NOW AND THEN

WIDE HALLS

Give me wide walls to build my house of life.
The north shall be of love, against the winds of fate.
The south of tolerance, that I may outreach hate.
The east of faith, that rises clear and new each day.
The west of hope, that e'en dies a glorious way.
The threshold 'neath my feet shall be humility.
The roof—the very sky itself—infinity.
Give me wide walls to build my house of life.

Anon

THE LEVIATHAN

There was a sad sailing last week when the Leviathon set out for her last journey. None were there to bid her bon voyage. Only one passenger, a representative of Hampton & Sons, of London, was on board, the steam ship, that had been accustomed to carry thousands. No flags were waving nor banners flying, as she started on her final sea voyage, for she is to be broken up for scrap metal to be used for armaments.

Kipling's line, "The Liner She's a Lady," once applied strikingly to this great steamship, whose transition from what it once was to what it is today is so striking that only a Kipling could record it as it should be set down. No vessel afloat has had a more glamorous or more tragic career.

Built in 1914 by Bloom and Voss of Hamburg at a cost of $10,000,000, and originally christened the Vaterland, the vessel made three round-trip trans-Atlantic crossings before the World War, at the outbreak of which it was interned in Hoboken. When the United States entered the conflict, the Vaterland was seized and, after being converted into a transport, was renamed the Leviathan.

The first crosing as a troop transport caused officials in Washington some of the most anxious moments they knew during the World War, for it was feared that it would be attacked by German underseas craft. Newton D. Baker, then Secretary of War, and Maj. Gen. Hugh L. Scott, then chief of staff, watched every minute of this voyage, passing many hours together in General Scott's office.

It was a drab taking off the Leviathan had last week. Not even a resemblance of its once beautiful self, rusted and in need of paint from bow to stern, it seemed the great vessel knew what lay in store for it across the ocean, and clung stubbornly to its pier while two mammoth tugs tried to take it to Hudson's mid-stream. It required half an hour to do this, while a few hundred persons on the waterfront looked on.

EAST INDIAN CURIOS

There is an exhibition of curios from India, now open at Aldwych, London. Among them are the portraits of the late King George V, Queen Mary and the monument of Taj Mahal, each engraved on three grains of rice. The monument of Taj Mahal is considered the most beautiful building in the world. It was built by one of the rulers of India, in memory of his wife. All architects agree that it is a perfect specimen of Architecture.

New York has beautiful stores all along its broad streets and avenues. Here, as the shoppers go in, they are apt to see many unfortunate ones sitting there, and it is an almost involuntary act to open your purse and feel for a coin to give them or buy some thing from them.

LUDWIG, the smiling happy crippled newsboy in his high chair at the Saks corner on 34th street, has brushed with adventure. One windy day a lace handkerchief fell in his lap, blown from who knows where! It was so sweetly perfumed Ludwig says he'll return it—assessed by a neighboring sales girl as worth at least $8—if the owner will give him just a tiny vial of the ravishing perfume, now almost sniffed away.

Speaking of perfume, it can be redolent of flowers, delightful to smell, or so heavy a scent that it it not pleasant to many persons. Some one, a few days ago, walking down the street, saw a friend whom she had not seen for a long time.

As she left her after shaking hands she noticed that her glove was smelling delightfully and all day long a sweet evasive oder lingered. Before the day was over she met another friend. She, too, was scented, but the perfume was not the same, it did not remind her of flowers.

At one time it was considered a crime for a woman to use perfume, but that law has been repealed many years ago.

NEW NICKEL COMING, FIRST IN 25 YEARS

WASHINGTON—We're going to have a new nickel—the first in 25 years.

The Treasury announced yesterday that the familiar buffalo nickel will be succeeded by one honoring Thomas Jefferson, third-President of the United States.

The law says a new nickel design can be issued only every 25 years. That period will be up on Feb. 21.

Secretary Morgenthau decreed the new nickel must show Jefferson's face on one side and his famous home, Monticello, on the other.

The exact design will be decided in a $1,000 prize contest, to be judged by Mrs. Nellie Tayloe Ross, Director of the mint, and three sculptors, Sidney Waugh, Albert Stewart and Heinz Warneke.

Thsi doesn't mean your old buffalo nickel will not remain worth five cents. In time, it may be worth more as a museum piece.

There are no accurate figures on the number of nickels in circulation, because all small coins are lumped together in statistics. But to give an idea of how important the nickel is, the mints turned out 164,832,570 new ones last year.

And so the old buffalo which is fast disappearing from the prairies, will soon be a thing of the past even on the nickel.

DUCHESS WINDSOR'S OLD HOME

How fleeting is fame! Those, who pass the home where Wallis lived in Baltimore, notice a sign, "For Rent."

And yet scarcely a year ago they talked of using it as a museum; of collecting all the things they could find pertaining to her in the home. At the same time the museum proper found it was neglected, by sightseers who went to the Warfield home instead. But that has all passed away now. Rarely the newspapers have anything about the couple who went out of their way to find pleasure and change.

A traveler arrived in Baltimore a week or two ago, dusty and worn. He called himself "Walking Scott." His object is to walk around the world. It seems that he lost his job, and a Scottish firm employed him to go over the world, advertising its wares. He has been walking for two years and reached Baltimore in his way from the Pacific Coast. From Baltimore he expected to start for Canada, coming back to the United States in 1941.

RILEY'S BETE NOIR

Taken from O. O. McIntyre's Diary In Baltimore News

DR. CARLETON McCULLOCH, who was James Whitcomb Riley's physician, in commenting upon my recent choice of Riley's "When the Frost is on the Punkin" as the most thoroughly American poem, provides a revealing paragraph about the beloved Hoosier poet. Says he: "How he used to dread October. He'd say, 'I suppose I've got to go downtown this morning and some jackass is bound to jab me in the ribs with his elbow and cackle, "The frost is on the punkin vine, Mr. Riley—he, he, he, he, he!" Then I've got to appear surprised, tickled and laugh heartily and pretend it's something now and witty. While all the time I want to slap his ears down, first for working off an old annual joke, and secondly for misquoting me. I never used the word vine. I stopped after punkin.' "

REVIEW OF SOME OF THE BEST SELLERS

The Prodigal Parents published on January 21st has already taken its place among the "Best Sellers" being sixth on the list last week. This is interesting on account of the unfavorable criticisms from the New York papers, who panned it to a fare-you-well. Strangely enough the reviews from the rest of the country were quite complimentary.

In Red Star Over China published January 6th by Random House and written by Edgar Snow will be found a record of the life in China during the past nine years, the author-the first American newspaper correspondent over to penetrate Northwest Red China—explains clearly the events and intrigues that resulted in the present united stand of China against Japan. It is illustrated with extraordinary pictures.

"This Proud Heart" by Pearl Buck and published by Reynald and Hitchcock, is not a story of the Chinese but is wholly American. It is the story of a sculptress. Born in a small college town, she is simple, direct and incurably honest. She can play the piano, paint, wash dishes, clean house and cook better than any of her friends. She is also beauitful. It is no wonder that the farmer's son she marries feels occasionally as though he cannot hope to hold her. Soon she is doing a little clay modeling, though she continues to be a good house keper and has two children. She finally wins a prize. Here the scene changes—You read the book. It is a good story. Ugliness, squalor, misery, and naked passion have no place in "This Proud Heart".

Stuart Chase's, "The Tyranny of Words" published by Harcourt, Brace, is one of the leading non-fiction titles of the year. He serves notice on all who bla b-blab. He is telling the public, sick to death of talking and being talked at over radios, in newspapers, from lecture platforms and campaign stumps, that they'd better ask, "What do you really mean by that". The misuse of words is the most insidious evils of the age. One author writes "It pleases me no end. I wish from my heart that you could somehow induce every politician, teacher, preacher, and all who listen to them to read it". He introduces a new word, at least to me is a new word, "Sematics" which had most everyone dusting off the dictionary to see what it means.

Francis Ludlow, editor, gives a splendid outline of one of the late novels. I quote his article in full. "Now and then a book appears that makes no pretentions to literary magnificence yet has in it some quality narrative, style or characterization—that endears it to thousands of readers. Such a book was "A Lantern In Her Hand" by Bess Streeter Aldrich. And such a book is "Trumpets Calling", by Dora Aydelotte. Of all the novels coming in January, "Triumpets Calling" seems to me the most universally enjoyable and for that reason the best. It is as simple and home spun as the lives it chronicles. It has no thesis, it propounds no problem, it reveals no sensational truths. But it is absorbing reading.

Dave Prawl was a tumbleweed, always restless, always ready to pack his Family and their belonging into a wagon and move on. Martha Prawl, his wife, was the daughter of pioneers. She was hardened to danger, to sleeping in a wagon or on the ground, rifle in hand, so that though she wanted a house with a lilac bush near the door she followed Dan stoically. It is the story of their rush to the Cherokee Strip. Of the cares of simple people, their cares and joys, of cheerful toil, of young love, of occasional damger and of ceaseless courage. "Trumpets Calling" is real. It is cheerful. I believe that thousands of readers will share my admiration for Martha Prawl and for Dora Aydelotte, her creator". Thus Mr. Ludlow leaves you in no doubt as to what he thinks of this novel.

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When the kidneys fail to function as Nature intended, there is retention of waste that may cause body-wide distress. One may suffer nagging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—feel tired, nervous, all worn out.

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