

mation and then straightened up. "Well!" he said jovially. "Well, at least we came pretty close to getting you squared away. Didn't we, old buddy? Eh?"

Willie yawned.

"By the way — by the way, what happened after you ditched the barker?"

"None of your business."

Big Chuck's jaw dropped again. He studied this new casual Willie for some time. At last he said, "Willie.

Willie, where did you go after —"

Willie snapped without a stutter: "None of your business!" Then he frowned. Somehow that did not seem the complete reply to such a question about a man's personal life. Slowly, but quite firmly, he reached out a lilac-scented hand toward Big Chuck's face and gave to Big Chuck's nose a terrible tweak.

It was as Gillis had said: Willie might be no tiger, but he always solved his problem.

LEST THE WIND COME IN

BY ALMA ROBISON HIGBEE

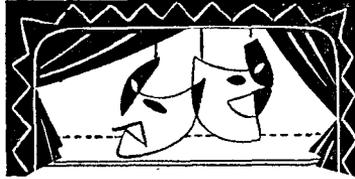
The warm night stops to listen
 Where the dark is velvet deep,
 Then sudden raindrops glisten
 Through blinded eyes of sleep.

How could the green days follow
 Twin roads that would not match?
 The song of thrush and swallow
 Could never lift the latch.

Time builds a lonely tower
 But O, the walls are thin!
 I cling to this curtained hour
 Lest the wind . . . the wind come in.

THE THEATRE

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN



PEANUTS, POPCORN AND LEMONADE

Again, Sartre. At least once in every decade we are entertained by the emergence of a playwright who, for a reason dark to the more practised critics, is accepted by the public, along with the less practised critics, as a dramatist of great importance and who, until he is caught on to, basks in the glow of miscellaneous esteem. Jean-Paul Sartre is the latest. There is, however, one thing to be said for him: he seems at times to realize and appreciate his mountebankery and to derive a lot of personal fun out of his bamboozling the come-ons. In a recent published interview, he was, for example, asked to define just what his doctrine of Existentialism is. "It is," he answered with charming frankness, "the means whereby I make a living." I have no doubt that one of these days he will similarly embarrass those who venerate the quality of his drama by making a like reply to an interviewer who questions him about his plays.

As little as I may admire those plays, I confess that I have considerable admiration for a man who, like him, has the cleverness, ingenuity and, above all, the sardonic humor prosperously to swindle so many susceptible without their knowing it. I have heard from people who know him well, that, whatever the nature of his literary and dramatic abilities, he is an intelligent and amusing companion, and I can readily believe it. It takes a great deal of wit and skill to pull off the jobs that he has; no ordinary man could possibly do it. It also takes a mind, of sorts. And Sartre deserves all the credit in that line that a critic of humanity, if not of drama, can give him. He is his decade's foremost theatrical confidence man, which in view of the strong competition is no mean achievement. And, as such, he will have his proud niche in the history of the modern stage.

It is possible, of course, that I am allowing him qualities which he does not really possess but simply with a pleasant amiability pretends to. If,