

## Prose and Worse

SIGH, Attica, for Helen's dead.  
Her precious dust is mingled  
With beauty; hemlock woods at  
night

Thrushes that call in grey twilight,  
Brooks that run past on mossy tread.  
Her hair, for which tall Hector bled,  
Swirls in the sunshine overhead.

With her sweet breath the breezes  
light  
Sigh "Attica."

*Old Lyric Forms from France* I've read  
(By H. L. Cohen edited),

The while I cursed, this past fort-  
night,

In old and new French forms, the  
plight

That keeps me lying in my bed—

Sciatica.

CONSUELO.

.....  
A champion of whiskers, Mr. Francis C. Uridge, has written us an eloquent plea for those facial adornments which is too long to print, but contains some words of advice which may be valuable to other cultivators. The chief trouble with growing whiskers, says Mr. Uridge, is getting friends and relatives to accept them. And so "in growing any kind of beard, don't sprout the whole area at once; let it grow as one plant, not as a whole patch; begin with a scarcely discernible center and work for body rather than size; be patient; keep the beard always neat by letting it develop with the speed of the slowest growing hair, not the fastest; fool the public by making them think you only want a small but fully developed, neat beard, and then sprout new hairs around the edges as the center warrants it."

Our chief objection to a beard is the laundry problem. In a city like New York it has to be done up at least twice a week. False beards solve the problem; with, say, three, there's always one at the dry cleaner's, and a fresh one in the beard cupboard if you're invited to a party. Even so, they are a luxury. O. P. Pym, in *Sentimental Tommy*, figured that if he hadn't shaved every day, he would have had time to write enough more stories to make him a wealthy man. But he left out the item of laundry. Or perhaps London was cleaner in those days.

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L. D. W. contributes the following:  
C. Coolidge-O. Nash Influence  
"I do not choose to run"  
Signed by Owen D. Youn'

This is the first bit of Calvinized material that has gone into this column.

WE have had another letter from Herbert (or Hubert) Meadowcroft. "Thanks for the butts," he says. "A couple of them were kind of stale, but I don't suppose you ought to look a gift cigarette in the filler, so thanks anyway. And that piece about my sister was swell. Even if Rhoda doesn't see it herself, some of your readers may have seen her on the stage, and can give me a clue. The traveling salesman's name, by the way, was Bashwater. I do hope we'll get some word from her. Things haven't been going so good lately, what with so many cats about, and being out of work and all.

"We had a swell time the other night, though. We were holding a meeting to discuss unemployment—we've had them twice a week during the fall and winter, and we pass resolutions and then have a dance afterward. We ran out of resolutions after the first two meetings, so now we just spend the first few minutes passing the same resolutions over again, and then have the dance. Well, this evening one of the boys brought in a police whistle he'd found. It gave me an idea. 'Come on, boys,' I said. 'We're going to have a swell feed.'

"So we went out and took the subway uptown. It's easy for mice to travel on the subway late at night. There's seldom anybody on the last car on the train, and even if there are one or two people, they never think the mice are real. We got out at 51st Street and went over to a speakeasy I know. We rang the bell and somebody peeked out through a grill in the door. Of course he didn't see anybody, so he opened the door to look out and see who had rung, and we filed in.

"There was a big crowd in the speakeasy, dancing and singing and eating and drinking. The boys hid in the cloakroom and I dragged the whistle up close to a door and blew a couple of good loud blasts on it. Boy, you should have seen those people beat it for the back door! In thirty seconds the place was empty. Then the rest of the crowd came in and we had some banquet!

"I saw in the paper a while back where it said there were 30,000 speak-easies in New York so I don't think we'll have trouble getting enough food after this. The only bad thing was that some of the boys ran kind of wild and got into the liquor, and we had to take about thirty of them down cellar and put them to bed. One wanted to go home and went to bed in a French horn, and we couldn't get him out again. And another bit a policeman on the way home."

WALTER R. BROOKS.

## Gramophonia

### Notable New Recordings

ALL of Brahms' symphonies are now available through American companies. To the first three, played by the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra under Stokowski, issued by Victor, Brunswick has just added the Fourth, recorded in Europe by the State Opera Orchestra of Berlin, conducted by Max Fiedler<sup>1</sup>. The playing, if it falls short of brilliance, is undoubtedly good and the recording is quite up to the high standard of the German company whose work Brunswick re-presses for American consumption.

In the domestic operatic vocal field Victor gives us a beautiful disk of the Bell Song from Delibes' *Lakme*, sung by Lily Pons<sup>2</sup>. As on the earlier record of the Mad Scene from *Lucia*, the Metropolitan's new star shows a lovely voice, free from affected tricks, and of absolutely true pitch. On the other hand it is difficult to find anything to praise about the same company's record of two arias from early Verdi operas, *Te Sol Quest' Anima*, from *Attila*, and *Qual Volutta Transcorrere*, from *I Lombardi*<sup>3</sup>. With utter disregard of the consequent obliteration of the accompaniment, Elisabeth Rethberg, Beniamino Gigli and Ezio Pinza are allowed to stand right up to the microphone and, apparently, try to drown each other out by sheer yelling. Here, however, the gramophone listener has a great advantage over a witness of an actual performance. He is spared the gestures that go with that kind of singing.

Light opera may be on the wane but it is certain that it will not die out while we still have Franz Lehar to write it and Richard Tauber and Vera Schwarz to sing it. Available at least at the Gramophone Shop at 18 East 48th Street, New York, is an album of four records from *Das Land des Lächelns* sung by Tauber and Schwarz accompanied by the Berlin State Opera Orchestra under the direction of the composer<sup>4</sup>. Perfection is a strong word, but I can't think of any other to apply to these delightful songs so beautifully sung and played.

Once again Louis Armstrong has taken a couple of popular songs that everybody else has made us heartily sick of and infused them with new life and character. This time he and his Sebastian Cotton Club Orchestra play *You're Driving Me Crazy* and *The Peanut Vendor* in incredible but fascinating fashion<sup>5</sup>.

O. C.-T.

1. Brunswick, Album No. 24.

2. Victor, 1502.

3. Victor, 8194.

4. Gramophone Shop, Album No. 86.

5. Okeh, 41478.

# From the Life

By IBBY HALL

## The World

SHE had never known anything but the farm. The fields ran out to meet the sky, and the sky dipped down to touch the fence rails, and if she turned slowly, following the curved line of the horizon, it was plain that the farm and the inverted bowl of blue sky formed half the world at least.

But she had no sooner looked at the new farmhand than, strangely enough, it was the other half that became the World. And after she had watched him for awhile as he moved easily about his work—his eyes never resting on her but passing her to look at something in the distance which she could never see—she told herself passionately, “I know nothing about the World!”

Then when she had spoken to him once or twice, and made sure that he knew her apart from the others, for there were nine children altogether, she found words for her new absorption. “I have never seen anything of the World,” she confessed.

“How old are you?” asked the new farmhand abruptly.

“Over seventeen,” she told him.

“Grown-up,” said the farmhand frowning and trying to remember what he had seen of the world.

After that he did his best. He was older than she and naturally had traveled more, and though he had never cared much for foreign places—cities and their like—as he watched her eyes rapt and fixed upon his face, or caught the long sigh of her relinquished breath, he began to see there was a color in the towns that he had never half suspected.

“And money,” he added out loud one day, but to himself really. “Folks don’t have to wait to marry there,” he went on explaining slowly. “They love quick, and they make money quick. And so they marry,” he finished.

After that there was an understanding between them that added up to the same result no matter how they looked at it. To be married, they must go out into the world. To go out into the world they must be married. It sounded confusing but it was really very simple. So she tied her few clothes into a bundle one night and before dawn slipped out of the house to meet him.

His savings they had decided would be enough to carry them east where the big cities were to be found. On the train she sat close to him clutching his sleeve in a delirium of wonder. This was the

World! But she could only stare up into his face as though she had never looked at it before. Somehow his face was home—somehow it was the World.

When they reached the cities they walked the noisy streets with their shoulders pressed even more closely together. He couldn’t rightly remember that he had ever seen places as big as these before and he began to wonder anxiously about the money. Soon the little he had left would be all gone.

But she kept telling him, dazed and happy, not to think about the money. This was the World, wasn’t it? There was plenty of money here, and he could make it easily.

Nevertheless, they presently found themselves sleeping on park benches at night, holding each other’s hands tightly and not cold at all, they said, since they could sit together. By day they looked seriously for restaurants, for they had discovered that the only work found by farmers in the city was the scrubbing and dish-washing in return for a scanty meal. In this way they managed to keep alive, which was in itself sufficient pleasure for either of them, since they were continually astonished at the delight they felt merely in being together.

It was a great puzzle to them and as the days went by each one, frowning, tried to work it out, glancing occasionally at the knotted face of the other one. They had been married, hadn’t they?—so they might see the World. And now that they were married their only trouble was the World. Could they ever get away from it again? And in their panic they turned to each other and began to talk. About farms.

They found a farm finally, walking to it from the cities, sleeping by the roadside, eating what they could beg or find. But after they had worked there for a week the owner refused to pay them. And so they started on again.

But this time he never asked what she was thinking. He caught her by the arm and pushed her down upon a bank. “Set down,” he said. “I gotta talk.”

“The World,” he said, “ain’t what I’m looking for. Not what you call the World. You know what is the World to me? It’s ground to work, and a shack to sleep in of my own. And you in it.”

She nodded, with a choking in her throat.

“And where is it?” he asked fiercely. “Back where we came from. Well. That’s where we’re heading this time.

If we gotta sleep in every police station on the road, an’ if it takes a year.” He looked at her anxiously and his face broke up. “You ready to hike it?” he asked gruffly.

She nodded again and for the first time since her marriage began to cry. And smiling at him through her tears she got up eagerly and brushed her skirt and started down the road once more, clutching tightly at his arm.

## Edward Windsor—Royal Drummer

(Continued from Page 253)

gentine. Its members knew that after erecting a fine office building in Buenos Aires, the First National Bank of Boston had built up a business that has been the envy of many a competitor. By the same token, the expenditures for an embassy and office building in Buenos Aires might be expected to add materially to the \$200,000,000 worth of exports which we sell to the Argentine in a normal year.

The Chinese wall of isolation which in the past separated us from the world abroad has broken down. We have \$15,000,000,000 or more invested abroad, and we are now the chief exporting nation in the world. As the wall of isolation has crumbled, other antiquated notions have fallen with it, one of which is that the American Ambassador in a foreign capital can live in lodgings and entertain his guests with a crust of bread and a glass of water. The magnificent buildings which the United States has built, or has acquired, for its representatives in Rome, Berlin, Paris, Tokyo, Buenos Aires, and other cities, shows how completely this notion has gone by the board. Right in the thick of the scramble for foreign markets as we are, the United States has now embarked upon a policy of giving our agents abroad the finest homes and offices, not only to advance our national prestige but to serve as practical advertisements of our standards of living, and as a show window for our methods of construction, our plumbing, refrigeration, office equipment and so on.

Our new embassy and office building in Buenos Aires, in one sense, is our answer to the challenge of the mission which has taken the Prince of Wales to the Argentine to open the Empire Exhibition and to give the signal for the salesmen and drummers of Britain to start their drive to place their country again in the lead in supplying South America’s needs for goods. Our buildings, for one thing, will remain there long after the buying public have forgotten the exhibition, the bands, and the