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Even cuffs and collars, to say nothing of the white dress for evenings, may ensure, or make impossible, prestige. Schoolgirl taste is generally microscopic, or modelled on cinema stars, who, if incredibly remote, are all the more idealised in consequence.

The Victorians saved money. The neo-Georgians save labour and space and time and coal, and spend all their money in so doing. At the Building Exhibition, the number of things which fold up and put away is surprising, and the one-room flat is a model of potting and reducing to an essence. A one-room flat has to have somewhere to cook and somewhere to wash—not only oneself. In America it would have an ice-safe as a third necessary ingredient. Sometimes walls are made double and furniture, cupboards, cabinets, sinks, all disappear into the doubleness. Tables are hinged at the end, and can be turned up against the wall. Beds are made, strapped to keep in place, and also put away. At least, the small house of to-day has got rid of the accumulation of useless matter which to the Victorian-made home seem homey.

I heard a woman complain of one room that it looked like a surgery. She thought better of it when she had seen its photograph, the photograph being, she said, so different. At the same time, building still presents an overwhelming number of problems, as I see by the very small profit this year from Grosvenor House. In Paris luxury flats have been built with only two rooms, kitchen and bath. Everything is labour-saving, and you can boil in a bath three times a day, if you are so minded. But the rents are so tremendous that people who pay them want more rooms. And in the whole building there are only the sets of two rooms.

Taste in this country still continues to be aristocratic—that is to say, it starts out with the conception that it is for the few. I saw some marvellous furniture, handmade, in the West of England last week, including an attractive dark, hide-covered little Chesterfield with a white sycamore frame. But none but the well-to-do could think of it or of the rugs, which, though well in the modern movement, were entirely English in design. It has occurred to only a few designers to make good things on so large a scale that they will pay.

Americans burn coffee and hold up surplus wheat, but there seem to be prejudices in the way of population reduction. I do not particularly want to be reduced myself, though I can think of a number of thoroughly suitable reducees. Personally I should reduce all the people who walk in the road when I am driving a car, and all those who buzz past me when I am walking in the road. I should reduce those who knit jumpers aloud in public, and those who insist that I should go somewhere by a certain way, and then make sure that I have done so. I should reduce those who tell me how tired I look, and all the others who ask me whether I have read—something that I certainly haven't. But perhaps that would be enough to begin with.

The Cambridge Theatre's reputation for showing films of exceptional interest is well maintained by its present exhibition of the brilliant French comedy-drama "Jean de la Lune," adapted from the stage play of Marcel Achard. This clever and unusual film is a Jean Choux production, and the principal parts are played by Madeleine Renaud and Michel Simon.

The "literary lunches" arranged from time to time by W. & G. Foyle, Ltd., Charing Cross Road, serve to bring together, on the friendly basis of a pleasant meal, the various personalities in the active world of books—the author, the reader, the bookseller, the printer, the publisher, the binder and the man in the street. They also enable book-lovers to see and hear authors whom they have previously known only through their works. No fewer than twenty-three of these successful gatherings have already taken place. At last Thursday's luncheon Mr. Aleister Crowley spoke on "The Philosophy of Magick," while Mr. J. D. Beresford responded to the toast of "Literature," proposed by Mr. Arthur Rackham.

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