

THE BLEAT OF A NEWBORN LAMBKIN—BY IRVIN S. COBB



Pick out your favorite actor. In the above photograph, taken at a private Sunday night performance of a gambol in the theatre of the Lambs Club, are shown Francis Wilson, Digby Bell, Raymond Hitchcock, De Wolf Hopper, Maclyn Arbuckle, Wilton Lackaye, Dustin Farnum, William Courtleigh, Richard Carle, Frederick Perry, Frank Reicher, Gus Weinberg and Victor Herbert and Otto Goritz.

Joins the Lambs and the Y. M. C. A. at the Same Time and Finds His Club Obligations Conflicting—Actors Great Readers of Newspaper Clippings, He Says

By IRVIN S. COBB.

THE big mistake I made was getting into the Lambs and the Y. M. C. A. practically at the same time. I realize now, in the light of second judgment, that I acted too hastily. When my sponsors brought word to me that the council had agreed among themselves to overlook the indiscretions and errors of my past life and report my name favorably for membership in the Lambs, I should have rested content with that honor. But no, I had acquired the joining fever. I went and enrolled myself on the roster of the athletic department of the West Side Y. M. C. A. Why I should have done this I do not know; the act was absolutely without explanation, extenuation or excuse. By carefully ignoring all the rules of health as set forth by the leading authorities, by drinking whenever and whatever I pleased, by smoking inordinately, by eating absolutely fatal food combinations at any and all times of the day or night, by keeping bad hours, by never taking any exercise of whatsoever character except occasionally to knock wood, I have ever enjoyed the most magnificent health. Yet I deliberately go and trifle with my luck by breaking into a gymnasium. For the life of me I cannot understand it. I suppose I'll be joining the Comstock Society next and trying to get a law passed requiring all babies to be born with overalls on.

From the outset I have found my club obligations conflicting. Dropping in at the Lambs in the afternoon at 1:30 when the early birds are having breakfast interferes with my engagement with the physical instructor up on West Fifty-seventh street at 4:30. Maclyn Arbuckle will be starting to tell his latest dog story and naturally one wishes to stay for the finish. Or somebody connected with a show which is about to close will be on the verge of beginning an impromptu but spirited address upon the subject of dramatic criticism. Or somebody else connected with a show that is doing well will evince a desire to lead one off to a quiet corner and read one a few favorable extracts from the papers of recent or current date. This perusal of newspaper clippings provides a pleasant means of whiling away many an otherwise tedious hour, not only by the person mentioned therein but for his friends. Lambs, as I have discovered since becoming one, are great newspaper readers. The club reading room subscribes for twenty copies of the Morning Telegraph and one copy of the North American Review. Off-hand any Lamb you meet is prepared to quote from Acton Davies's latest

article or give you from memory the full summary of yesterday's box score of the game between the Giants and the Cubs. Some of them read the politics, too.

On the other hand, if I keep my date with the physical director I find that the seance with him has temperamen-

Another fellow is going through the same thing to put on weight, and he is moved to mention the matter from time to time—at intervals, say, of every twenty seconds. With my nature attuned to such an atmosphere and my mental processes slumbered in such topics, I return to our club in West Forty-

discussing purely personal or purely professional things. So there I am!

There is also a physical side to the proposition. Let us assume that I have reversed the regular routine and visited the Y. M. C. A. first. I descend to the locker room, which is decorated with many lockers—hence the name—and with signs warning one to beware of thieves. I encase my form in a neat, dark colored combination garment resembling the scenario of a union suit. I ascend then to the gymnasium, where I toss the medicine ball jauntily about and try the pulley weights and improve my wind by running around the arena

At One Place He Takes Off Weight, at the Other He Puts It Back On Again With Accrued Interest—The Lambs' All Star Gambol

my fellow athletes who can beat me running, but at panting I acknowledge no superiors and but few peers. I am the best catchweight panter in Greater New York. I will pant against contestants for the gate receipts and a side bet. The challenge is open to all nations.

It is a habit to get my money's worth, no matter how much I may suffer while doing so. I remain here until I am of a bright magenta tint all over and until my pores are all so open that I resemble a statue of a Greek god modelled out of honeycomb tripe. In fact I remain here as long as I can stand it. By the time

the shower, and then I fit along a runway and leap with unstudied abandon into the plunge, where I swim gracefully about for some time, emulating the Spencerian free-arm movement. I am now ready for the rubdown. A sturdy and determined youth, who should be working in a boiler factory or moving pianos or safes or something, stretches me upon a simple divan of natural wood and after anointing me with alcohol and slapping me all over in a vindictive manner he suddenly shuts his eyes, holds his breath and dives head first into my stomach up to his hips. After a while he comes up to breathe, clutching in his sinewy hands several of my most important and valued vital organs, such as liver and lungs and the kidneys of my abdomen. He lifts these things at arm's length and lets them smack into place, repeating the operation until I am entirely rearranged inside. Upon being released from his embrace I find a couple of tape measures, and after knotting them together measure myself around the waist. Delighted beyond measure to find that I have reduced my circumference nearly a quarter of an inch, I put on my street clothes and repair to the Lambs Club.

I reach there at the dinner hour, the Hapgood. But he has just left and all the desk for 4 A. M. so that he will know when to go to bed. Jack Healy has just returned from a road, bringing the latest wheezes from Kuk and Battle Creek. William Miller is featuring the quaintest and best conceits in snappy clothes for city men. George V. Hobart is repeating extracts from his new comedy and going off into peals of laughter. The dead silence, broken only by the clack of ivory against ivory and the rattle of chalk against cue tip, a group of the younger members are playing billiard pool. The attendants with vacuum cleaners are taking up several human used and exhausted personal problems which have accumulated in odd corners during the latter part of the afternoon. Altogether, everything points to a pleasant evening.

I dine, I sup, I smoke. At 11:15 P. M. when all New York sleeps, I retire to seek my own bed and while I measure myself again before retiring I find I have gained four inches around the waist. So, what's the bloom? Nevertheless, torn between love and duty, I have continued until now in this double life, going to the Y. M. C. A. to take it off and to the Lambs to put it back on again with accrued interest. And now we have an All Star gambol starting. I may not go to the show, but I shall certainly go to the Gambol at the Y. M. C. A. farewell!



Lambs in George V. Hobart's morality play, "Experience." From left to right: Effingham Pinto as Passion, William Elliott as Youth, William Deming as Intoxication, Frederick Perry as Experience, William Roselle as Pleasure, Digby Bell as Wealth.

tally unfitted me for mingling socially with my brother Lambs. At the gymnasium all the conversation centres about athletic subjects. One fellow is going through a rigorous training to take off weight. He speaks about it constantly.

fourth street, and until I have succeeded in throwing off these influences I am entirely out of accord with the gentlemen gathered within. One hears no shop talk there, of all classes, actors and writers are the most averse to

several times. As a Lamb I feel that I should lose no opportunity to improve my wind. At the end of the first quarter of a mile I have improved it until it is distinctly audible all over the gymnasium. There may be some of

The actual period of exercising being concluded, I return to the basement and enter the steam room. I do not greatly enjoy this part of the programme, but it is on the programme and I am paying for it. I have always made

I am ready to emerge I am in a position to sympathize with a smothered chicken, Southern style. I know its private sensations. A smothered chicken tastes good, but it feels like the devil! Perspiring copiously I go beneath

The Praying Pilot

I DON'T go much on spending my leisure time in an idle way," said Oscar Stoffreiden, one of the oldest of the active Sandy Hook pilots, as he went aboard the Royal Mail liner Magdalena, which was ready to sail for Southampton via the West Indies. "I'll let the other fellows do that if they want to, but if I get a chance I like to be reading my Bible or preaching at the Seamen's Mission."

For all his 65 years Mr. Stoffreiden, who is of German parentage, is still keen of sight and stalwart of body and takes his regular turn at boarding ships with men thirty years or so younger.

Never having used tobacco or alcohol the "praying pilot," as he is called, attributes to this his good health and long service. Although 70 is the retiring age for pilots, he declares that he would like to serve until he is 80 at least. He became a pilot when the schooners went 600 or 700 miles to the eastward for their ships and he can spin a thrilling yarn or two about those gallant little ships and the races they used to have down to Cape Sable.

WHY NOT PLAN TO MAKE NEW YORK STREETS BEAUTIFUL?

Examples From Paris and Berlin Suggested by Mrs. Peter Cooper Hewitt's Decision to Build on Cathedral Parkway—One Solution of the Billboard Problem

THE possibilities for street adornment through the beautification of the elevated railroad structure in Cathedral Parkway, as suggested by Louis Keller of the Social Register in an interview in THE SUN, has aroused general interest. The opinion has been expressed that Mrs. Peter Cooper Hewitt's decision to build a new home at Cathedral Parkway and Lenox avenue, overlooking Central Park, in the hope that this may eventually be made one of the most beautiful avenues in the world, gives the city an uncommon opportunity to work for the systematic adornment of a given neighborhood along businesslike lines.

"We are constantly excusing our neglect of certain districts of this city on the ground that they came into existence when the city was very young and were permitted to spring up haphazard without regard to their effect on the eye," said a New Yorker who returned recently from a European trip. "If we overlook the opportunity now presented we will be able to offer no such excuse in the future. We should treat this Cathedral Parkway neighborhood as a new community and map out a plan of action in the very beginning."

"Much of the aesthetic charm of Paris lies in the fact that the French people understand the principle of neighborhood in architecture and have demonstrated both its practical and its artistic value. Most modern buildings in Paris have a definite architectural value. "Mrs. Hewitt with a discrimination that merits emulation has planned a house exactly fitted to its peculiar environment. She purposes building it on a terrace with beautiful grounds and gardens—an ideal arrangement for a property overlooking the park. The municipality probably would not feel justified in regulating by ordinance the

character of other buildings in the neighborhood, but it should encourage the owners of adjacent ground to make contributions to the harmony of the picture. Mrs. Hewitt herself invites this cooperation.

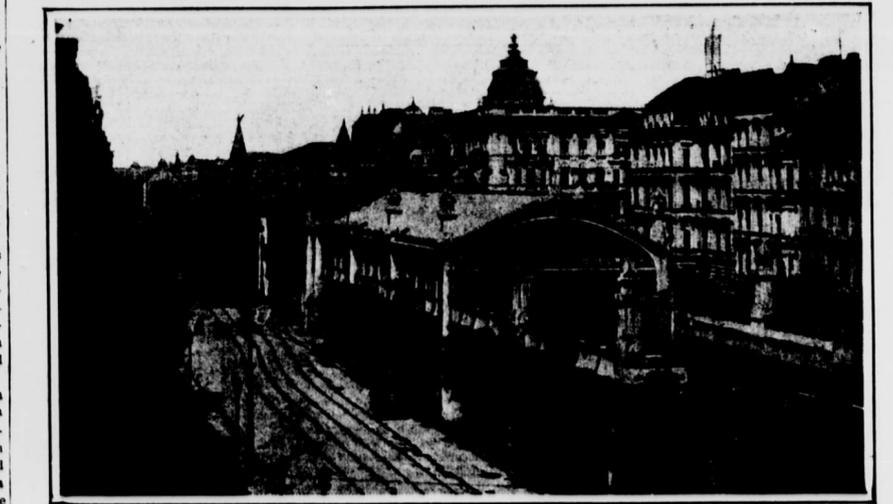
"Now as to the suggested beautification of the elevated railroad structure. We may well follow the example of Berlin and Paris in this regard. The less sightly parts of the elevated line in the Prussian capital are hidden by rows of trees and posts and girders are gracefully designed. Some of the stations themselves have actually been de-

signed with an eye to the beauty and character of the street.

"Visitors to Paris will recall that elevated sections of the subway, notably that stretch leading from the Pasteur Institute, past the Eiffel Tower and across the Seine to Passy, are things of beauty by reason of the artistic arrangement of trees and shrubbery. Why not give the elevated structure in New York similar treatment? "And there are other ways of beautifying given neighborhoods which should not be overlooked. In Paris, when the exteriors of buildings fall to attain the

desired standard of attractiveness, the objectionable features are rendered as little offensive as possible. Walls which otherwise would be bare or covered with flaming lithographs are made to contribute to the general scheme of beautification.

"A Parisian built some years ago a six-story block facing the Place St. Michel, at the foot of the boulevard of that name. Its position, commanding a broad open space, offered an excellent opportunity for the work of an artist, but the front of the building, while presentable, was severely plain. So the



The elevated railway, Bulow street, Berlin.

The Missing Forceps

A SURGEON of national reputation not long ago recovered from a distant city which he had

DEAR DOCTOR: Perhaps you will have operated on me at the Hospital March 8, 1912, for appendicitis. I left the Hospital March 20, and during that time I began to suffer from frequent pain in the vicinity of the scar. Last month I had an X-ray picture taken, which you ever noted. I am writing you at this time to see if you can find out what value during my stay in the Hospital? If so, I would like to hear from you about it. With best wishes, I am, Very truly yours, A. J. [Name]

After soberly considering the significance of the letter and the patient's liberal-mindedness and sense of humor, the surgeon sat down and wrote this reply:

DEAR MR. C.—I am sorry to hear of your favor of recent date. I am sorry to say that I do recall very vividly the operation last March. In fact, I recall several sleepless nights, and you were lucky to get away with it.

I am at a loss to say what the trouble was due to, though I have some suspicion of it. However, you should have your home surgeon called in, and return it to me at once. I will take no legal action against you, but I shall certainly go to the Hospital to see you promptly. I am, Very sincerely, Simeon Ford

It so happened that the brother was a surgeon. Whether that had anything to do with the matter or not the surgeon possessed the temerity to write a going reply was not a little surprising. A few weeks later to receive a package containing the letter, forceps, somewhat tarnished and rusty, but none the less well preserved. The operator mentioned in the letter adopted a new wrinkle in his practice. Besides counting all instruments and sponges used in an operation before and after the operation, he counted each of them with a piece of paper at the other end of which is attached the operating table.

Simeon Ford's Close Shave

SIMEON FORD was standing in the lobby of his hotel the other day when a tall, portly, well-dressed man entered and leaned over the cigar stand, carefully examining the wares within before making a purchase.

"I know that man," said Mr. Ford. "His face is perfectly familiar, but somehow I can't place him at the moment; and I'm supposed never to forget a guest after speaking to him once!" Mr. Ford was evidently annoyed. He stepped across to the cigar stand, passed the time of day with the portly, well-dressed man and came back again. "Did you identify him?" asked the acquaintance to whom Mr. Ford had been speaking. "Oh, yes. He's the barber who has shaved me every other day for eight years. But this is the first time I ever saw him with his white coat off and his black derby on."