NOW AND THEN

A SPRING RECEIPE

By Alice Matthews

Songs of Springtime, we all know
Winter gives the strength to grow:
Wild winds also they must borrow
For high flight, and surely sorrow
Must bear down upon the heart
Ere they gain the blood-red part
That humanity finds real—
Redeeming work and deep appeal;
Thus the Violet and the Rose
Victory gain and joy's repose!
Everything for Paradise
Must burst gates of gloom to rise.
So let poets sing out knowing
Gladness comes from Sorrow's sowing!
We create a merry air
When we solve the riddle care,
And live bravely, as we may,
Challenging a Crown, each day!

SPRING IS IN THE AIR

One is sure of its coming as its harbingers—the crocuses and snowdrops are peeping their heads above the grass that in its turn is growing luscious and green. All nature seems to be waiting its coming, the trees looking forward to donning their spring dresses; and the osprey flying over the waters searching for the gleam of silver, as the fish begin to descend the river, while the fishermen are busy with their nets.

"For lo! the winter has past, the rain is over and gone. The flowers appear on the earth, and the turtle is heard in the land." So wrote King Solomon long ages ago rejoicing at the coming of spring.

THE FIRE HOUSE

The opening of the Fire House to the public was quite an event in the town. Long before the time all the tickets were sold out for the supper, and many who were late were disappointed at not getting them.

The supper, served by the Ladies Auxiliary was everything that could have been desired, and ended up with ice cream, the gift of the Gill Brothers. Paper hats adorned the heads of hte participants and made the scene more festive. All the speakers, introduced by Mr. Wm. G. Smyth the toast master, were interesting, while Mr. Wayne Johnson, who had the main speech for the evening was full of information giving his listeners many things to think about.

During the exercises a real fire occurred and the audience saw a real demonstration of the efficiency of the Fire Company. Altogether it was an occasion to be remembered.

MR. JOSEPH NEWTON

Those who have beloved ones sleeping in the cemetery, heard with great regret of the passing of M.r Newton. For years he has cared for the place of the sleepers with loving care. It was his garden; he loved his work and under his supervision, the cemetery blossomed as a rose. May his mantel fall on the shoulders of those who also love to keep it beautiful.

ACTION AT AQUILLA

"Gone with the wind" has started many writers to write of the civil war. Those who took part in that struggle could hardly write of their sufferings and have left it to posterity to record them. Mr. Hervey Allen has written a very readable story, full of action and romance. It is much shorter than Anthony Adverse and is apt to keep the reader chained at it until the end.

ABOVE THE CLOUDS

Some travellers who went to Geneva to see the sun set on the mountains were disappointed at the continual overcast skies. Then they were told to go to Veyrier where there was a telepheripe which would carry them above the clouds. They said:

We arrived just in time for an ascent. We bought tickets and were conducted to a cage, looking indeed very much like an elevator, except that it was not confined in a shaft, but swung free on its cables. Several passengers already stood waiting. The operator slid out door shut, pressed a lever, our cage swung clear of its platform, and we were suspended in space. The sensation indeed, was that of being in an airplane, although there was very little noise. Our cage was propelled swiftly and easily upward on its cables.

At Veyrier, as in Geneva, the clouds had extended almost to the earth, and so on our telepherique was completely submerged in clouds, making it impossible to see beyond the cage itself. We hung thus, alone in our little world, for about five minutes. Then, suddenly and with a common impulse, all of us burst out in a chorus of Oh's and Ah's. Our cage had pushed above the clouds and emerged into brilliant mountain sunshine.

We looked about us breathlessly. A little above us was the summit of Saleve, toward which we were moving. Below us was a sea, an apparently endless sea of fleecy clouds, lying silent and unmoving over the city and lake and valley of Geneva and the Phone River.

DONAHUE THE COP

Policeman "Jingles" Donahue, who wears a uniform of blue in Waterbury, Conn., is noted for his etticut. When motorists park overtime he leaves for them this little rhyme:

"Don't park so long in a restricted station. Traffic is hindered by such stagnation. Police request your cooperation to cure a difficult situation. Keep the cars in circulation and give the cop a short vacation.—Donahue the Cop."

Oh. Donahue, your kindly warning has brightened up our gloomy morning. You've proved that even a patrolman can be a gentle and a droll man. Where other cops resort to curses you seek to get results by verses, in terms that we could not resist were we a Connecticut motorist. Your plea, we think, beyond all question. should serve to remedy congestion, and traffic should move in a hurry upon the streets of Waterbury. And so our hat is off to you, policeman "Jingles" Donahue.

In Hollywood the career of most child actors is likely to be brief, retirement to be early. The reason is that the "awkward" age over takes them. And if that difficulty can be overcome, why, it's just a fact that a boy of 14, say, can't play the sort of role in which he was popular as a boy of 7. Last week child-actor George McFarland, "Spanky" to his pals, announced partial retirement. He is 10 No more will he be seen with "Our Gang," though he hopes to continue in the screen business.

Spanky thinks that in his seven years as an actor he's appeared in eighty-four pictures. He admits, however, that he's "kinda lost track." When he was very young, critics called him "a chubby toddler" and detected "a hint of impishness."

A WOMAN MUSIC TEACHER AT HARVARD

Smashing tradition is such an old story to Mme. Nadia Boulanger that it has lost its thrill. She has been doing it all her life.

Mme. Boulanger is the fragile little French lady who has just arrived here to become visiting lecturer in music at Radcliffe.

Boys from Harvard are standing in line to sign up for her classes, which in itself is an upset. Usually it's the other way around. Girls from Radcliffe straining at the leash to get into the classes of some famous Harvard don.

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Before she leaves she will disintegrate still another old Boston custom, for she will be the first woman guest conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

It's the sort of honor that would send most women musicians straight into seventh heaven, but she is matter of fact about it. A Boston reporter asked her how it felt to be the first woman conductor of the famous old orchestra and she said:

"I've been a woman for a little over fifty years and have gotten over my initial astonishment.

"As for conducting an orchestra, that's a job. I don't think sex plays much part."

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Legends have a way of clustering around this gifted litlte French woman and she gets a wholesome grin out of reflecting that the most persistent legend simply isn't so.

She did not teach George Gershwin music. She tells the story without emphasis or guile:

"Somebody sent Gershwin to me in Paris with the idea in mind I could teach him something.

"I talked to him for ten minutes. He didn't bring along any score. Although I wasn't well acquainted with his work, I did recognize that he knew music.

"But I had nothing to offer him. He was already quite well known when he came to my house and I suggested that he was doing all right and should continue.

"I told him what I could teach him wouldn't help him much along his own road and he agreed. The interview lasted ten minutes.

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The woman who wouldn't take Gershwin on as a pupil stands around five feet four in her low-heeled shoes. That's only approximate. She has white hair, done into a soft roll piled up on the back of her neck. She has bright, birdlike eyes. Candidly, this interviewer can't say offhand whether they are blue, brown or gray. But they are alert and inquiring.

She wears black shoes and stockings and, usually, black gowns, which manage to give the impression of a uniform. There's usually a silver chain around her neck and an old-fashioned cloudburst in her back tie.

Talking to her, you have to watch very closely to boserve these things, very closely to observe these things, eyes off her hands. They are the most eloquent hands since Bernhardt's Swift as swallows, graceful as swans, they express every emotion with a richness and a vigor that makes mere speech seem inadequate.

She can register indifference, indignation, enthusiasm, despair, irritation, without opening her mouth.

REVIEW OF SOME OF THE BEST SELLERS

The following are some of the more popular titles published so far this year: "The Golfer's Companion", edited by Peter Lawless. Dutton. $2.00. The contributors are: Henry Cotton, A. H. Padgham, Bernard Darwin, R. C. Robertson Glasgow, O. B. Keeler, and Eleanor Helme. Golf history is dealt with by Robert H. K. Browning. The author provides a Golfer's Anthology and takes hte reader on a tour round the famous courses of the World.

"Robbery By Mail"; The Story of the U. S. Postal Inspectors, by Karl Baarslag. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50. The author of "Coast Guard to the Rescue" tells about some of the famous mail robberies and how the Postal Inspectors run down the criminals.

"Enchanted Oasis", by Faith Baldwin. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.00. Right on the heels of "Manhattan Nights" comes another Baldwin novel, the story of an English girl at Palm Beach who tries to play the game of love according to old-fashioned rules in a new fashioned setting.

"How Sleeps the Beast", by Don Tracy. M. S. Mill. $2.00. The story of a lynching on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, by the author of "Last Years Snow." Brutal realism.

"Hell On Ice". The Saga of the "Jeannette," by Commander Ellsberg. Dodd, Meade and Co. $2.75. The story of a hapless expedition to seek the North Pole by way of Behring Strait Sead, a story of superb heroism and courage in the face of terrible hardships.

"Old Williamsburg and Her Neighbors" by William Oliver Stevens, Dodd, Meade. $2.50, an informal trip through the heart of a fascinating countryside, with human interest stories of bygone characters, governors, statesmen, generals, fine gentlemen and reigning belles. Illustrated with pen and ink drawings by the author.

"Today Is Yours", Emile Loring. Little, Brown. $2.00. Her story concerns the critical reign of a ruling family the Romneys, in a flourishing town, and how the estranged Brian Romney's are finally reconciled.

"The Juice of the Pomgranate" by Ethel M. Dell. Double day. $2.00. This is a story of a beautiful headstrong girl, her marriage to a man she did not love, a cold, dangerous sadist, heir to Carvis Hall and what happened when she went to live with him in Paris.

"Safe Road" Katherine Newlin Burt. Macrae, Smith. $2.00. In the same vein as "When Beggars Choose." Mrs. Burt has written the story of Sally Keyne, who has learned to stand on her own feet, and who has learned to keep those feet on the ground, even though her heart might be soaring among the stars.

"Acquitta No. 1" by Grame and Sarah Lorimer. Little, Brown, $2.00. A man is acquitted of murder and relates the experiences in trying to win back the respect of his town folks.

"And One Was Beautiful." Alice Duer Miller. Dodd, Meade. $2.00. Helen, the beautiful sister drove the car and hit a man. She swore she had not been driving but her sister Kate knew better. Kate loved Ridley Crane who was accused of the accident. Things were going badly for Ridley. What should Kate do?

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BY

GEORGE A. HANSON

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