

TO BE THE WIFE OF A MAN OF GENIUS CAREER ENOUGH, THE OPINION OF MRS. A. A. MILNE

(New York Sun)
A. A. Milne is whimsical at the breakfast table. Take Mrs. A. A. Milne's word for that. Only she hates that word "whimsical." They both hate it. But whatever it is that he is, which so delights readers of Winnie-the-Pooh and the Christopher Robin rhymes and his play audiences and readers of his first novel, "Two People"—he is that all the time.

And it isn't a bit boring, either. It makes life perpetually amusing and interesting, not only for herself, but for Christopher Robin, who is now 11 years old.

Mrs. Milne told all about it at her apartment at the Lombardy Hotel, on East Fifty-sixth Street, while Mr. Milne was out for a brisk walk. He loves the streets of New York already, and you can't keep him in the house.

And Mrs. Milne besides divulging a few secrets about her famous husband, told the world that the grandest career any woman can have is to be the wife of a man of genius, and she doesn't care who knows it. She is secretary, housekeeper, companion and sweetheart to him, and she knows darned well all these roles can be combined in one woman, even if "Two People" does intimate that every man needs three wives—one to love, one to talk to, one to play with.

"You know that woman in 'Two People,' Sylvia, sort of gave me a pain," Mrs. Milne confessed, "only I guess I shouldn't say that. Otherwise I think the book is really very delightful and amusing and interesting."

"I suppose all men have an ideal like that hidden away somewhere in their minds—some absurd woman who never comes human at all, who is perpetually mysterious, the perfect housekeeper, quite dumb, yet forever beautiful, so beautiful that it doesn't matter if she is dumb, always admiring and loving, who never gets in the way, never bothers them, always agrees, and who has some fount of feminine wisdom nevertheless, and runs the whole household with some hidden magic which never needs appear on the surface."

"All the same I think modern women are falling down dreadfully in their real careers, the careers of being wives. I'm sure it sounds old-fashioned, but I think the disruption of marriage is nearly always in the woman's hands. A successful wife just simply cannot be egotistical, and up his best thoughts for strangers. Modern women are cultivating their egos too strongly. I honestly think the only really successful marriage, with disregarding the few exceptions that prove the rule, is that in which the wife is interested only in her husband and his career—I mean, in which eyes) and a half-shy, but very graceful interest dominated her whole life, and is the thing she really lives for. When that is the case, a marriage

which is congenial, and compatible to begin with simply cannot fail."

And Mrs. Milne added it is quite right that the man's paramount interest should be his own career. Of course, it a woman is exceptionally talented or a genius herself, then that's another story, but such women are so rare that their cases really do not affect marriage or society as a whole. And possibly one reason they are so rare, she admitted, is because no woman of genius can find a husband whose only interest is her career, a thing which every man of genius needs, and usually finds

"No, I don't write, thank heaven. That would be fatal," Mrs. Milne said. "I think that would be a combination that would put an awful strain on marriage. My husband does talk over his plots with me. I remember when he first got the idea for 'Two People.' We were sitting on a gate, overlooking our garden. However, it came out quite differently from the original plot. They always do. He first thought of it as a short story, but it sort of wrote itself into a novel."

Plenty To Do

Mrs. Milne does act as her husband's secretary. She answers all letters, that is as many as can be answered, for school children from all over the world have written to Mr. Milne, and to Christopher Robin. And she takes care of the numerous visitors, many of them tourists from other lands, who want to see Christopher Robin's nursery. She keeps away lion hunters, arranges the sort of quiet social life which Mr. Milne likes, gardens with him in their country place in Surrey, near London, besides running the house and looking after Christopher Robin.

"He goes into his library every day right after lunch. At 11 o'clock I send in a glass of milk, very quietly. He is never spoken to during these hours. I don't know what he does all that time—thinks, or smokes, or writes. He writes everything in school notebooks and in longhand. Sometimes he works after tea. He isn't temperamental about his work, and seldom works at night. He plays golf a lot, and gets outdoors a lot. He doesn't have the disagreeable temperament so usually associated with famous men, and in fact has a most even and genial disposition. He makes life very interesting and amusing for us; doesn't save simply cannot be egotistical, and up his best thoughts for strangers. Well, that's about all I can tell you."

Mrs. Milne herself is a very youthful, cheerful and friendly person, with dark curly bob, dark eyes and a vivacious manner. Mr. Milne is sandy haired, blue eyes (yes whimsical blue eyes) and a half-shy, but very graceful and friendly manner. His smile is his most striking feature. Christopher Robin has blond hair and dark eyes,

A WOMAN PANDHANLER WHO DOES NOT LOOK THE PART, SHE ACCOSTS ONLY THE MEN

(New York Sun)
Woman panhandlers are not new in New York, but some of them are far more nimble in their methods than others of their more slow thinking sisters. One such turned up at the corner of Broadway and Chambers street the other evening. She was smart in appearance, yet demure, and was out of the ordinary run of beggars in this zone here panhandling seems to be lucrative business.

A group of men was standing in front of the Sun Building when one of them was approached by the woman. From her appearance the man spoken to thought she was about to make some inquiry on here whereabouts; that she might have lost her way in a part of the city with which she was not familiar. But he was disappointed for she said in a faint voice: "Please give me ten cents. I haven't eaten today."

Big-hearted Wilberforce thought his hearing might be a bit impaired and asked "What was that?" She repeated her request and at once Big-hearted gave her the dime. Then he and his friends took a survey of the woman at she slowly walked away.

She was dressed with black pumps and tan stockings and her black coat sported a fur collar. Her turban sat jauntily on her head, and her hands were encased in black kid gloves. Her lips showed recent use of the lipstick. Under her arm she clutched a patent leather pocketbook and from the wrist of her left arm hung an umbrella. It

and has been kept from knowing how famous he is as much as possible. He is usually called "Moon" around the house.

Really Christopher Robin's

The first Christopher Robin verses really were written for the benefit of that young man himself. He insisted on having stories and rimes from his father every night at bedtime. And he himself concocted the personality of Winnie-the-Pooh from a huge teddy bear he got on his first birthday. He is the Milnes' only child.

Mrs. Milne doesn't believe in the more modern notions about bringing up children. Particularly she doesn't believe in Bertrand Russell's nursery school ideas for the very young. She believes that a delightful imaginative world is the best place for children to live in, with fairy stories, Mother Goose rimes undelated, Santa Claus, and all. There is no need in forcing realism upon children, she believes.

"But I do believe that a wife's first consideration should be her husband. I think children are an aid to a happy marriage if there aren't too many and if both parents genuinely want them, but I don't think they are the cement of better relations between husband and wife that they're supposed to be. The husband should always come before the child if marriage is to remain happy and successful."

Well the Milnes seem very happy and they have been married since before the war. Mrs. Milne first met him when he became assistant editor of Punch, her father, Sir Owen Seaman, being the editor. Even then he was pretty well known in the literary world. Mrs. Milne is glad his fame did not come to suddenly. That, she admits, is sometimes fatal to happiness.

Here For New Play

There are in New York partly to see about the opening of Mr. Milne's new play, "They Don't Mean Any Harm," which is to be presented by Arthur Hopkins. It will go into rehearsal presently and Mrs. Milne says it shows her husband in a new phase—a more serious, less sentimental phase. She believes it is one of his very best works—but she always thinks that of the last one.

But what they really are here for is just a vacation and to satisfy curiosity. New York isn't at all what they imagined. It is much more beautiful, much more interesting and much more delightful, she insists. She wants very much to go to a speakeasy, but they haven't been yet. In the meantime they are going to the theater every night, and are fascinated, she said, by the New York stage and the high quality of its acting, even in minor roles.

had been raining some two hours before.

As soon as she got the coin she dropped it into her coat pocket and crossed to the west side of Broadway, thinking perhaps she was out of sight of her last victim, she accosted three more men. All of them went into their pockets and handed her a coin or two. Then she disappeared down Reade street to the west.

The observers all agreed that the woman was nothing but a professional beggar and that she knew her game well. She did not approach a woman. All her victims were men who expected from her appearance to hear the old wheeze: "Mister, I have lost my pocketbook. Will you give me car fare to get home?" This woman had improved on that old story. She had her pocketbook in her hand where everybody could see it. She was well dressed. Her story that she was hungry did not seem to be true, for she passes three restaurants before she got out of view and if she had gone west of Chambers street she would have passed at least a dozen more before she reached the subway or elevated line. She was not hungry. She had found she could easily work her game on lower Broadway. She had hit on a plan to get an easy living by pretending.

WISDOM IN THE SEATS OF THE CITY TAXICABS

(New York Sun)

At a recent trial in the criminal courts difficulty was experienced in obtaining a jury owing to the dislike for taxicab drivers expressed by the talesmen. This may or may not have been justified in by-gone days, but is certainly uncalled for now, at a time when the ranks of tax men in the city are filled with men who have known far better days.

As a matter of fact, three are probably more gentlemen taxi-drivers in New York today than in any other important city of the world, as anyone knows who is in the habit of making use of the cabs. Proof of this fact is supplied by a downtown business man who goes to his office partly by subway and partly by taxi, every day of the week. The taxi drive is for the purpose of avoiding the heaviest rush hour and also to make time, and as it covers quite a stretch our man generally engages the driver in conversation.

"You'd be surprised," he says, "to see how many of those drivers I've found who had a good educational background and were able to discuss almost any subject. This does not apply, of course, to the majority; but I have had drivers ask me intelligent questions about the stock market, the business outlook and even international politics. And only the other day I found myself discussing investment bonds with a driver who knew almost as much about the subject as I did."

LOSES LEG SO BECOMES DANCER

London, England, Nov. 22—When he was eight years old Jack Joyce lost his left leg. Faced with being a cripple all his life, Joyce turned to the most unusual way for a one-legged man to make his livelihood—dancing.

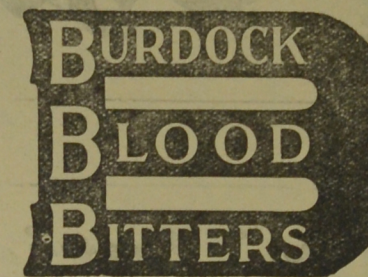
Today Joyce is known all over the world for his dancing. He has appeared on the stage in England, the United States, Canada, Italy, Mexico, France and other countries. His act consists of doing all the popular dances with his one leg and a crutch inviting girls of the audience to be his partner.

"Although I have only one leg, it has been said that I have danced with more girls than any other man in the world," Joyce says.

"To prove that dancing is not the only pastime for men in my position, I have also mastered tennis, swimming and boxing while I can also ride a horse and drive a car."

Severe headaches Pimples on Face

Miss Marie L. C. Blackwell, Gunn, Alta., writes:—"For two years I suffered from severe headaches, and pimples on my face. My headaches seemed incurable, and I thought the pimples would never disappear. A friend recommended Burdock Blood Bitters, and on trying a bottle I found the headaches disappear, and I am not bothered any more with the pimples."



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Old-fashioned wife beating is out. H. G. Wells would like to manage 'Maybe it was Fate, which had to the world. But what would he do stop the frenzied rush for wealth to about the weather? avert the calamity of any man becoming a billionaire. A good loses is one who can swallow the lump in his throat without dislodging his Adam's apple. Among women mental cruelty has become popular grounds for divorce.

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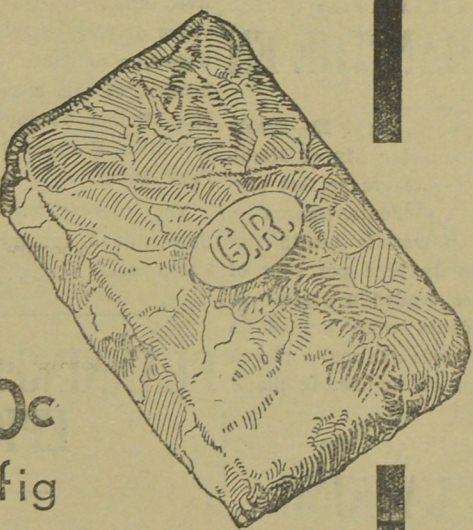
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