NOW AND THEN

CLAY HILLS

It is easy to mould the yielding clay,
And may shapes grow into beauty
Under the facile hand.
But forms of clay are lightly broken;
They will lie shattered and forgotten
in a dingy corner.

But underneath the slipping clay
Is rock.
I would rather work in stubborn rock
All the days of my life,
And make one strong thing
And set it in a high clean place,
To recall the granite strength of my
desire.

Jean Starr Untermeyer.

Yes, that is true. The tedious difficult things that we have to do often live after us, while those duties which are easy soon perish.

One hardly goes to a museum, that he does not see a copy of Michael Angelo's David, towering over all the other statues there. The great block of Carain marble was so huge that many of the Sculptors did not choose to work on it, so Angelo undertook it and it has stood through the ages, for he lived and labored in the thirteenth century. Venus de Milo rules in all her beauty and grace though the hand that chiseled her out of marble is not known. The houses that are built upon a rock stands, though the rain descends and the storms beat about it, while the those which are built upon the sand are swept away.

PICKETING WON A HOME FOR QUEENIE

NEW YORK, Feb. 13—Calm had descended again today on the Stanley Fishner household in the Brownsville section of Brooklyn following the surrender of Mrs. Fishner to demands of two of her children that she lift her ban on Queenie, a small cream-colored fox terrier pup. Mrs. Fishner, had ruled that Queenie was a unwelcome member of her family and could not stay in her home.

Tearing a page from labor history, the two tots and Queenie appeared in front of their home yesterday in sandwich signs. Haney's read, "I am on strike because my mother wants to throw out my dog," while the little dog drew up in the rear advertising that "I don't want to go away."

As the neighbors gathered around to watch the "strike", Haney asked them to sign a crayon-scribbled petition asking Mrs. Fishner to permit the dog to remain. The two children obtained 42 signatures.

Early in the afternoon, Mrs. Fishner negotiated with the strikers and agreed to give Queenie another chance.

Nathan Fishner, 17 years old, had brought Queenie home to Sally for her third birthday a few days ago, but Mrs. Fishner had said that her home was too small for Queenie and the seven Fishner children.

WYLLIE'S NIGHT OUT

The "neighborhood," as the dwellers in that locality call it, though others have disdainfully called us "the Water Dogs," were distressed beyond measure when evening came on and Wyllie had not come home.

As he never wandered away, all kinds of conjectures were made, and his owners were using every means to locate him. Early on Wednesday morning he came back, glad indeed to be home. He had been shut up all night in a neighbor's garage.

What a lonesome night it must have been for him!

VICTORIA'S AUTHORITY

Queen Victoria was a regular and earnest reader of the Bible, and sought to follow its teaching in her conduct of the affairs of the British Empire.

Once the ambassador of one of the Oriental nations was seeking to learn from Victoria the source of her kingdom's vast might and influence. Handing the minister a Bible, she said, "Tell your master this book is the secret of England's greatness."

GENEROUS GOLDSMITH

So generous and charitable was Oliver Goldsmith toward his less fortunate fellow men that he sometimes went so far as to give away a part of his only suit of clothes.

On one occasion a friend arrived at the author's home in the early morning to discover Goldsmith sleeping in a bed entirely without covering. He had crawled under the tick to keep from freezing.

Under questioning, the generous man admitted that he had found a poor family entirely without bed covering, and had given them his own rather than see them suffer.

THE BOOKS DID IT

During Charles Dickens's visit to Boston in 1842, he said at a Birthday Dinner at Papanti's Hotel: "At every new act of kindness on the part of the American public, I think to myself, That's for Oliver!—I should not wonder if that were meant for Smike!—I have no doubt that is intended for Nell! And thinking these things I have become a much happier, certainly, but a more sboer and retiring man than I ever was before."

"The books did it!"—and for an author seated on what she would herself have styled one of the lower hills of literature, as well as for the immortal Charles upon his mountain peak, the love of the public for the children of their dreams made them not only much happier, but more sober, because to whom much is given, of him also much will be required.

THE SAXAPHONE RULED OUT

NEW YORK, Feb. 13—Henry H. Curran, Deputy Mayor, whose humor and gaiety have been news here for months, has added another bit of whimsey to the City record today.

Herbert Cohen, young Bronx resident, appealed to the Mayor's office for his legal rights in practicing on the saxophone at his home, and Mr. Curran, in answering the letter yesterday suggested that he take up the oboe or 'cello, declaring the "sax" was homicidal.

There is something about a saxophone that "makes the most ordinary people either burst into tears or cheerfully do murder," the Deputy Mayor told Herbert. "It also makes a good dog turn his nose skyward and howl bitterly, causing two-fisted tom cats to run for their lives."

"It is a dangerous instrument, es pecially when you blow on it for two hours and a half," he said.

Young Cohen, in his request, said a man living in adjoining apartment house had threatened to call the police and the Health Department if he did not stop, and asked what the irate neighbor could do and, "if I am with in the law."

"When you ask me whether you can practice on the saxophone from half past two until five o'clock in the afternoon, even though the neighbors do not like it, I must answer that it would be better to cut it out," Mr. Currant replied.

The Deputy Mayor told Herbert to try the oboe, "a sad little pipe," which can be heard every 20 minutes in "Wagner's wonderful 'Tristan.'"

REVIEW OF SOME OF THE BEST SELLERS

Another historical novel comes on the twenty-seventh, "The Land Is Bright" by Archie Binns. It is a story of The Oregon Trail, another covered wagon novel, but this one is in a class by itself. "The people and events are surprisingly real. The adventures and misadventures of the wagon train are not the gaudy Indian raids and gun battles and buffalo stampedes of tradition, but lost children and broken wheels and lame oxen. Somehow the reader becomes a member of the train and learned to worry about the shortage of water and the cholera epidemic.

Polk, the four-year-old who says he won't take another step—and doesn't—becomes as real as one of the neighbors children. And others as real as Polk; Nancy Ann, for whom two men die; McBride the ex-school master who takes too great a pride in his deadly marksmanship; Pamelia, the lovoely girl who asks Case to marry her and a few days later appears with a be-whiskered substitute and Case himself, the gallant, obstinate, slightly bewildered boy from Kentucky. All these people are making history but they're interesting because they don't konw it.

One of the most striking things about "The Land Is Bright" is its amazing wealth of incident, as if they author's powers of invention were so great that he could afford to use up material for half a dozen novels in this one. There are dozens of things to stimulate or excite the imagination, glimpses of terror and mystery, and all in less than four hundred pages.

"The Land Is Bright" is an amazingly absorbing book and perhaps a great book. Certainly it is one of the books you must read."

There are some good mysteries too. "Death Boards The Lazy Lady." Murder on board a millionairre' yacht people with stars of stage and screen. Janet Allen, secretary to the host who is the most logical suspect, is led into many adventures in serving the cause of justice. "The Great Game" by H. C. Bailey tells of the attack on Mrs. Carson in the nave of Hurst church and the finding the dead bat in the church bell's tower were the forerunners of three murders in the town. Reggie Fortune wends his way through the mystery, and succeeds in bringing to justice a most vicious individual. By the author of "The Twittering Bird Mystery."

Why did Hercule Poirot pin a false mustache on an old oil paitning? Well to find out you will have to read "Murder For Christmas" by Agatha Christie where she tell of the Lee family gathering for Christmas with tyrannical old Mr. Lee Hercule Poirot again brings a killer to doom.

"Murder To Hounds" by Edward Acheson. The dead body of millionairre William Madden is found on an old estate in Virginia during a fox hunt. And the irrepressible Englishman, Captain Leigh Dowell-Blakely finds himself deep in the affair.

Lily Pons Sighs For A New Opera; Finds Colooratura Roles Limited

MIAMI BEACH, Fla.—Somebody should write a new opera just for Lily Pons. The petit, auburn-haired prima donna of the Metropolitan Opera, vacationing a few days at Miami Beach in the midst of a busy opera and concert season, said as she lolled on the sand that she longs for new operatice roles to conquer. Having sung all the coloratura parts available, she is now confronted by the fact that no new operas are being written that suit her voice and style.

"Every year I beg Mr. Johnson to revive Mozart operas, so I can sing a new role. I love Mozart and his music suits my voice, but Mr. Johnson says, 'No Lily, the Metropolitan is too big for Mozart (except for Don Giovanni). So I must sing the same old operas, Lakme, Lucia, Rigoletto and the other old standbys, until somebody writes a new opera for a coloratura soprano.

Here it was remarked that few American girls are successful coloratura singers. "Yes, that is true," said Miss Pons. "The coloratura soprano is distinctly a Latin voice. It seems to belong peculiarly to Italy. I am half Italian, you know. My mother is an Italian and my father French. So I come naturally by my voice, for my mother was a singer, too.

"I was brought up in a musical atmosphere, but I never expected to be a singer. I was a pianist and graduated from the Paris Conservatory before I ever gave a thought to my voice. Then I began to sing, just for my own pleasure. When I discovered that I did have a voice I got myself a most excellent teacher, and in only a year's time I was ready to made my debut in one of the smaller French opera houses. How grateful I am that I had that good training as a pianist. It is the foundation every singe r should have. The moment a singer opens her mouth, I can tell if she is a trained musician or not. If not, a lovely voice will not take one very far."

Lily Pons' desire to be always doing something new finds some satisfaction in her work for the movies and the radio. "I like working in the movies very much, and I like the music I sing in pictures. It is such a change from opera. Then the pictures have given me a new public and personality. In fact, I have three personalities; one for opera, one for the movies and one for radio. My opera personality is the best, but the movie one is much more difficult."

Asked if her work on the screen had increased her popularity as an opera singer, she seemed to feel that it had not.

"Of course people are curious to see me on the stage after seeing my pictures, but I think those who care about my singing liked me just as well before I went into the movies. The two arts appeal to an entirely different public."

Married last June to Andre Kostelanetz, noted radio orchestra director, Miss Pons declared that she is "very happy." "My husband is such a fine musician and a great help to me. We met when he was conductng a radio program on which I was a guest artist. Then he conducted the music in all my pictures in Hollywood. He pushes me on to work very hard, too," she added in her demure manner.

"This is my eighth season in America, but it seems like only a year. I love America so. When I go away, after only a month, I am homesick and want to come back," she declared.

W. M.

Utah, Indian Name

Utah, it has generally been assumed, was taken directly from the tribal name, the Utes, of the aboriginals who originally lived in the territory. It was not their own name for themselves, but was applied to them by the Navajos and Apaches. The term is derived directly from the word for "upper" and means "the upper people," or "hill-dwellers." It was probably almost the direct equivalent to the English term, "highlanders," applied to people dwelling in the Scotch mountains.

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