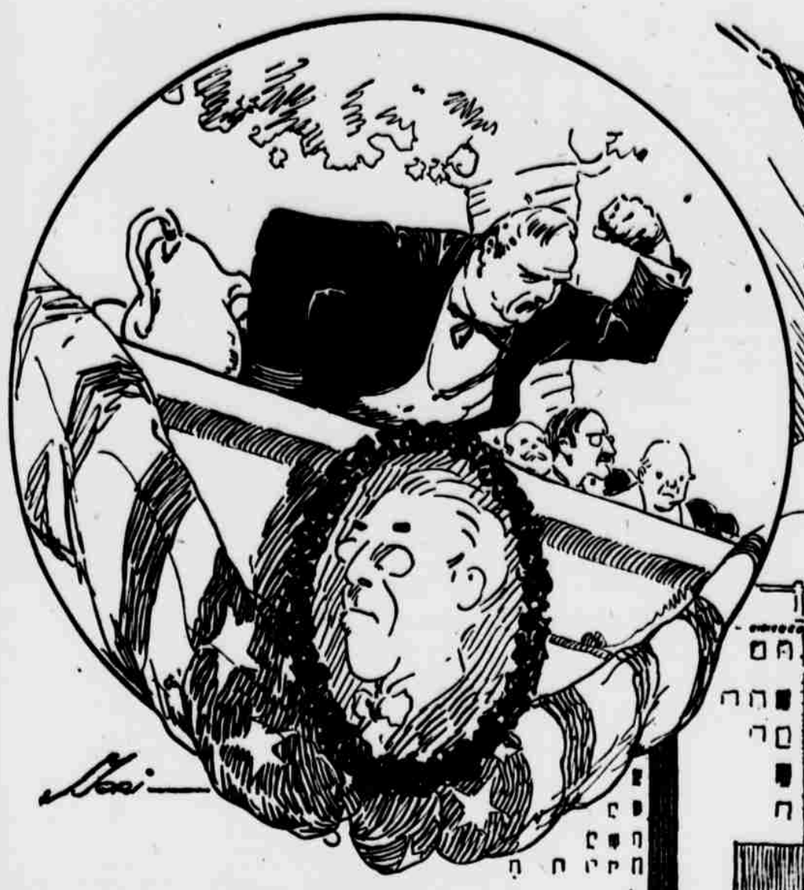
KEEPING NEW YORK OUT IN THE HOT AIR OF ORATORY



New York's method of saving the nation differs only in degree from that of the small town you used to know.

Impressions of the Big Once-in-Four-Years Show, "Saving the Nation," as Played on Broadway

By FRANK WARD O'MALLEY.

AS the score card merchant remarks steadily around the entrance to the Polo Grounds, "Yuh gotta git a score card tuh foller the game—onny fy cense, gense!" And yuh gotta lamp this here glossary which follows too, or you will be unable properly to grasp the finer points of the dissertation below on Manhattan's method (which differs from the Scranton or Manasquan or South Bend method in degree only, not in kind) of saving the nation once every four years.

Here's the glossary then, of words (wolds) and phrases, which every curbstone campaign orator packs the length and breadth of Manhattan and environs in the tonneau of his wind wagon. The glossary is far from complete. It was compiled at great labor, however, right under the guns as oratorical patriots belonging to various "College Men's" campaign "Leagues" thundered forth at noon meetings by day or along street curbs by night on the general ag'in-the-government text that runs: "He's damned if he did and he's damned if he didn't"—only the orators pronounce it "diddin."

So take a look:

GLOSSARY.

(Compiled from Words and Phrases in Common Use Among Flivvertail Orators; Also a Translation of the Terms Into the United States Language.)

Anthoozyum—Fervor; enthusiasm.

Awbhunny—The capital of New York State; sometimes called Albany.

Ben Fischel—Helpful; occasionally pronounced beneficial.

Candutt—One having a yen for high office; a candidate.

Daz—Surname of the late Porfirio Diaz.

Deetails—Details.

Dis reck tecks—A compulsory contribution levied directly upon persons or property for the support of government; a direct tax.

Eachun Evrawun—An inclusive term for "each one" (which, of course, includes "every one") present; all orators and some writers, fearing that the phrase "every one present" might sound as if they were overlooking somebody in the bunch, reason that emphasis is gained by saying it twice, "Each and every one present."

Errespeck Tuhvur—Irrespective of.

Figgers N. Stisstux—Figures and statistics.

Fly Kawstthilivn—The excessive figures at which spark plugs, salt mackerel and everything is sold; also spoken of as the high cost of living.

Ishez (in Brooklyn Isshers)—Propositions which a fatheaded opposition pretend to believe are open to debate; sometimes called issues.

Juss Zwell—Just as well.

K'nom Muck—Economic.

Kons Dooshun—Whatever is still left of the Constitution of the United States.

Loose Taynyah (in Brooklyn Taynyer)—The S. S. Lusitania.

Meeksun Peeds—The proletariat of dear old Mexico; occasionally called peons.

Mistradd M'sun—The Representative who introduced the eight hour bill, a person named Mr. Adamson.

Muh kooms—Surname of the Democratic Senatorial candidate, Mr. McCombs.

Mopheezgrillahs (in Brooklyn grillers)—The riverfront statesmen, followers of the Hon. Charles F. Murphy, patriots whom the ill informed often confuse with the genus *Anthropopithecus*, or gorilla.

N. kump Parebull—Equivalent to the English word incomparable.

N. Nineteenhunnern—Literally, "In Nineteen hundred and——"

N'yaw Irk (sometimes Noo Yawirk)—The metropolis of America.

O'Murkin—A Unistatian, or citizen of the United States of O'Murka.

O'Pree Shayte—To esteem adequately; to appreciate.

Per Klayte—To pass through fine interstices; to pass through the sutures of the solid bean of the voter; to percolate.

Polsons—Manhattanese for the members of the well known human race, or persons.

Potty—A political association of citizens banded together to wreck or save the nation, according to the orator's point of view; a party.

Prugg Rum—A prearranged course of procedure commonly known to alumnæ of swagger seminaries and even in our very best circles (where a man also makes "an AD-dress" instead of an address) as a "progrum"; on rare occasions called a programme.

Pruss Perty—The financial condition of the country in case the orator's candidate is elected; also called prosperity.

Reck Annyze—To signify acquaintance with; to recognize.

Reegraan—A Southern river used by Mexican patriots to shoot across at O'Murkins and known locally as the Rio Grande.

Roon—The social and industrial condition to which the country is doomed in case a given orator's whole ticket is not elected on November 7; also ruin (rare).

Thai Eez—The nations fighting the Central Powers; known abroad always and here on occasions as The Allies.

Thissha Iz (in Brooklyn, Thissher Iz)—The issue is.

Tawl Rayte—To treat with forbearance; to tolerate.

Unkun Seevbul—That which cannot be conceived, is inconceivable; usually applied to the boneheaded statesmanship of the opposition.

Unnerstan?—An exclamatory interrogation inserted at the end of each phrase by orators desirous of learning whether or not the audience unnerstans what the deuce the speaker is talking about.

Up pawstfull speace—One who believes and teaches the doctrine (an apostle) that a severe kick in the slats should be haughtily ignored—see Bryan, Dan'ls, Henery Ford, Wooder O'Wilzn et al.; also turn to page headed "Peace, Pride, Prunes and Prisms."

Uppunnt—A low fellow, a poltroon (an opponent) or any other low lived dirty crook who opposes the political aspirations of the great statesman and patriot in whose interests the orator is orating.

Unforchunt—That which is not fortunate; e. g.: "Tuh put it milely, fellah citzens, the administratuv poley uv our uppunnts has bin un *unforchunt* blow tuh the O'Murkin Govmunt."

Whihmun (sometimes Charrzess Whihmun)—The family moniker of the Governor (Guvnur) of the State of N'yaw Irk (Noo Yawirk), the Hon. Charles S. Whitman.

Wooder O'Wilzn—The prolonged, quinquasyllabic, oratorical pronunciation of the name of the Democratic candidate for the Presidency.

Wirkmunz Kompsayshun Lah (in Brooklyn Lahr)—The statute known as the workmen's compensation law.

Wummz Sufferidje—The granting of the suffrage of woman.

U. Ertuh (in Brooklyn U. Erter)—The late Victoriano Huerta.

Yooze (sometimes Charrz Ovens Tooze)—The moniker of the odds on candidate for the Presidency.

Zebra (sometimes Thonnerbul Samyul Zebree)—The complete label of the Democratic candidate for Governor (Guvnur) of the State of Noo Yawirk, the Hon. Sam Seabury.

Is everybody set now? Very well then—let 'er go!

* * *

These are the days, now at apogee, fellah citzens, when this pearl of cities on the grand and glorious continent of North O'Murka—— Whoa! Concentrate! — more concentration upon the job on hand. Pause a moment until the roar of campaign oratory that had to be absorbed before it was possible to get this piece ready for the paper dies down in one's ears a bit. Hush! * * * Now then, to start afresh:

These are the trenmendous days, now at apogee, when the political spellbinder at least accomplishes one thing. He keeps the noon lounger of Broadway out in the hot air. And if curbstone oratory had done nothing else during this campaign Manhattan should ever remember with gratitude that, thanks to the day and night crowds which gather to hear the flivvertail statesmen, there has come into being again the first long haired Indian sagwah curb merchant (doubtless the last survivor of the great Kickapoo nation) who has stood under a Broadway flare light since William Jennings Bryan had all his hair.

The Indian medicine man is, or was the other night, selling his wonderful remedy from the tonneau of a flivver parked in Columbus Circle instead of, as in the days of old, the quarterdeck of an open seagoing hack. But the remedy is the same—compounded, men, from roots, barks, snake oils and herbs, men, known, my frens, only to the wise old squaws of the Kickapoo Injun tribe. In justice to the remedy it should be said that if anything it improved during its recent years of slumber. For in past days no claims were made for it except that it was good for man and beast, as an older generation will tell you—ask dad, he knows; but in its resurrected form it is beneficial not only to man and his ox and ass, but also is a positive necessity around the garage, a positive cure for all lung lesions that may develop under the enamelled hoods of flivvers.

Let us not, however, in our enthusiasm over this latest advance in the science of medicine be carried away from the main subject under discussion here this morning, the same being a dissertation on the political spellbinders of the street corners and indoor lunch hour meetings who in vast armies day and night oratorically save our nation.

Down along lower Broadway is the place to hear them shouli, and be shouted at, during the luncheon hour. But further uptown, especially between the Square and the Circle, is the first line of trenches at night, the trenches radiating out then through all the five boroughs, from Broadway even to Brownsville. Perhaps one should say especially to Brownsville, inasmuch as it was in Brownsville last Monday night that the eminent Pennsylvania statesman, patriot, publicist and uplifter of the downtrod and oppressed, the Hon. Harry K. Thaw, stood up in a tonneau and amid the applause of a grateful citizenry banked around the car and told the United States of North America that if it failed to pattern its conduct on next election day and vote the Democratic ticket he'd lose faith and everything in the sound sense of the republic.

Dad, who, according to the cigarette advertisements in the street cars, knows everything, will tell you, if you ask him, that from the first campaign he remembers, or back in Fremont's day, right up to the Presidential campaign of 1896 the spellbinders did all the talking. The patriots about to be saved just listened and let the man on the flag draped patform rave.

Then in 1896 along came bimetalism, sixteen to one and William Jennings Bryan, all wrestling and puffing and blowing over so much floor space in the hired halls that the crowd had to take to the sidewalks all over the land and make their own campaign speeches—usually to themselves, or at the most to an audience of one, inasmuch as everybody else along the block was so het up during that campaign that next to no one was quiet long enough to act like an audience.

During campaigns immediately following that argumentative one, however, Candidate Bryan gradually educated the voters to see that it was only a waste of time to permit two persons to talk at the same time. So everybody in time learned to shut up and let the hardy quadrennial candidate do all the talking from the day of his nomination until it was time to enter the booth around the corner in Jake the Barber's place and vote for whoever was running against Bryan.

Even during the three ringed campaign of 1912 everybody cut out sidewalk arguments except all Progressives. And then came the war. In a day the art of curbstone debate was born anew.

Von Kluck'll be in Paris before—Aw, chase yerself! He ain't got no more chance than— Well, why did Germany drag Europe into war? Answer me that if— Chermany? Gott, it was not Chermany that— Yer a liar. If Germany— But Belchian snippers fired from windows on Chermany's sol— Whatshel was Germany's soldiers doin' in Beljum? If Germany hadda stayed in their own durn— Don't you commence it! Don't you commence. Don't call Chermany a— Pow! Kaboff! Zowie! Mercy, officer, don't you see those horrid men killing each other? Officer, I demand that you separate them at— Zing! Kaboom! Bang! Gerrrrrumph! Clang-clang-clang-clang-lang! Woah! Walk the rest of 'em over to the Lost. Cassidy—th' wagon's left. Clang-clang-clang! Gangway! Geddup!

With every man doing his own curbstone edmundburke ten or twelve hours a day every day for more than two years past naturally argumentative oratory now is the breath of life to Manasquan, Manhattan, Scranton, South Bend and all points west. Therefore when campaign managers began to unlock the spellbinders' cages this fall and turn them loose from the Battery to the farthest Bronx, did the crowd that flocked eagerly toward the flivvers bandaged with the Red, White and Blue come to listen? It did not.

Take, for instance, the long haired young person with the six cylinder lungs who flivvered to the northwest corner of Broadway and Warren street a few afternoons ago with Wilson-Seabury placards plastering all that part of the car not starspangledbannered. He had a speech all prepared about the political side of the railroad question—I know, because a printed copy of it before me now is one of many he handed out wearily just before he chugged away again into the silences an hour or so later.

"Frenzen fellah citizens!" is the way he would have begun had circumstances permitted him to follow his speech as prepared, "I shull deetain yuh ony a momunt—other speakerz er tuh follah—with a few brief reemarks cuncerning the peepul n the railrows.

"Tuh begin with, muh frenz, the great railrows uv O'Murka are overcaplyzed by ut lease six billyunz dollerz. The presunt overcaptulzayshun—if the railrows be puhmittud a nett retoln uv six puh cent.—involves a nannual needless charge uv threehunnerh sixty milyun dollers pon the farmers, the small business men n the," &c.

But soft, who comes here? Vaulting the rails of City Hall park, scrambling madly from adjacent sidewalks, doorways and store fronts come enough patriots, each packing a private edmundburke of his own under his chest, to make a mess in no time.

"Frenzen fellah citizens," began the spellbinder dutifully when the excitement of pressing close to the tonneau of the flivver had subsided somewhat, "I shull deetain yuh ony a momunt—other speakers er tuh follah—with a few brief remarks concerning the peepul an' the railrows.

"Tuh begin with, muh frenz, the great railrows uv——"

So! This guy was going to tell us—US—about the people and the railroads, yes? That's his subject, eh? We're going to stand around here like a lot of rummies, what, and let this fathead do all the talking on a subject that we could write books about, are we? A fat chance.

"Tuh begin with, muh frenz, the great railrows uv——" The set speech ended there. The audience collectively had taken a deep inhalation and was set for action.

"Oh, you know all about railroads, do yuh, Mr. Spellbinder?" broke in the wiry little man under the brown fedora, who was first to step on his self-starter. "Well, then, answer me——"

"I mean to say I know all about railrows, muh fren. I merely——"

"Can that stuff. Listen: If President Wilsun signed the eight hour bill, and he's a friend of labor and wants to do the right thing by the workingman and everything and he wants to see labor get a square deal and everything like he says, why didn'tjou he sign the Nolan bill which——"

"The Nolan bill? I don't remember the deetails, muh fren, uv the Nolan bill. If yuh will permit muh, fren, to proceed with the remarks which——"

"Answer the gent's question. Answer——"

"Yas, the Nolan bill," the man with the brown hat managed to yell louder than the others. "That was the bill that made a minum wage of $1.125 for Fedral employees working for the Guvmunt and if your man Wilsun signed the eight hour——"

"If yuh don't think eight hours znuff tuh work, muh fren," interrupted the spellbinder a bit irritably, "why don't yuh go tuh Mexico? Now, frens——"

"Ef he did he'd git shot and killed and nuthin done about it by Wilza," hooted a rangy youth standing right up under the guns.

"My frenz, I reecall the Nolan bill now. As I was about tuh explain when intrupted, the Nolan bill entirely differed from the——"

"Gwan explain it. That's what we're waiting for. Answer the party's question. What thell did Presdunt——"

"Muh fren, if yu'll be kind nuff tuh shove yur felt hat in yur mouth after asking a question so's yuh can't ask nother till I've answered the——"

"Hey, Mister Speaker, you're talkin' 'bout economy in Guvment. Why is it when they's peepul starvin' here an' ev'rywhere, why is it, I ask yuh, we have tuh pay Presdunt Wilsuh fifty thousand bucks a year salary? Why don't he take a fair wage an'——"

"Muh fren, in the first place, the Presdunt has great expenses. He must do a lot uv entertaining. Furthermore, he——"

"Whonell wants a entertainer for Presdunt? Fer fifty bucks a week or less the Guvmunt could get a cuppla soft shoe dancers outta vodeville an——"

"Say, sport, answer this: If some one wolloped you in the right cheek dyuh think yud toin yer lef' cheek? Ain't that the policy of the present Ministration. Now I believe——"

"You ain't answered my question yet, Mr. Speaker. Where dyuh stan' on the quest——"

"Muh frenz, one at a time, pleeeease! One—at—aye—tilllime! Now, muh frens, the gemmun over there 's asked muh if muh right cheek were slapped would I turn muh——"

"Lissen, Mr. Orator: Why did Wilsun order tholty thousan' Murikins tuh git outta Mexico? Ain't this Guvmunt big and powerful nuff tuh puhteck its citzens in a jerkwater country like Mexi——"

"Muh frenz, yull have tuh take yur turn or well never get any place. I've been asked the question, if yhe right cheek were slapped until it was slapped away weight——"

"Polsy Pete! What dam' fool 'd stan' arount' till his hull cheek was slapped away? Ansur my question—why did Presn Wilsun order tholty thousan' Murikins tuh git outta——"

"Muh fren——"

"What did Presdunt Taft do—what did Taft do?" screamed a squaty man who had just clawed his way into range. "You ask this speaker about Presdunt Wilsun, greatest President we ever had——"

"Aw, bloney fer yours! Where do you get off? I'm addressin' this hon speaker in the ottomobeel. Where do you get off at? Fooey, fooey for yours. It was Presdunt Wil——"

"Presdunt Wilsun me eye! A Republican (Administration under Taft sent a telgram—Taft himself sent it—t' th' Guvnur uv Arizona follern troubles at Bugluss, Arizona, tellin' th' citzens along th' Reegrann River t keep away from——"

"Muh frenz, if I kinnot have order here I shull be compelled tuh——"

"Ansur th' question. Why did Wilsun try to——"

"Hey, Mr. Speaker," suddenly exploded a large gentleman who had been studying the spellbinder thoughtfully ever since the fat man had been able to wedge his way to the drinkin' line. "Ain't you the party that last year used to——"

"Mr. Spellbinder, whatta yuh got tih say about Sec'try Bacon's sayin' them Mexkin bums is th' same as Worshintuna's soldiers in the Revolutionary wa——"

"Cut it out—I got this bird," commanded the fat man with conviction so lusty that comparative silence fell upon the assemblage. "Say, Mr. Speaker, ain't you the party that used to holler about Single Tax stuff from a soap box up around Herald Square during the last campaign? Slip us the news."

"Muh fren, yuh have asked muh——"

"Ansur 'im!"

"Say yes or no!"

"Muh frenz, I'ee——"

"Can th' chatter. Th' gent 's asked a fair question. Ansur yesser no!"

And so the great speech entitled, "Th' Peepul an' th' Railrows" never did meet the air of Broadway and Warren street. It wasn't so much that the crowd was for or against President Wilson's theories or that it believed the principles of the single taxers were or were not incompatible with the principles of the Democratic party. The fat man had put one over on the natural enemy, that's all—the natural enemy in all street debates since the war began being anybody who tries to talk more than the party of the first part does.

He had a hard five minutes of it, the flivvertail spellbinder of Broadway and Warren street had, the first three minutes by the clock being devoted to trying to make his explanations of his one time single tax sine project further than his own shirt bosom and the last two minutes, when a semblance of silence had been obtained, to hemming and hawing over an explanation of why during the present campaign he had switched to the Democratic brand of street oratory.

In desperation he declared at last that he was only "for these two men" on the ticket—tapping the posters of President Wilson and Judge Seabury fastened to the flivver. The President and the Judge, he confided weakly, were "Single Taxers at heart." Thereupon the rabid Wilsonites in his audience waited abuse toward the spellbinder and he signalled the chauffeur to go away from there.

It's up around Broadway and the middle Thirties where rections than which there are no thanwhichers in all Manhattan begin to detonate after nightfall. Not only has that region, campaign or no campaign, its newspaper bulletin board war debaters, but it is also, year in and year out, the stamping ground of the Socialist and the woman suffrage speakers. Also the Salvation Army nightly attempts to inject sweetness and light into the scene, the lassies backed in by debaters who can prove anything. And now Democratic and Republican spellbinders have added to the ructicus there.

In two blocks, within two yards, one can be shown that Charles Evans Hughes ought to be arrested for daring to aspire to the Presidency, or that he was the greatest Guvnur Noo Yawirk ever had, and, thufore, will make the grandust Presdunt the United States uv Merka ever had.

In a space of two square feet or less a single orator will prove that German-Americans love Germany better than America and consequently are for Mr. Hughes, "Germany's friend," and, following the logic of Democratic headquarters, the same Democratic orator will go on to prove that if Mr. Hughes, "Germany's friend," is elected Germany will get so sore about it that the Kaiser and his cronies will immediately declare war on us.

And from the sweet logicians of the street corner and indoor noon meetings the proletariat learns further that it was all right to resent an insult by Mexicans to the flag to the extent of shooting Mexicans up at Vera Cruz, but that it would be all wrong to shoot up Mexicans to-day for the obviously lesser insult of killing American soldiers, business men, women and children.

One may get any proof of anything that one is looking for, especially at the shutin noon meetings along Broadway. Somehow four walls and formal rows of bright yellow camp chairs awe the audience to silence. But out in the street corner when the flag bedecked flivver slows up—ah, that's something else again. Fresh air means freedom of debate. Wherefore everybody joins in ecstatically, thanks to the long debate on war topics during the past two years; and they'll all measure their arguments by the thousands of heated words right up to the moment the polls open on the morning of November 7, when the debaters will enter the voting booths and mark their ballots the way they had made up their minds to mark 'em last June, or before the campaign debaters and spellbinders had begun to try to prove anything at all.

VALUE OF THE MORNING YAWN

By DR. L. K. HIRSHBERG.

STRETCHING seems to be the natural behavior of all creatures on waking. For instance, if you have ever watched a cat or dog waking you will observe that its first actions were to stretch. The minute the eyelids open a golden minute of conscious snoozing passes, and at last we stretch forth our arms in a lazy welcome to the coming duties of the day. This moment has been called even a critical time. How often has it been said to a child: "You must have got out of the wrong side of the bed this morning!"

All the higher animals go through certain exercises on first awaking. There seems a universal instinct which teaches that certain stretches, expansions and breathings are necessary at this time. The movements of animals on awaking are yawning, deep breathing, expansion and stretching. But men rarely take such exercises. As a matter of fact, man possibly takes more time, whines more and does less than any other animal between the moment of awaking and standing erect.

Although the stretch has been carefully explained by science, few know the real meaning. The stretch extends the body so that the veins, where congestion is most liable to take place and where pressure of blood is weakest, are so elongated that the blood flows more easily from the arteries, where the pressure is strongest, through the veins back to the heart, and circulation is equalized and stimulated.

The yawn is similar to the stretch. The yawn is a stretch of the lungs, while the stretch is a yawn of the muscles, and both express a hunger for oxygen. The half hour between waking and rising should be freshened by thoughts of joyous things—chuckling, laughing, stretching and yawning.

A series of thirty-one exercises have been advised, to be performed in bed. These begin with chuckling, taking a deep breath, stretching the arms upward and the legs downward, as far as possible—laughing from the chest; elevation and expansion of the chest, deep breathing, extending the legs and arms alternately, massaging the stomach with the hands, kneading the throat, turning and twisting the body, lifting the limbs, smiling and kneading the face and scalp, all these done lying on the back.

Turning face downward, the body is raised from the toes and elbows, the head is moved backward and forward. The shoulders are rotated one at a time. Deep breathing is done in a sitting position, and the muscles of the back and chest are exercised in various ways. The last five exercises are done standing, and consist of bending, extending the chest, and lifting the body on the toes. The final one is especially recommended for brain workers. It is as follows:

Lift the arms as high as possible and grasp a pole, which has been placed so that it can barely be grasped on tiptoe; let your weight rest upon the hands, and try to touch the floor with the heels. Then come the one minute cold bath and rubdown.

These exercises are usually the best means of removing the feeling of dulness, and should be coordinated with a joyous attitude of mind. It is an extreme step from the sphere of dense sleep to wakeful activity, and it is therefore very harmful to jump up out of bed and pound into clothes direct from the nocturnal peace.