

Why London's Party-Thrower Seeks the Wilds

Maternal Complex of the Pajama-and-Bottle Hostess Who Once Kept Barrie Awake

FROM the tinselled, feverish party-throwing of London's most hectic resorts to a quiet Canadian farm—can Mayfair's most beautiful whoopee-maker bridge the gap in one leap? "No," common sense and experience would retort. But "Yes!" replies fact. In short, the Honorable Mrs. David Tennant has turned, overnight as it were, from a brilliant and giddy metropolitan hostess into a self-proclaimed conventional colonial.

There's a catch in this amazing



BLUEBLOOD BLACKSMITH
The Hon. David Tennant, Son of Lady Grey of Falloon, Pictured at His Anvil. One of His Fads is Wrought Iron—When He's Not Giving Pajama-and-Bottle Parties.



SELF-EXILED
Pier Photo of Mrs. Tennant as She Arrived a New York City

footlights and was the toast of Piccadilly, is the recent mother of a charming little daughter. Rightly or wrongly, her intimates insist that with the baby's birth the erstwhile sprightly Hermione underwent what Shakespeare called "a sea change." She began to weary of the cocktail parties, and dances, and balls, and midnight "treasure hunts," and pajama-and-bottle festivities that she was formerly so fond of.

She even developed an anti-London complex. Tea at the Ritz was a "gripe" to her and a Canter in Hyde Park a "pain in the neck." Hermione, in the loose phrase, had "done everything" interesting in England. Now she was looking for, not more worlds to conquer, but for placid pastures where she could relax and where her beloved little Pauline could thrive against a restful, bucolic background. Mayfair might be fun for sophisticates and not even do them any perceptible harm. But for a baby—impossible!

"RE-FORMED"
Mrs. David Tennant (Formerly Hermione Baddeley, Sprightly Actress) Shown in a Close-up Characteristic of Her Bygone Mayfair Days. Sketches Superimposed on Her Waving Tresses Give an Impression, at Left of Hermione Making Whoopee in London, and, at Right, as She Will Probably Order Her Life on a Quiet Canadian Farm, Fishing.

Some such reflections must have actuated her recent visit to America, where, on disembarkation, she was met at the New York pier by her devoted husband. Tennant, himself, must have felt an urge similar to Hermione's, for he had preceded her to this continent by several months.

that post-war London would "not amuse" Queen Victoria; that nowadays life there is fast, furious and frenetic. And of all the high spirits and carefree souls in Adelphi Terrace there were none higher or freer than Hermione and David.

At their social apogee, that is. Their marriage was pungently and picturesquely celebrated with one of the pajama-and-bottle parties referred to above. This form of frolic has since become widely popular with the "bright young people" of Clarges and Half Moon streets. Give the Tennants credit for having started the fad.

world, lived, of all people, Sir James M. Barrie, author of "Peter Pan," "The Little Minister" and other popular novels and plays. Sir James has frequently hymned the charms and ingenious ingratiations of childhood, but on this occasion his fervor for youth received a cold water bath. For the Tennants' pajama-and-bottle party got pretty high about three in the morning and Sir James's slumbers were gravely interrupted and finally completely routed.

Now it is all very well for an author to grow enthusiastic in print about boys—and girls—who never grow up. But let these same "children" troop into the flat below, bearing burgundy, beer and whatnot, and start the chandeliers rattling, and—well, what would you do if you were "old and gray and full of sleep"?

Sir James was in no doubt. He dispatched his personal servant with a polite request to the Tennants that they diminish the noise; but the Tennants were so busy repicnishing their guests' glasses and winding the radio or tuning in on the pianola that they didn't seem to get the idea. It was five before, as the last pajamaed guest departed in a taxi and a purple haze, Sir James gave a final groan and a twitch to his pillow and sank into a dream where all professional Peter Pans were mutes and the clink of bottles was heard only in the Never-Never Land.

With Her is the Presumable Motive for Her Retirement from Mayfair Gayeties. Her Charming Little Daughter, Pauline

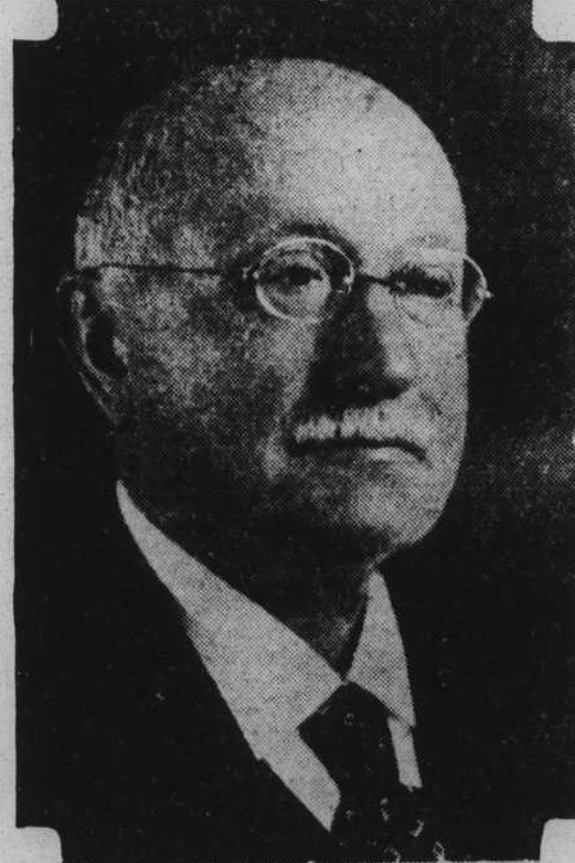
It is not recorded that the Tennants after their beauty sleep, made necessary by the protracted whoopee, went through any motions of regret toward Sir James. And you may well inquire, why should members of so distinguished a line kowtow to a mere author? Young David Tennant and his brother, the handsome Stephen, are the sons of Lady Grey, wife of Viscount Grey of Falloon—one of the most eminent and ancient clans in the kingdom. They are also nephews of Margot, Lady Asquith, and, as such, partake of the family fondness for whimsicalities.

"Dressing up" seems to be a perquisite of Margot, Stephen and David. Margot appeared at one ball clad as a bewhiskered Indian rajah; Stephen, at another, impersonated Queen Marie of Rumania, and David, the least unconventional of the three, has had his photograph taken attired as a black smith. But this wasn't only a gag, for he is deeply interested in the art of wrought iron.

But for Hermione and David it's good-bye now to fizz and foibles, to bottles and bursts of midnight mirth, to pajamas and the "mess around" and treasure hunts.

They've got responsibilities now, chief of which, or whom, is wide-eyed, demure little Pauline, whose only interest in bottles is of the milk variety. No Mayfair for her—till she grows up.

Character Life's Most Important Element



ADOLPH LEWISOHN

"THE most important thing in life—there are no exceptions—is character." Thus Adolph Lewisohn, octogenarian magnate and patron of the fine arts. Mr. Lewisohn, who recently attained his eightieth birthday, ascribes all success ever achieved by anyone in the business and professional worlds to squareness. "Be square with all you come in contact with," he urges. "My aim," he adds, "has always been to be helpful in making a success of any undertaking with which I am connected. The underlying idea is not so much hope of personal gain as a genuine desire to serve the cause."

had to be morally right as well.

"Life should be service and co-operation. Choose your associates with the same high standards at which you yourself are aiming."

"People ask me wonderingly why I look and feel so much younger than my actual age. It's partly good health due to a sensible life, of course. But it's also because I am interested in and fond of people in general. I seldom entertain any hard feelings or jealousy against anyone."

"Also—and this is simple fact—I have generally been courageous and without fear, with confidence in my own ability to overcome obstacles. And so I have been pretty happy. You can be the same."

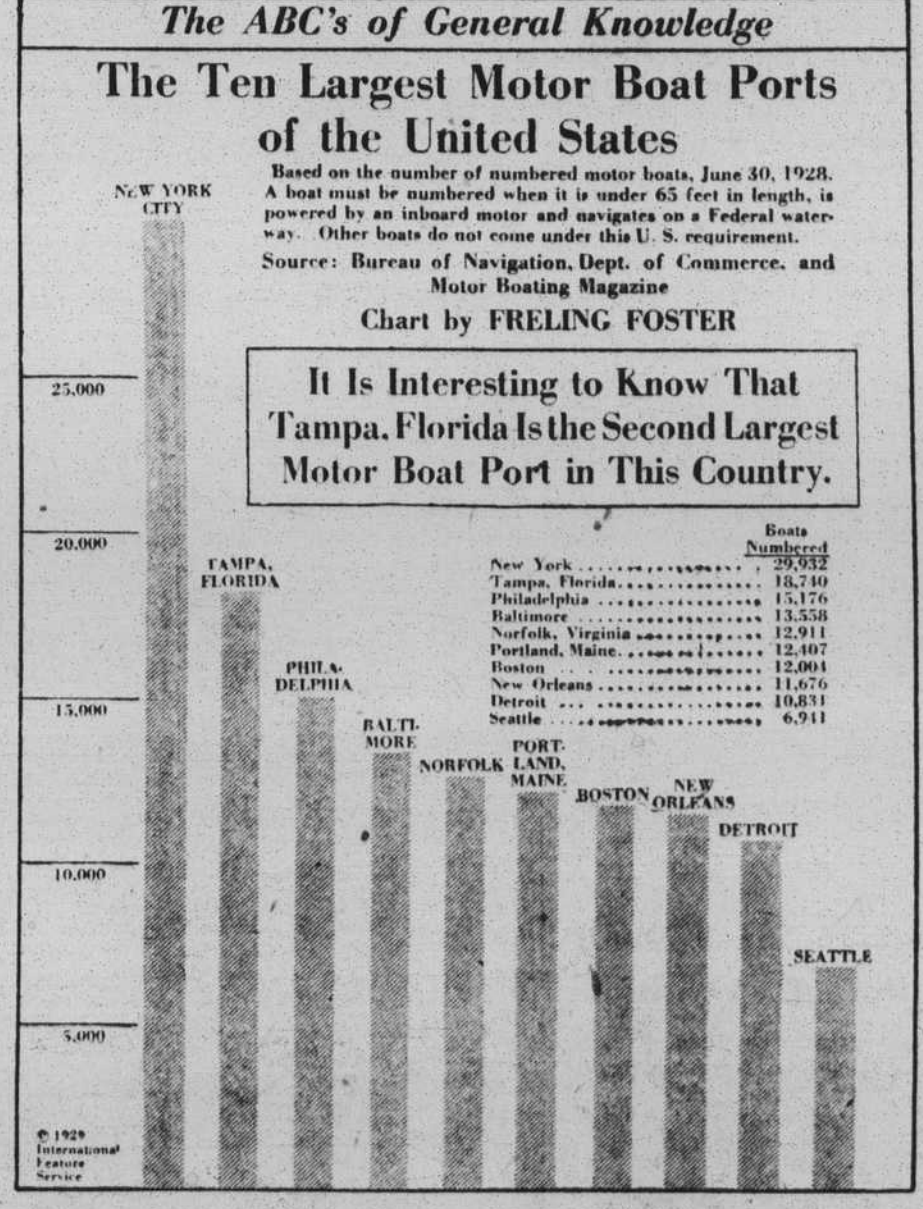
"Seldom, if ever, have I been idle. Particularly in matters in which I am deeply interested I have been occupied constantly. Entering my father's business in Hamburg when I was fifteen years old, I have been active along those lines for sixty-four years. I still participate in business, especially in mining in a consulting capacity."

"I love the beautiful—rich colors, flowers, art, music. My aim in life? To do something that in my opinion improves the world or its people. I am a devout student of the proper care of dependent children and of prison reform and the correct treatment of prisoners, so that on release they are likely to be able to take care of themselves and their families."

Mr. Lewisohn is famed in New York City for his philanthropies. He is the progenitor of the now celebrated Summer symphonic concerts at the Lewisohn Stadium, concerts at the Willem Van Hoogstraten, which attract throngs

of music lovers to these al fresco programmes, even in the hottest weather. He helped to establish the Hebrew Technical School for Girls; donated to Columbia University a building for its School of Mines; contributed to Mt. Sinai Hospital, of which he is a director, its pathological building; has given vast sums to charitable, civic, religious and educational work of all sorts, and is a member of the National Child Labor Committee. He is also currently head of the firm of Adolph Lewisohn and Sons and of many subsidiary copper companies.

—Says Lewisohn



By CLARE MURRAY—Girl Poet-Artist
NEVERMORE!
(On the Riverbank)



"I remember the theft of my treasure-chest."

WHAT is this face I see at my door? Can it be true? The face Whose every expression I knew When it lived in my house before...

Do you think you can enter my house again And find it ever the same to you? Your chair by the fire, Your chamber cosy And table covers arranged for tea?

You were the lord of the mansion once, To you alone were its gates flung wide.

AND would-be guests who made requests Were politely told to remain outside. The stormy morn when I found you gone Is not lightly graven upon my mind. I remember the theft of my treasure-chest And the valueless things you left behind. My house is open to everyone now. I welcome the world with a cordial smile. If you care to belong as one of the through You may enter and stay a while.