

Vagabond

FROM INDIANA
ERNE PYLE

NEW YORK, April 13.—There has been much talk lately about burlesque and strip-tease dancers. A Congressional Committee has heard the strip-tease praised as a native American art. Columnist Pegler has damned it as a social infection. People are talking about it.

So I went to a burlesque show on Broadway. You can't tell anything from one show, so I went to another one. I have always felt that a writer should not attempt a discussion until he is thoroughly familiar with his subject. So I went to a third one.

A complete grasp of the burlesque situation is still not mine, but after all a writer can't study forever. Shows have given me a sort of linking of what burlesque is like. The one tonight will make eight.

Burlesque, in case you don't know, is like a Broadway musical show, except the women are naked, the jokes dirtier, the chorus uglier, the audience louder, and you can get the best seats for 55 cents at the box office, instead of \$7.70 at a scalper's.

Burlesque has always been a show of dirty jokes and partly-dressed women. But in recent years the undressing business has grown into a national phenomenon. The strip-teaser has become an institution.

There are usually six strippers during the hour-and-a-half burlesque performance. The stripper comes on the stage alone, just after the musical chorus number.

She's Good to Look At

SHE is good to look at. And she is beautifully dressed. The music plays. The stripper either dances or marches swinging back and forth across the stage. Smiling, of course. The spotlight is on her. She never says a word.

She reaches behind her waist. But nothing happens. She goes on walking. She reaches for the stage. Smiling, of course. The spotlight is on her. She never says a word.

That's the tease. But finally she really goes after the clasp, and boy she unhooked it, and, boy, down comes one side of the front of her dress. And then, boy, down comes the other side.

She keeps walking and smiling. After a while the dress starts coming off at the hips. Just as it falls, she disappears into the wings. But the applause brings her back. She comes out holding the dress in front of her, and she walks and smiles and swings to the music, and after a while she throws the dress into the wings, and there she is walking and swinging with nothing on but a figurative fig leaf which you can't see.

Backstage All Is Modesty

BURLESQUE, as you see, is designed for bringing out the ah, ah, shall we say, beast in man? And yet I've never been in a less sexy place than backstage of a burlesque theater.

You stand in the wing, with a side view of a stripper dressing and undressing and smiling out there on the stage.

At last the garment drops off; she slides back into the wings. And do you know what she does? She folds her arms in front of her, and grabs a hanging curtain and hides until somebody hands her a dress, and then she slips it around her and runs up to her dressing room. You never saw anything so modest as a strip-teaser backstage.

(Tomorrow: Burlesque's "Grand Opera.")

Mrs. Roosevelt's Day

By ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

GATLINBURG, Tenn., Monday—We reached Natchez Bridge, Va., Saturday at about 7 p.m. after a most glorious drive through Shenandoah Park. The skyling drive really very beautiful.

Having started late, at 12:45, to be exact—we didn't stop until nearly 3 when we pulled out at a parking place with a terrific view down into a ravine, and drank coffee. We had brought orange juice, but our hands were so cold we could not unscrew the top of the bottle.

We've learned, however, to accept such vicissitudes with calm, and were grateful it had not happened to the vacuum bottle containing the coffee which we were able to unscrew. With my usual optimism I thought spring began in April, but it was really mid-winter—a beautiful, clear, blue sky and as cold as Greenland.

After dinner we wandered down to see the illumination and pageant. The lighting is beautiful and gives it all a mysterious, almost prehistoric effect. This morning, after breakfast, we walked along the stream again, and thought it just as impressive as it was last night.

It is extraordinary to think of the years it has taken for the slowly dripping water to break through that stone wall. The old arbor-vite trees, said to be over a thousand years old, were a tremendous surprise to me, for I didn't think they ever lived that long.

Sunday's drive began at 10:30 and, until we came in view of the Great Smokies, the scenery was not as impressive as it was yesterday.

We reached Gatlinburg about 7:30 and we are enchanted with the hotel in which the furniture is all made by local craftsmen. The rooms are simple, the curtains woven in the local craft shop, and though it is too dark for me to be sure tonight, I feel we are going to look out on a panorama of mountain tops tomorrow morning.

The last thing we saw this evening as we drove in was the deep blue of the mountainsides in contrast with the snow on their peaks. The white clouds floating above looked like mountain peaks themselves. Mountains have a beauty and a calm which should have a soothing effect on the most worried of little human souls.

New Books PUBLIC LIBRARY PRESENTS—

DESTINY had been cruel in ordaining that a man of his temper and temperament should be Emperor of a great nation." Thus E. F. Benson speaks of Kaiser Wilhelm II, in an illuminating biography, *THE KAISER AND ENGLISH RELATIONS* (Longmans, Green).

Against the background of a hopelessly involved Europe, the character of William is limned. The book begins with the marriage of the Princess Royal of England, Queen Victoria's 17-year-old daughter, to Fritz, Prince Frederick William of Prussia, who was destined to fall ill from an incurable disease after a reign of only 98 days.

With their son, Frederick William Victor Albert, ascended the throne at 29, his kingdom was already committed to the policies of the "Iron Chancellor," but was to be deprived of the guiding genius of Bismarck. Except for a prolog showing the exiled emperor of today living the peaceful life of a country gentleman at Doorn, the story ends with the beginning of the World War.

HERE is a refreshing presentation of what an intimate acquaintance with Emerson can yield to richer living and thinking. A stockbroker, Newton Dillaway, analyzes in his *PROPHET OF AMERICA* (Little, Brown) the validity of Emerson's philosophy as applied to our modern problems of government, economics and human relations. The growth of Emerson's thinking is that change and growth in civilization must come from the individual and that there is little to hope for in forms which are imposed by institutions of authority.

Mr. Dillaway, although familiar with studies and research about Emerson and his period, confines his book to the message of the essays. If you have never encountered his magnificent prose, you will find this study a stimulating and contemporary account of a practical and living philosophy.

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Second Section

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BASHFUL? MEET DALE CARNegie

Author Amazed at Brisk Sale of His Book on How to Make Friends

By MORRIS GILBERT
NEA Service Writer

NEW YORK, April 13.—"Be a good listener. Encourage others to talk about themselves," says Rule 4 in Chapter Four, Part Two, of Dale Carnegie's famous handbook on charm, "How to Win Friends and Influence People," which its author was amazed the other day to learn had sold more than 269,000 copies.

That put it up to Mr. Carnegie. Should Mr. Carnegie encourage the interviewer to talk about himself? That would be guaranteed to make the interviewer like him. Or, on the other hand, should Mr. Carnegie break the rule and talk about himself?

"I said the interviewer, 'like I am.' New York. I don't care much about baseball any more. The best kind of beer is—'

"'Nobody,' said Mr. Carnegie, 'was more amazed than I was when this book began to sell up in these figures. I wrote the book for two reasons. First, to correct the mistakes I used to make myself. Years ago I did practically everything wrong. I was always criticizing, arguing, talking much.'

"Now, Mr. Carnegie," said the interviewer—

"I said Mr. Carnegie, 'have written six books. One of them is much better written than this latest one. It is called "Lincoln the Unknown." That is the book I like best among those I've written. It sold less than 10,000 copies.'

"As I was saying, Mr. Carnegie, the interviewer began—

"The reason," Mr. Carnegie said, "it didn't sell like "How to Make Friends" is because the things that interest people most in this world is their own human problems. Come right down to it, isn't the human relation practically your own problem?"

"Yes, Mr. Carnegie," said the interviewer—

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