

Mr. Angelo

Byron G. Massialas

THE first time I met him was on the Simplon Orient Train; I was going from Turkey to France, just a year before the last World War broke out. He was a tall man of thirty-three, blond, gray-eyed, and very good looking. I was just a child, and the things that impressed me the most were the two young girls—secretaries—that accompanied him, usually taking dictation and sending cablegrams from every station when we stopped, and the innumerable valises he had in his coupé, together with such items as portable typewriters, and dictaphones. His name at that time was Mr. Angelo, and we were informed that he was a great businessman.

The next time I met him was in Montreux, Switzerland—a miniature of Monte Carlo. I was visiting the casino with a friend of mine when I saw him in an inside room which had the sign “Private” on the door. He was gambling on a roulette table, and although twelve years had passed since I had met him for the first time on the train, nothing about him had changed. He didn’t have very good luck that night, but a chip of two thousand francs didn’t seem to impress him at all. During the hour I spent watching him, he probably lost about fifty thousand francs, but he never lost his ironical smile, which seemed to mean, “I don’t care whether I lose or win; I am only enjoying the excitement of gambling.”

One year later I was visiting Haifa on the *Filippo Grimmani*, an Italian ship, and upon our arrival in the port, the police came aboard for control. They were afraid of the Arabs, as they still are, so the control was very tight. A tall man, dressed in a military, British-made uniform, seemed to be in charge of everything, and I was greatly surprised that I recognized him to be the very same person I had known thirteen years before by the name of Mr. Angelo. He was now “Chef de Police” and a man of authority, as he always had been. His characteristic ironical smile was again on his face, but I thought he didn’t mean to be cruel. He only enjoyed the fact that he was a policeman.

Once again I saw him, last July on my way to the States. I was coming through France to get the *Queen Elizabeth* from Cherbourg. When I stopped overnight in Paris, I stayed at the Claridge Hotel. I was having supper late at night at the night club-restaurant of the Claridge when I met his eyes. They were not the eyes of an oriental businessman, or of a Swiss gambler, or of a “Chef de Police.” They were just the eyes of a rather typical Parisian “maitre d’hotel” who was looking to be of service to his clientele. He had an army of waiters and waitresses under his command, and he was as excellent at his post as he had been excellent at every phase of his life.

Are Women Superior to Men?

Sue Burris

IT is, indeed, sad to relate that the evident superiority of the female over the male is not universally accepted as fact, but merely looked upon as the statement of an egotistical female. Although I am classed as an egotistical female, I should like to settle, forever, the question of who is superior to whom.

I do not, of course, allow my sex to influence my attitude, and do not base my conclusion on mere hearsay. I refer only to specific events in history and do not arrive at my conclusion in