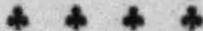



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BY ELIZABETH CLARKSON ZWART

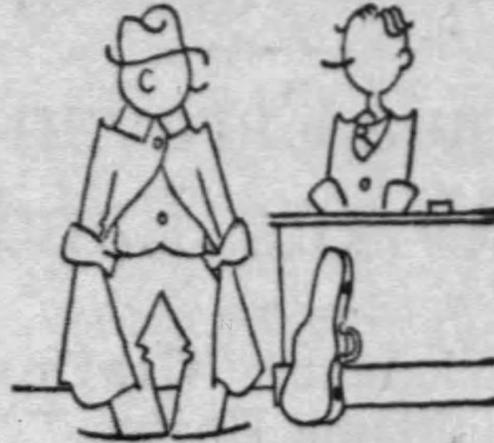
**S**ERGEI Rachmaninoff, whose piano concert delighted Civic Music association members Monday evening, is as temperamental as they come. . . . Arriving in Des Moines Sunday night, he was sought by the press for an interview Tuesday morning. This was finally set for noon—but at a quarter of 12, the pianist's secretary called to cancel the appointment, explaining that Mr. Rachmaninoff felt that he couldn't talk before his concert. . . . Eight hours for the Russian to swim back up into his dream world, and it wasn't long enough!!



I have at least 21 relatives and friends who have been granted divorces on the grounds of cruel and inhuman treatment, but never a one of them has ever displayed a black and blue spot.



Rachmaninoff, a little pressed for spot cash throughout his Des Moines visit, was permitted to sign for his hotel bill—but the railroad company refused to take the pianist's check, practically draining his pockets of cash.



Speaking of the banking situation: Herbert Horton, newly appointed executive vice president of the Iowa Des Moines National bank (resources: ever so many million dollars) had just \$6 in cash when the moratorium was declared—and he, even as you and I, can't get a cent from the bank he heads.



The pictures of Mrs. Homer Cummings, wife of the newly appointed attorney general of these United States, show the best set of eyelashes among the cabinet wives.



I am reminded that Des Moines possessed more than 80 saloons in former days—and that one Ben Parker owned 44 of them.