

LONDON MIDLAND and SCOTTISH RAILWAY of GREAT BRITAIN

The London Midland and Scottish Company, the premier railway of Great Britain, invites the public of the United States of America to consider the importance of commencing their European Tours in Ireland or Great Britain. To see first the lands of real romance and history. The lands of the forefathers of so many families now domiciled in America. The lands which have so irresistible a lure for lovers of old world charm and environment.

Tours by rail, road and lake can be arranged from Cobh (Queenstown), Glasgow, Belfast, Londonderry or Liverpool to cover all the historic points of interest. Literature can be supplied which illustrates by written word and picture all the delights and beauty of the lands whose praises are sung by the greatest poets and authors of all time.

Full particulars can be obtained
on application to

THE LONDON MIDLAND AND SCOTTISH CORPORATION

(Dept. D3)

T. R. Dester (Vice-President—Passenger Traffic)
200 Fifth Avenue, New York

Psyllium Seed

From France comes this amazing seed of unusual quality, black, lustrous, with a remarkably high oil content. Cleaned and sterilized by a special process, all chaff, dirt and foreign substances have been removed, offering a perfect Psyllium Seed for medicinal use.

Try this amazing seed for the treatment of constipation. It is not a drug nor a medicine. It is a natural seed, combining in one treatment, the advantages of bran, agar and mineral oil. A five pound tin will be sent, postage prepaid, on receipt of two dollars and ninety-five cents to Seedol Laboratories, Dept. No. 47, 27 West 20th Street, New York City.

FREE CATALOGS, Camps or Schools in U. S. Want for
Girls or Boys? Advice, State Chartered Free Bureau.
AMERICAN SCHOOLS' ASSOCIATION
Times Bldg., N. Y. C., or 17 N. State, Chicago

If you enjoyed reading
this issue of **OUTLOOK**
perhaps you want to
read it regularly . .

Attach \$5.00 and send in the
coupon. We'll do the rest.

Name

Address

SEND TO: **OUTLOOK**, 120 E. 16th St., N. Y.

►► The Latest Plays ◀◀

By OTIS CHATFIELD-TAYLOR

SPECTACULAR experiments have been very much the order of the theatrical week just closing as this is being written. Maybe it's just the primal urge of the spring season which seems to be upon us, or it may have nothing to do with the typical unrest of March, but two of our most prominent producing organizations, the Theatre Guild and the Messrs. Shubert, appear to have felt intolerably trammelled by the limitations of the conventional stage on two successive evenings. For *Miracle at Verdun* the Guild had the Martin Beck wired for talking pictures and threw in a baby revolving stage for good measure, while the Shuberts, in as-

sociation with the redoubtable Morris Gest, countered by turning the Nora Bayes Theatre into The Wonder Bar, supposedly a night club in Paris, in which the audience was inextricably entwined with the performers who appeared from backstage, down the aisles and from entrances half-way back in the auditorium. To make matters even more confusing, they had Al Jolson appear in whiteface and not sing a mammy song. Before going into further details I would like to state that I consider the Guild's bombastic effort a flat failure, but that the gay decorations, the novelty of the treatment of a somewhat hackneyed story, and, above all, Mr. Jolson's infectious wit and good humor, make *The Wonder Bar* definitely a play to be visited.

Unless you stop to think about it for a moment or two, the idea behind *Miracle at Verdun* may seem an excellent one to use as a theme for a play. Hans Chlumberg, the Viennese author, asked himself what would happen if the soldiers who were killed in the War were brought back to life. Well, I'm inclined to agree with the late Herr Chlumberg that everybody would consider them to be pretty much in the way and that they would only further aggravate the unemployment situation. Where his play is essentially specious is that while he has been rational enough in forecasting what

the reactions of the survivors of the Great War would be, he has made the totally unwarranted assumption that the dead soldiers, presumably rational beings, should expect anything else. True, in *Miracle at Verdun*, the resur-

rected warriors finally do decide that the only thing to do is to die again, but it is not before we of the audience have had to sit through a lot of the most ardent pish-posh ever dished out.

The production that the Guild has given the thing is no help, either. Where some illusion of conviction on the part of one or two of the cast of seventy might have covered up some of the weaknesses of the writing, they

were all directed by Herbert Biberman in a hodgepodge of styles, including Yiddish Art Theatre pathos, lame slapstick farce and irritatingly strident and unnecessary shouting. So far as I was concerned, the talking-picture interludes were quite ineffective, because they, too, were a mixture of shots of real soldiers and only too apparent Theatre Guild supers. Had the flesh and blood part of the play been presented with anything resembling continuity or in a consistent mood, the intrusion of the talkies would have seemed even more incongruous than it did.

What *The Wonder Bar* was like in the various European capitals in which it has been played I don't know. I expect that the plot was taken more seriously, and, therefore, I think that we should be grateful to Al Jolson and the adapter for paying as little attention to it as possible. What matters is not the story of the necklace-stealing gigolo and his fair victims, but the opportunity the novel atmosphere and construction give to Mr. Jolson, as the owner and master of ceremonies of The Wonder Bar, to sing and tell gags in his most spontaneous fashion. The prodigal producers have also given us the droll Patsy Kelly and the nimble Carol Chilton and Maceo Thomas, to name only three of the large number of really entertaining entertainers who frequent the place.

Recommended Current Shows

Admirable Crichton: All star cast, headed by Walter Hampden and Fay Bainter, in Barrie's charming old satire.

As Husbands Go: Rachel Crothers' nice clean fun about ladies from Dubuque.

Civic Repertory: Last weeks before laying off for a year.

Fine and Dandy: By all means, unless you want sanity in your humor. Joe Cook.

Five Star Final: The author is good and mad at the tabloids, but has written an exciting show anyway.

Grand Hotel: Life, love and knavery in a continental hotel.

Mrs. Moonlight: Charming sentimental.

Once in a Lifetime: Hollywood gets the razz.

Private Lives: Noel Coward's comic gem with him and Gertrude Lawrence.

Sweet and Low: Fannie Brice, Jim Barton and some good songs.

The Barretts of Wimpole Street: Katharine Cornell at her best as Elizabeth Barrett.

The Green Pastures: You should be ashamed if you haven't seen it at least once.

Tomorrow and Tomorrow: My guess as the 1931 Pulitzer Prize winner.

Vinegar Tree: Imaginary but none the less funny infidelities on Long Island.

▶▶ The New Movies ◀◀

By CREIGHTON PEET

▶▶ "The Front Page"

THE best show in town—any town—is again *The Front Page*, that explosive and delirious play of newspapermen and their racket as recorded by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur a couple of seasons ago. The film version was produced by Howard Hughes, the young Texas oil millionaire who made *Hell's Angels*, and directed by Lewis Milestone, who was responsible for *All Quiet*. On the whole Mr. Milestone has done another grand job. On the stage *The Front Page* was a one-room affair—but Mr. Milestone has so admirably duplicated the breakneck speed of the original in moving picture terms, that the screen edition is quite as exciting as it was on the stage. It is being released by United Artists.

In the rôle of the managing editor we have Adolphe Menjou, doing splendidly and displaying more energy than in his past five films, although still a trifle too well dressed. Hildy Johnson, the unlucky reporter who tries vainly to escape from his job long enough to get married, is played by Pat O'Brien, while others who contribute to the gusty humor are Walter Catlett, Edward Everett Horton, Clarence Wilson and Slim Summerville.

As for the violent and frequently profane language which characterized the original—and made it the first newspaper play to be true to life—it has been retained with admirable fidelity, if not in fact at least in spirit. If you have been around very much you can easily fill in for yourself the blurred-over or omitted items. Anyway, *The Front Page* is grand entertainment.

▶▶ "Dance Fools, Dance"

Joan Crawford has a way of getting mixed up in flashy, third-rate stories, which is distinctly unfair to the lady. I have a feeling that *Dance Fools, Dance*, is supposed to be a great big moral lesson for everybody, but I don't quite know what. Joan is one of those fast society girls, and her brother is a hard-

drinking society boy. When the stock market collapses and wipes them out, their father dies of shock and they are left penniless. Joan gets a job as girl reporter covering gang news in Chicago, while her brother, unknown to her, uses

his social connections to sell liquor. Pretty soon Fate gets to mooching about, and while she is dancing in a show in a night club run by gunmen (in order to get a better story) she finds that her own brother is a gangster and the murderer of another reporter on her paper. About this time he is killed, too, and if you want

to know any more about this movie you better go see it yourself. Perhaps you'll like it.

▶▶ Other New Films

The Great Meadow, from the novel by Elizabeth Madox Roberts about early settlers in Kentucky, has scattered moments of drama, but on the whole it is a mess. I can only agree with the troubled lady behind me who concluded after the picture had run for twenty minutes that it was "an advertisement for next week's picture."

Charlie Chan Carries On is unimportant, but a good show and lots of fun. Warner Oland appears as Earl Derr Biggers' benevolent and all-wise Chinese detective who solves the mystery of a series of murders which occur on a round-the-world cruise.

Way Down East (Revival), D. W. Griffith's old melodrama with Lillian Gish, Richard Barthelmess and Lowell Sherman stands up remarkably well after eleven years.

▶▶ Morality Bulletin

The words "hell" and "scarlet" must not, hereafter, appear in the titles of films. Recently, although no character was allowed to speak the naughty word on the screen, we have had such titles as *Hell's Angels*, *Hell's Heroes*, *The Doorway to Hell*, etc. From now on the only people who will be allowed to say "Hell" in the movies are the members of the audience.

SEE BONNIE SCOTLAND



AND TRAVEL BY A WORLD FAMOUS TRAIN

Take the FLYING SCOTSMAN . . . superb train of modern luxury . . . at 10.0 a. m. any week-day from King's Cross Station (London) and in just 8¼ hours you will be in Edinburgh. Glorious Edinburgh . . . Athens of the North they call it . . . well named too . . . the rugged beauty of the castle high upon the rock is not excelled by the Acropolis. When you have seen and left the beauty of Edinburgh, go north to mighty Stirling . . . then further to Balmoral, highland home of the King and Queen. Scotland makes poets . . . you will know why when you have seen the glorious Trossachs and the Western Highlands . . . Scotland makes golfers, too . . . you will understand this also when you have played at St. Andrews. Call or write for new descriptive booklet 33.

COMMUNICATE WITH KETCHAM
General Agent
11 W. 42nd Street, New York

LONDON
AND NORTH EASTERN
RAILWAY
OF ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND