

you. Certainly it is one of the few possible films of the last six months—which isn't saying much.

►► "Newly Rich"

With Sinclair Lewis' novel, *Let's Play King*, as a basis, director Norman Taurog (who made *Skippy*) has turned out a film showing what unhappy lives famous children have. *Newly Rich* has a good deal of fun with two child movie actors, Delicia Tate (Mitzi Green) and Tiny Tim Tiffany (Jackie Searle) and their ambitious and acutely jealous stage mamas (Edna May Oliver and Louise Fazenda). The mamas are often quite funny, but the satire on Hollywood is never half sharp enough. Most of *Newly Rich* is slapstick farce involving the child king of a mythical Balkan state who is visiting London. The American "child cinema actors" have been dragged to London to meet the child king for publicity purposes, and all three are so bored with the formal lives they lead that they decide to run away. Down by the foggy London waterfront they encounter a gang of extremely American Cockney urchins. Then follows an extended chase and fight in a warehouse with would-be kidnappers. *Newly Rich* is amusing, knockabout stuff. Its only bad moments are those in which the children try to make you feel sorry for them because they can't go out and play. It never reaches the heights achieved by *Skippy*, but I think that children will like it a great deal better than *Skippy*, which, after all, was definitely a grown-up's picture.

►► "Hell Below Zero"

Sent to Equatorial Africa by the Milwaukee Museum, Carveth Wells, the explorer, has returned with some unusual and vastly entertaining travel films. In his talkie lecture he tells you that big-game hunting "is for Boy Scouts . . . animals won't even notice you unless you shoot at them . . ." and that "African jungles aren't much different from Richmond Park." At the same time Mr. Wells shows movies of lions proving all this. It seems that lions are indecently lazy, and like to sleep all day in the shade. Instead of charging at Mr. Wells and his camera, they all go fast asleep. The second part of his travelogue was made at 15,000 feet in the Mountains of the Moon, in Africa. Here grow some of the most fantastic plants seen since Little Nemo used to see visions in the Sunday papers. Even the parsley grows to nine feet high in them thar parts.

CREIGHTON PEET.

►► The Latest Plays ◄◄

IT'S all very strange about Mr. Florenz Ziegfeld. He's been at it now over a quarter of a century, in the course of which he has produced about a dozen or more *Follies* and numerous other musical shows, to say nothing of the various *Midnight Frolics* on the New Amsterdam Roof. He takes his shows to Boston or Pittsburgh for lengthy tryouts. What is the result of all that experience of one sort or another? Well, the opening night in New York the darned things always run long past midnight and by that time the best-disposed

Recommended Current Shows

Grand Hotel: That adaptation from the German you may have heard about.
Once in a Lifetime: Some of the ludicrous facts about Hollywood.
Private Lives: Give a play a good name and there's no stopping it.
The Band Wagon: Very smart revue with brilliant cast.
The Barretts of Wimpole Street: I wouldn't pick it for a hot-weather show, but there it is. Katharine Cornell is the answer.
The Green Pastures: Are you the fellow who hasn't seen it yet? Shame!
Third Little Show: When Yuba Plays the Rumba on His Tuba down in Cuba makes a visit worth while even without Bee Lillie.

critic in the world is bound to be a little worn, and he is liable to sound more than a little captious, simply on account of being given too much of a good thing.

The Ziegfeld Follies of 1931 were greeted in the daily papers with notices—the ones I saw—that were hardly more than tepid. The daily paper boys and girls saw them, of course, the opening night. The gist of their remarks was that Mr. Ziegfeld had spent a lot of money to assemble a plodding entertainment conspicuously lacking in humor. It is my pleasant duty to report that by the second night everything had been cut and speeded up so that the final curtain was down by eleven-twenty-five, by which time my principal impression was that I had seen a very pleasant show.

Mind you, there is nothing startlingly original about this year's *Follies*. It is all pretty much cut to the old pattern. But for us old sentimentalists it's nice to know that there's still a theatre where the skies are as Urban blue as ever and where the American girl is still being glorified by having quite a few of her clothes removed. There is something new about the show at that—it is the first

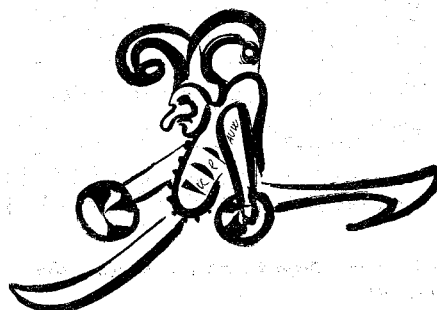
time that the girls have been glorified by riding scantily clad on real live elephants onto the stage.

The climax of the revue comes towards the close of the first act when Gene Buck and Mark Hellinger, the librettists, wax nostalgic for the good old days before the War when Rector's was in flower. Apparently not only could you drink champagne in open, leisurely and civilized fashion then, but any night Nora Bayes would drop in and sing *Harvest Moon*, Al Jolson *You Made Me Love You* and Sam Bernard might ask musically *Who Paid the Rent for Mrs. Rip Van Winkle When Rip Van Winkle Was Away?* In the *Follies* those notables are impersonated by Ruth Etting, Harry Richman and Jack Pearl, respectively, and I'm afraid it must be said that those songs are better than any of the new ones in the show. By way of making the point perfectly clear, we are shown in contrast a 1931 night club full of drunken gangsters with an effeminate master of ceremonies in which an innocent bystander is shot. Obviously this is a direct presentation of the late happenings of the little lamented Club Abbey. The whole thing is most effective, the only nice thing about the 1931 night resort scene being that it gives Ruth Etting a chance to sing a song called *Cigars, Cigarettes*, which, while very much of the same school of thought as her famous *Ten Cents a Dance*, is something to be thankful for as she renders it.

In spite of the fact that the above artists of renown are in and out all the time, individual performance honors in the *Follies* are firmly snatched away by a nimble lad from Cincinnati called Hal Le Roy. Except on the occasion of his own appearance in the short-lived *The Gang's All Here* last winter, such amazingly casual yet highly skilled and intricate tap dancing has not been seen in these parts since the late Jack Donahue was at his best.

Maybe I'm just easy to please, but I found myself laughing at numerous times during the sketches which were much maligned by some of my colleagues. If only to show that I haven't softened up too much, I did think that it was a waste to have Reri, the beautiful South Sea Islander of the film *Tabu*, brought all the way from Polynesia, or wherever it was, only to do one very stereotyped hula-hula. But I guess I'll just let Mr. Ziegfeld worry along as best he can and not get too far out of my depth. There must be more to producing a revue than meets the naked eye.

OTIS CHATFIELD-TAYLOR.



The New Books

Helping Germany Pay

THE End of Reparations," by Hjalmar Schacht. Translated by Lewis Gannett. (Cape & Smith, \$3. Published July 13.) The appearance of this book by the stormy petrel of German reparations at this juncture in the world's diplomatic and financial history is one of those lucky breaks for which all good publishers pray. Dr. Schacht, former head of the Reichsbank, chief of the German delegation which helped draw up the Young Plan, leader of a significant body of political opinion in Germany, here presents the case for ending the present régime of reparation payments. His book is both an economic and political event, for all that it will be overshadowed by the high diplomacy of the Hoover war debt proposals and by the bread-and-circuses of transatlantic flights.

Dr. Schacht is an economic nationalist in German politics. That is to say, he thinks of the German nation as the base for a certain volume of economic output. He reverts to the theory which he broached at the Young Plan negotiations: if the world expects

Germany to pay reparations, the world must make it possible for Germany to pay the sums which are demanded. To make it possible, the world must either reduce the sums to the possibilities of the present German economy, or must make financial and political arrangements for



HJALMAR SCHACHT

He suggests an international capitalistic program for developing the backward regions of the earth, in which Germany shall be enabled to play a part large enough to finance the Young Plan payments. The other alternative, the restoration of the German colonial empire, and the return of Silesia and the Polish Corridor to the Reich, in order to supply the Germans with a broader economic base for reparations, he does not seriously examine. As becomes a good politician, he does not dismiss it, but it is obvious that such a solution is not likely to prove acceptable to the European powers nor to the British Empire.

A third course, therefore, remains: To end reparations. If the world will not enable Germany to pay, either by financial or political facilities, the "end of reparations" emerges as practical politics. An interesting thesis and one which falls upon the world with all the devastating momentum of a bucket of whitewash dropped from the Empire State Building.

There is not space for an analysis of Dr. Schacht's polemic with the German government, which he claims sabotaged the Young Plan and torpedoed the German experts, nor for his interesting analysis of the Young Plan negotiations and of German economics and currency during the entire reparations period. For it should be emphasized that this is a political manifesto as well as an economic argument. Its effect should be, not only to influence world thought on the reparations problem, but to add to its author's "availability" in German domestic politics. This is unfortunate, for the attribution of political ambition to Dr. Schacht has before this shaken foreign confidence in the objectivity of some of his closely reasoned economic arguments. In this instance, however, it should not be permitted to prevent a dispassionate study of his major thesis: If Germany is to pay, the world must make her payments financially and politically possible.

JOHN CARTER.

What They Believe

"LIVING PHILOSOPHIES": a symposium (Simon and Schuster, \$2.50). There are people, and many of them, who are able to accept a creed or

Most Discussed Books

Fiction

The Good Earth, by Pearl S. Buck: John Day. A simple and dignified story of a Chinese family and their devotion to the land. Reviewed March 18.

Father, by Elizabeth: Doubleday, Doran. The daughter of a novelist escapes for adventures of her own. Gay and charming. Reviewed June 10.

The Sixth Journey, by Alice Grant Rosman: Minton, Balch. Grown-up love and a waif who finds a home at last in a charming romance with an English setting. Reviewed July 1.

Years of Grace, by Margaret Ayer Barnes: Houghton Mifflin. A detached and clear picture of fifty years with their changing influences. Pulitzer prize novel. Reviewed July 2, 1930.

Ships of Youth, by Maud Diver: Houghton Mifflin. A story of Anglo-Indian life in which characters whom Miss Diver has previously introduced attempt to "live happily ever after." Reviewed June 24.

Non-Fiction

Death and Taxes, by Dorothy Parker: Viking. Reviewed June 24.

The American Black Chamber, by Herbert O. Yardley: Bobbs Merrill. Memoirs colored with sensational disclosures of the Cryptographic Bureau established by the author during the War. Reviewed in this issue.

More Boners, by Dr. Seuss and A. Abingdon: Viking. A weaker sequel to *Boners*, with more of the same.

My Experiences in the World War, by John J. Pershing: Stokes. At the front and behind the lines from the point of view of the American commander. Reviewed May 6.

Red Bread, by Maurice Hindus: Cape & Smith. Another excellent book on contemporary Russia by the author of *Humanity Uprooted*. Reviewed May 13.

expanding that economy. Either America and the Allies must finance German exports, in competition with their own trade, or must give back to Germany her economic losses in the war: Her colonies, her Polish Corridor, her foreign investments, the private German property which was unblushingly seized in so many belligerent countries. As Dr. Schacht sees it, the Allied dilemma is to restore either German credit or the German Empire.

In the first case, he sees reparations as the obstacle to German credit:

Why should a foreign banker or capitalist have confidence in a country which is burdened with a reparations obligation of two billion marks annually, and has not for twelve years been able to pay a single pfennig of this out of its own economic earnings? So long as the reparations obligation persists, and so long as the world is not convinced that ways and means have been assured by which Germany can pay off these reparations out of her own normal economic activity, Germany will have no more credit.