

THE LECTURE COURSE

By W. E. HILL

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Every member of the Tuesday Afternoon Club is simply wild to tell Mr. Sweet how much his lecture on "Early Byzantine Art" has meant to her. A portion of the audience is shown en route to view the remains, so to speak. The lady at the head of the line is all set to tell Mr. Sweet about the almost perfect copy of a Gilbert Stewart her Cousin Will got hold of in Terre Haute. The lady directly behind her has a little girl who draws the dearest little ballet girls in wax crayon! What, the lady wants to know of the lecturer, is considered the best painting of a Madonna? She wants to be able to tell her little girl. The lady at the end of the group thinks the lecturer pronounced Byzantine wrongly and is going to tell him, oh, so kindly, about it.



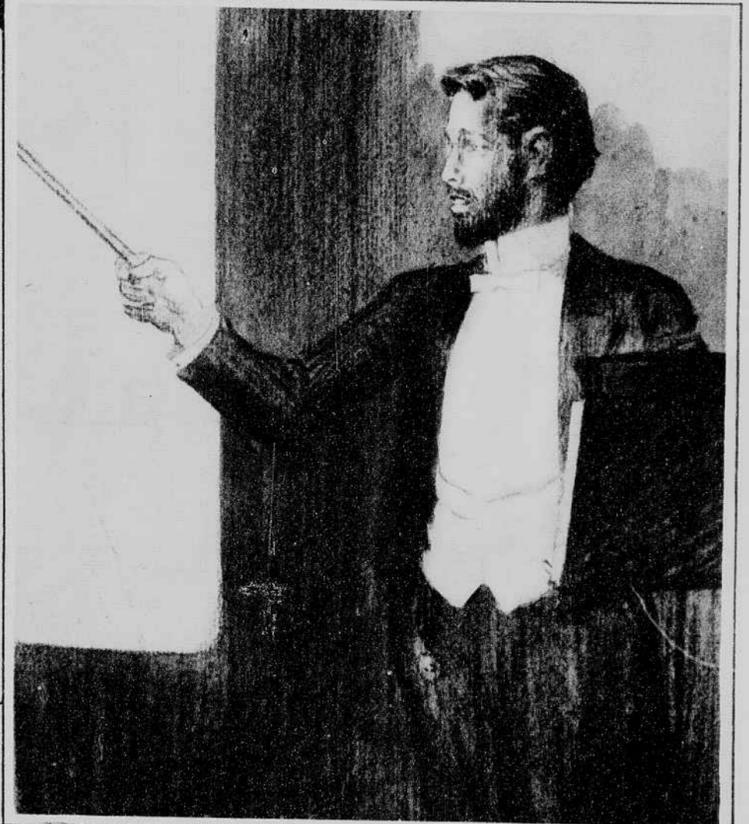
Extremely verbose is the gentleman who comes forward before the lecture with the information that "not only have we tonight the honor of listening to one of America's greatest authorities, etc., etc., but it is to be our privilege this evening to hear, etc., etc." After twenty minutes more of this he takes great pleasure in presenting, etc., etc. Then the lecturer, having simulated for some minutes past great interest in the proscenium, comes to with a start and registers great love for the master of ceremonies and the audience, and is reminded then and there of a little anecdote, etc., etc. Here follows one of the world's oldest and worst anecdotes. The master of ceremonies with a "how-can-he-think-of-these-things" air, laughs immoderately, followed by a sickly titter from the audience.

The lady with the little gold pencil who expects to take no end of notes on "The Economic Dependence of Modern Woman." After the first subheading the lead will give out and, naturally, the poor lady will lose interest and begin planning a waist to wear with her blue serge.



The lady who thought it would be such a pity to waste the ticket listening to a little talk on "Constructive Idealism Among the Ancient Hindoo Poets."

Four perfectly enthralled ladies, drinking in every word—nearly every word—of an address on "American Leaders of Political Thought of To-day and Yesterday." The determined lady on the extreme left applauds loudly whenever Mr. Woodrow Wilson's name is mentioned. Whereupon the earnest lady seated between the two sleepily listeners will completely lose the drift of everything for the next few minutes trying to start the determined lady out of countenance.



The little joke thrown in to lighten the serious side of things in the illustrated travel talk. Professor Cress, assistant associate librarian of the Alsop Memorial Institute, is doing the travel talking. It is about "The Rubber Gatherers of the Lower Orinoco and Their Quaint Haunts." Professor Cress will inject a bit of homely humor now and then. He will insist on telling about how they were accosted by three natives while camping along the Topsytoe River who were the innocent cause of much joking on the part of members of the Cress outfit. "What," one of the party asked, "do you think of prohibition?" Quick as a wink the leader of the natives answered in the native lingo, "Hotsy Totsy wee wee," which translated means "bum." "So it would seem," Professor Cress concludes, "that the joke was on us and not on the natives."



More or less popular author, who is going to read throatily from her published works. Also one little poem, "Again I Question," which has never been published, and maybe never will be.

Mrs. June Roswell Rong delivers a current history resume on alternate Friday mornings. Mrs. Rong keeps the lucky members of the lecture course up in all the political questions—that is, the really vital ones, and gives them the pleasant feeling of being just a little bit ahead of the news of the day. Mrs. Rong is discussing Mr. Harding's cabinet this particular Friday morning. "And," she concludes, "there's Mr. Mellon. He has been used to handling money all his life. So that makes him particularly fitted to serve in his present capacity. And then, of course, there's Mr. Hughes. He, as you all know, is a most cultured gentleman. And that makes him particularly fitted to do his work. And now, if anybody wishes to ask any question"— (Applause from all the ladies in the audience whose husbands are Republicans.)

A lecture on "Early Peruvian Art," illustrated by lantern slides, of pots, kettles, jelly molds and various objets d'art, among the early Peruvian best families, showing the slide that got in up side down. Professor Knuckle, Litt. D., L. H. D., of Squee Institute, Torso, Tex., is lecturing. At the present moment he is looking no end hurt and reproachful at the man who is running the lantern.

"Well, I don't just know that I agree with everything he said, but I think he has a simply marvelous personality." In other words, they haven't understood much of the lecture.