

INTERESTING SIDELIGHTS ON THE LIVES OF THE THREE JOHNS

Relating How John Barrymore Finished His College Education and Came to Broadway, New York

By FRANK WARD O'MALLEY.

BACK in 1899 when the now great theatrical producer John Daniel Williams was very young, his folks roped him and threw him and then sent him off to dear old Harvard University at Cambridge, Mass., where Johnny spent four years on the hoof.

At about the same time John (Jack) Barrymore was saying of Jack "Land sakes! Whatever will we do with that boy!" So they called a cop and sent Jack Barrymore over to South Orange, where the cop entered him in Seton Hall College. Seton Hall sent Jack to Fordham, Fordham sent him to Holy Cross, Holy Cross sent him to Notre Dame, Notre Dame sent him eastward again to Niagara University and Niagara sent him to Georgetown University, where Jack once again was fired.

But at Georgetown (dear old college days—what memories they recall!) the college authorities were considerate. They at least were thoughtful enough to give Jack Barrymore a carfare; so that, without being compelled to write home to the folks, Jack was able to jump aboard an east-bound open-work car on the Blue Car route and transfer in front of the United States Treasury to a New York avenue surface car that would take him out to the Catholic University, up on the sloping hills in the northern suburbs of Washington—hills high enough (so Jack was hoping on the way out New York avenue) to enable him to look off to the southwest toward the main building on the Georgetown campus and make faces at it.

Sombody, however, must have tipped off the Catholic University authorities; at any rate when Jack got out there late in the afternoon the gates leading to the campus had been locked.

Placing his brother Lionel's new and only suit case—Lionel had been permitted to remain behind at Georgetown and wasn't looking when Jack looked up—on the sidewalk Jack began to rattle at the Catholic University gates in an effort to get inside and matriculate. It suddenly occurred to him while banging at the gates that if there was anything in a rumor running around to the effect that travel is broadening, then he must unobtrusively have absorbed quite a sufficient chunk of education to answer all purposes during the years of cross-

country undergraduate study he had just put in.

Consequently after some thought he picked up Lionel's new suit case again and skidded down the hill in the general direction of the H. & O. Union Station and a train headed toward Broadway. So Georgetown is Jack Barrymore's alma mater.

What, one may ask, have dear old Harvard and Georgetown to do with a cold, calm criticism of Johnny Williams' production of, or Jack Barrymore's performance in, Johnny Galsworthy's play called "Justice"? Well, nothing much, except that with a foreknowledge of Johnny Williams' crimson career at dear old Harvard and of the brief Blue and Gray intellectual activities of Jack Barrymore at Georgetown it was somewhat of an abrupt shock to the cartoonist and the volunteer critic to find upon entering the Candler Theatre the other night that all the ushers were Yale men wearing uniforms of unmitigated Yale blue trimmed with gold.

Here was the first false note in Johnny Galsworthy's show—and the show hadn't started at all yet! The incongruous sight of Yale men as ushers in a Harvard show brought to mind memories of a day some years ago when Johnny Williams invited the late Paul Armstrong to have luncheon with him at the Harvard Club in West Forty-fourth street.

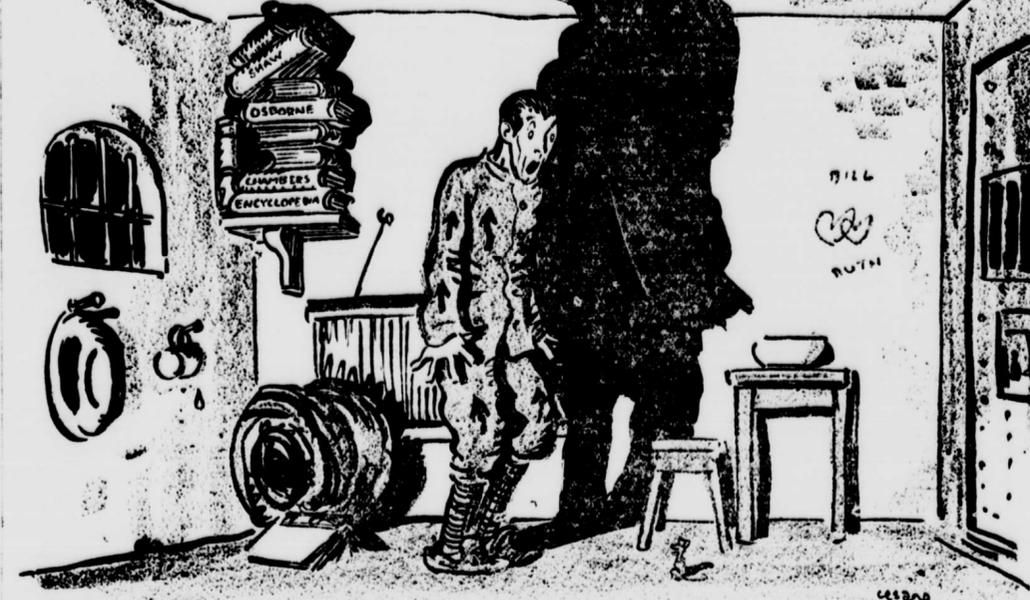
"Are all these guys sitting around here with their nose bags on Harvard men, Johnny?" asked the playwright, as he looked dubiously at the throngs of luncheon folk at the various tables.

"Certainly they are, Paul," answered Johnny Williams.

"And are all these waltzers Harvard men too?"

"Of course not," replied Johnny, "or of course not as a host you will well know reply to his guest."

"Well, why don't you get Harvard men for waltzers?" persisted Paul Armstrong. "They're not 'em in Jack's and Burns' and the Metropolitan, but mind memories of a day some years ago when Johnny Williams invited the late Paul Armstrong to have luncheon with him at the Harvard Club in West Forty-fourth street."



JOHN BARRYMORE AS THE JUNIOR CLERK IN "JUSTICE"

whereupon Mr. Cesare, who has a wide knowledge of many things, hollered across the arm rest between the seats that Moskowitz was "a foreign composer." They're not 'em in Jack's and Burns' and the Metropolitan, but mind memories of a day some years ago when Johnny Williams invited the late Paul Armstrong to have luncheon with him at the Harvard Club in West Forty-fourth street.

"Galsworthy?" repeated the cartoonist, sparring for wind. "Why, he's one of these gloomy Gus playwrights, a leader in the forlorn school of gloom, including the Scandinavian."

I had him there, for I happened to know that Johnny Galsworthy was unknown around Alf Hamman's office, or any place else on Broadway until one day toward the end of last summer the Christmas number of either the Metropolitan or Snappy Stories—I don't remember which it was now, but no matter—came out all choked up with a short story titled with the punch and signed by the then unknown name of John Galsworthy. Johnny Williams, being a Harvard man and all that sort of thing, said that the writer showed promise and said so not only to Alf Hamman but to the boys around the White Bats

clubhouse that night and often afterward.

"Yes, but does he know anything about the show business?" Alf asked Johnny Williams, who had hinted that he thought of going into the producing business himself, largely to give young writers a chance, and was seriously considering taking up Johnny Galsworthy as a starter.

Here was a poser. Johnny Williams looked up seeing Galsworthy's address and sent for him. Sure enough, Galsworthy didn't know a darn thing about the show business. He said, for instance, on the day of his first visit to Johnny Williams' office—this was a few months ago, or before Johnny's producing business had grown so large that he was compelled to give up his cramped quarters on Broadway and move to the more luxurious offices now occupies in West Fortieth street—some Galsworthy said on that day, for instance, that for the life of him he never could remember which was Alexander Carlisle and which was Alexander Carr.

"Well, if that's so," said Johnny Williams thoughtfully, "something must be done. Galsworthy, you gotta learn the technique of play building from soup to nuts. Hop a car running to Columbia University every day this week and listen to the lectures of Prof. Clayton Hamilton, who occupies the chair of playwrighting up at Doc Butler's place and also wrote 'The Big Idea' which you may have seen during its run at the Hudson Theatre."

Johnny Galsworthy hadn't seen "The Big Idea" because, so he told Johnny Williams, he was attending a firemen's convention up at Rouse's Point, N. Y., which kept him out of town during the entire run of "The Big Idea"—an item of no great moment, but listed here merely because as this is the first authentic account of the genesis of Johnny's play called "Justice" perhaps even slight details of the rapid rise of the brilliant young playwright may prove interesting to students of our contemporary stage. But one fact that is of moment is that young Galsworthy listened to Clayton Hamilton's lectures all week, read and studied, scene by scene, the script of "The Big Idea" each night.

Then, having mastered the tricks of the playwright's trade, young Galsworthy sat down and wrote "Justice."

Also How John Williams Discovered John Galsworthy--With Some Notes on a Cheerful Play

Another fault, perhaps not so glaring, but still bulging enough from the line of the stern verdict to bear mention occurs in the court room scene. An English jury brings in a verdict of guilty against Jack Barrymore in spite of the fact that insanity was the defence.

English juries may do that sort of thing, but it goes without saying that when the combined efforts of Johnny Williams, Johnny Galsworthy, and Jack Barrymore never will convince an American audience that in a real court a jury would put the rotters under a defendant when his own lawyer had distinctly told the jury while stammering that he should be insane before and since the moment of committing the crime but was suffering from acquired brain throughout the second required by Forze the Papers.

Mr. Justice Flood (Watts Clark), who is the Judge Rumpelstiltskin in the trial scene of "Justice," has a great help from the combined efforts of Johnny Williams, Johnny Galsworthy, and Jack Barrymore. The fact that "Justice" is, in effect, the text of Rumm's charge to the jury, "Gentlemen of the jury," says Wally Clark again in effect: Johnny Galsworthy's exact words slip me for the moment—before we begin. The fact remains, however, that what I have been beating throughout this trial until I've busted a clean dozen of inflated bladders.

"You will find one of two verdicts against the defendant here. He's sane or he's insane. Do you not see? If you find him guilty it will give me a great deal of pleasure to lock him in the house for three years and throw the key away. If you find him not guilty, then his place is a life sentence to one of those cages with a peculiar cage adjoining it into which the cinder block is thrown for an experiment."

"The Officer Cassidy in court? Stick around, Cassidy; these gentlemen of the jury will not be out long. To resume, gentlemen: if you find him not guilty, then he must be insane. The fact remains, however, that what I have been beating throughout this trial until I've busted a clean dozen of inflated bladders.

"I ask you gentlemen who remember the mustache Jack had been following up and down Broadway for the last few years whether or not he had had a lucid moment the day he decided to race the world's clean shaven? That day, gentlemen of the jury, was the last abnormal day in the life of this criminal at the bar. Therefore he is sane and sane. Therefore he is guilty. But if you are the guilty of the defendant before returning with your verdict, hold 'em, Yale!"

The jury staid on only long enough to shoot out the stage door and get a quick one up at Fiddler's night place of business near Forty-

BEATING FATHER TIME TO TUNE OF "WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?"

By JANE DIXON.

WHILE, where do we go from here?"

Familiar note, eh? You might ask or are asked the question a half dozen times a day. If you ask it or hear it less than half a dozen times a day you begin to be worried; you fear you are standing still in your tracks or you start to suspect that the party is dropping.

The password of the Great Army of

just in the attic and in its place is a box of some period or another. Those who are spreading arms that invited him after the bolts of the day were finished are not missed. Even if the head of the house were some Jew enough to sit down he is so restless that he would never use one chair for more than three minutes at a time.

To be strictly up to date you change your address at least once a year. Such is a sign of progress—and of a new

To These Syncopated Strains Marches the Great and Ever Growing Army of Restless Folk Who Know All Places But Home

in Grand Rapids antiquity. It is strictly on the level.

And now you know the reason why the neighbors who come and go with every string and autumn whisper behind their hands that the old fashioned family is dead from the shoulders up. These neighbors who pass in the night are really surprised to find that the joints of the members of the old fashioned family do not crack as they walk, that the women do not wear laces and that the men are not addicted to snuff boxes. Who ever heard of sticking in one spot for three generations? Some people are so slow that they would not know we had a war with Mexico unless Irving Berlin had written a song about it.

The other evening a crowd of the rabidly restless went out to cruise among the lobster layouts. The first stop was at a Fifth avenue hotel for dinner. No sooner had the waiter pushed the chairs properly forward than the plot of the party asked for a vote on where they should go for coffee and cordials. When the vote was all in and counted and the lobby station announced, interest in the dinner was promptly abandoned in favor of the next stopover.

They spent a few minutes over the last lap of a perfect dinner in a restaurant where art and society and adventure meet in an effort to be terribly bohemian, don't you know? But they could not linger long, because they had to scuttle around to the first night of a promising play.

It must have fulfilled its promise, this show, because it held them until almost the middle of the last act, when they had to ease out quietly so they could call their car before the after theatre crush set in.

By the time they reached a certain temple devoted to the worship of Terpsichore the theme of the show had been completely forgotten, and it is doubtful if one of the party could even recall the name of it. The women could have told you that Lou Tellegen was the big thrill of the evening, but there endeth the chapter.

Just at first the red and white checked tablecloths and the red and black chairs in the new night pleasure haunt chased away the spirit of restlessness. One or two of the party who harked back to the farm forgot the syncopations of the saxophone and the whirl of tulle and silver in the memory of other red tablecloths, the music of chickens cackling in the yard or frying in the pan, of buckwheat cakes and sausages and foaming cider.

But the valiant effort to give the daughters and sons of restlessness something different was doomed to brief success. Even red tablecloths and chic French maidens singing just a tiny bit naughtily songs no one understands cannot charm away the motif of such an evening—"Where do we go from here?"

It was time for the party to trundle along and watch the vicissitudes of a lady from Honolulu who understands the possibilities of a skirt of grasses and a set of pink toes and who plays these possibilities to the uttermost. Isn't it delightfully wicked—er—er—mean artistic? And aren't you just

crazy about anything Hawaiian? The collar over there is an antique and so beautifully simple and natural! Right here the party would undoubtedly have walked right out and left Hawaii in favor of a new thrill had it not been for the haunting note of the native maidens who gathered in a group and held the attention of the rabidly restless, no matter how hard they struggled to be on their way. Some restaurant manager or cafe proprietor is going to hit upon the happy notion of charming guests in their chairs immediately upon their arrival and fastening the chains with a time lock. This is the only way they can ever be kept quiet for longer than half an hour at a stretch.

Not even the lure of the hula hula had the effect of the chains lately recommended. The harassed waiter was sent on the center for the check and lost an extra bill by way of a tip because his schedule was not rapid enough to suit the plot of the party.

It was here pleasures of all night amusements gathered for the final fling. Pleasure became an art rather than a mere pursuit. Here were the orbiculae of Bacchus gathered in one gorgeous bouquet which, although the dawn began to tint the eastern skies with ashes of roses, did not so much as drop or lose a shadow of its brilliancy.

The rabidly restless toyed with the

best stay-at-home suppers, a yawn or so behind their hazy heads and looked helplessly toward the plot.

"Where do we go from here?" was the silent query they chorused.

The plot was at a standstill. For the moment he could not think of a snazzy place to go next. A dazzling brunette beauty with some of the carmine of an outdoor life still lingering in her cheeks came to his rescue.

"Supper we go home," she said.

"Home? Why, of course. Nobody ever thought of that, but it might be a good idea."

"Aw, we can go home any time," said the man with puffs around his eyes and bare spaces at his temples. Whereupon time and tide began digging the trenches around his mouth deeper, and he called to the chauffeur, taking in his hand a pair of gloves, "Drive us around the park, Joe; it's the shank of the evening."

The next night the rabidly restless

go out and do it all over again, with perhaps a change of location or two. And so the merry whirl which on "Restlessness" has become epidemic and ponder well on the guilty of the defendant before returning with your verdict, hold 'em, Yale!"

The jury staid on only long enough to shoot out the stage door and get a quick one up at Fiddler's night place of business near Forty-

random, not knowing whether they go for coffee. Under the lash of restlessness the party embark in an unending moment and the next moment they begin to look about for a new craft bound for some other port. The idea is to change the course every little while, to keep going to some different place.

A lady with a pale blue party cape and no sooner had she been vyan than she is sorry she did not decide on a



On the restless sea of matrimony.

Live Wives is "Keep moving." If you are much as wicker it when you try to break into the radiant ranks the door is slammed in your face. You find yourself standing outside among the scattered and spinous herds of the ill-fated.

For instance, take that insidious insinuation of every well ordered home the rocking chair. The rocking chair is an adjunct to family comfort is almost obsolete. Folks no longer find use for it. From a haven of refuge and repose it has come to be regarded as a cumbersome piece of furniture which takes up too much room and gets your shine when you are in a hurry.

The big armchair once sacred to the king of the house is now gathering



"Where do we go from here?"



The restless rich.

pink one. If she has a Pomeranian dog she secretly longs for a Scotch terrier. After persuading her parents to go to the mountains for the summer she is terribly disappointed because she did not choose the sea-shore.

The young man puts in years of hard work over his law books and spends the rest of his life regretting the fact that he did not study medicine. He proposes to Alice, the girl with the golden hair and domestic tastes, and every time he sees Helen, the girl with the black eyes and the career, he wonders if he did not make a mistake after all.

Perhaps you know that the latest popular phrase "Stay lively!" is now as dead as last year's leaves. It is slung out of the picture, passed away. The new one that has arrived to take its place is "I'm like the sea."

Well, any way, you are as fast as you can. And when you get there don't forget to ask, "Where do we go from here?"

Travelers' dream about on it at