

Reviewing a Few Books

By O. O. M'INTYRE.
 Since I have had a book of mine reviewed from coast to coast, I have the urge to review a few myself. The job of book reviewer has always appealed to me. Most New York reviewers never go near the newspaper shops. They remain at home. The books are sent to them, they may read leisurely and mail their copy to the office. Most book reviewers I have found are kind and fair. In all the reviews I have received from clipping bureaus only two were un-

I suggest Elmer Davis' "I'll Show You the Town." Here is an author who knows how to intermingle mystery and humor in a way that has never been done before. If any novelist has struck a new note in the past few years it is Davis. He is a newspaperman, by the way, and for several years was one of the youngest editorial writers the New York Times ever had.

Varying just a little from book reviewing, the recent passing of A.



"What good does it do for a worm to turn? He's the same at both ends and on both sides."

kind. One was by a lady in Brooklyn, who said my book was "tin can material for morons." Another was written by a young fop of the Algonquin group, who used his column to vent personal animus for me. I had before in a magazine exposed the log rolling proclivities of this group. It has been their custom to ballyhoo books and plays written by their own circle. And not one has written anything that has caused a cosmic quiver.

I think Isabel Paterson, who has just completed the beautiful romance of war-torn Spain during the 14th century, has a great tome in "The Singing Season." It is colorful and a genuine recreation of a long past and fascinating era. It is becoming a best seller. Mrs. Paterson is a former newspaper woman. She is bright, witty and clever. It is told of her being invited to a smart tea. Among those present was one of those insufferable bores who purrs platitudes. He said: "The worm will turn."

"What good will it do a worm to turn?" asked Mrs. Paterson. "A worm is the same at either end and on both sides."

How many people know that Zane Grey is a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania dental department and prior to becoming a novelist was a painless dentist?

About the only great writer who does not use tobacco is Thomas Hardy. He has never touched a pipe, cigar or cigarette. Cigarettes are used by most writers of my acquaintance, although there are a few who cling to the peaceful pipe. Mr. Hardy has also never touched alcohol.

It recalls Mark Twain's advice to young authors. He said: "Yes, Agassiz does recommend authors to eat fish, because the phosphorus in it makes brain. So far you are correct. But I cannot help you to a decision about the amount you need to eat—at least with certainty. If the specimen composition you send is about your fair average, I should judge that perhaps a couple of whales would be all you would want for the present. Not the largest kind, but simply good, middling sized whales."

There was a day when it was considered daring for a lady to aspire to authorship. And now a lady, Edna Ferber, has written the best seller in "So Big." A few years ago I resided in the same hotel where Miss Ferber lived. Miss Ferber doesn't care so much for the plaudits of the public. She likes her work chiefly for the joy of creation. She is a slow writer and worries incessantly about the quality of her output. Each night she would swing around the gravel path of the Central Park reservoir formulating her thoughts for the work to come. One of her closest companions about this family hotel was a bright and interesting newsstand girl. They spent many happy hours together. Miss Ferber would at times go to her friend's room and enjoy a dinner cooked on a little gas stove.

I believe one of the best books of the year is Ring Lardner's "How to Write Short Stories." Lardner, in many respects is the nation's foremost man of letters. He has his serious moments but is at his best in humor.

The high-brow critics are now becoming patronizing toward Lardner. They are just beginning to realize that such men as James Barrie, H. G. Wells and other distinguished men of letters long ago considered him in a class by himself in America.

Ring Lardner is the gracious interlude in American literature. Most books run to certain ideas. There was a flood of Main Street books. Then a flood of flapper books. And so on. Lardner followed no set style. His pen strums pathos, laughter and realism.

Ruth Suckow's "Country People" has been highly praised by most of the metropolitan critics. It does smell of the soil but the assumption that most people of the soil are dullards is irritating. The most learned man I know has never been out of his county. He knows more of life than the average man who has roved the world and studied people at close range.

For a bright and entertaining volume to while away the evening

A. Adee, assistant secretary of state, recalls a story he used to tell on himself. His desk phone rang.

"Who is this speaking?" asked a voice.
 "A. A. Adee."
 "Who?"
 "A. A. Adee."
 Mr. Adee began "A." The voice repeated "A."
 "A," continued Mr. Adee. "A." repeated the voice.
 And at the third "A" the voice said, "Aw, go to hell, you smart aleck," and hung up.

A New York publisher announce he is to publish a book for children that will retail for \$7. He promises it will be an acceptable Christmas gift. I can remember when \$7 would have been more than the entire coat of Christmas for every child on our block.

A new edition of Samuel Pepys' Diary has been edited by Henry B. Wheatley. Pepys lived in a thrilling era. His position as clerk of the British navy board put him in position to meet the foremost people. Most of us love Pepys for his weaknesses. He was continually falling in love and yet he did love his wife best of all. His diary covered the years 1660-69. Nell Gwyn was then at the top of her career. He wrote his diary in a short hand he devised. He never failed to reveal his shortcomings. He tells of giving his father "tainted meat" and "blackening the eye of my wife, poor wretch." He was a first class bibliophile and was passionately fond of good music. It was given to Pepys to reveal his heart as no other man has, although, of course, he never thought his avid comments would ever be made public. (Copyright, 1924.)

Eleven Picnics Planned at Krug Masonic Lodge Will Stage First Outing in Years on Wednesday.

The first picnic given by Covert lodge, A. F. and A. M., in several years will be held Wednesday at Krug park. A basket luncheon in the park's private picnic grove, a concert by Tangier temple band from 5:30 to 6:30 p. m. and athletic contests are on the program. After the basket lunch, the evening will be spent in enjoying the park's rides and attractions.

A. G. Brown, worshipful master, announces special prizes will be offered for the lodge member who has been a master Mason the most years; for the member with the largest family present and for the couple who have been married the most years.

The athletic contests will start at 4 p. m. The Douglas County Reserve Officers' association will hold a family reunion and picnic Thursday afternoon. More than 1,000 reserve officers and their families and friends are expected to attend.

The Supreme Forest Woodmen circle will give a picnic Friday for members of Omaha circles and nearby Nebraska and Iowa towns Friday afternoon.

The Travelers' Protective association also is scheduled to hold one of the larger picnics of the week on Saturday afternoon.

Other picnics scheduled this week are the Ladies' Labor Lyceum club and the Get Acquainted club, Sunday afternoon; Omaha Musicians' union, Monday; Alamito Dairy company employees and Carpenter Paper company, Tuesday; Vesta chapter, Eastern Star, Thursday, and the Electrical union members and their families, Saturday.

At The Boulevard.
 House Peters in "Don't Marry for Money," is the feature offering at the Boulevard today and tomorrow, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, "In the Palace of the King," with Blanche Sweet and Edmund Lowe, will be shown. Friday and Saturday, "Second Youth," a comedy drama, starring Alfred Lunt and Mimi Palmer, will be the feature.

See Want Ads Produce Results.

Trapped by Air

Girls Lured to Tights and Such by Means of Air and Radio Startle Gotham

By PERCY HAMMOND.

New York, August 2.
 Mr. EARL CARROLL, the "Vanities" man, is being denounced for having employed the radio to summon American girlhood to join his naughty ballets. It is said that he has polluted the atmosphere with honeyed inducements, persuading the foolish ingenues to leave home and mother for the precipices and maelstroms of the stage.

Soft voices wafted from the microphone have whispered to the windlings that they are fair and sought after. Inveigling was carried to the point of offering them \$65 a week for

the lease of their charms. Here, sang Mr. Carroll to the sophomore grads, here is opportunity to exalt the drama lovers at a large remuneration. One hundred and sixteen fledgelings are reported to have succumbed. The dracula of the venture was one of Mr. Carroll's minions, a press agent.

The innocents were exhorted to present themselves at the stage door of Mr. Carroll's theater to be assayed by the referees of pulchritude. Within they were gauged according to the prevalent taste in symmetry, and it is noteworthy that the ankle was regarded as the most important test. Manhattan beauty is fixed, by this authority, as residing in the lower leg, just above the instep. Elbows, no matter how delicately pointed, and kneecaps, though bulging with bony seductiveness, were ignored in the examination. . . . All of this, and more, I learn in a letter from Mr. Morris Gilbert, the journalist, who keeps me aware of urban problems while I drowse unheeding upon "the odoriferous, amorous isle" of Nantucket, Mass.

Mr. Gilbert commends Mr. Carroll's enterprise as beneficent, and complains that those who "devote their hours to sniffing the indecencies are dervish-like in their exacerbation now that the ether itself has suffused for them a purulent odor." He fears that measures are framing among the statesmen to put padlocks on the air whose billows have been murmuring the notes of the Lorelei. Overprudent fathers of families discern fearfully that infernal voices issue from the loud speaker, and that the megaphone is a maw inhaling the unwary maidenhood. There can be no burglar alarms or bolted doors against the predatory sound waves, now more efficient than florice sticks or lollipop to wheedle the young ones into the kidnappers' buggies. Better the dull flatulence of the ordinary radio program, the homesteaders think, than the baleful, dulcet fluting of the devil's lascivious pipes.

But, it is predicted, there will be burglar alarms when the mercenary of sanctity have their way. These will be cobwebs on the air just as

there are at the doors of many grotesques which used to dispense the bootleg nectars. There will be Yellowlegs to penalize the ambient, Andersons to barricade the skies. The censorious will direct their unique sense for a time away from between the pages of the books that they fear may not be clean and will close their nostrils to the debasing toxicities of cigarettes. A new muzziness in the winds will prevail.

Now that the air has been revealed as a tempter, and until the angry purgers close it up, there are several dastardly uses to which it may yet be put. Where the net of the hunter snares maidens by its luscious practices, young men also may soon be captured. The obvious progression is to invite our adolescent male youth to daily in the theatrical trails. There are primroses there for them, no doubt, as well as for their sister. Other careers of reputed impropriety may beckon them. They might become journalists instead of clerks, holdernal critics instead of soda

Jerkers. The possibilities of space's campaign of vice are limitless, since legislatures sometimes act without precipitation.

At this moment Mr. Carroll's avows decay with sound and fury the accusation that the hullabaloo is mere miffers, they aver, merely for the purpose of art and as ministers to the public betterment. Broadway, they indicate, needs new elfs to distract the visitors to the theatrical caverns. Thus improved, they think, Broadway would be even more perfect.

It would be no presumption to urge the virtuous but mortified censors to extend an afternoon at this season the fetes upon the more populous bathing strands. It would reveal to them the fact that prohibitions are not as strong as the sun, and that modesty and the flesh have no inherent antagonism. The lusty school children as well as their elders pre-empt a picture compact of decency if not of allure. They broil and disport

without prejudice, and the upshot is not what the doubters descry.

Sheltered, protected beauties, by the way, are not the prevalent tidbit. Girlish hues are now most popular in two shades, a dusky tan and a rosy crimson, from Nantucket's puritan littoral to the pagan sands of Deauville and Coney Island. For instance, there is no longer a mandate posted backstage against exposure to solar fattening, and the fashion has been set in its favor by the young English ladies in the "Charlot Revue." The languors of the shaded paths and tenrooms are not for these distinguished chorus girls so long as the burning seas are available at the end of a motor trip.

Mothers whose trepidation is extreme because their daughters have been subjected to dreams of the stage through the aerial transmitter might do well to contrast the tonic pigments of the extravaganza girls with the possibly more fashionable pallor of the sewing room and the brokerage office.



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