THEATRES, ETC.

ADELPHI.—Gerr. 6522. CLOWNS IN CLOVER. Evgs. 8.15. Thurs. Mat. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ALDWYCH.—Gerr. 4325. THARK. Evgs. 8.15. Mon. Wed. Fri. at 2.30.

TOM WALLS, Mary Brough, and RALPH LYNN.

AMBASSADORS.—8.45. TWO WHITE ARMS. Last M. LOU'S FOOL. Tu., F., Sat. at 2.30. MARIE NAREDI.

APOLLO.—Gerr. 4601. THE DANCE OF DEATH. Evgs. 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30. ROBERT COLLIER.

CARLTON.—Regent 4715. Gerr. 3244. LADY LUCK. Evgs. 8.15. Thurs. Fri. 2.15. Lady Luck. Leslie Henson, Phyllis Monkman, Cyril Ritchard.

COMEDY.—Gerr. 3878. THE SILENT HOUSE. Franklin Dyall. Evgs. 8.30. Wed. Sat. 2.30.

COURT.—Sloane 5137. THE ADDING MACHINE. Re-Edwd Mon. Evgs. 8.30. Wed. Sat. 2.30.

CRITERION.—8.30. Tu. Sat., 2.30. MARCH HARES. Aldwych Farce. Ralph Lynn, Tom Walls.

DALY'S.—Ger. 4480. Evgs. 8.15. THE MERRY WIDOW. "This Year will be Remembered." Daily Mirror.

DRURY LANE.—Ger. 2588. THE WORLD SONG. A New Musical Play. Harry Wellesley, Edith Day, Gene Gerrard. Evgs. 7.30. Wed. Sat. 2.30.

DUKE OF YORK'S.—GOOD MORNING, BILL! With Ernest Truex, Ann Trevor, Ben Welden.

ELEPHANT.—Sp. DICK WHITTINGTON. Mats. Mon. Wed. Thurs. Sat. 2.30. Evgs. 7.30.

FORTUNE (Reg. 1507). 8.30. ON APPROVAL. By Frederick Lonsdale. Mats. Wed. Sat. 2.30. ELLIS JEFFREYS, RONALD SQUIRE.

GAIETY.—Gerr. 4293. THE MAGIC RING. Evgs. 8.15. Wed. Sat. 2.15. Gertrude Lawrence.

GARRICK.—Ger. 9293. THE WOMAN HAS SPOKEN. LAST WEEK. AT THIS PRICE. Evgs. 8.15. Wed. Sat. 2.30.

GARRICK.—Ger. 9293. THE WORLD WE LIVE IN. Last Week. Last Perf. Tu. THE GODS.

GOLDERS GREEN.—Speedy 1000. Evgs. 8.15. Eve. Mat. Thursday. Hugh Wakefield. Alice Delf. Maisie Darnell. TODAY and SATURDAY, 2.30.

GOLDERS GREEN.—Speedy 1000. Next Week. THE CONSTANT SYMPH with EDNA BEST.

HAYMARKET.—Reg. 4135. Evgs. 8.15. Wed. Sat. 2.15. Gerald du Maurier. HIT THE DECK.

HIPPODROME.—Gerr. 4666. Evgs. 8.15. Mats. Wed. Thurs. Sat. 2.30. All seats bookable. Gerr. 8555.

HIS MAJESTY'S.—2.30. 8.15. Thurs. Sat. 2.30. GERTRUDE LAWRENCE in THE GAY MEMS.

KING'S.—Hamm. 4809. Evgs. 7.30. HUMPTY-DUMPTY. Mats. Tues. and Sat. at 2.30.

KINGSWAY.—Jean Cadell in MARGOLD. Evgs. 8.15. Mats. Wed. Thurs. Sat. 2.15.

LEWISHAM HIPPODROME.—2.15. Matinee Daily. 7.30. Evgs. 8.15. Sat. 5.30. 8.30.

LITTLE.—Ai. 8. MAN & SUPERMAN. Mat. Sat. 2.30. Evgs. 7.30. Jan. 30, Feb. 1, 2, 3, 4. Ibsen.

LONDON PAVILION.—Ingle. 2.30 and 8.30. from 2. Matinee Daily. 2.30. Sat. 2.30. "DOLLY SISTERS" Sensational Success with Georgian Stage Show. SPECIAL PRICE MATINEE TODAY.

LYCEUM.—Ger. 4254. QUEEN OF HEARTS. Prem. Daily. 2.30. Evgs. 8.15. Wed. Sat. 2.15. Jill and Jerry.—D. Mirvish Prices (2s.—7s6.) Matinee Today. Jan. 30, Feb. 1, 2, 3, 4.

LYRIC.—Frances Doble. THE BLACK SPIDER. 8.45. Wed. Thu. 2.30. Next Week Miss Doble.

LYRIC.—Mat. Wed. 2.30. Twice-nightly. 8.30. KATICE FOR THE CANTOR.

LYRIC, Hmnith.—Riv. 3. Mats. Wed. Sat. 2.30. Ord. Vic. Oxford Thomas in HENRY V.

MASKELYNE'S MYSTERIES.—Daily 3 and 8. Tuesday Matinee Daily. Wednesday MATINEES.

NEW.—Reg. 4466.—At 8.30. THE WRECKER. Then Jan. 30, Feb. 1, 2, 3, 4. Ibsen.

PALACE.—Gerr. 6834. THE GIRL FRIEND. Evgs. 8.15. Mats. Wed. Thurs. Sat. 2.30.

PALLADIUM.—(Ger. 7505.) CINDERELLA. Daily 2.30. Evgs. 7.30. Charles Max Darby and Kate George-Jackson. Sam Bennett, etc.

PLAYHOUSE.—At 8.45. THE SECOND MAN. Mat. Wed. at 2.15. Noel Coward, Irene Vanbrugh.

PRINCE OF WALES.—Ger. 8132. REHEARSAL. by Noel Coward. Thurs. Sat. 2.30. Gay Divorce.

PRINCES.—Ger. 7686. THE BLUE KITTEN. George Relfe. Marie Blanche. Wed. and Sat. 2.30.

QUEEN'S.—Ger. 5375. LOVE LIES. Evgs. 8.15. Dwelling Melodrama. Mats. Wed. Sat. 2.30.

REGENT.—Regent 4715. SWEET MINT. 8.30. 8.45. Mat. Sat. 2.15. Not Coward, Zena Dare.

ROYALTY.—Ger. 4293. THE CHOCOLATE SOLDIER. Mats. Thurs. Sat. 2.30. Gertrude Lawrence.

VAUDEVILLE.—Temple 8. 8.30. THE GUEST OF HONOUR. Mats. Wed. Sat. 2.30. Ethel Irving.

WINTER GARDEN.—Ger. 7510. THE SILVER CORD. Evgs. 8.30 sharp. Mats. Thurs. Fri. at 2.30.

WYNDHAM'S.—Ger. 2028. THE WORLD WE LIVE IN. Last Week. Last Perf. Tu. THE GODS.

ALHAMBRA.—Ger. 3032. Daily 2.30. 6.15. 8.45. Sunday 6.15. 8.45. Sunday Concert. Stanley Holloway, Williams, Joe Boyer, Vinnie Mastiers, Etc.

COLISEUM.—Ger. 3540. 2.30 and 8.30. Joseph Coyne and Co. Frederic Bond's Orchestra. Albert Sandler and Palm Court Orch. Ted Heath's Marquesitas and Floor Show. Bonn Roof, etc.

HOLBORN EMPIRE.—Hol. 7888. 2.30 and 8. Albert and Bert Ellis Mantle, 8 Lance Lads, etc.

VICTORIA PALACE.—Vic. 1317. 2.30. 8. BETTY FRIESTEDT, with Ed-Egonomic Harvey and Florence Smithson.

ENTERTAINMENTS.

CAFE DE PARIS.—Gerrard. (Reg. 4509).—ANN PENN, VALERIE STEPSON, and THE ALLANS.

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ASTORIA, Ch. X.—"TWO GIRLS WANTED." Great Success. "RED HOT DIME." Last Days.

AVENUE PAVILION.—Shaftesbury-ave. Gerr. 6481. Ex. Thurs. 2.30. 6.15. 8.45. "FASHIONS FOR WOMEN."

CAPITOL.—Haymarket. Ger. 8831. "BOB IS BOTHERED" by his friends and anxious mother. "STAND AND DELIVER." Last Days. "FASHIONS FOR WOMEN." Harry and Harrison Ford in. The Representation of Women's Dress. Also Movietone Sound Effects.

CINEMA HOUSE.—Oxford-st. Gerr. 1141. Bourgoyne in "THE SECRET OF THE TOMB."

COVENT GARDEN OPERA HOUSE.—Gerr. 7961. Twice Daily 2.30 and 8.15. Sunday 6.15. 8.30. Prices 1s. to 3s. Tel. Bookings.

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MARBLE ARCH PAVILION.—2.15. 4.30. 6.45. 9. "THE MAN IN THE MOON." Also "WHEN PICTURES WERE PRINCES."

PLAZA.—Regent. 4600. Twice Nightly. BEBE DANIELS, Richard Arlen and Independent Night in "BEST MAN WINS." Also "THE MAN IN THE BLACK." Also "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife."

POLYTECHNIC.—Regent. 1200. Daily 2.30. 7.30. "THE IMMORTAL OF DOWNING STREET." Also "THE MAN IN THE DARK."

RIALTO.—Gerr. 3070. Twice Daily 2.30. 8.15. Sunday 6.15. 8.30. "THE VIRGINIAN." Also "LIVE AND LEARN." Victor McLaglen, Louise Brooks.

SHEPHERD'S BUSH PAVILION.—Shep. 1390. "FAUST." THE CIRCUS. Chas. Chaplin.

STOLL.—Gerr. 3535. BETTY BRONSON in "THE LOVE TRAP." Also "THE MAN IN THE DARK." Lupino Lane, Mae Marsh.

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THURSDAY, JANUARY 26, 1928.

TO-DAY.

The Better Way With Disease.

CONSIDERING that the greatest successes of modern medicine have been in the sphere of prevention rather than of cure, it is astonishing how much of the time and intellect of the profession is devoted merely to the search for remedies. There is a Pan-American Conference assembled at this moment at Havana in perfect security. Yet for three hundred years Europe trembled at the mere name of the place as the inveterate home of yellow fever. The Panama Canal could not to-day be a working reality if Manson and Ross had not got down to the primal sources of malaria. Similarly, in more temperate zones, the plagues of cholera and typhus have been for all practical purposes banished.

In all these cases it is preventive medicine, working back to first causes, that has wrought the miracle. How is it, then, that medical research is still in the main concentrated on the lesser objective, and is more concerned to find, for example, a "cure" for cancer or consumption than to make their occurrence impossible? Is there not here a failure of perspective, a case of attacking at the wrong end?

We would not in any way undertake the devoted labours of those engaged in a search for remedies. But it remains the broad general fact that prevention usually always has a higher mark to aim at than cure, and that some diseases, smallpox for instance, have been virtually extinguished even though their exact origin is still unknown. It is a further fact that the status and functions of the medical profession have changed, as everything else has changed in these swiftly moving times. The doctor of to-day is far more than an expert called in to deal with a crisis that has actually supervened. He is regarded rather as a sentinel of health, always on duty to give warning of the first stealthy coming-on of illness and to cut short or circumvent its approach—a policeman, who must sometimes arrest, but whose main duty is to guard the community while it sleeps.

* * *

Brighter Cricket.

THE vigorous performance put up yesterday by South Africa gives an added point to what Lord Hawke was saying, almost at the same hour, about the need for brighter cricket. The game is such a good one, and the passion for it so ingrained in the British character, that it will certainly always hold its own as a game to play. But its economic security depends very largely on its being equally attractive as a game to watch. From that standpoint, there is a great deal to seek in British cricket. The increasing approach of pitches towards a billiard-table perfection has not tempted batsmen to take more risks. They have, on the contrary, become more timid, the modern batsman averages percentages and first innings "points" making playing for safety, and the habit of saving a game instead of going all out to win it, more common than the old tumultuous hitting of a Thornton or a Jessop. Cricket, at a time when the pace of everything else has quickened, is duller than it was; and if Lord Hawke can get a move on the game he will have the thanks of the thousands who play it and the tens of thousands who go to watch it.

* * *

Careers for Girls.

THE problem of what to do with our girls gets more troublesome with every daughter that is born into the world. Life was probably simpler—at any rate parents had an easier time of it—when there was virtually only one career to which girls looked forward. Then the safety curtain of matrimony descended. But now, when every other girl imagines she wants to "do something," the choice of what to do is a conundrum of almost masculine earnestness. That is why the action of the Ministry of Labour, in having experts on hand in Whitehall who can talk things over with girls leaving secondary schools, seems helpful. It almost makes one hope that eventually officialdom will go a step further back and inquire whether our system of education fits girls for any career at all.

VEILED BUT FREE.

By HALIDE EDIB.

The Turkish Woman Novelist.

Madame Edib, who is visiting England, has said of the few Turkish women whose names are publicly known both in their own country and outside it. She is the foremost of its women writers.

I have just read an article in the New York Times on the Veiled Life of Turkish women. The writer tells us how he actually went out of his way to look for veiled women, in order to find out whether Turkey was really modernised or not.

The fact that in that country women are teaching, doctoring, lawyering, and doing all the things they did not matter to him. The important points were that the women in Turkey rose to eminence, for which I had always been impressed, I learned to respect their mental superiority, and was keenly interested in their revolutionary agitations because my own country was also in the throes of important changes.

The English women were wanting the vote, and I had read about them without it they had so many grievances and were so handicapped. It was sympathetic interest I showed that women were men-ridden even in England.

All the same, they were not so different from our Turkish women. Their great ladies corresponded to ours in their exquisite grace and good manners; the middle class women in the limited horizon of their homes; the working class with their infinite patience and common sense; the upper educated women with revolutionary ideas and willingness to suffer to realise them. So they did not seem to me as much a Martian as I might have been expected.

But I realised that I was an alien among them. Some of them asked a friend of mine, what I was, run away from a narcotic? Has she drugged the poor lad well?" I saw that to them I was the woman with a veil. I was of the breed of those who are slaves of men and whose chief occupation is to intrigue and to employ methods known only to the East!

They were far too polite and kind-hearted to tell me this in so many words; but I felt it all, and I longed to beat my head against the barrier and say: "Look here, whatever we wear, we are just like you. We wear clothes, we spin and we sew, we cook and we wash, we till the ground and do all the menial and necessary things you do. Believe me, we even suffer. The veil is only a manner of dress; it is much lighter and cheaper, too. Veils apart, we more degrading than hats. It is only because it is a piece of the property of men that we resent it. After all, you also are the property of men, so what is all this feministic revolution for?"

Since then Turkey has known eighteen years of war, revolution, and unparalleled suffering, but the process of modernisation has continued the same. Now women in Turkey are officially recognised as men's equals in public life. A complete secularisation of the laws has swept away the fundamental traditions which differentiated Modern Turkish family, and which differentiated Turkish women from the women in the West. The only remaining difference is that there is as yet no women's vote.

Despite this, the only time when the Western world became really conscious of Turkey was when the "Hat Law" was passed in 1925. It was a little and rather extravagant measure, I thought. What people wear does not matter; it is what they think and feel that matters. Why enrich the hat factories of Europe for nothing? And if the Turkish women were not included, and still more pleased when women refused to change their street costumes at the dictation of extremist reformers, in the persons of provincial mayors, I realised once more the common sense, the self-respect of my countrywomen, attributes which are shared with the bulk of the world's womanhood.

Still, one has to understand the psychological reason for the "Hat Law." I have given heard broadcasted Turks say: "Turkey is a country people will always consider us as a different species."

* * *

After eighteen years I have again visited my own country, Anatolia, and felt home to my own countrywomen. "My dears," I have said to them, "you will always be Veiled Women. Which ever you do. I am glad that you do not measure progress by hats."

The Western world take the trouble to look at those of you who are representative, they would realise that you are unusual; in fact, the minority will attract their attention; the harem of the Sultan, the Sultan himself, the deposed women of a pasha's harem as in "Les Désenchantées," where they go back to their hearts on for the paradise of European women.

"But there is a great deal to learn from the West, not just so much so much copy. So much of the Western minds of the West itself are disillusioned with what is happening and (whose) aspirations are but mere remnants. And one thing that many come to the realisation that a difference in head covering has nothing to do with superiority or otherwise of one people to another. Some people, also, are not fighting emancipation, they are fighting the unemployed, veiled or unveiled."

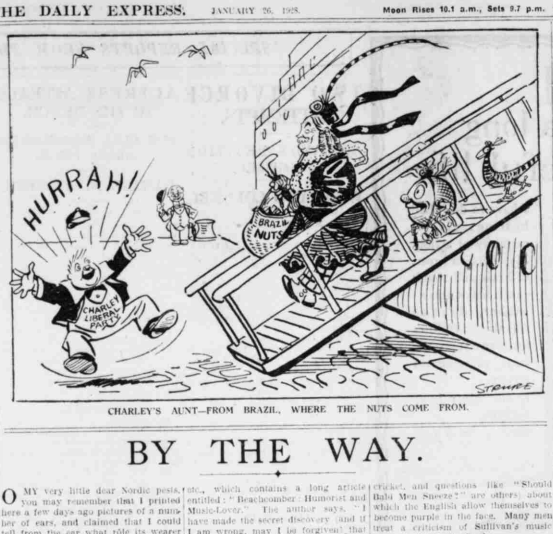
Halide Edib.

Poems You Ought to Know.—44.

Upon Westminster Bridge.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Earth has not anything to show more fair:
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
This City doth like a garment wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky;
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendour valley, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will:
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!



CHARLEY'S AUNT—FROM BRAZIL, WHERE THE NUTS COME FROM.

BY THE WAY.

OF very little dear Nordic pesta you may remember that I printed here a few days ago pictures of a nun's ears, and I confessed that I could tell from the ear what rôle its wearer was destined to play in life.

This offer of mine has drawn down upon me a whole mass of correspondence, the majority of it from people who have ringed round one of the ears in pencil or ink, and declare that it is very like their own. Some of them, whom I am answering personally, wrote me private letters and enclosed stamps. Little did I know the popularity of ornamency!

Well, well.

* * *

Mrs. Symons Penge is fond of animals, should not ride a bicycle, will inherit a fortune, and will receive a letter from a friend. A J. (Sudely) is going on a journey. Delia is fond of music and would make a good wife. S. T. Lokesly likes fish, has ambition, and should study his job, to get on. Leonard Wise has mathematical ability, but lacks concentration; and so on.

Only lack of space, my infernal rascals (for I have promised to boost a silly actress), prevents my answering all the queries in detail.

* * *

Take Care!

A French scientist has revived the old and fascinating idea of flying to the moon in a cigar-shaped rocket, and an expedition has just started off to look for buried treasure at Sacambaya, in the Bolivian province of Inquisivi. Someone is looking up a date.

With regard to the treasure, years ago certain Jesuits said they had buried sixty million duros in a certain place. But you know what Jesuits are. Was it not one of them who, when a stock struck ten, was asked by a little child under his care, "What time is it?" He looked and replied, with narrowed, cunning eyes, "Twenty past four, my child!"

* * *

About Myself.

I have been sent a magazine devoted to the interests of musicians, singers, etc., which contains a long article entitled: "Beachcomber: Humorist and Music-Lover." The author says, "I have made the secret discovery (and if I am wrong, may I be forgiven) that he is not only a great music-lover, but an ardent gramophile."

If gramophile means a lover of the gramophone, he is wrong, and I forgive him. His reason for this assumption, he points out, is a note of mine about music for the viola—in the course of which I remarked, "Oh, you dear little resonant box!" I referred, of course, to the viola, which is a resonant box.

But I forgive him, as I said, and gladly—because he gives me the credit of having invented the phrase swamp-stuff as a term of abuse applied to negroid noises. I believe this is so—and I certainly hope it is.

* * *

Interlude.

Prodnose. I really fail to see why we should be afflicted with all this tedious rigmarole about you and your doings. You must be diabolically conceited, to imagine that we are interested.

Myself. Not at all. I don't often do it, and I think a little self-praise makes one happy.

Prodnose. Is that why Mr. Hannen Swaffer is always troubling with laughter, and has such a rollicking attitude towards the stage?

Myself. I expect so.

* * *

P.S.

It may interest my readers to know that at the age of four I was playing the second triangle in the Chiswick Police Band.

* * *

Sullivan's Music.

To attack Gilbert and Sullivan opera in England, to say that Sullivan's music is dull and mechanical, requires courage. It is like going up to a starving lion and saying, "Sir, pretty monster, I place my head in your mouth."

For Sullivan's music is one of the few things (cruelty to animals, bridge, crickets, and questions like "Should a Man Mow Sundays?" are others) about which the English allow themselves to become purple in the face. Many men treat a criticism of Sullivan's music as an insult to England.

Mr. Jessop is the name of the daring gentleman who says that, when compared with the music of the bigger composers, the Savoy operas are dull and mechanical.

This is quite obvious. They cannot even stand up to the Viennese operettas.

* * *

"Stalemate."

(When the curtain rises the old man is still guarding the cork, and the old woman is still blowing sand off her clothes. In the sky there is a curious brown cloud with violet stripes, and a number of yellow and green stars.)

Old Man (hitting the rock): Four thousand seven hundred and thirty-three, four thousand seven hundred and thirty-four—

(A long silence, broken only by the screams of rascally committing suicide on the rocky shore.)

Old Woman (blowing sand): Shall I never be free from it?

Old Man: Not till I have finished this rock. Four thousand seven hundred and thirty—

(A young man falls from the cliff top into the sea, and is drowned.)

Old Man: ——ty-five, four thousand seven hundred and thirty—

(An old man falls from the cliff top into the sea, and is drowned.)

Old Man: ——ty-six, four thousand—

Old Woman: That was my brother.

*(Enter a mad engineering surgeon, purposes and all his ideas" and bend to give us "more wisdom and less words"—may I suggest that one of the ways in which I think your already excellent newspaper might be improved is by including a regular daily article from the pen of Mr. Douglas?—

Woodford, Essex. S.

"Confusing."

Sir,—To publish correspondence like Mr. Brown's, which is so confusing, writing says much for your broad mindedness. He is, without doubt, a splendid man. But his letter points does certainly make for confusion.

"Democracy" is no use for the man in the street. Nothing beats the simple art of expression, which I am sure Mr. Douglas could give if he wrote.

London, N.7. L. S. B.

POINTS FROM LETTERS.

I do not agree with your correspondent that it would be an impossibility for two people to live on an income of £100 a year. A great many skilled class families in this country live on less and pay their way.—B. J. C., Gloucester.

The timely letter of your correspondent, A. L. Brown, will, we all hope, have the desired effect of calling the attention of the authorities to the state of some of the poor beasts that stagger splendid many a hundred-and-one New York to-day. Yours, etc.—J. Hopkins, Lewisham.

Why should a man, who is only able to work five days a week, only have to pay as much road tax as a man or a little, whose car is on the road every day of the week?—A. W. H., Hounslow.

I have worked side by side with a charming typist for eight years, and I have just cut her out. I have never seen her cars.—John Roberts, Camden Town.

I congratulate you on the success of your delightful newspaper. I have taken it daily since 1918, when it was recommended to me, and I have never regretted it.—Ada C. Jarvis, Blackheath, S.E.3.

Daily Power.

Life is not a mere and growling thing to shuffle through as best we can, but a noble and exalted destiny.—W. E. Gladstone.

Rightfield-road, Bexley. A. J. SKYEMC.

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CRITICS OF MR. DOUGLAS.

To the Editor of the "Daily Express."

Sir,—Your correspondent "J. L." is hardly fair in his criticism of Mr. James Douglas' work. Mr. Douglas has my deepest sympathy in being expected to turn out articles so regularly and to so high a standard.

Had your correspondent the necessary insight, sympathy, and feeling which Mr. Douglas he would be able to distinguish a subtle difference in "Types of article coming from the latter's pen. Sometimes — and most often — Mr. Douglas feels intensely what he is writing, and his article is an inspiration to the reader who can understand. At other times he is worry to a degree. But he may well be forgiven.

ALAN F. ANDERSON.

Olton, Warwickshire.

"Padding."

Sir,—I thoroughly agree with "J. L." in his remarks on Mr. Douglas' "nobody." Most of his articles contain one thought only, and even this is never original. The rest is mere padding.

No schoolboy would obtain good marks for taking four pages to put a platitude.

Southampton. H.

"Disgust."

Sir,—I read with disgust the letter by "J. L." How such a person dare criticise Mr. Douglas is incomprehensible.

That one of our most outspoken leaders in the journalistic world should "lad taste," and "certainly" lies against him shows what a grotesque the writer of the letter must be.

Mrs. D. HUTCHISON.

The Ropewalk, Nottingham.

"Marred by Deliberation."

Sir,—The "Daily Express" is congenia in publishing a letter which contains such a searching criticism of Mr. James Douglas's style. The article, which often breathe a spirit of satisfulness, are, as "J. L." opines, marred by affectation and wordiness.

ARTHUR F. LEE.

Middlesborough-road, Coventry.

"A Great Debt."

Sir,—Less words and more wisdom" applies to the letter of "J. L." not to the writings of Mr. James Douglas. Mr. Douglas, with many more, I owe a great debt.

W. S.

Ollerton-road, New Southgate, N.11.

Agreement.

Sir,—Many will agree with "J. L.'s" criticism of Mr. James Douglas. Sir Arnold Bennett says—Mr. Douglas's George's proper position is president of the Variety Artists' Federation, the Mr. Douglas's proper position is president of the National Federation of Co Companies.

Brighton. M. T.

Wanted—James Douglas Daily.

Sir,—In spite of "J. L.'s" criticism of Mr. James Douglas—that the latter "uses all his ideas" and "tend to give us "more wisdom and less words"—may I suggest that one of the ways in which I think your already excellent newspaper might be improved is by including a regular daily article from the pen of Mr. Douglas?

Woodford, Essex. S.

"Confusing."

Sir,—To publish correspondence like Mr. Brown's, which is so confusing, writing says much for your broad mindedness. He is, without doubt, a splendid man. But his letter points does certainly make for confusion.

"Democracy" is no use for the man in the street. Nothing beats the simple art of expression, which I am sure Mr. Douglas could give if he wrote.

London, N.7. L. S. B.

POINTS FROM LETTERS.

I do not agree with your correspondent that it would be an impossibility for two people to live on an income of £100 a year. A great many skilled class families in this country live on less and pay their way.—B. J. C., Gloucester.

The timely letter of your correspondent, A. L. Brown, will, we all hope, have the desired effect of calling the attention of the authorities to the state of some of the poor beasts that stagger splendid many a hundred-and-one New York to-day. Yours, etc.—J. Hopkins, Walton, and Lewisham.

Why should a man, who is only able to work five days a week, only have to pay as much road tax as a man or a little, whose car is on the road every day of the week?—A. W. H., Hounslow.

I have worked side by side with a charming typist for eight years, and I have just cut her out. I have never seen her cars.—John Roberts, Camden Town.

I congratulate you on the success of your delightful newspaper. I have taken it daily since 1918, when it was recommended to me, and I have never regretted it.—Ada C. Jarvis, Blackheath, S.E.3.

Daily Power.

Life is not a mere and growling thing to shuffle through as best we can, but a noble and exalted destiny.—W. E. Gladstone.

Rightfield-road, Bexley. A. J. SKYEMC.

HAVE YOU A POKER FACE?

BY JAMES DOUGLAS, *Editor of the "Sunday Express."*

IT will be interesting," said an eminent ecclesiastic to me, "to see whether the bishops or the politicians are the best bluffers." He was alluding to the Prayer-book controversy, and he seriously contended that both sides were bluffing. "Whatever happens," he declared, "nothing will happen." If the bishops win, nothing will be altered, if the bishops lose, nothing will be changed.

His somewhat cynical prophecy set me pondering over the morality of bluffing, and I asked myself whether it is ever right to bluff. Of course, there is no harm in bluffing if you are playing a game in which it is not only permissible but necessary, if the game be played at all.

* * *

In the original fountain of bluffing, poker, you must bluff if you take a hand in the game. It is the game, the whole game, and nothing but the game. Your bluff is based on a lie, but it is a lawful lie, for all the players are lying, and the most artistic liar prevails. Hence the term, "poker-face." A man with a poker-face can lie with absolute plausibility.

There are other games besides poker in which bluffing is an accepted and recognised convention. The players are all out to deceive each other. Deceit and chicanery are expected. Dissimulation is a weapon which is wielded by all the adversaries. I need not draw up a list of these games, but the greatest of them all is war, with its jackal, diplomacy.

Napoleon was, of course, the prince of bluffers in the game of war. Bismarck was the prince of bluffers in the game of diplomacy. They were both consummate artists in the art of bluffing their victims. Not only did the end justify the means, but any end justified any means.

But in private life, as distinguished from the higher forms of public game, bluff is doubtful whether bluffing is ever otherwise than immoral. It goes against the grain of our conscience to achieve an object by threatening to do what we have no intention of doing, even if we can persuade ourselves that we could and would do it if we were sufficiently our-courage to take the risk or face the consequences of doing it.

The moral evil of bluffing is that it is a double duplicity. You not only deceive your antagonist, but you also deceive yourself. You make him believe that you will carry out your threat, and you also make yourself believe that you will carry it out, although in the background of your mind you know that you will at the last moment retreat.

* * *

There is moral humiliation in bluffing, whether it succeeds or fails. If your bluff is not called, you blush because you have gained an advantage by false pretence. Your exultation over your triumph is poisoned by the knowledge that it was secured by sheer trickery and treachery. The dupe of your bluff is sinister to you, for he reflects that at the moment when you had ceased to believe in yourself

On the other hand, if your bluff is called and you are forced to throw down your cards, you are degraded and deprived of the appearance of your self-dignity. You have sold your soul without being paid for your purchase price. You suffer the contempt of your conqueror as well as your own self-contempt. It is hard to be a great bluffer. The double role blows slowly.

It is better, however, to be beaten than to win in this kind of battle, for you carry off no spoils that may hand you for the rest of your life. It is not easy to restore the loot and plunder of bluffing, especially if they are intangible and invisible, as so many proceeds of bluffing are apt to be.

* * *

Take, for example, a quarrel between friends in which one friend bluffs, another into begging for pardon by loading out endearments in order to extract the grudged alms of affection. The squeezed forgiveness turns bitter. It poisons the friendship. It is always better to be forgiven than to forgive, even at the hard to be paid. But in perfect friendship there should be no pain of forgiving or being forgiven.

As for bluffing in love, it is an abomination of desolation. The higher the spiritual relationship the greater the cruelty of bluffing. Therefore, it is repugnant to envisage any form of bluffing in the strife between Church and State. The tragedy of bluffing is that it leads both exponents into moral distances which both may dread and both may desire to avert.

Bismarck. Napoleon.

"Each a prince of bluffers."—James Douglas.

Then He Was Silent.

By HUGH SCARLETT.

Short of stunning him with my sublime or throwing him bodily through the carriage window, I could think of no way of checking the steady flow of conversation with which my unknown, but garrulous, travelling companion imagined he was entertaining me. My sighs, my attempts to read my novel, and my passionate interest in the passing scenery were all of no avail.

Since leaving the London terminus I had listened to his views on the Australian immigration laws and the English climate, agreed with him on the subject of the green-pickled onions, disagreed—mentally—with him on at least a dozen other subjects and had conceived to look sympathetic on learning that he had lost two perfectly good teeth in a motor accident.

* * *

After his graphic account of this dental disaster there was a lull, but before I had read half a paragraph of my book he was off again. The motor accident could still produce a few conversational drops if squeezed thoroughly.

It was only my presence of mind that saved me from serious injury," he said.

I contorted my face into an expression which might be taken to denote thankfulness for his presence of mind.

"If I had not been fully alive to the probabilities of the situation," he added, "I should have failed to hum out of the car at the psychological moment. I—I—I should not be here talking to you now."

I looked duly impressed. It was the best I could do.

"It is a theory of mine," he went on, "that it is to our ability, as a nation and as individuals, to preserve our presence of mind that we owe our-ability I ever eminence."

There was no reason of all why he should not say eminence if he really wanted to. I was reduced to such a condition of mental flabbiness that, at the moment, I would have confessed to any mortal thing he wished. I nodded feebly.

* * *

"Of course," he dribbled on, "it is only in a real emergency . . . He was still talking when the train rattled through a small wayside station.

"Hello!" he cried. "I get out here." Jumping to his feet, he reached for the cord and pulled it sharply. The next moment we jarred with pained feelings at the sagging red chain and the suicide legend underneath. "In case of emergency . . . Penalty for improper use, £5."

"That is what comes of riding so often in buses," he murmured ruefully. As the train slowed down, my friend, for the first time since I had made his acquaintance, was silent.

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