



Colombo; and to tell the truth, there was rather a similarity in their stories, and they apparently had no adventures, and they had all prospered, and here they were, and they had little Cristofos — and — *ecco!* It was so genuine and they were so delighted with their success over there, but I had to work — at intervals. Luckily, there was a *festa* or market in a day or so, somewhere else, and by the time they came back, I had finished and walked down to the Bagni di Lucca.

These people had made their world, they thought, safe for themselves, and now some are killed and some ruined by land and sea grabbers, D'Annunzio and his heroes, who dragged Italy into the war. Italy is finished, killed by the fools who made the war. Those I saw in Barga, thank God, mostly died before, and so escaped the ruin of the world — the wreck that has caught us all who are still alive. Even Mussolini cannot bring that world back.

THE MULATTO

By Claude McKay

BECAUSE I am the white man's son — his own,
Bearing his bastard birth-mark on my face,
I will dispute his title to his throne,
Forever fight him for my rightful place.
There is a searing hate within my soul,
A hate that only kin can feel for kin,
A hate that makes me vigorous and whole,
And spurs me on unceasingly to win.
Because I am my cruel father's child,
My love of justice stirs me up to hate,
A warring Ishmaelite, unreconciled,
When falls the hour I shall not hesitate,
Into my father's heart to plunge the knife
To gain the utmost freedom that is life.

THE NEW YORKER

The Musical Revue Puts to Rout the Sentimental Comic Opera—An Excellent Performance of a Delightful Gilbert Burlesque—New York Beats a Path to Grand Street—A New Edition of the Ziegfeld Follies Without Much that is New—Earl Carroll Tries Out a New Idea upon a Self-Conscious American Audience.

OF all the art movements in the contemporary theatre none has come within shooting distance of the musical revue. There are "Follies" and "Scandals" and "Vanities" and "Gaieties" and what not, all adding their electric signs to the general brilliance of Broadway on a hot summer night. Even the musical comedy and the comic opera have become infected to a degree where most of them seem to carry a minimum of story interest and a maximum of vaudeville numbers. Gone are the days of "The Merry Widow", "The Belle of New York" and "The Count Luxembourg". Gone are the glamorous princes and milkmaids! Gone, the seductive, syrupy waltzes. Jazz and "nut" comedians and Charleston steppers have taken their place. From end to end of Broadway there are probably only two musical shows in the grand tradition — "The Love Song" and "The Student Prince" — both staged by the shrewd Shuberts to fill the vast spaces of the Century and the Al Jolson Theatres. And the strange thing is that they have filled the vast spaces for many months past and give every sign of continuing to do so for some months ahead, not to mention the prospects for a never ending tour of the road. It is a fact that leads one to believe in the existence of the old fashioned, sentimental American. All, then, is not jazz and tinsel. But we suspect at the same time that of the

audiences which visit "The Student Prince" and "The Love Song" not one in fifty visits the musical revues.

There can be no doubt that the musical revue is the more American of the two brands of entertainment. It lends itself to the pace, the glitter, the confused noisiness which has come, not without reason, to be associated with American life.

Certainly in America it has been developed to a degree of perfection which makes the shabby revues of Paris music halls and the tinselly entertainments of London seem, for the most part, second rate and devitalized. Even when one takes apart and analyzes so excellent an entertainment as the "Charlot Revue", it is clear that its success, viewing it now from a distance, arose from the expertness of two or three entertainers, notably Beatrice Lillie, Gertrude Lawrence and Jack Buchanan. In the few moments when they were not on the stage, it was poor, insipid stuff indeed. There was no great beauty, either in staging or in the chorus, to support the dull moments. We were bedazzled by two or three performers, of whom one at least is without peer. And the "Charlot Revue" was the best thing of its kind ever sent us from abroad and perhaps the best thing that either London or Paris had produced in many a season.

We were led into these remarks by the profusion of revues now blossoming