

was the old Waldorf, whose famous Peacock Alley was their parade ground. Mr. Crockett is an authority on the eccentric figures of this departed epoch, since he knew and talked with them all, as representative of both the newspapers that chronicled their doings and the hotel where many of their deeds were done, and a very amusing, colorful and amazing tale he makes of them. Although another book with a similar title—*Peacock Alley*, by J. R. McCarthy—has just been brought out, Mr. Crockett's book is by far the more interesting and entertaining. *Peacock Alley* bears all the marks of being an official history, constructed for the sweet uses of publicity in connection with the opening of the new Waldorf.

The Blanket of the Dark
By John Buchan
Houghton Mifflin, \$2.50

Lord Aveling and Sir Ralph Bonamy took the penniless Oxford scholar, Peter Pentecost, and set him at the head of a rising which was to sweep Henry VIII from the throne and lift the blanket of his oppressions from England. For Peter came of a great house. But though Henry is still squatting on his throne at the end of the story, and Peter has taken to the greenwood, before that happens there is much plotting and riding, meetings in manor houses and by the campfires of outlaws, and Peter even captures the king and spends a night with him in a ruined castle. Peter himself is an incredible character, as you might judge from his picture on the jacket, but the tale has much color and no end of authenticity.

Suspicious Characters
By Dorothy L. Sayers
Brewer & Warren, \$2.00

Several people had threatened to give Campbell a thrashing, and so when he was found with his head in the burn and an unfinished canvas on the easel on the bank above him, there was quite a bevy of suspects to choose from. And right there, in spite of the presence of Lord Peter Wimsey, we lost interest in the case. For not only does Lord Peter discover an important fact which he quite unfairly conceals from us until the last chapter, but the activities of the various suspects were so bound up with complicated train timetables and bicycles and the time it would take to go from about ten places to some ten other places by bicycle, motor, train or on foot, that though we stuck it out to the end, we might just as well have been reading higher mathematics for all the sense we got out of it. And we have an unhappy feeling that Miss Sayers, whom we consider one of the three best detective story writers, has this time rather let us down.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

Music

Notable New Recordings



BEETHOVEN continues to occupy the attention of the recording companies and as long as they continue to do as well by him as they have on two of the latest releases there will be no complaints from me. In fact, the Victor album of the *Trio No. 7, in B Flat Major, Opus 97*—otherwise known as the *Archduke*—is one of the finest pieces of work ever to appear on disks¹. The artists are Cortot, Thibaud and Casals—which should be all anybody who has ever heard them should want to know—but I think even their admirers will admit that they have outdone themselves in this set. The balance between the three instruments—piano, violin and 'cello, of course—is the most nearly perfect imaginable and the recording engineers have done their part in a manner quite worthy of the composition and the artists. By all means listen to this extraordinary album. No adjective weaker than great will do to describe it.

Never having been a particular admirer of Richard Strauss as a conductor, even of his own works, his interpretation and execution of the familiar Beethoven *Fifth Symphony* came as a most pleasant surprise². The orchestra is the Berlin State Opera orchestra and, as with the *Trio* above, the recording itself is superb. Obviously, at this date, there is nothing more to be said about the *Fifth*. But even if you have one of the earlier recordings of it, I'm not sure you won't want this one, too.

I don't know why I never mentioned Durium records before in my pieces about popular music. They are made on paper, instead of shellac, coated with Durium, a patented composition. If you must have records of the same things the radio is plugging, the Durium Hit of the Week records at only fifteen cents would seem to be the answer. True, they are on only one side, but they play nearly twice as long as the ordinary ones, because of another new process, and they are light and unbreakable. For a good sample, go to a news-stand and get *I Found a Million Dollar Baby*³.

O. C.-T.

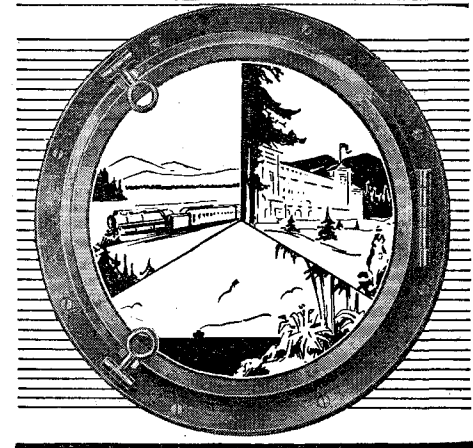
1. Victor Album M92.
2. Brunswick Album No. 25.
3. Hit of the Week, J-2.

TRAVEL

SUGGESTIONS

AND INFORMATION FOR

OUTLOOK READERS



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▶▶ From the Life ◀◀

▶▶ In a Cage

UNTIL they met each other they had been unconscious of the world, as the shells along the shore were unconscious. They were part of the world's loneliness without knowing it.

When they first saw each other they were scarcely more than baby cranes, and neither one had quite outgrown a certain awkwardness in stretching the neck, or an uncertain wobble in the new dignity of standing austere on one leg. Nevertheless each one at once began to tremble with a chill excitement of beauty first beheld—each from that moment was conscious of the world.

In her shyness she looked away from him up overhead and was so startled by what she saw that she immediately looked back at him, and then around again in a slow wonder. She could not believe that she had ever seen the sky before.

As for him he was suddenly entranced by the swing and shiver of the sea. At his feet it broke and splintered and sang; it sighed and slipped away again, leaving behind it a floor of shells set close in a shimmering rainbow. He was sure that it had never looked like that before. Then he stared at her again and moved a bold step nearer.

For an hour the two slim feathered creatures stood side by side and beheld the world together. The sea turned slowly from blue to emerald—to crimson. The sky paled and widened and bloomed miraculously with stars, while the two half-frightened birds gazed at the revelation. At last they were inhabitants of the world. They had found companionship. They were mated.

From that moment on they found themselves in an endless maze of discovery. They had had no notion that the world was so wide, that the sky stretched further than they could ever travel, that there were so many inlets to the sea—that fish were as plentiful as stars and easier to catch. All this they found out through the discovery of being together.

They were never separated. As they grew older and their certainties increased, they found themselves urged on more eagerly by life and its unseen wonders. Would they ever have enough adventures, or find enough to look at, side by side? Other cranes watching them, lighting nearby and calling, flapped their wings and delivered endless invitations. Occasionally the two caught snatches of shouted lies, of highly colored and fabulous accounts of mys-

terious and far distant happenings.

But the two lovers only sank lower into their feathers and turned their eyes towards each other. They were not interested. There were not days enough to be together, even.

That is how it happened that when they were captured they were taken together. Even to the human creatures that flung the net it was clear that these two were different from the others. "They might as well be people!" exulted their captors, as the two cranes pressed closer to each other in their imprisonment. "Did you



notice how they watch each other? And how they don't seem scared so long as they're left together?"

The captors were delighted. The two-legged people on the docks were delighted. But the crew and passengers on the great steamship were most charmed of all. They walked around the wooden cage admiring the graceful birds. They poked fingers, canes, umbrellas through the bars.

They even named the lovers and tried to coax them to answer the strange sounds. The final triumph came with that idea about the other birds. For there was another cage on board the steamer, crowded by seven male cranes. "Push 'em close, see?" explained a voice, "the two cages, and see if the young bloods don't take notice of the dame! That ought to make him jealous!"

When the second cage was pushed up near them, she shivered and looked around. Presently she arched her neck and moved her wings. They were pushing their heads through the bars of their cage, all seven of them, struggling to reach her, calling and fighting.

She gave an apprehensive look at her mate. Would he take her away? Why did he not take her away? But he never moved; only watched her steadily, his eyes turning a slow red.

The seven cranes pushed closer, crying to her, stretching their necks, moving their heads excitedly. She began to walk around the cage, restlessly, desperately, and suddenly stopped near them.

At that moment her mate first moved.

In twenty-four hours it was all over. It took only that short time for him to harry her to death. With his beak, with his wings, he attacked and struck at her, blinding her with blood, murdering her with fury inside the small cage.

In twenty-four hours he was alone, staring dumbly at the sea.

"Look how disconsolate he acts!" pointed some one. "Almost human."

IBBY HALL.

"Grapes of Gall"

(Continued From Page 112)

fruit juices "non-intoxicating in fact." Nobody attempted to explain, nor has any one tried to since, how a prepared concentrate which needs only fermentation to become an illegal beverage, can be construed to be the product of fruit juices manufactured in the home. But each statement by federal officials or the industry's lawyers is so artfully worded that it conveys the impression there is no difference between a kitchen-made wine not destined for any trade and a commercialized concentrate sold by car-load lots.

A CASUAL perusal of the prohibition debates in Congress proves that Section 29 was not intended to legalize the sale of any sort of beverage, alcoholic or non-alcoholic. It was inserted solely as a loophole to please rural constituencies, whose votes for ratification were needed, by permitting farmers and their wives to preserve fruits. Otherwise, the "accidental" fermentation of preserves or cider would have brought every good Republican agriculturalist and prohibitionist within the shadow of the law. So says Senator Morris Sheppard, of Texas, actual author of the Volstead Act. So incensed at the perversion of the statute is he that he means to plug the "leak" with additional amendments, if he can.

Such arguments, however, made no impression upon Mr. Mitchell when he was questioned concerning the seeming hypocrisy and dishonesty of the government's policy. He was, in truth, in a difficult position. He faced the alternative of ruling that the sale of the concentrate was legal, and thereby stirring the dries, or of placing the Farm Board in the predicament of financing an illegal trade.

It is little wonder that he preferred not to discuss the matter publicly or privately. He did not, he said, "care to revive the whole controversy." For weeks he parried all queries until he could no longer escape or equivocate. Then, in desperation, he read what he characterized as a statement of the department's policy. Then, too, the smooth and silent Mr. Mitchell revealed what almost everybody knew, namely, that the Hoover Administration was evading and undermining the dry laws, without, however, having the courage or honesty to say so.

What Mr. Mitchell dug out of the files was a four-year-old release which, at the time of its issuance, appeared to have little significance. It simply announced the department's acceptance of a ruling in a West Virginia case in which a jury had held that homemade wine, although containing more than one-half of 1 per cent. alcohol, was not an illegal