

Furthermore, to increase the "Alice in Wonderland" atmosphere of matrimony, which Dr. Wile tries to rationalize and Mr. Calverton denounces, many Christian ecclesiastical bodies have tinkered of late with the marriage vows. The pledge to "love, honor and obey" appeared too all-inclusive. One cannot promise with any logic to love another person all his days. He might as well swear that he would always like the music of Brahms, the art of Corot, sweetbreads or the perfume of roses. Taste alters and no one can help it.

It is also a little fatuous, considering the short and delusive acquaintance usually preceding matrimony, to swear that one will "honor" one's about-to-be-consort. Years do strange things to folk. The most honorable of men in a decade or so may become the most scorn-worthy. In the light of common sense, a pledge of eternal respect nullifies itself.

But one can swear, if one wishes, to obey another throughout a lifetime. That is emotionally and physically possible. It is the one wholly workable pledge in the marriage vow. And most of the churches have thrown it out.

: : :

WHICH of the most recent volumes on matrimony you read depends entirely on your personal situation. Dr. Wile's book is a more scholarly version of "What a Young Married Couple Ought to Know," filled with encouragement and not exactly original aphorisms. It is a literary garage for marriages that are beginning to miss on a cylinder or so. Mr. Calverton's work, on the other hand, insists that matrimony is about to leave the traveled and familiar highways to soar through the empyrean; is preparing to scrap the automobile and fly in a machine for which the Soviet State has prepared the working plans. "The Bankruptcy of Marriage" is iconoclastic. "Marriage in the Modern Manner" is palliative.

Together, or singly for that matter, they only add to our chronic bewilderment about matrimony. Personally, there is nothing in life that we understand less—or find more fun.

: : :

TDV İSAM Kütüphanesi Arşivi RTB-493-4

SPEAKING of fun, there is an hour or two at least of happy removal from the cares of existence awaiting any one in Albert Payson Terhune's "The Secret of Sea Dream House" (Harpers, $2). Fame being a whimsical person, Mr. Terhune is best known for his excellent dog stories. Better even than them we like his adventure yarns.

Melodrama is at present, for no discernible reason, a discredited form of art, semi-bootlegged to yearners therefor by tabloids and pulp paper magazines. Reviewers in the presence of a mystery-action story instinc-

Vere Hutchinson Is a Masterful Novelist of Sea

"Thy Dark Freight" Is a Strong Story Revealing English Girl's Power

THY DARK FREIGHT. By Vere Hutchinson. Horace Liveright. $2.50.

Reviewed by Florence Haxton

VERE HUTCHINSON has entered fully into her heritage as an islanded Britisher; she writes of the sea with a beauty and power that no author I know has exceeded. This is not Conrad's sea; nor is it the sunlit blue that you and I plunge into blithely on a summer's morning. This is a sea for lonely encounters, singlehanded, in the night; whose winters are black and naked. With a frail boat for lance, one risks all, and returns between darkness and dawn, with a catch of fish, or doesn't return. . . . A sea which Janetha Forde loves more than she fears. "Thy Dark Freight" is set at its edges, on the marshes and fens of Mare le Marsh, a primitive fishing village a bit away from Grimsby. (It might as well have been a hundred miles landward, for Singapore and San Francisco seem nearer, far, than London.)

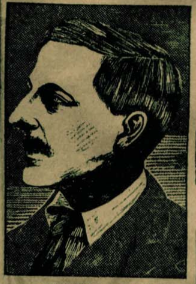
One morning Janetha's brother didn't come back. Janetha's mother, who had set his place at table and warmed his garments for him in pitiful, stubborn hope, at last accepted the news. Janetha could do nothing to still her crying; only Robin could have, an Robin was drowned. "Her father said hrshly: 'That'll do. Where's th' good o' it? We'm got to live just th' same; calling out won't gie Robin again nor yet a new boat.'" The minotaur of the sea takes—but life must go on. In this scene, as elsewhere, "Thy Dark Freight" is presented emotionally in terms of the familiar world of Janetha, whose saga the book is. There is never an allusion, or a word, or a mood that Janetha, in her life of the village, the marsh and the sea, might not have known. Congruity of scene, event, idiom is complete.

Janetha's vulnerable point is her love. Picture a lonely little girl with ... hair flying in the salt wind, short skirts flapping, bare-footed, with a seaward look in her eyes; her adolescence made happy by a brief, joyous comradeship with Robin; then her short, primitively beautiful love affair upon the marshes with the splendid Yeo Gautsby. The sea takes her brother; her lover is swept from the deck of his trawler and buried beneath mountainous waves; she comes back home dead beat, from Grimsby.

Janetha goes out to make her way for herself and her child—which doesn't prove to be so heart-breaking a matter as you might suppose. For a woman who is stanch and self-reliant, who keeps to herself, and makes her living out of the sea without asking the help of any man, is in this simple fishers' community more highly thought of than a slack busybody with a proper Missus to her name. Queer place, Mare le Marsh!

It takes no Philo Vance to guess that the next time Janetha, thrice wounded, is smitten it will be through her love for her son, who has the taint of the black-tempered Gautsbys, capable, intermittently, of the most fantastic brutalities and obscene cynicisms. But Janetha, as her life moves toward its end, takes on somewhat more than mortal stature. Which is as well. For her grim tragedies, like Job's heaped-up sorrows, had they been inflicted on soft, easily bruised, feminine flesh, would be more than she—or we—could bear. Janetha's head is bloody but unbowed. The lonely little girl we met in the opening pages strides out of the book in splendor, a superwoman.

"Back to Stay"



JONATHAN LEONARD
Author of the brilliant novel of New England of the seventies, "Back to Stay" (Viking, $2.50).

Fanny Lea Gilds the Short Story

"Wild-Goose Chase" Displays a Suave and Bright Finish

WILD-GOOSE CHASE. By Fanny Heaslip Lea. Dodd, Mead. $2.

Reviewed by Vincent McHugh

THE standard American short story is extraordinarily like other American manufactured products. Its surface is for the rapid eye, a surface intended to be as suave as Duco finish; it is made to a formula tested, as the advertisers say, by laboratory methods and in actual use; and its materials are the most popular obtainable. It is, in fine, guaranteed to give satisfaction. The pragmatic point is that it does.

One of the stories in "Wild-Goose Chase" called, from the army's characteristic taunt at its brother arm, "There Goes a Sailor," might have made a complete book for a musical show, and a more plausible one than most. The effect of a musical show, where it is concerned with feeling at all, is therapeutic. Traditionally, it soothes the troubled brow of business. It is, at its best, gay. It creates a working model of happiness.

And those are precisely the functions of the popular American story, with the exception of a few matters by Thomas Beer or Fitzgerald, where the qualities of real worth sometimes happen in. They are the functions of Youmans's music, and the circus, and Skippy's peripatetics. Miss Lea's chronicles of the crisp romantics belong in Gilbert Seldes's "Seven Lively Categories" rather than in Aristotle.

The varying copyright dates imply a previous magazine publication. It is plausible to assume that these were women's magazines, for in most of the stories love triumphs over wealth or poverty, but never over the feminine Narcissism. The actress in "That's Life" makes a theme for her next picture out of her moment of personal drama.

Frequently the easy flow of brightness pushes to the surface something a little cryptic. There is a phrase about "only an authentic amorist—young Villon, say, or John Keats himself." It is permissible to consider the combination a bit arbitrary. Or "'he crowded his luck; he let her see him one day in a blue collar.' Colonel Crichton-Browne's nervous fingers strayed to his neck." And why not? Better the knife at one's gullet than that anathema of blue.

Royal Underdogs

SCOTLAND'S ROYAL LINE. By Grant R. Francis. Dutton. $7.

BEGINNING with Mary, Queen of Scots, the Stuarts have always been much biographied, and from various angles. Last year, for example, produced Hilaire Belloc's brilliant attempt to make a sanctified silk purse out of the wretched royal sow's ear known as James II; and a sympathetic life of "Bonnie Prince Charlie," to whom and to his father the "Old Pre-

Stendhal Built Monument to a Bored Maiden

"Lamiel" Is His Unfinished Novel of 19th Century's Weary Love

LAMIEL. By Stendhal (Marie Henri Beyle). Translated with a preface by Jacques Le Clerq. Brentano's. $2.50.

Reviewed by Lionel Trilling

THIS uncompleted novel, Stendhal's last work, is the monument to the intelligent young woman of the nineteenth century as "The Red and the Black" is the monument to the intelligent young man. As such, it is the record of a mighty struggle against boredom. Necessarily, it is a more particularized account, and one not so easily generalized from than "The Red and the Black," but merely because one is sure that there were far fewer Lamiels than there were Julien Sorels.

Lamiel, the adopted daughter of a pietistic and indescribably dull Norman couple, becomes a member of the household of the equally dull Duchesse de Miossens. From the good, young Abbe Clement she can learn but little and from the idiot peasant, whom she pays five francs to make her his mistress in a meadow, nothing at all. At last the weak but attractive son of the duchesse, reduced to desperation by her bullying, carries her off to Rouen. Him she soon leaves, taking the clothes he has bought her and some money and turns to Paris. There she becomes the mistress of the Comte d'Aubigne, a dull snob, who has deceived her by a show of obvious manliness and cheap desperation, and makes a sensation in the smart demi-monde. But her boredom continues and seems but little lightened by the arrival in Paris of the Abbe Clement who undertakes her conversion.

At this point the novel trails off into notes. From these we gather that Lamiel is fascinated by the desperation and strength of a Balzacian criminal, Valbayre. He reads Corneille and Moliere, announces that he is at war with society and becomes for Lamiel and Stendhal the embodiment of energy and courage in a dull and soft age. The denouement, which includes the marriage of Lamiel to the duke who had carried her off to Rouen; the robbing of the duke by Valbayre, with the aid of Lamiel; Valbayre sentenced to the galleys and later, for another crime, to death; the burning of the Palace of Justice by Lamiel in an effort to save him, and her death in the fire, has, in outline, something very like burlesque. Yet, almost certainly, this skeleton, when clothed would have had the same actuality that the last savage scenes of "The Red and the Black" have.

Stendhal is, of course, always extravagant. He applies undiluted Byronism to real life. It may be argued that there must be a callousness and a stupidity in his people rather than a lack of sharpness in the age to make necessary for them all this turmoil of flame, death and desperation. However that may be, and however "untrue to life" or to actuality may be the melodrama Stendhal uses, it is certain that no better symbolism for an undoubtedly prevalent state of mind could have been used. To explain boredom by boredom is fatal and the only method left is the one which Stendhal uses.

Mr. Le Clerq's translation preserves the dry briskness of Stendhal's prose, and his preface is sensible and just, save where he attempts to identify Lamiel with the modern flapper.

THE BOOK SHOP
BOOKS AUTOGRAPHS
SERVICES BINDERIES
26 Successive insertions: 8c a word.
Single insertion rate: 10c a word.

General Items

THAT BOOK YOU WANT! WE HOLD 1,250,000 of the best books—new, second-hand, out-of-print—all subjects. Books on approval. Also Rare Books, Sets of Authors. Catalogues free (25 issued). Outline require-

as a thoughtful consideration of international problems can prevent war, this volume is a war preventive. It is a courageous and penetrating analysis of the whole area of dispute as to naval armaments. The courage is real enough, although not of the swaggering type; for the authors do not hesitate to discuss [illegible] with something of the detachment of those technical experts whose business it is to envisage catastrophe, while, on the other hand, they give equal play to the constructive imagination in the consideration of plans for avoiding conflict. Whether one agrees with these plans or not, one must recognize in this volume a vigor of thinking which carries the reader into the heart of the subject itself and presents a century-old problem in an unfamiliar perspective.

There has been a tendency in some quarters to criticize the volume as a Labor Party attack upon the Conservative Government in England, because both of the authors are prominent members of the British Labor Party. Such a characterization is as false as it is ungenerous. It is true that there is a thorough-going criticism of naval policy up to date, but it is not criticism in the narrow party sense at all. The whole problem of sea strategy is reconsidered in the light of the lessons of the World War. The technical knowledge of sea warfare, which one of the authors contributes, is skillfully welded into a criticism of existing sea law by his distinguished colleague, and the result is a volume that is neither too technical for the layman nor too general for the technician. It is a rich respository of data which must be kept in mind in all future discussions of this subject.

There are two fundamental facts which must be taken into account in future attempts to settle this question of Anglo-American sea rivalry. In both the engines of war and the machinery for pacific settlement, the world is witnessing an absolute revolution, a revolution so far-reaching as to falsify previous reckoning. Mr. Young deals with one of these two facts and Commander Kenworthy with the other. In no other treatment of the subject have they been put together in this way. The revolutionary fact in sea warfare itself is the development of those fighting arms which do not sail on the surface of the sea, airplane above and submarine below. The change which these new weapons imply is not yet more than in its beginnings. Nevertheless, for Britain the airplane warfare has substantially altered the question of its local defenses. The fleets no longer ride the Channel in triumph as they did in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, when a Dutch admiral could display a broom at the masthead as a sign that he had swept the seas of all hostile fleets.

In the last war the surface ships fought according to a new strategy by hiding in safety, to remain "a fleet in being," thus to threaten each other from safe distances. The battle of Jutland was a mistake on both sides, as neither fleet really wanted to meet the other head on. Naturally the technique of sea fighting cannot change wholly over night, but undoubtedly a greater change is under way than that which happened when steam succeeded sails or when ironclads succeeded wooden ships. Incidentally, it is worthy of note that the same kind of conservative thinking prevailed in navy quarters concerning these earlier changes as now prevails concerning the change in progress at the present time—the British Admiralty about a hundred years ago was protesting against the development of steamships as endangering British sea supremacy!

: : :

WITH the development of these new weapons the supremacy of any fleet at sea becomes highly problematic. One of the prime purposes of naval fighting breaks down when fleets hide in harbors to be safe from the sea raiders. When this is the case, an added emphasis is placed upon the offensive in sea fighting. The attack upon the lines of communication that stretch overseas—raiding and what might be called sea banditry—are at a premium, and against them convoy is used to protect merchant ships. Under these circumstances, the old conceptions of blockade as a highly localized blocking of an enemy coast breaks down completely. Equally, the World War taught the lesson that contraband covers almost every important article of commerce. Hence the effort to shape the laws of war so as to go back to the old categories which would legalize blockade and enumerate contraband breaks down. The solution of the problem can never be found by retracing our steps along this path. It lies instead in an entirely different approach to the whole problem.

That approach has been furnished by three great international treaties which now await further co-ordination and implementation: the Covenant of the League, the Treaties of Locarno and the Peace Pact of Paris. These three treaties have changed the legal status of international war; it is no longer a free prerogative of the sovereign state, to be used as the instrument of its own policy. But in Locarno and the League, provision is made for policing the community of nations in case this pledge is violated, and Mr. Kellogg stated in his correspondence that his multilateral treaty was destined to strengthen rather than to weaken the peace instruments, which are the Covenant and Locarno. The only legitimate war henceforth is therefore that of police action against the illegitimate violation of these treaties. Now if we could be sure that the United States and Britain would be using their police forces on the same side of a quarrel—if the League or Locarno were violated—sea rivalry between the two navies would almost certainly disappear; for no sane observer of international politics envisages a head-on conflict between the United States and Britain, in which both or either of them uses war as the instrument of their national policy to overcome the other. That sort of imperial conquest on the seas by which the British dislodged the French and the Dutch, as the Dutch dislodged the Portuguese, is really unthinkable as between the United States and Great Britain. Therefore, the one problem is to assure both nations that the police action will be carried out substantially in agreement, which means that the United States would not interject its veto if Britain were called upon to apply the sanction of the League.

: : :

NOW the only way to reach this is by an agreement between the two Governments, the British and the American, that they should confer together in case a crisis arises. Conferring together would mean, of course, with an eye to the obligations of Britain under the League. This would mean an Anglo-American entente in the old sense of the word; it would not mean a treaty of alliance with the obligations to join in common action but it would mean simply that the international obligations of the two nations should be applied according to some co-ordinate principles to be worked out between them. In short, there is a strategy of peace to be developed that would implement the Kellogg-Briand Treaty—a point to which Mr. Hoover alludes in his inaugural address.

The authors of this volume have surveyed the elements that would have to be considered in any such procedure and suggest four definite steps: (1) a revision of the existing arbitration and conciliation treaties, the Root and Bryan Treaties, for the settlement of international disputes between Britain and the United States; (2) a naval disarmament agreement on the basis of sea police, which in practice is to be legitimized only by the approval of other nations, and the neutralization by regional agreements of the "Narrow Seas"; (3) conference for the revision of international law covering the prohibition of the traffic in arms and economic blockade on the basis of the new conception of international solidarity; (4) "a conference for the reorganization of the League on such a regional basis as will allow of the accession of the United States and of the Soviet Union to a Federated League."

These proposals, as the authors state, follow the lines of least resistance, if taken in the right order, but might result in the worst confusion if the order were reversed. With these conclusions the reviewer substantially agrees, but, whatever the future may have in store for us in the actual settlement of this most important problem, this volume on "The Freedom of the Seas" will remain a stimulating contribution.

---

tory at Columbia University, Director of the Division of Economics and History of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, and the author of "War as an Instrument of National Policy."

Conrad Aiken—Author of "Blue Voyage" and of a number of volumes of poetry, and editor of two American anthologies, as well as of some of Emily Dickinson's poetry.

Clarence Britten—A former editor of the *Dial*, and one of the contributors to the symposium, "Civilization in the United States."

Max Lerner—Associate Editor of the Encyclopedia for the Social Sciences.

Clifton P. Fadiman—Contributor to *The Nation* and other magazines.

The Land of Flying Foxes

THE SAVAGE SOLOMONS. By S. G. C. Knibbs. Lippincott. $5.

THE story of another race of black primitives constrained to civilization's straitjacket in a British protectorate. We have here a picture of its olden life, when it centered about head-hunting and "long pig," contrasted with the new existence in which whisky (when obtainable) has supplanted blood, and dirty shirt and loincloth the gee-string, in an entertaining outdoor narrative by the author, Commissioner of Lands for the Islands. There are many pictures of white-washed blackbirds at work and at play, a good map, and plenty of information amusingly conveyed. F. H. M.

---

am certain to be plagued by an old question. Always there comes the moment when curtain part on a terraced garden or an infinite flight of steps. Then (unless my seat is on the aisle) I am in for a parade of fantastically glorified mannequins representing a series of concepts to be identified only by reference to my program when the lights go up.

The question is: What public wants all this tedious prodigality of pigments, textiles and tinsels? I know only (and how surely!) that I am not a member of that public. But, on the off chance that you may be, let me here provide you the program of Mr. Morris's "Procession of Lovers."

BROKEN HEARTS

Scene: Terrace of the Princess de Courcelles's villa on the Riviera.
Time: All night.
1. Lesbian love (the Misses Sappho, Atthis, and Anactoria). 2. Sacred love (Miss Mary Magdalene). 3. Conjugal love (Miss Theodora). 4. Illicit love (Mr. Abelard and Miss Heloise). 5. Royal love (Miss Anne-Marie-Louise de Mortpensier). 6. Unrequited love (Mr. Kit Marlowe). 7. Platonic love (Mr. Michael Angelo).

I must also provide you the Decameronic scheme of the piece, if only because it is appropriately dispensable. Dinner over, the valetudinarian hostess contrives to extract a story from each of her week-end guests—an American youth, a Monsignore, the Thais of the season, a neo-Thomist, a skeptic, and a sculptor. The American, of course, is Sappho's mouthpiece! The prelate, the diva and the critic do not so much select the Magdalene, the Empress and the Schoolman as get selected by them. But this is to split hairs: the voice is always the voice of Mr. Morris. So you must not be surprised to find the sculptor speaking for Christopher Marlowe instead of for Michelangelo. The inextinguishable devotion of the Florentine, "near to death but far from God," is the Princess's own bedtime story, told at dawn and quite as if she were the very Colonna. Between tales these polite puppets keep up a thin trickle of sophomoric conversation to cover the changes of set.

: : :

AND how sumptuous the sets! Umbrella pines rise to the balustrade of the terrace, which looks down to the flashing light on the Cap d'Antibes and eastward to the chain of moonstones that is Nice. The inner scenes are like one of the Magdalene's days, whose "loveliness unfolded imperceptibly, as a flower opens." Bird song trills, plumage glistens, and foliage dreams in a palpable dust of sunlight; or night is a tangible, fragrant stuff, soft-napped and silver-sheened. Then the backdrop of living water—the Mediterranean, the Bosporus or Seine or Thames in their pastoral youth, at the least a plashing fountain.

But it is as property man that Mr. Morris excels. He is an artificer in flowers, fruits, perfumes, jewels, fabrics—the materials of his craft as atmospherist. And names! Whether he is in love with love or lovers is dubious, but he is enamored with great or exotic names, so that he heaps them up, like Beaucaire's titles, until the Marlowe and Michelangelo pieces are top-heavy with romantic snobbery. Elsewhere his fragile moods are "practicable"; they hold together till their curtains. Afterward you remember nothing so sharply as his flowers. (I must look in "The Rebellious Puritan," his biography of Hawthorne, for a New England garden.)

: : :

HEARTS and flowers. . . . But the hearts are artificial. These legends are such stuff as day dreams are made of. Endurances are here, but for ardors there are "agitations." I cannot care—I must question whether Mr. Morris cares—who gets whom in these long chronicles of complaisance, where, with scant exception, denial itself is a fruitful acquiescence. Sappho has no sooner discovered her loss than she hears her muse whispering, "Once I loved thee, Atthis, long, long ago." "She felt that it would be a lovely poem, one of her best." The letters of Heloise, the sonnets to Vittoria Colonna, "Who ever loved, that loved not at first sight?" and (if you like) the Justinian Code cannot fail to temper our ache for their frustrate ghosts.

However, Mr. Morris should not have quoted his poets. Even in translation they cry out their flesh and blood with accents that put his advocacy in its place—beside an eloquence he describes, which "played, like colored light, over the worn surfaces of familiar doctrines, disguising their shabbiness with its luster." Better a familiar, if fragmentary, tragedy—even so shabby a tragedy as Marlowe's—than these conjectural melodrama. Poor mannequins, recalled from hell to display another's eloquence in "atmospheric" travesties of your ancient woes!

And poor us if this procession of bunk heralds the last style in the debunking biography. For it is a very far cry from "Eminent Victorians" to these eminent anti-Victorians.

Frederic F. Van de Water

of an original discourse on matrimony, our situation disqualifies us. We are married. Too close an association with the personal aspect of the subject, chivalry and the decencies of reticence make a married man ineligible as an exponent.

Single men can never pose as authorities, of course, because they have had no experience.

Divorced men, on the other hand, must necessarily have an unfair and biased attitude because their adventure has turned out badly.

Dr. Ira S. Wile, who has written "Marriage in the Modern Manner" in collaboration with Mary Day Winn (Century, $2), discusses matrimony from the viewpoint of a physician and psychologist. His opinions must be discounted in part at least because, by profession, he has come into contact chiefly with marriages in need of repair.

V. F. Calverton, in "The Bankruptcy of Marriage" (Macaulay, $3), upholds and celebrates the Soviet attitude and thereby discredits himself at once with the mass of humanity which is sure that these Bolsheviks are terrible creatures who have communized women.

None of the living can speak on the subject with the voice of authority. Neither can the dead, for in heaven there is neither marriage nor giving in marriage, which, perhaps is what makes it——

: : :

HOWEVER, as we were saying, there is probably no phase of human conduct more cluttered up with contradiction and paradox. We doubt whether any one short of Deity knows what it is all about and why. As a matter of fact, divine guidance on the subject is not wholly consistent, as comparison of the Old and New Testament will reveal. Paul is responsible for the attitude of the Christian Church, and Paul, a bachelor, might as well have tried to say the last word on electro-physics.

The Church itself, following its leader, established the virtues of continence, monogamy, fidelity, chastity as concomitants of marriage and then had to search desperately through Scripture from end to end to find a good example to hold up before the world. Isaac and Rebecca, celebrated in the marriage service, lived faithfully together. They are almost the only respectable married folk to be found in the Old Testament.

Furthermore, to increase the "Alice in Wonderland" atmosphere of matrimony, which Dr. Wile tries to rationalize and Mr. Calverton denounces, many Christian ecclesiastical bodies have tinkered of late with the marriage vows. The pledge to "love, honor and obey" appeared too all-inclusive. One cannot promise with any logic to love another person all his days. He might as well swear that he would always like the music of Brahms, the art of Corot, sweetbreads or the perfume of roses. Taste alters and no one can help it.

It is also a little fatuous, considering the short and delusive acquaintance usually preceding matrimony, to swear that one will "honor" one's about-to-be-consort. Years do strange things to folk. The most honorable of men in a decade or so may become the most scorn-worthy. In the light of common sense, a pledge of eternal respect nullifies itself.

But one can swear, if one wishes, to obey another throughout a lifetime. That is emotionally and physically possible. It is the one wholly workable pledge in the marriage vow. And most of the churches have thrown it out.

: : :

WHICH of the most recent volumes on matrimony you read depends entirely on your personal situation. Dr. Wile's book is a more scholarly version of "What a Young Married Couple Ought to Know," filled with encouragement and not exactly original aphorisms. It is a literary garage for marriages that are beginning to miss on a cylinder or so. Mr. Calverton's work, on the other hand, insists that matrimony is about to leave the traveled and familiar highways to soar through the empyrean; is preparing to scrap the automobile and fly in a machine for which the Soviet State has prepared the working plans. "The Bankruptcy of Marriage" is iconoclastic. "Marriage in the Modern Manner" is palliative.

Together, or singly for that matter, they only add to our chronic bewilderment about matrimony. Personally, there is nothing in life that we understand less—or find more fun.

: : :

SPEAKING of fun, there is an hour or two at least of happy removal from the cares of existence awaiting any one in Albert Payson Terhune's "The Secret of Sea Dream House" (Harpers, $2). Fame being a whimsical person, Mr. Terhune is best known for his excellent dog stories. Better even than them we like his adventure yarns.

Melodrama is at present, for no discernible reason, a discredited form of art, semi-bootlegged to yearners therefor by tabloids and pulp paper magazines. Reviewers in the presence of a mystery-action story instinctively stretch out a hand for a patronizing head pat. Yet to us it seems that a swift-moving, thrill-impregnated story is quite as worthy of praise as slow, expository realism.

Probably there is something puritanical in readers' willingness to plod heavily through one volume rather than have excitement haul them along by the collar through another. The theory may be that the less fun you have, the more good you are doing yourself.

Mr. Terhune's latest yarn grips you early and never lets go. Climax steps on the heels of climax and boots the plot along. "The Secret of Sea Dream House" is vivid, humorous, entertaining stuff.

: : :

"THE BISHOP MURDER CASE," by S. S. Van Dine (Scribners, $2), is the latest adventure of the impeccable Philo Vance, who always gets his man, let the murdered fall where they may in the meantime. We read each successive volume with interest and a morbid hope. S. S. Van Dine has a background of criminology and an ability to write coherent English—two qualifications not always possessed by those who feed the current public craving for detective fiction. He also has the knack of keeping suspicion away from the guilty person until the final climax. These are reasons why we welcome each new book by Mr. Van Dine, yet emerge therefrom to find our morbid desire unappeased and the megalocephalic and polysyllabic Philo still his flagrantly cultured, self-esteeming self.

Even Philo's most ardent admirers must admit that as a detective his batting average is no higher than a pitcher's. Eventually he usually discovers who did the killings, but never until all or almost all of them have been done. Conviction of his own erudition is Mr. Vance's chief stock in trade.

Sometime, we still hope, some one will kick him down a particularly long flight of stairs or push him into a mud puddle. It could be done, we think, with comparative impunity. Unless it was repeated four or five times, Philo would never learn who did it.

---

sea with a beauty and power that no author I know has exceeded. This is not Conrad's sea; nor is it the sunlit blue that you and I plunge into blithely on a summer's morning. This is a sea for lonely encounters, singlehanded, in the night; whose winters are black and naked. With a frail boat for lance, one risks all, and returns between darkness and dawn, with a catch of fish, or doesn't return. . . . A sea which Janetha Forde loves more than she fears. "Thy Dark Freight" is set at its edges, on the marshes and fens of Mare le Marsh, a primitive fishing village a bit away from Grimsby. (It might as well have been a hundred miles landward, for Singapore and San Francisco seem nearer, far, than London.)

One morning Janetha's brother didn't come back. Janetha's mother, who had set his place at table and warmed his garments for him in pitiful, stubborn hope, at last accepted the news. Janetha could do nothing to still her crying; only Robin could have, an Robin was drowned. "Her father said harshly: 'That'll do. Where's th' good o' it? We'm got to live just th' same; calling out won't gie Robin again nor yet a new boat.'" The minotaur of the sea takes—but life must go on. In this scene, as elsewhere, "Thy Dark Freight" is presented emotionally in terms of the familiar world of Janetha, whose saga the book is. There is never an allusion, or a word, or a mood that Janetha, in her life of the village, the marsh and the sea, might not have known. Congruity of scene, event, idiom is complete.

Janetha's vulnerable point is her love. Picture a lonely little girl with [illegible] hair flying in the salt wind, short skirts flapping, bare-footed, with a seaward look in her eyes; her adolescence made happy by a brief, joyous comradeship with Robin; then her short, primitively beautiful love affair upon the marshes with the splendid Yeo Gautsby. The sea takes her brother; her lover is swept from the deck of his trawler and buried beneath mountainous waves; she comes back home, dead beat, from Grimsby.

Janetha goes out to make her way for herself and her child—which doesn't prove to be so heart-breaking a matter as you might suppose. For a woman who is stanch and self-reliant, who keeps to herself, and makes her living out of the sea without asking the help of any man, is in this simple fishers' community more highly thought of than a slack busybody with a proper Missus to her name. Queer place, Mare le Marsh!

It takes no Philo Vance to guess that the next time Janetha, thrice wounded, is smitten it will be through her love for her son, who has the taint of the black-tempered Gautsbys, capable, intermittently, of the most fantastic brutalities and obscene cynicisms. But Janetha, as her life moves toward its end, takes on somewhat more than mortal stature. Which is as well. For her grim tragedies, like Job's heaped-up sorrows, had they been inflicted on soft, easily bruised, feminine flesh, would be more than she—or we—could bear. Janetha's head is bloody but unbowed. The lonely little girl we met in the opening pages strides out of the book in splendor, a superwoman.

But if the plot of "Thy Dark Freight" has all the neatness that a Curwood plot must seem to have for a Curwood devotee, and the story moves forward with the finesse of a game played by one well skilled; nevertheless the plot is only a trellis on which grows a plant luxuriant and strong and sweet; not so much trammeled by its framework as supported.

And how this young Englishwoman can write! It happens that I loathe and despise fish; and anybody who can write of them so that their loathsome, gaping mouths and snaky scales seem profoundly important and significantly beautiful—so that the very smell of them is a haunting, delightful tang in the nostrils—sets me eagerly, humbly wishing I might weave bright laurel into something like a wreath.

GEORGE SELDES' SENSATIONAL SUCCESS

7th large printing—Everybody's reading

YOU CAN'T PRINT THAT

"THE AMAZING ADVENTURE STORY"

$4.00 AT ALL BOOKSTORES PAYSON & CLARKE LTD

JONATHAN LEONARD
Author of the brilliant novel of New England of the seventies, "Back to Stay" [illegible]

Fanny Lea Gilds the Short Story

"Wild-Goose Chase" Displays a Suave and Bright Finish

WILD-GOOSE CHASE. By Fanny Heaslip Lea. Dodd, Mead. $2.

Reviewed by Vincent McHugh

THE standard American short story is extraordinarily like other American manufactured products. Its surface is for the rapid eye, a surface intended to be as suave as Duco finish; it is made to a formula tested, as the advertisers say, by laboratory methods and in actual use; and its materials are the most popular obtainable. It is, in fine, guaranteed to give satisfaction. The pragmatic point is that it does.

One of the stories in "Wild-Goose Chase" called, from the army's characteristic taunt at its brother arm, "There Goes a Sailor," might have made a complete book for a musical show, and a more plausible one than most. The effect of a musical show, where it is concerned with feeling at all, is therapeutic. Traditionally, it soothes the troubled brow of business. It is, at its best, gay. It creates a working model of happiness.

And those are precisely the functions of the popular American story, with the exception of a few matters by Thomas Beer or Fitzgerald, where the qualities of real worth sometimes happen in. They are the functions of Youmans's music, and the circus, and Skippy's peripatetics. Miss Lea's chronicles of the crisp romantics belong in Gilbert Seldes's "Seven Lively Categories" rather than in Aristotle.

The varying copyright dates imply a previous magazine publication. It is plausible to assume that these were women's magazines, for in most of the stories love triumphs over wealth or poverty, but never over the feminine Narcissism. The actress in "That's Life" makes a theme for her next picture out of her moment of personal drama.

Frequently the easy flow of brightness pushes to the surface something a little cryptic. There is a phrase about "only an authentic amorist—young Villon, say, or John Keats himself." It is permissible to consider the combination a bit arbitrary. Or "'he crowded his luck; he let her see him one day in a blue collar.' Colonel Crichton-Browne's nervous fingers strayed to his neck." And why not? Better the knife at one's gullet than that anathema of blue.

Royal Underdogs

SCOTLAND'S ROYAL LINE. By Grant R. Francis. Dutton. $7.

BEGINNING with Mary, Queen of Scots, the Stuarts have always been much biographied, and from various angles. Last year, for example, produced Hilaire Belloc's brilliant attempt to make a sanctified silk purse out of the wretched royal sow's ear known as James II; and a sympathetic life of "Bonnie Prince Charlie," to whom and to his father, the "Old Pretender," incidentally, about half the present volume is devoted. More popular in style and more kindly in his judgments than is Cowan, in his "Royal House of Stuart," Mr. Francis offers a decidedly readable account of this hapless race, from King Robert II of Scotland, who inherited his crown from Margaret Bruce, and was born after his mother had broken her neck by a fall from her horse, to the tapering-off chapter dealing with the cadet branches of the Stuart house, including that now reigning in Great Britain. It is pleasant to note that the author gives due credit to that most intelligent and unbigoted of his race, Charles II, though as a psychologic sketch of his subject Mr. Chesterton's little essay on Old Rowley, easily carries off first honors. *F. H. M.*

---

intelligent young woman of the nineteenth century as "The Red and the Black" is the monument to the intelligent young man. As such, it is the record of a mighty struggle against boredom. Necessarily, it is a [illegible] particularized account, [illegible] easily generalized from than "The Red and the Black," but merely because one is sure that there were far fewer Lamiels than there were Julien Sorels.

Lamiel, the adopted daughter of a pietistic and indescribably dull Norman couple, becomes a member of the household of the equally dull Duchesse de Miossens. From the good, young Abbe Clement she can learn but little and from the idiot peasant, whom she pays five francs to make her his mistress in a meadow, nothing at all. At last the weak but attractive son of the duchesse, reduced to desperation by her bullying, carries her off to Rouen. Him she soon leaves, taking the clothes he has bought her and some money and turns to Paris. There she becomes the mistress of the Comte d'Aubigne, a dull snob, who has deceived her by a show of obvious manliness and cheap desperation, and makes a sensation in the smart demi-monde. But her boredom continues and seems but little lightened by the arrival in Paris of the Abbe Clement who undertakes her conversion.

At this point the novel trails off into notes. From these we gather that Lamiel is fascinated by the desperation and strength of a Balzacian criminal, Valbayre. He reads Corneille and Moliere, announces that he is at war with society and becomes for Lamiel and Stendhal the embodiment of energy and courage in a dull and soft age. The denouement, which includes the marriage of Lamiel to the duke who had carried her off to Rouen; the robbing of the duke by Valbayre, with the aid of Lamiel; Valbayre sentenced to the galleys and later, for another crime, to death; the burning of the Palace of Justice by Lamiel in an effort to save him, and her death in the fire, has, in outline, something very like burlesque. Yet, almost certainly, this skeleton, when clothed would have had the same actuality that the last savage scenes of "The Red and the Black" have.

Stendhal is, of course, always extravagant. He applies undiluted Byronism to real life. It may be argued that there must be a callousness and a stupidity in his people rather than a lack of sharpness in the age to make necessary for them all this turmoil of flame, death and desperation. However that may be, and however "untrue to life" or to actuality may be the melodrama Stendhal uses, it is certain that no better symbolism for an undoubtedly prevalent state of mind could have been used. To explain boredom by boredom is fatal and the only method left is the one which Stendhal uses.

Mr. Le Clerq's translation preserves the dry briskness of Stendhal's prose, and his preface is sensible and just, save where he attempts to identify Lamiel with the modern flapper.

THE BOOK SHOP
BOOKS AUTOGRAPHS
SERVICES BINDERIES
26 Successive insertions: 8c a word.
Single insertion rate: 10c a word.

General Items

THAT BOOK YOU WANT! WE HOLD 1,250,000 of the best books—new, second-hand, out-of-print—all subjects. Books on approval. Also Rare Books, Sets of Authors. Catalogues free (25 issued). Outline requirements and interests. FOYLES, 121 Charing Cross Road, London, England.

COMPARATIVE RELIGIONS, FOLKLORE, Phallic Worship, Agnosticism, Rationalism, etc. Many Rare Items. Catalogue free. HOWES, Bookseller, St. Leonards-on-Sea, England.

Professional Service

MATHILDE WEIL, LITERARY ADVISER. Books, short stories, articles and verse criticized and marketed; special department for plays and motion pictures. THE WRITERS WORKSHOP, INC., 135 East Fifty-eighth Street, New York.

Book Exchange

OUT OF THE WAY BOOKS. OLD AND Modern. Really interesting catalogue mailed free. HOWES, Bookseller, St. Leonards-on-Sea, England.

A BOOK CONCERN THAT PAYS FULL value for good miscellaneous books, complete libraries and other literary property. We pay spot cash and remove books promptly at our expense. THOMS & ERON, INC., 89 Chambers Street (near B'way), New York. Telephone Worth 0368-0369-5851.

Rare Books

BOOKS AND AUTOGRAPHS, EARLY Printed Books, First Editions, Standard Authors, etc. Catalogue free. R. ATKINSON, 188 Peckham Rye, London, England.

Code Books

WHEN IT'S TELEGRAPH CABLE-CODE buying, selling, exchanging, communicate with most widely known dealers. BENSINGER CABLECO, 15 Whitehall Street, New York.

TDV İSAM Kütüphanesi Arşivi No R78-493-6