



AND STILL SHE SMILES!
Signorina Renata Mombelli, Italian Beauty and Friend of Prince Odescalchi. She Won a Gold Bracelet from Him by Accompanying Him on a Speed-Mad Race, Without Screaming.

By a Staff Correspondent.
BUDAPEST.

MIDWAY of the Danube River, as it coils through this city, squats the Margaret Island, leaf-green and inviting as any mainland park. There the night air was caressing; the neighborhood quiet, as Traffic Policeman Janos Kovacs walked his beat. Kovacs uttered a glad sigh, for the best of reasons. Was he not happily married to a good-looking, loving girl? And tomorrow he would be the father of a splendid baby, if all went well.

The hoot of a motor horn broke into his reverie. Round the corner came tearing a great, gray car. Sixty miles an hour, at the least. The regulations prescribe a maximum of twenty. Kovacs, shouting and extending forbidding arms, leaped to the centre of the road. He caught a flash of a man's aristocratic face above the wheel—a girl in snowy furs beside him—two men on the rear seat. Then Kovacs died beneath the wheels.

His posthumous baby was born the next morning to a penniless widow.

This, added to Kovacs's death, spurred public and press to a fury of critical resentment. Police laxity was blamed. But the onus of guilt was thrown on the shoulders of irresponsible Budapest patricians—gay blades and their sweet-hearts who rate a whoopee ride higher than human life.

Anonymous letters to the papers assailed young Mr. Horthy, a son of the Regent Admiral. Count Bethlen, son of the Prime Minister, was also criticized for wild driving. Feroocious and unjustified attacks were made on such persons as the Minister of the Netherlands and Dr. Weiser, noted physician. In the two latter instances perfect alibis were established, and not a vestige of actual evidence could be dredged up against either of the two young aristocrats mentioned.

But the case—against speed-mad members of the upper classes continues to rankle. The Kovacs tragedy recalled to many that six months ago Prince Antal Esterhazy, of the rich and illustrious family, had knocked down and

severely injured a policeman. The Prince, fined 5,000 pengos (about \$800), had hotly appealed to the Supreme Court, which upheld the sentence. A second appeal, this time to the Regent, brought a second denial, handed down at the very time that feeling was running high over the death of Policeman Kovacs.

The people then turned their indignant attention in the direction of Prince Nicholas Odescalchi, active horseman, keen sportsman—and daring motorist. Small wonder! He was making sixty miles an hour through one of Budapest's busiest streets early one morning, when a policeman stopped him, demanded to see his license. Oaths rumbled from the noble lips and, as further progress was blocked, the guardian of the law (phrase now used ironically here) was stretched flat with a blow and kicked. Whereupon the Prince calmly climbed back into his car and made off, again at sixty miles

FUN FOR THEM—DEATH FOR HIM

"The policeman leaped to the centre of the road. He caught a flash of a man's aristocratic face above the wheel—a girl in snowy furs beside him. Then Kovacs died beneath the wheels."

an hour. The assault had been witnessed by so many people that news of it could not be suppressed. An official was sent to the Odescalchi mansion to question the young man, but he had left the country. Friends said he had planned, prior to the cop-kicking interlude, to visit Salzburg and Lucerne, for the purpose of taking part in a series of horseback riding exhibitions and hurdle races. A warrant was issued for his arrest, but it could not be served till he should return to Budapest. Meanwhile, the investigators manifested interest in those young men—and women—with whom Prince Odes-

calchi had been associating of late. It was naturally thought that they might be able to cast some light on the Prince's encounter with the policeman. Laborious fact-digging revealed that the nobleman's companion on that occasion had been Signorina Renata Mombelli. He had met her at an Italian seashore resort, and since then they had been seen frequently in one another's society. One day, feeling careless, Odescalchi dared Renata to accompany him on a mad motor spurt with the clutch open—120 miles an hour—and offered as prize a gold bracelet if she survived the test without screaming. P. S. She got the bracelet.

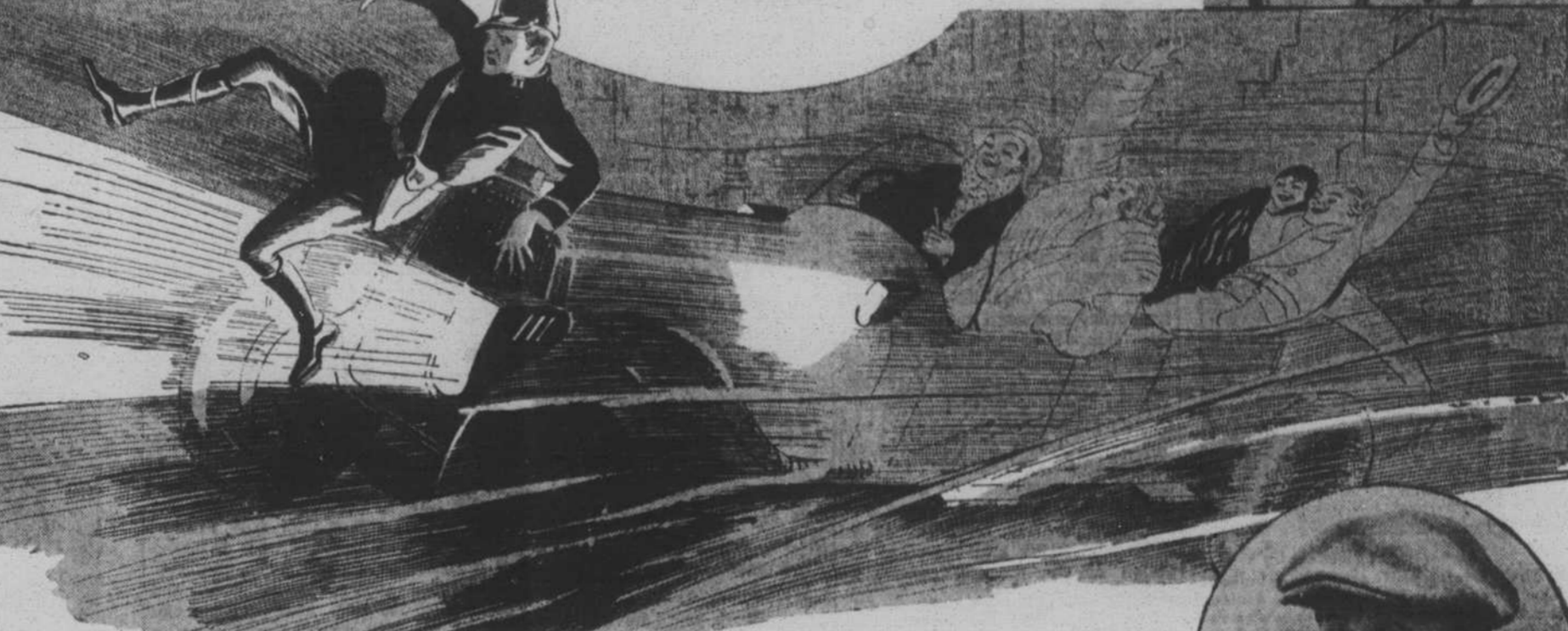
It is said on sound authority that after the mix-up with the police officer, Signorina Mombelli used all her wiles to persuade the Prince to give up speeding. It is also said, on not such good authority, that he acceded to her wishes.

This may or may not be so. The con-

Outrageous Speed-Whoopee of Cruel Aristocrats and Their Girls

How They Killed and Maimed Blue Danube Police Until Public Anger Drove Them Into Exile

At Right: Prince Antal Esterhazy, Young Hungarian Patrician, Fined \$800 for Injuring a Traffic Officer in Budapest.



LEFT: THE COUNTRY Prince Nicholas Odescalchi, 60-Mile-an-Hour Motorist, Accused of Beating Up a Policeman. After the Episode He Departed for Lucerne, Switzerland, to Take Part in a Hurdle Meet.

sensus of decision is that it will take more than a pretty girl's whispered advice to cure Hungary's cruel young aristocrats of their outrageous speed-whoopee mania.

Highlights of Broadway From the Circle to the Square By Jack Lait

New York Tonights and Chicago Pasts Among the Stage Big Shots



BIG BARD MAN
John Bryan, Son of Congresswoman Ruth Bryan Owen, Shakespearean.



MEET MISS BROWN
Helen Hayes, When She Was Still Helen Hayes Brown, Doing Child Bits and Dreaming of Starring at the Empire. She Got the Job.

HO, VARLET—MY BUSKIN!
The Great Commoner, W. J. Bryan, Beside His Grandson, Who Has Been ELECTED to Play Shakespearean Roles. The Immortal Nominee is in Actorial Costume, Leading a Prohibition Pageant. There Seems to Be a Family Resemblance Between the Two Men, Doesn't There?

WHEN I was a little boy in Chicago, I sat on the knee of my uncle, a Tammany delegate to the Democratic national convention, and heard a handsome, thrilling man panic the party and capture the imagination of the world with the cross-of-gold speech, the most famous oration since Cicero spilled the dirt on Caeline. His name was Bryan. Thirty-four years later, in New York, I saw a young, idyllic and frail man play Sylvius in "As You Like It." His name, too, was Bryan. And he is the grandson of the Great Enunciator, with whom I last shook hands in Dayton, Tenn., at the immortal Scopes trial.

Well, why not? William Jennings Bryan was an actor in his heart though a fundamentalist in his soul. He was a chawtalkaway headliner and the most spectacular showman in American political history. His grandchild, son of Ruth Bryan Owen, who is in Congress, is with Fritz Leiber's Chicago

Daddy-and-Dale Drama

THEY'RE going to dramatize "Big Jim" Colosimo, the daddy of modern racketeering, who was bumped off in his office on Wabash Avenue, in Chicago, shortly after he had married lovely Dale Winter. Dale was an Australian girl, and on Sundays, after entertaining nightly in Big Jim's dive, she would sing incognito in a church choir. Dare to try that for a fiction plot!

I sprung the story in the Chicago American as a "scoop." Jim, Dale and I had breakfast together every morning then. And he would drive me home at dawn. They left me at 5 o'clock on the morning of the day when he was murdered at 3.

Fittingly enough, two former Chicago newspapermen have been commissioned to write the piece—Ben Hecht and Charlie McArthur, who collaborated on "Front Page." It will be called "The Diamond Tree," the idea being that Jim hung Dale all over with diamonds, or, as the underworld would say, "ice."

Saw Dale on the street just off



HER BIG BREAK
Lenore Ulrich, in Her First "Legit" Part, Luana in "The Bird of Paradise," Which She Joined After Being a Chicago Chorus Girl. Now She Is the Surefire Draw Who Defies Wind, Depression and Bad Plays.

Broadway a few days ago, by the way. She looked grand. She was with Jimmy Duffy, the West Coast showman and actor, who has had his vicissitudes. Right now they aren't riding in limousines. But they are happy. And when anyone brushes near her husband she doesn't shiver, nor does he need a bodyguard.

Made the Empire

THIS same Charlie McArthur—the husband of Helen Hayes. I got a kick when I passed the staid, aristocratic old Empire Theatre and saw Helen's name there in lights, starred in "Petticoat Influence." It was at the Empire that she first attracted the attention of professional theatre-goers, as Helen Hayes Brown, with the late John Drew in Suro's whimsy, "The Perplexed Husband."

I talked to her one night while she was playing in "Coquette" at the Maxine Elliott, and she told me her two ambitions—to have a baby and to star at the Empire. She attained them both in 1930.

They All Have 'Em

"COQUETTE," "Front Page" and "The Royal Family" were the last wildfire successes that Jed

Harris produced. He talked of retiring after these phenomenal hits, following "Broadway" et al. He came back, but it was a new Jed. He was putting on esoteric adaptations from the whiskered Russian. His last one, Gogol's "Inspector General," dived with a splash and closed with a snap.

Now he's going back to the American plan, and it is he who will present "The Diamond Tree." He was so hungry to get into his old stride that he laid \$7,500 advance royalty on the line to Hecht and McArthur, a tidy handout. It was Jed, himself, at a meeting of the Producers' Association several years ago, when the issue arose about the scalpers handling seats for failures as well as hits, who arose, strode out, and as he was about to close the door, said: "I have no failures!" They all have them. He found that out.

Lenore, the Immune

OH, yes—Caesar had his Brutus, Napoleon his Wellington, Belasco his "Mima," Ethel Barrymore her Juliet and Scarlet Sister Mary, Charlie Dillingham his "Suspense," Georgie Cohan his "Rhapsody," Al Woods his

"Road Between," Bill Brady his "Cafe," the Shuberts a few imported headaches. The "legit" nicks them all, sometimes—managers, stars, theatres, all of 'em.

The nearest to being immune is Lenore Ulrich. Her one flop, "The Heart of Wetonah," was a success; it made her, and Belasco wrote off what that ugly duckling cost to advertising. She made D. B. plenty after that. In great plays. And now, in a dish of marinated herring called "Pagan Lady," she still drags 'em in.

I remember Lenore (then Ulrich) from Chicago. It seems they all have Chicago pasts with me. She was a chorine in the La Salle Theatre, and Tom Bourke and I had the theatrical department office of a newspaper in the old Straus building, next door. The La Salle was the only showshop I ever knew where they really enforced the "No Smoking" joke backstage. Lenore, in make-up, would sneak up to our place between acts to pull a few drags on a cigarette.

When she got her first break, a road show of "Bird of Paradise," she had to leap to Salt Lake City to join. Tom and I lent her the \$60 and saw her off. She paid us back. And she never forgot. Lenore is one big shot who doesn't ritz.

Flaming Youth

MARY GARDEN's dad is 86 years old. He attended a party recently. A very attractive girl entered. He looked at her, sighed and said, "When I see the likes of that, I can't help wishing I was 70 again!"

Breakfast for One

WILL MORRISSEY, who has a clean record of eighteen shows put on and not one put over, is the merriest guy on Heartbust Highway; and George Kaufman, who has clicked sixteen times out of a possible seventeen, packs the most melancholy pan. It's a dead heat between him and Buster Keaton for the television rights to "Hamlet." They say Kaufman bites off a small child's leg every morning for breakfast. I don't believe it. Not every morning. He doesn't get up every morning.