

features. They're vaudeville shows in print. (The Telegram is almost like a class paper in its subordination of comic strips.) Aggression has been subordinated. But where a paper is aggressive the public is just as responsive as it used to be."

Roy Howard's objective is to build a type newspaper that is "thorough, efficient and aggressive in liberalism, that never loses its fighting qualities in the causes which involved the greatest number, and with a technique based on tolerance. The liberal newspaper is effective to the degree that it can arrest attention and hold the attention of non-liberals."

**O**FTEN, he pointed out, papers that have an important objective stress it so hard that they decline to the position of talking only to their own converts.

"I'd rather get 100 words to 1,000 non-liberals than 1,000 words to 100 converts."

In 1923, when E. W. Scripps asked Howard to leave the United Press and take charge of the newspapers, Howard offered to do so on the condition that the papers be made to alter their editorial tone, which might have been described, roughly, as secular and scolding.

"A newspaper should be informative, militant," he says. "Our whole theory is that a paper should take on the attributes of a human being. It must have personality, an agreeable personality, courage and tolerance, must avoid nagging and be able to hit hard in good causes. It must have consideration for the people it deals with. It must be disinterested. None of us has financial tie-ups. We have no stocks or bonds (an inheritance from the founder who put his money back in the enterprises in which it had been earned); we are mugwump in politics and have no social ambitions. I can't tell you now whether our papers will support the Democratic or Republican candidate for the presidency; all I can tell you is that we will back a liberal—if there is one to back."

Mr. Howard believes that the formula which makes a newspaper successful in one town is good in any other—in other words, that in not one of the twenty-five cities in which there is a Scripps-Howard paper is the profession of liberal policies a bar to success. Every newspaper in the chain enjoys complete autonomy in its business and editorial offices and in policies on state and local issues. No general staff in New York tells the papers in the provinces how to conduct their affairs. They have, of course, an

(Continued on Page 540)



**A**S LONG as Noel Coward insists on writing historical pageants for the Drury Lane Theatre and going to South America we should be grateful for having Benn W. Levy as the very next best thing. Does Mr. Coward wax sentimental, so does Mr. Levy soon afterwards; does Mr. Coward do a musical show, Mr. Levy counters with *Evergreen*, which, however, faded before reaching these shores. If Noel

long while. Banks and Bruce are a perfect farce team, with their sharply contrasted but equally skilful methods of making points, and Miss Chandler's sweetly earnest way of reading the most ridiculous lines is exceedingly effective. I won't tell you the plot, as it would look too silly in these austere pages, but if you want to relax and stop trying to think for a while *Springtime for Henry* is my prescription.

Before getting around reluctantly to the serious drama, I have to report that William A. Brady has produced an utterly charming revival of *Little Women* which is being presented at the Playhouse on Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday afternoons during the holidays. The kids in the audience are audibly delighted and a lot of us old sentimentalists dab our eyes when Jo's hair is shorn. At the close of the performance I caught Mr. Brady applauding vociferously himself, but it was quite unnecessary. There were plenty of people who appreciated the fine cast he has assembled and liked the touching old play.

The Group Theatre want to do only plays which are "the image or symbol of the living problems of our time." It must be said that in 1931—by Paul and Claire Sifton, they are sticking to their purpose. The play deals with a young man who blithely quits working in a warehouse because he doesn't like the foreman and who, in this year of grace, is unable to find another job. He can't bring himself to marry the girl he loves without prospects (although he is not above "getting her into trouble"), and he is shown starving, frozen and manhandled by the police. The whole thing builds up to a terrifying climax and, to my mind, is worth while from every point of view. The acting seems to me a good deal better than in the Group's earlier *The House of Connelly*, possibly because the players know more about the kind of people they are this time portraying. Franchot Tone is extraordinarily good as the boy and Phoebe Brand is just right as the girl. The ensembles are excellent. In fact, no one who is not afraid to be harrowed should miss 1931—

OTIS CHATFIELD-TAYLOR.



### Recommended Shows

**AFTER ALL:** In spite of a polyglot cast this English comedy is interesting.  
**BRIEF MOMENT:** Alec Woolcott and Francine Larrimore in American high comedy.  
**COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW:** The rise of an East Side Jewish boy to notoriety if not eminence in the legal profession dramatically told.  
**CYNARA:** Home truths for wives skillfully acted by Philip Merivale and others.  
**GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS:** Rough and ready songs and sketches well executed.  
**LOUDER, PLEASE!:** Hollywood press-agentry made the subject of a better than usual farce.  
**MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA:** Eugene O'Neill's lengthy melodrama acted for all it is worth.  
**REUNION IN VIENNA:** The Lunts at their playful best in Robert E. Sherwood's light comedy.  
**THE BAND WAGON:** Last weeks of the most tasteful revue in years.  
**THE BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET:** Now our senior drama on Broadway, and why not?  
**THE CAT AND THE FIDDLE:** Jerome Kern's reminiscent but lovely score.  
**THE GOOD FAIRY:** Helen Hayes and Walter Connolly making the most of a good Molnar show.  
**THE LAUGH PARADE:** Much the funniest show in town because of Ed Wynn. Tunes, too!  
**THE LEFT BANK:** The pros and cons of expatriatism intelligently discussed.



Coward does a farce for four characters and a maid-servant, Benn W. Levy sits down with nothing on his mind except a desire to go Mr. Coward one better and writes *Springtime for Henry*, which has no maid. Four very amusing characters they are, too, especially as three of them are brought to life by Leslie Banks, Nigel Bruce and Helen Chandler. However, before I stop carping and resign myself utterly to the memory of how good those three actors were, I've got to tell you that there are stretches in *Springtime for Henry*, particularly in the second act, when even a comic butler or a tipling parson would have helped. Nevertheless, in between those dull parts is some of the best fooling with an utterly inconsequential (even for farce) idea that has been seen around here for a

## ►► The New Books ◀◀



### The Week's Reading

**Wellington**  
By Philip Guedalla  
Harper's, \$4.00

Our knowledge of the Duke of Wellington seems to be limited to the fact that he was something disastrous that happened to Napoleon. He appears to have been much more than that; in fact, a man in his own right, living and acting in times that were made exciting by many phenomena, of which Napoleon was only one. But he had a saving reputation for dullness which served as a No Trespass sign on biographers reconnoitering historical ground for likely subjects. Unlike Napoleon, who contrived to live in the full glare of history almost all the time, Wellington, English gentleman that he was, became quite peeved once when he learned that an old army associate was taking down what he was saying. The reputation for dullness has saved him, more or less, for a biographer worthy of his steel. To move from Palmerston to Wellington is, after all, an ascent. Almost any one can attend to such obvious subject matter as Napoleon and almost every one has. But it calls for a man of genius to unwind the thick wrappings of legend, when those wrappings have served as camouflage, and reveal a man, or a woman beneath. Consider, in passing, what Mr. Strachey did with, and to, the good dull queen, Victoria. This is not to say that Mr. Guedalla chooses dull reputations that the flash of his own wit may shine the more brightly against the texture of that subject. But every writer is justified in expressing his delight in having met, superbly, the challenge of a dull reputation. Mr. Guedalla has earned every wisecrack he has made in *Wellington*.

His book is both solid and brilliant; it is a "Life" in the sense that it is a full-length portrait, in all the changes and mutations of his character and career and against a carefully etched background of the times in which he lived and the issues and controversies which engaged him. The brilliance of Mr. Guedalla's performance is not achieved at a sacrifice of detail. *Wellington* is almost 500 pages

in length, and they are solid pages. This is a biography, not a vaudeville performance or a *jeu d'esprit*. There is, for example, a very painstaking analysis of Wellington's tactics on the field of battle which made him the great soldier he was; there certainly is nothing "entertaining" about that part of the book. After reading that part, however, you will understand why Wellington was the greatest soldier of his time, but you regret—as so many of his contemporaries must have—the lack of Nelsonic heroics or of Napoleonic dash in his greatness. But Wellington's idea of a general's job was to win battles at the least possible cost in men, not to be afraid to retreat and let the enemy charge against the invincible English square. There was in Wellington, in spite of all that Mr. Guedalla could do about it, a distressing consistency and a practically unbroken progression in his career from minor success to major success, from knight to baron to earl to marquess and, finally, to duke, and a duke he was almost as many times as there were Allies against Napoleon. He was Prime Minister and Commander in Chief of the British Army and a field marshal in almost half a dozen other armies. He might have become King of Spain. Americans certainly think of his career as having begun at Waterloo, but by the time he had won that battle the English people had given him so many titles and so many honors that all they could do was vote him another grant of several hundred thousand pounds sterling. As a civilian, that is as Member of the Cabinet and Prime Minister, his conduct was consistent with the attitude of a soldier rather than with that of a politician or statesman. He opposed Reform in all consistency; the English people might have liked him for a longer period than they did had he chosen to lead the mobs rather than to oppose them.

Mr. Guedalla takes great and rewarding pains with the formative years and influences of the Duke, who started life as plain Arthur Wesley, the second son of an Irish earl who loved music. We

learn with amazement that Arthur Wesley loved music too and played the violin, but broke his fiddle when he learned that it might interfere with his career. It remained for Mr. Guedalla to make known to us the ironic note in history of Sir Arthur Wellesley stopping off at St. Helena ten years before Napoleon was to have that place imposed upon him as a residence, and to track down the very book in which the young subaltern may first have discovered the secret of the British square.

The book ends on a lovely idyllic note; the Duke, over eighty, in his great country house, playing with his grandchildren and being Dooked by the thoroughly unimpressed children of his neighbors. Mr. Guedalla has given us more than a life of the Iron Duke and a picture of his times; he has given us a study of the English character in one of its typical representations.

HARRY SALPETER.

**Only Yesterday**  
By Frederick Lewis Allen  
Harper & Brothers, \$3.00  
**It Seems Like Yesterday**  
By Russel Crouse  
Doubleday, Doran, \$5.00

It was only yesterday, as Mr. Allen says, but the effect of reading his history of the post-war decade is a strange remoteness; about many of the manifestations of those years the true sense is entirely lacking. When did we play Mah Jong? When were we saying with Coué: "Every day in every way I am getting better and better." When did we weep, and the world weep with us, for the death of Valentino? And how did we get that way? The truth is, it was not a new economic era; it was a big spree. The war raised us to a tremendous emotional pitch; all too soon for us it was over, leaving us regimented for exploitation and hot for action. We got both, good and plenty. Mr. Allen has written a grand story of those cockeyed times,



### What to Read

#### FICTION

**Maid in Waiting**, by John Galsworthy: Scribners. A quiet drama of English life. Readers of Mr. Galsworthy's Forsyte chronicles will find a few old friends.

**The Almond Tree**, by Grace Zaring Stone: Bobbs, Merrill. The story of three sisters.

**Westward Passage**, by Margaret Ayer Barnes: Houghton Mifflin. On a transatlantic steamer a happily married woman falls in love again with her divorced husband.

**Malaisie**, by Henri Fauconnier: Macmillan. Life in the Malay jungles.

**Two Against Scotland Yard**, by David Frome: Farrar & Rinehart. A readable murder mystery.

#### NON-FICTION

**The Care and Feeding of Adults**, by Logan Clendenen: Knopf. A book against cranks and in behalf of those who fall for the crank's schemes.

**Theodore Roosevelt, A Biography**, by Henry F. Pringle: Harcourt, Brace. The first full and impartial biography of T. R.

**The Work, Wealth and Happiness of Mankind**, by H. G. Wells: Doubleday, Doran. The third part of Mr. Wells's massive trilogy.

**Bernard Shaw**, by Frank Harris. Simon & Schuster: An unconventional "unauthorized" biography.

**Free Wheeling**, by Ogden Nash: Simon & Schuster. Amusing light verse.