

Plays Reviewed

(Continued from Page 16)

stagecraft, playwright and actor should be more in accord with regard to the matter of the fitness of lines and the probability of characters. Roger Bloomer, as an attempt to produce something praiseworthy and to fill an actual want of the play-going public, is a piece worthy of interest. As an evening's entertainment, we feel that we might spend the night at home and read the review of it in the paper the next morning. At that, we'd know about it almost as soon as the paper.

A. M. J.

Rachmaninoff—A Portrait

The tall, gaunt man with the close cropped hair emerged from the door leading from the stage of the Academy of Music, fusiladic crackle of applause following him through the opening. He was tired. His throat was dry, and he wiped his forehead with a handkerchief already moist. Lines of fatigue showed in his face, but as the enthusiasm of Brooklyn's music lovers grew in volume outside in the opera house, a smile of genuine pleasure replaced the weariness of his mouth and he returned to the stage.

His youngest daughter, Tertiena, stand-

ing beside the representative from BROOKLYN LIFE, whispered above the din of hand clapping, "He doesn't mind. He likes to play. He likes to have them want him to come back many times." And when Rachmaninoff came again behind the scenes, he still wore the pleased smile, and a look of triumph in his eyes as he greeted his wife and daughters. Irene, the eldest, who is a student at Barnard, stood straight and tall beside her father. Tertiena, shorter and plumper, looked very sweet and girlish in her simple frock of white with silver ribbons, and Madame Rachmaninoff, in a gown of black chiffon and jet, beamed with pride on her genius-husband.

Asked if he had grown to think of music more as a source of income than an expression of his spirit, Rachmaninoff said simply, "I love to play." In proof of what he had said, he returned to the stage again and again to respond to repeated cries for "encore." Such generosity in a man with such a claim to greatness is not common in these days when gratuitous courtesy is a novelty, and Rachmaninoff is truly great from the moment he sits down to his instrument to the moment when the last liquid silver drop of his music has trembled away into the air.