

It Seems to Me

By
Heywood Broun

I HAVE a recurrent nightmare. It concerns an episode in which a man is signaling venomously at me with both hands held in a horizontal position. I know it as a radio wigwag meaning: "Get off the air immediately. The time is up."

"But, like all good Freudians, I realize that under the apparent symbol deeper meanings lurk. Maybe it has something to do with sex. I wouldn't know about that. It is my impression that I am best by the time element which has crept so insidiously into modern life. This column, for instance, should have been written ten hours ago. It is being written now under the compulsion of a deadline. We live in a world which is governed by promises and contracts and clocks.

Once upon a time a watch was nothing more to me than an agreeable ornament worn upon the wrist. But now I never see a minute hand without thinking that it is pointing directly at me and saying: "This means you!"

Adjusting Own Chains

There actually is any such thing as free will, aren't the fools to fetter it! The chances of doing things on impulse are being continually diminished. There are few points in the city now where it is even possible to cross the street without permission of the policeman.

"Stop," "Go," "Keep Off the Grass," "No Trespassing," "Beware of the Dog," "Watch Your Hat and Overcoat," "Positively No Checks Cashied," "Do Not Feed or Annoy the Animals"—how can a free soul survive in such a world?

I think it was Don Marquis who once celebrated the exploit of an adventurer named Rogerkill Finch who strode into the monkey house crying: "Down with the tyranny of the capitalist system!" and threw a peanut into the baboon's cage. I know an even braver soul who makes a point of defying the management and refusing to watch his hat and overcoat. He says he has lost only three in the last two months, and to him it seems worth it.

Even the usual avenues of escape have been beset with barbed wire. In books, when the hero became sick of it all he boarded a tramp steamer and sailed away to South Africa, where there used to be "a man's work to be done." But now, before getting on board the lugger he would be compelled to visit all the necessary consulates in order to have his passport vised. What romance is there in any hero's saying: "Fly with me to the ends of the earth!" if he must add, "I'll take you around to the French, the Dutch and the Swedish embassies tomorrow morning in order to have our papers in perfect order?"

Tethering the Vagabonds

EVEN though he go beyond Suez, where the best is like the worst, the vagabond travels only by the expressed and engraved permission of the United States government. Oceans and mountain ranges can not alter the fact that he is on a leash. Do you suppose Columbus would have had much fun if, immediately after the lookout's shout of "Land!" there had come the admonition, "The immigration inspectors are heading this way in a launch?"

To free souls the whole system is monstrous. The fact that a man suddenly feels a desire to go to Russia on a Tuesday is no indication at all that he will be of the same mind three weeks come Wednesday. It appalls me to read the theatrical advertisements in which one sees that seats at the box office are on sale eight weeks in advance. In eight weeks the prospective playgoer may belong to the ages. How can anybody tell that at 8:30 in the evening two months hence he is going to feel just in the mood to see a musical comedy?

Trains Run on Tracks

ALL journeys are almost as bad as sea voyages. Go into any railroad station in your home town and ask the man at the window for a ticket and he will inevitably reply: "Where do you want to go?" Some book stores carry the sign, "You may browse." Railroads are more exacting. No provision is made for the casual traveler without a destination. Try the nearest ticket window with the query, "What nice trains have you got on this brisk February morning?" and see what sort of treatment you will get.

I'd like to be able to shop for trains. It ought to be possible to walk up and down in front of the gates and look over the samples before making a selection.

It is even becoming difficult to dine under the new deal without telephoning for a reservation in advance. And as simple a thing as marriage demands foresight under our laws and customs.

The life force is powerful and should prevail, and I doubt very much whether nature had any intent of hedging it around with a license, witnesses, bridesmaids, a plain gold ring, a contract with the caterer, a bargain with the printer and an engagement with the minister.

I'd like to page that fine old baritone musical-comedy hero who used to sing with so much feeling, "I want what I want when I want it."

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Your Health

BY DR. MORRIS FISHEIN

YOU probably are aware of the need for iron in your body, but do you realize the great extent to which other metals enter into the scheme of your existence? If you do, you probably have little fear of such things as aluminum cooking utensils.

Among the elements known to be essential to human life are sodium and potassium. Calcium and magnesium are found in the tissues and it has been revealed that if animals are deprived of magnesium they die promptly.

Recently a great deal of attention has been paid to copper and manganese, and it seems certain that copper is necessary to animal and plant life.

It has been established fairly well that copper is important in building your red blood material and blood cells. Since, however, copper is universally present in plants and animal tissue, and since very small amounts are necessary for your health and growth, it seldom would be necessary for you to take extra copper.

There seems to be good evidence that manganese also is essential to life. It is found in the blood, particularly in the fluid matter of the blood.

Snails have much more manganese in their bodies in relationship to their size than do other animals or insects.

Other metals, such as cobalt, nickel and aluminum, regularly are found in human tissues, and are interesting because occasionally found in tissues. Aluminum is widely distributed in the soil and in plants, and it has been established that the average human regularly gets about twelve milligrams of aluminum a day.

This fact alone should establish the harmlessness of eating food cooked in aluminum cooking utensils.

Zinc is regularly found in tissues and is regarded as essential to life. It also is found in human milk and in cow's milk.

It appears to be essential to repair of tissues and to reproduction, although no exact relationship has been found between zinc and growth.

Other metals found in tissues include silver, arsenic, lead, tin and even occasionally cadmium and vanadium. Obviously a great deal of chemical research is necessary before the exact place of these substances in human chemistry is known.

'WE MAKE YOUR NEWSPAPER'

Jane Jordan—She Makes Her Boys Decide for Themselves

This is the twenty-third article of The Times popular series on the members of its editorial staff. Today's article is about Jane Jordan, conductor of "Manners and Morals."

BY NORMAN E. ISAACS
Times News Editor

"GO on," said the man in the drug store, "that Jane Jordan in The Times is no more a woman than I am. Why I even know the guy who writes that stuff."

"I heard," said the woman in Irvington to her next-door neighbor, "that Jane Jordan is just a school girl and that she doesn't know what she's talking about half the time."

"It's absolutely impossible," said the debutante at a north side bridge party. "You can't tell me those letters Jane Jordan prints are real. Why anybody can see that they're made up."

The man in the drug store, the woman in Irvington, and the north side debutante all are lucky that a certain red-headed woman didn't hear those comments. She would have told all three of them in terms much more forceful than these that:

1. Jane Jordan is a woman.

2. Jane Jordan is not a mere school girl. She is the mother of two boys, one 13, the other 10.

3. Jane Jordan really gets all those letters and her replies are to real letters from real persons.

"Manners and Morals" has stirred comment from one end of Indianapolis to the other. Perhaps more women discuss Jane Jordan and her column than any other feature on The Times popular women's pages.

"Manners and Morals" is different because Jane Jordan is different. Her column probably is the most unusual of its type in America. And all because it is not a mere love-love column, but a series of daily articles on human behavior.

JANE JORDAN runs a column of advice, BUT she doesn't like to tell people what to do. She likes to help people understand themselves, but she feels strongly that every one should make his or her own decisions.

She has no desire to change people. She is intensely interested in people and their behavior. She likes to know what they are like underneath and how they got that way.

Long before she started "Manners and Morals," Jane Jordan was at work on her psychic jigsaw puzzle. She read extensively on psychology and still does.

She is one of the few human beings who really likes to hear about other people's troubles and she will listen patiently by the hour as long as they don't wallow in their own griefs with too much obvious pleasure.

Jane Jordan is moved to make suggestions on human behavior only when people are miserable and want advice.

SHE is fond of people who are out of the ordinary, and admits that she gets along famously with "nuts" of all varieties. She is not athletic and she doesn't like games. She can't play bridge and she sees few movies. She likes good plays and concerts, loves the country and aspires to have a country home of her own.

She is decidedly domestic, despite the fact that she doesn't like housework. She goes "haywire" over new curtains and over new sets of dishes, and she is proud of the fact that she can cook, although she never steps

into the kitchen. She likes a well-kept house, but confesses that she hasn't seen a dust rag, except at a distance, for years.

Her biggest "fun" in life comes from talking with her friends. She loves good conversation and likes to listen. Occasionally she likes to join in a "crazy" party, where nobody talks sense, but spends the whole evening in senseless wisecracking, and she is devoted to any number of "nit-wits."

THE oracle of "Manners and Morals" was born in Texas, but moved to Indianapolis with her parents when she was 14 and she has been here ever since. She was graduated from Shortridge high school and married soon after that.

Robert, her 13-year-old son, is dark haired, while David, 10, is red-haired, like his mother.

I believe," she says, "that the best thing that ever happened to my children was the necessity that put me back to work as a Times reporter about six years ago.

"It put the children out of reach of my mischievous maternal management and forced them to look out for themselves. The result is that they are considerably more independent than most children of their age."

"The boys," she continues, "have suffered certain disadvantages by having their mother away from home. The dangers consist chiefly of the risks to life and limb which might not have happened if they had been more closely supervised."

"Once when they were very little they set the garage on fire. They didn't mean to be naughty. The garage is their playhouse, and they were cold. They decided that if a fire warmed the house it would warm the garage. No one was more surprised than they when the garage burst into flames.

That's about the way they've learned everything—by trial and error."

"I got home," she says, "to find the street cluttered up with the fire department. I was terror stricken. I found the boys shuddering in an upstairs room. Bobbie, always the ringleader in crime, gave me one agonized look and said:

"Mother, I will eat turnips."

"I saw that he wanted to be



Jane Jordan (center) with her two sons, David, 10 (left) and Robert, 13 (right). She really gets those letters and her column is different because she's different.

punished to relieve his sense of guilt and that, in his opinion, nothing could be worse than turnips. So we had turnips for dinner and nothing more was said of the incident. We've never had a fire since."

JANE JORDAN admits that she seldom punishes her children. She never asked her boys to "do this for my sake." She believes that mothers exist to see that their children come to no physical harm and that after that their meddling is pernicious.

"I should be gravely concerned," she declares, "if I had a child who never gave me a minute's trouble. I should know that child would not function well in this fiercely competitive world."

"To me," she adds, "unquestionably obedient children are pitiful and a cause for alarm rather than of pride."

The only set rule of right and wrong that Jane Jordan's two boys have been taught is that no human being can infringe on the rights of another without making himself despised.

She tries not to stand between her children and the consequences of their own acts, unless they get into deep waters and can't swim out alone.

When Robert broke a window he paid for it from his own allowance.

"He broke no more windows," says his mother.

"Robert," she explains, "is devoted to his allowance which he spends as he sees fit after half of it has been put into the bank. Both boys have been saving small amounts for years and take their

money to the bank, alone.

"Both felt the pinch during the bank moratorium and both are still groaning over a restricted balance. Therefore, they're somewhat prepared for the things which may happen to them when they grow up. To me that is part of the business of childhood."

"I HAVE never pretended to be perfect to my children," says Jane Jordan. "I couldn't get away with it. So I admit that I'm just another human being as likely to be wrong as they are."

"They understand that I have the right to boss them in matters of physical health. They must eat a balanced diet, take baths, and go to bed early, all of which they hate. But in all other matters I refuse to make their decisions for them."

"I will not tell either of them what not to do. I will not protect, shield or guide them any more than I can possibly help for fear that when they are thrust out into the world they will not be able to manage themselves. I mean to teach them self-direction just as early as it can be achieved."

"I am not one of those mothers who is totally absorbed in her children," she explains. "I have intense interests entirely apart from them which aid me in my hands-off policy. I intend to remain independent as long as I live."

"Within a few years now it will be the task of my sons to transfer the love they feel for me to another woman. May me one drop cyanide of potassium in my coffee if I object!"

"I don't want to shackle the children with mother love, or handicap them with a lot of sticky sentiment about their 'duty' to mother. They owe me nothing whatsoever except the everyday decent treatment which civilized human beings accord one another."

"I love them," but I don't want to live their lives. I want to live my own. My sons are an important part of my life, but when they're gone there'll be lots left. We get along famously. We always will."

"MANNERS AND MORALS" is Jane Jordan's hobby. She loves it. She is a happy person, leading an extremely busy and "fairly satisfactory" life.

And she has decided opinions about matrimony, as you who read her column have gathered.

"I can't stand the wife who uses her husband for a mere 'valley'," she says flatly. "I don't believe that marriage should be a setup of dictator and domestic. I think that every woman should have something to do to take care of her aggressive instincts, so that they won't fasten on her husband and children, or turn inward to destroy herself."

"I believe," she says, "that one trouble with marriage is that the partners have never outgrown the emotional need for parents. Marriage is an adult's job and few people are emotional adults in spite of their chronological years."

That's Jane Jordan. Take her or leave her. . . . She's sincere itself. . . . What more can you ask?

Next: John Hawkins.

Fair Enough

By
Westbrook Pegler

THE people who have the easiest and best jobs that I know of are the men who draw funny pictures for the papers. Some of them ride in limousines and yachts and follow the summer around the calendar, never catching sight of snow, and even the ordinary journeymen have light, warm cells in which to work for wages which an art artist would regard as princely.

There was one a few years ago who received, just as a bonus for signing a new contract, a limousine of the most expensive make. Another comic artist bought a herd of running horses and won some of the greatest stakes on the American turf. I am assured that \$25,000 a year is no uncommon rate of pay and have been told that one of the leaders of this goofy profession, whose strip is an endless succession of tragedies, one disaster fading off into a next one even worse, received in his best year more than \$200,000.

That must be the life, especially in view of the fact that if a man finds that his work interferes with his pleasure he can hire a scenarist for \$50 a week to think up new sufferings for his characters and plot the scenes and write the talk which goes into the little balloons of speech. And then, if the new drawing of the picture becomes too great a strain he can hire for this him, leaving him nothing to do but sign his name in the last panel. And, finally, if that little detail begins to wear down his health, he can have a lot of little facsimile signatures printed and leave instructions for his forger to paste one in the lower right-hand corner of the strip every day.

Comics Have Radically Changed

THE comic strip has undergone some strange changes in the last ten years. A decade ago the most popular comic was the kind which is known to the profession as the wham-sock strip in the final panel of which the little guy socked the big guy or vice versa with a pool cue or ale crock. The coup apparently was borrowed from the vaudeville comedy teams in which the straight man was used to abuse the comedian with blows of a folded newspaper. In the wham-sock strip, the comic artist, or his deputy, would draw, as his climax, the word "wham" or the word "sock" in big black letters, possibly followed by one or more bold exclamation points. The words "bam" and "pow" were used for the same effect. But for convenience, the members of the trade, such as syndicated editors and salesmen, took to calling this kind of strip the wham-sock.

There are not many prosperous wham-socks left nowadays, the popular taste having veered to a sort of continuous tragedy, usually involving the cruellest mistreatment of a little girl or boy by fate or some grasping villain, male or female, who has secret knowledge that the victim is not a founding at all, but the missing heir to a great fortune. This idea was Horatio Alger's rubber stamp, but it was used so often in the Alger books and in the 10-20-30 melodramas of thirty years ago that the public, including even the kids, became sophisticated and laughed where tears were indicated, but it is a dead game idea and after a long time in the discard it has brushed itself off and come back bigger and richer than ever in the funnies. Now they laugh through their tears.

A comic strip editor informs me that the strip has been traced back to some ancient picture writings and to some of the oldest tapestries in the world. These picture stories were largely wham-socks in character and scenes are found in them, says he, depicting one person clothing another over the head with a club, which are almost interchangeable with the final panels of some of the most uproarious modern funny pictures. The newer, tragic type of scenario he compares to the Victorian novel and finds a strong similarity.

Art is typically American. In a few interesting cases, writes our desk men with no knack for drawing funny pictures themselves, have originated and copyrighted comic strip ideas which remain their property and pay them royalties far beyond the earnings which they were able to make at copy reading, ad writing or magazine work. Some simple, incredibly goofy little notion which in a magazine office would not get past the first reader may be genius for the purposes of the funny papers and keep a man in caviar and a pent house for the rest of his life.

It would be impossible to generalize on the origins of comic strip artists, but there are a lot of mischievous characters among them who began to express themselves by drawing insulting pictures of their school teachers on the blackboard when they were very young. There have come along, also, however, a class of graduate art department office kids who rose from the status of errand boy to that of forger, inking and lettering strips for the big money artists, and, in time were able to draw long noses and receding chins and start comic strips of their own.

I have suggested to Mr. James J. Farley, the postmaster-general, that in building new postoffices he ought to recognize frankly that the comic strip is the American kind of art, and adorn the building with sculpture and murals of this type. I do not think he quarreled with the idea, but there are reasons why the suggestion can not be adopted. For one, the comic artist's price would be too high and, for another, the poor art artist needs the work.

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Today's Science

BY DAVID DIETZ

THE death of Walter Wellman at the age of 75 serves to focus attention on the history of trans-Atlantic flights. He was the first to attempt to cross the Atlantic by airship, taking off from Atlantic City on Oct. 15, 1910. His ship was a midget compared to modern Zeppelins.

A device which he called the "equilibrator," a sort of floating anchor of three steel cylinders, attached to the airship by a cable 300 feet long, all but wrecked the airship, made it impossible to steer, and finally forced Mr. Wellman to send out a wireless call for help. On Oct. 18, the steamer Trent rescued Wellman and his five companions. The airship drifted a total of 1,008 miles.

Shortly before the war, a number of prizes were offered for the flight, including one of \$50,000 offered by a British newspaper, the Daily Mail. The late John Wanamaker, New York merchant, offered to finance the building of a suitable airship or airplane and this offer was accepted by Glen Curtiss. In 1914, Mr. Curtiss built a large plane with three engines. Commander John Porte, a famous English aviator, was to fly it. But the World War broke out and plans for a trans-Atlantic flight were abandoned.

Shortly after the war, Mr. Porte turned his attention again to the subject, building the "Feix-stowe Fury," which was equipped with five Rolls-Royce engines. But the plane crashed in test flights, killing Porte and several companions.

WHEN America entered the World war, Mr. Curtiss began building boats for the United States navy. He designed a large type of flying boat which was known as the "Navy Curtiss," or "NC" for short. It was his hope that these might fly across the Atlantic before the war ended. It is apparent that this would have had a tremendous effect upon the morale of the fighting forces. These ships, however, could not be built before the signing of the armistice.

After the war, several of them were built, among them the NC-1, the NC-3 and the NC-4, all ships which became famous in the history of aviation. Josephus Daniels, then secretary of the United States navy, agreed that the ships might be used for an attempted flight over the Atlantic.

The Theatrical World

Ann Harding Handles Difficult Role Smoothly in 'Gallant Lady'; Wheeler and Woolsey at Their Best in 'Hips, Hips, Hooray'

BY WALTER D. HICKMAN

THE problem of how to be a good-bad mother is one that many actresses of the movies have tried to solve.

Ann Harding is the latest to have such a role and she solves it in a practical manner in "Gallant Lady." Where most actresses would have allowed the long suffering lady to suffer all through her natural life, Miss Harding, as Sally, allows her to have her baby out of wedlock.

semi-emotional-permits the child to be adopted by a wealthy married couple of high standing. Sally becomes a fashionable interior decorator. She gets rather mixed up, when she learns that the adopted mother of Deedy (Sally's son) has died and that a rich society girl is going to marry Deedy's adopted father. No one but Sally and her friend, a social outcast but a friend, Dan, played in the best unshaved manner by Clive Brook, knows the secret behind Deedy's parentage.

Being a business woman, Sally does not sit at home sobbing but makes up her mind she will marry Philip Lawrence (Otto Kruger), Deedy's adopted father. And she does. That's the story in skeleton form that Miss Harding has as her latest starring vehicle.

Here is a well dressed splendidly acted little story that has been told many times. This time it is not too soft-soapy, and it rather gets under one's skin.

Miss Harding has no exceptional emotional moments except at the beginning of the picture when she sees the father of her unborn child killed in a plane crash as he attempts to take off on an Atlantic hop.

Tullio Carminati as Count Mario gives a splendid account of himself. He sings nicely.

This is a tailor-made role for Miss Harding and she does not go wrong in making the role too sentimental.

Now at the Palace.

Comedians at Their Best

IN "Hips, Hips, Hooray," Wheeler and Woolsey have their funniest, best and cleanest movie vehicle since they have been started.

In the past, this pair has been guilty of indulging in some burlesque jokes which were decidedly out of color. This time they are not, guilty of such an offense, the result being that "Hips" is all family entertainment.

This movie has a musical background which is not elaborate. They develop to the "nth" degree a song called "Look What You Are Doing to Me." Here is hokum

in song and there are plenty of laughs everytime the band strikes up the tune.

Ruth Etting has a pleasing number at the beginning of the movie. Ruth knows how to sing. Thelma Todd is present in many of the comedy scenes between Woolsey and Wheeler.

The story centers around the two comedians who sell lip-stick on street corners. They get teamed up with Dorothy Lee who works in the beauty parlor of Thelma Todd which isn't doing so well.

The boys pull a "nifty" to get a job in the beauty parlor and in so doing become innocent victims of stealing some valuable stock.

Just as the chariot scene in Eddie Cantor's last picture was the comedy payoff, the fake cross-country auto race that Wheeler and Woolsey get into is the big comedy shot from a mechanical standpoint. It's extravagant comedy, and is easily the best scene these comedians have ever appeared in on the screen.

The Indiana time, where

"Hips, Hips, Hooray" is being shown, is offering a double feature bill as its new policy. The other feature is "Eight Girls in a Boat" which gives Dorothy Wilson an emotional role which she handles very well.

The Indiana management reports that the new double feature policy seems to have met with approval as these two features showed to "twenty-thousand people over the week end," according to Tom Long.

"Eight Girls" best may be described as being an American studio conception of "Medicine in Uniform," but it does not possess the great human sweep and understanding that the German-made picture possesses.

The story concerns a girl in a private school for girls where athletics are stressed more than book learning. Our ill-advised heroine is a member of the boat crew from which the movie gets its title.

The girl is going to have a baby and circumstances prevent her from marrying the lad responsible

until she suffers and suffers. Of course, the picture has a happy ending.

Concerning Lum and Abner

The radio has developed or created several comedy names which have attracted interest in many homes.

The stage, of course, is more than anxious to get these names on the stage of movie theaters. This week the Circle Lum and Abner in person. I have found that you must like these air names to like them on the stage.

Lum and Abner are no exception. These two young men are presenting two of their rural or Main street characters in a grocery store playlet. They have several good comedy moments. At the end of the sketch the comedians have a chance to appear without makeup so what they look like in real life. They then create by voice several of the characters that the public has recognized over the air.

The movie at the Circle this week in connection with Lum and Abner is "Convention City," which has been reviewed in this department.

Next Friday the Circle will have the world premier of "Good Dame," with Sylvia Sydney as the star. The management hopes to be able to have Miss Sydney in person at the world premier.

A Splendid Japanese Act

The twirling, twisting gyrations of the Kanawasa Japanese are the high points of the "Passing Parade."

Nathan Milstein Wins Oration

AT the age of 21, Nathan Milstein is a thoroughly mature violinist with a magnificent future.

That point was clearly established yesterday afternoon at the Academy of Music, where the violinist appeared on the Indianapolis Maennerchor series.

I know that I never heard Bach or Mendelssohn played better or more expertly than by Mr. Milstein.

Many of the teachers of music, both violin and piano, in this city, were wild with enthusiasm. Ovation after ovation followed both the Bach and Mendelssohn numbers.

The Bach number for violin alone was "Chaconne" from "Partita in D Major." The pipe organ

showed at the Lyric for the week.

These diminutive human beings carry on their delicate feats of balance, doing most of the work with their feet, in a manner which is as graceful as it is agile. Lying on their backs, they throw the bodies of their colleagues into the air, catching them on their feet, and spinning them to safety.

The one trick which was outstanding was the one where the daddy of the troupe opens and juggles and then closes a parasol, manipulating the entire action with his feet.

Don Santo puts over some low comedy with good punch. His partner, Miss Exie Butler, is a good singer, and one number in which she displays a fine falsetto voice is the hit of the act.

Lee, Port and Miles throw themselves around the stage for several minutes with good comedy of the slapstick type. Their dancing, of the extremely eccentric kind, is very well done.

The Libonatti trio perform creditably on three xylophones, but their numbers might have been more recent ones. Their son and daughter dance in modern manner and the father puts plenty of pep into the act.

Ebbee Bruce and Betty do some very intricate and difficult dance steps with more agility than grace.

The gypsy number, which the chorus does, with Ed Resener doing a violin solo, is beautifully staged and nicely done by the girls. The solo tambourine dance in this number was high above par.

The picture on view this week is "Madame Spy," featuring Nils Asther and Fay Wray. It is a sentimental melodrama, although cleverly handled, and fails to hit any great stride in its sequence.

Now at the Lyric. (By the Observer.)

At the Lyric

The picture on view this week is "Madame Spy," featuring Nils Asther and Fay Wray. It is a sentimental melodrama, although cleverly handled,