

Parties and Platforms: *Visiting Lecturers in Disraeli News Pictures*



Poet Laureate John Masefield thinks over his lecture at the Town Hall in New York. Mr. Masefield is on his way to England after a short visit to Hollywood. His latest book is a sea story, "Victorious Troy."

Salvador de Madariaga (left, inset), Spanish representative at the League of Nations, meets Columbia Professor James T. Shotwell...



... The occasion is a dinner given February 21 by the Committee on International Intellectual Coöperation, of which Mr. Shotwell is Chairman. Señor de Madariaga's new book, "Anarchy or Hierarchy," is to be published soon.



Irina Skariatina, author of "First to Go Back" and "A World Can End," tells another Town Hall audience what she saw in Soviet Russia. Mme. Skariatina was the first Russian aristocrat to return to the U. S. S. R. She is now married to an American naval officer, and lives near Philadelphia.



More Town Hall lecturers are Maurice Hindus, Russian commentator (left); and Dr. Howard W. Haggard (right), whose new book, "The Anatomy of Personality," is coming next week ... And below (left), Caroline Miller, who won the Pulitzer Prize for her novel, "Lamb in His Bosom" (1933), answers a question in the greenroom after the lecture.



The BOWLING GREEN by Christopher Morley

Toulemonde Desipient

IN this life so slippery
Dulce est desipere.
 What are the joys of men?
 Enumerate them, then.

Ink that runs from the pen
 And forms unbidden the desiderate word;
 Scraps of conversation overheard;
 Swimming after sweat;
 Driving a car;
 Remembering the name of one unexpectedly met;
 The first cocktail at the bar.
 The first warm sun in March;
 Collars without starch;
 Finding a rare edition;
 The dawning dim suspicion
That dame likes me: I think we might go far.

Making a full house from a pair;
 Not listening to comedians on the air.

Among the pleasures particularly man's
 Are: mushroom soup in cans;
 Old brown shoes well shined;
 The laughter hidden in the mind;
 Days when everything seems funny;
 The return of long-loaned money;
 Full appreciation of some art
 (Whether hockey or Hokusai);
 A bad cold nursed with rock-and-rye;
 Perversely hitching the horse behind the cart;
 Believing in your soul
 The part is greater than the whole.

The joy of being warm
 By firelight on a night of storm;
 Moonlight when it stipples
 Long Island Sound in ripples.

The footlights glowing on the curtain
 On a First Night of your own;
 Remembering, though uncertain,
 A number on the phone;
 Books on which there's a hoodoo
 Because no one likes them as well as you do,
 Or very few do.

The fun that people miss
 By being prim and priss
 (Also the snags they strike
 By doing too much what they like);
 Morning papers and orange juice on
 breakfast tables;
 The almost vanished smell of livery
 stables;
 Engines that go by steam
 (For pistons and cranks,
 Oh Lord, my thanks);
 The curiosities of dream;
 An unexpected Valentine;
 Spaghetti and red wine.

Hot towels at the barber's;
 Tea and bread-and-butter in English
 arbors;
 Falling asleep with a detective story
 (One that's both intelligent and gory).

The feeling of a day when nothing has to
 be done:

No appointments, absolutely none,
 Just to loiter along the shelves
 Reintegrating all one's various selves;
 And then, when everyone's in bed,
 The silence overhead.

*His blue morocco slippers donned,
 What evenings then had Toulemonde.*

Coincidences

SIR: A propos your last paragraph in the Green, February 15, that same week I was rereading Miss Mitford's *Letters*, edited by R. Brimley Johnson (London, 1925) and M. R. M.'s *Letters to James T. Fields* in his *Yesterdays with Authors*. Also *Our Village*, in the People's Library, Cassell & Co., London, 1919. This I bought at the Davenant Book Shop, 2 and 3 Turl Street, Oxford, after having lunch at the Mitre, on January 2, 1926. Price 1/3.

Just a coincidence. But it was the second one. On Feb. 1st you mentioned Cowper's *Letters*. I had laid them down to read the SRL which had just been received.
 I. N.
 Washington, D. C.

Speaking of the kind of reading one enjoys most, I was rummaging again in *Laughter from a Cloud*, a posthumous collection of writings in lighter vein by the late Sir Walter Raleigh (I mean the Sir Walter of our own day). I quote the sestet of his excellent sonnet *I Never Cared for Literature As Such*:—

One book among the rest is dear to me;
 As when a man, having tired himself in deed

Against the world, and, falling back to write,

Sated with love, or crazed by vanity,
 Or drunk with joy, or maimed by Fortune's spite,

Sets down his Paternoster and his Creed.

The Phoenician, Mr. William Rose Benét, recently celebrated his semi-centennial birthday while on a lecture trip in the Middle West. In reply to a telegram of congratulation from his colleagues he wrote describing his birthday adventure: riding down the west bank of the Mississippi from Burlington to St. Louis. He wrote with enthusiasm:—

"It was the *Mark Twain Zephyr*, one of those new streamlined, stainless steel Diesel-powered trains. It was like a trip

out of H. G. Wells. Ought to be a poem on it:

*Down the Mississippi, powered by Diesel,
 Boy did we go zippy?*

Slick as a weasel!"

Professor Charles S. Osgood writes from Princeton that there are some disadvantages in Dr. Johnson's bookcase measurements, which L. M. B. wished to duplicate. (Bowling Green, Feb. 1). Professor Osgood says:—

"I built bookshelves according to Johnson's specifications, to hold my Eighteenth Century books, and found to my dismay that there was no place, except on the floor level, for the modern tall octavo books (except the shelves obviously provided for the folios). The 18th century octavo was not so tall as ours. L. M. B. may wish to revise the specifications in view of this point."

To Mark Twain

SIR:—You asked someone to look up Owen Seaman's poem on the death of Mark Twain—here 'tis:

Pilot of many pilgrims since the shout
 "Mark Twain!"—that serves you for a deathless sign

On Mississippi's waterway rang out
 Over the Plummet's line!

Still where the countless ripples laugh
 above

The blue of halcyon seas, long may you keep

Your cause unbroken, buoyed upon a love

Ten thousand fathoms deep!

This poem was first published in *Punch*, and later reprinted in the *English Bookman*—June 1910.

GENE BOARDMAN HOOVER.

Kansas City.

Mr. W. J. Crawford, Jr., of Cleveland submits as viaticum for cold weather the State of Maine recipe given him by Kenneth Roberts for

Hot Buttered Rum

The ingredients and proportions for a single glass of hot buttered rum are about as follows:

Pour hot water into a tumbler to warm it. Throw out the water: drop in a lump of sugar: add a couple teaspoonsful of hot water and dissolve the sugar. Put in a slug of rum, any size you want. Add a pat of butter the size of the single pats you get in a restaurant. Dust in some powdered cinnamon—maybe a third of a teaspoonful. Add as much more hot water as you want and give it a good stirring. Then it's ready to drink.

If you're mixing for a lot, you don't