

JOY OF SINGING STIRS DAN TO SOME REMINISCENCES

Going to a Recital in Brooklyn Starts Talk About Recitations of Old, the Evils of the Columnist and What Would Be Ideal Daylight Saving---'Gulliver's Travels' Reviewed Again

"We love our own music best."

By DAN CAREY.

THEY took us to a concert the other night. To be perfectly frank, we were deceived as to the character of the entertainment. They said it would be a recital. Now our idea of a recital is to have somebody recite something. Back home when you go to a recital you can reasonably expect to hear "Spartacus to the Gladiators," "Henry of Navarre," "The Impeachment of Warren Hastings" and things of that kind. If it is absolutely a first class entertainment it will conclude with the appearance of a fat boy and a thin boy in the quarrel scene between Brutus and Cassius.

But the lady who appeared the other night didn't recite at all. She sang. She used music which we had never heard of before and sang in a foreign language which we did not understand. We applauded vigorously at the right time, however, and so aptly applied our drawing room vocabulary, including "exquisite" (with the accent on the antepenult), "charming" (which is said with a little shake of the head as you look at the ceiling) and "beautiful" (we exhale strongly on the "u" when we wish to be impressive), that we were readily established as a lover of music and an admirer of the lady, which was of much greater importance.

Sings for Joy of Singing and Does It Alone and Unaided

As a matter of fact, we do love music, but, like every one else, we love our own music best. There is no one who can produce vocal strains that please us quite so well as those which come from our own throat. We do not wish an audience when we sing. We desire no plaudits, no flowers, no press notices. We sing for the joy of singing, alone and unaided. Our favorite concert hall is the bathroom. There in the early morning hours, to the accompaniment of falling water as it gushes from the shower, we love to burst into song. Then may be heard the noble notes of "Sweet Marie" floating through the transom, or, if we are in a particularly mellow mood, we entrance ourselves with "Marguerite." You remember the way it starts:

"I wandered down beside the babbling brook, Where every ripple speaks of thee." If your lungs are full of air and you are fully prepared for the event you can hold "thee" until the sound just naturally dies from old age.

Then another favorite song of ours is "Misereere" from "Il Trovatore." We heard Caruso and Frances Alda sing this once, and we wish they could hear us, because we could give them some points about the song that they do not know at all. It doesn't take two persons to sing this song. Now when we sing it we are first *Leonore*, and then we are Caruso. We answer ourselves. The first thing necessary for this song is to select a location. A grassy mound at the side of a creek does very well on a hot day. That young fellow that Gray wrote about in his Elegy had the right idea. "His listless length at noontide would be stretch." He was in the proper frame of mind. Then, with your hat over your face, just begin to sing. Any words you don't remember become immediately "dum, de dum, dum," and they fit in nicely if you just imagine they are Italian.

Jim's Experience Discourages Hasty Acts of Courtesy

The concert we were talking about took place over in Brooklyn. It was a nice, homely kind of affair, where "most everybody got acquainted, but we forgot our native courtesy and didn't ask any girls if we could see them home. Jim Farnsworth, the moving picture man, had just finished telling us a story that put us on our guard. It seems a friend of his was invited to a party over in Brooklyn. He asked a young lady if he could have the pleasure of seeing her home. She was a visitor from the South and he wanted to be nice to her. She readily accepted his invitation. When they were calling taxicabs he asked her where she lived.

"I am stopping with my aunt, up on 28th street, in New York," she answered.

"Cancel that taxi," said the man. "This lady doesn't want a cab. She needs a berth in a Pullman car."

Presumably the girls all reached home after the concert, but we didn't take them. The distances in New York are too appalling for us. Of course if you look at the matter in a natural way New York is just like any other city, except that it is larger. But the largeness of it sometimes overwhelms one who is not accustomed to it. Here is a story that illustrates how large places affect those of us who are accustomed to dwelling in the open. Some time ago a party of us went up from Atlanta into North Georgia to see how the trout were running. We made our permanent base at Wallhalla, S. C., which is just over the line, and from there sought the open country. Wallhalla is an interesting little place. At the time there was not a three story building in the town and the population could not have been over 1,000, but they were regular fellows, just like you will find all over the United States, and readily told us of the good fishing streams.

One day we went up on the Tugelo River and about lunch time glimpsed a log cabin through the trees. The old fellow who lived there invited us to dinner, provided we would help split wood and wash dishes, and he treated us royally. We asked him where he was from.

"Born right here in this cabin," he said, "and lived here all my life."

We told him about Atlanta and Chicago and New York and other places which we thought would interest him.

"Oh, I was to a city once," he said.

"Did you like it?" we asked.

"No," he answered. "It didn't suit me. I went to visit my uncle, but I didn't stay long. The big, tall buildings made me nervous. When I walked on the sidewalk I was always looking up to see if a brick or something wasn't going to fall on my head, and, anyhow, the crowds would push you off the sidewalk. I tried walking in the street, but drays and hacks and bugies were running up and down so I was afraid I would get run over. And then the noise of the place got on my nerves. It was fearful in the day, and in the nighttime I couldn't sleep. I stayed just two days in

the city, and then I came on back to the mountains again, and I have been here ever since."

"Well, what city did you visit?" we asked.

"Wallhalla," he answered.

So, you see, it's all a matter of relativity, as Dr. Einstein would say.

THE greatest evil in New York to-day are the columnists. Some day when we haven't anything else to do we are going to organize a new association. It will be called the National Association for the Suppression of Columnists. Understand, we are not talking about Pageists, *W* Sunday Pageists are a fairly decent lot, and we should be allowed to survive. Our stuff is of the "read it or let it alone" kind. What we Pageists write is sufficiently rotten to enable the reader to discontinue after any paragraph without a sense of loss. He has not missed anything very much if he throws his paper aside.

It is far different with the columnist. We don't mind calling them by name a bit. We are referring to such chaps as Don Marquis, Chris Morley, Roy Moulton, F. P. A., Tom Daley over in Philadelphia and fellows like that who are producing the most scintillating thoughts in the world to-day. Now, there are a limited number of thoughts and bright sayings which can be evolved upon any given subject in any generation. These fellows are on the job every day, grabbing up the new thoughts as they flow in on the ether from other worlds and putting them into print at once.

The people have no chance at all. By the time a thought strikes them and they attempt to tell it to some one they discover that it was printed yesterday by Don Marquis. It is a most discouraging thing when a brand new idea hits you or comes to you in a dream at night to find that some darn columnist has made a joke out of it the day before.

What has the result been? Why, the people have stopped thinking for themselves. Instead of men conversing with each other in a natural manner about the topics of the



"These reformers must have a motive in taking the joy out of life; but what is it?"

day and exchanging ideas, every one is saying, "Did you see what Don Marquis said about—?" or "Chris Morley pulled one today that was a bird," or "Listen what Roy Moulton says about—." And so on it goes day after day and week after week until the people have come to rely entirely upon what these columnists say instead of allowing their minds to be free and open to accept the ideas that flow in to us.

Why, we have gotten into the same frame of mind and spend our hard earned money every day buying the papers, not for the purpose of digesting the news, but to see what the columnists have written. It is positively humiliating, and the worst of it is that these fellows believe they are printing their own thoughts and never think of giving credit to the newspaper men of Mars and Venus and Neptune and Uranus whose mighty brains have sent telepathic messages through the ether to the earth.

Of course, we know that Dr. Doyle will insist that it is the fairies who are supplying these thoughts to the columnists, but he cannot prove his theory any more than we can prove ours.

SO they are putting this old daylight saving thing over on us again. It's all wrong. The politicians have just reversed what the people really want, as they so often do. What we want is nighttime saving, more time for sleeping; less daylight and less work. Since they have found it possible to move the hands of the clock back and forth at will and make any kind of day they want, we suggest the following schedule as one that would be intensely popular with the people:

- A. M.
- 9:00—Daybreak.
- 9:30—Wife nudges husband and tells him to get up.
- 9:31—He goes to sleep again.
- 9:40—Wife wakes him up again.
- 9:41—He begins his final forty winks.
- 9:50—Wife wakes him up again.
- 10:00—He arises.
- 10:30—Breakfast.
- 11:30—Reports for work.
- P. M.
- 1:00—Lunch.
- 2:00—Reports for duty.
- 2:30—Boss comes in merrily and says: "Let's call it a day."
- 4:00—The curfew tolls the knell of parting day.
- The lowering herd winds slowly o'er the lea;
- The ploughman homeward plods his weary way.
- And leaves the world to darkness and to me."

Now that we have developed this new schedule for a day of work, we want to put the politicians on notice that it is ours



plied that the ignorance of the visitor utterly astounded him.

"And what are these three kinds of pie?" he would be asked.

"Open, cross-barred and kivered," would be the answer.

Sometimes they would argue and many have given Sam a liberal education on pies, which he would receive with open mouth wonderment, and then promptly forget when the next visitor came in. They all stood for it and the tips came rolling in.

Well, anyway, we asked Sam one night what had become of the parrot.

"It wuz like dis," Sam told us. "Yo' see dat parrot cage wuz right over de place whar Mister Branch sliced de ham, and it got so dat parrot couldn't say nothin' 'cept 'Arthur, cut de ham thin,' and it sounded fur de

and we do not want to see it incorporated in anybody's platform during the next campaign. We know it will win and we intend to use it a little later on for our own benefit.

THE world is progressing nicely. Once we operated by sun time. Then everybody went to work at sunup and remained at it until dark. They used to tell a story on Nap Rucker, the Brooklyn pitcher, who was discovered in Marietta, Ga., by Ab Powers when he was in charge of the Atlanta baseball club. They say that when Ab brought Nap to Atlanta for his tryout Nap took off his shoes before going to the pitcher's box. He won his game barefooted, but when he went out for the tenth inning he found himself alone in the diamond. "Come on, fellows," he called to the other players.

"Why, the game is over," one of them called back. "We've played nine innings."

"Shucks, we always play until dark up in Marietta," answered Nap disgustedly.

IT reminds me of a story that Uncle Bud Kernodle liked to tell. Uncle Bud was an institution in Atlanta at the time when Durand's restaurant was as well known in the South as Lookout Mountain. Uncle Bud said a man from north Georgia got off of an early morning train for breakfast. He was going out to the Central of Georgia. As he paid his bill he asked:

"Mister, how high will the sun be when No. 4 gets to Barneville?"

They once had a parrot in Durand's restaurant, but the bird began interfering with trade, so he was retired. Sam, the waiter, told a crowd of us about it one night. Arthur Branch was in charge of the restaurant at night and prepared the sandwiches for the early morning trade. Now Sam was one of those humorous, laughing negroes to whom life is just one joke after another. Incidentally he knew how to make a little money out of his humor. There was one saying of Sam's that never failed to bring a liberal tip from Northerners who visited the restaurant, and undoubtedly many tourists have told upon their return home of the three kinds of pie in the South. But they could tell anything they wanted if they gave Sam the money, and he usually got it. A visitor from the North would come in and ask for pie.

"Yes, sur, what kind, please, sur? We are servin' all three kinds er pie dis mornin'," Sam would say.

"What do you mean, three kinds of pie?" the visitor would ask.

"Why, dey ain't but three kinds of pie," Sam would reply in a tone which clearly im-

Bright Beams From Bustling Broadway

By FRANK VREELAND.

NEW YORK theatregoers nowadays are beginning to suffer the ravages of the *claque*, hitherto considered a European affliction. Statisticians have yet to compute how many patrons squirm on an average at every first night performance when some important nobody skips onto the stage and his coterie of friends, who wear evening dress as though they were one degree removed from waiters, clap so hard they shake the dust off the scenery. And all because his name happens to be in a little larger type than that of the scene painter for "The Girl With the Wandering Eye."

Usually this eruption of enthusiasm is so long that it takes up nearly a whole act in itself. This generally makes the majority of the audience sore on that particular player and inclined to shudder at the mere mention of his name. So he has to work twice as hard to overcome the acclaim of his friends and redeem himself in the eyes of the world for being hailed as the greatest little ball of fire ever.

Now it develops that some opera stars not only have their own *claque* but actually carry a troupe of hired hand performers around with them like a tame menagerie. An instance of this came to light at a recent benefit entertainment at the Casino Theatre, when a diva who was to sing for charity appeared with a dozen persons in tow who were to perform for her benefit. When the doorkeeper held up this royal *entourage* the prima donna had to explain to the house manager that they ought to be allowed in, as they constituted her own private thunder machine.

The performance meant nothing in her professional life, as she was singing without pay and the artists at a benefit are customarily greeted as cordially as a new Governor the first week or so after he has taken office. But the singer had been unable to resist the temptation to make it a dead certainty that the mere lift of her eyebrows would receive the reward of genius.

BOOTLEGGING is coming to be quite an honored profession among the theatrical folk—it may be said of some of them that it forms their only extracurriculum activity. And they are more luminous as moonshiners than as stars. A number of prominent actors on tour, in common with a number of wealthy men who travel frequently, have their own private alcoholic ambassador and first aid expert. It is the solemn duty of this hootch hound, whenever the company arrives at a new town, to track the hard stuff to its lair. Immediately after the hootch hound has flushed a covey of booze the star is heard to smack his lips, and presently is singing.

A subordinate male member of the cast is generally chosen, who can fit toward booze with the sure instinct of a homing pigeon. It has been found advisable to make sure that he is a good actor as well as a virtuoso of the vine. A leading black-face comedian is bewailing the loss of his special deputy collector for each port they entered, because for a man with such talents for carrying booze he was an awfully poor

world like Mister Durand was talkin', so dey had to send him out to de farm."

It wasn't only visitors from the North that Sam got money from.

SO they are going to take away our cigarettes and cigars. All right, but let them beware. We will find a substitute. We learned the vicious habit on rabbit tobacco, corn silk and mullen leaves, and if necessary we will return to them. Rattan isn't bad, either. When you smoke rattan you can blow your smoke through a handkerchief to show the other boys how much nicotine it has in it and it will always leave a yellow spot, one drop of which means instant death to man or beast, and if you don't believe it try it on the cat.

They must have a motive in taking the joy out of life, but what is it? Surely these deep students ought to know that the only things worth while in life are prayer, and

laughter, and love, and gentleness, and sons. Can it be they think when they have succeeded in turning our prayers to curses, our laughter to tears, our love to hatred, our gentleness to bitterness and our songs to discords that they will have reformed the world?

It is time for somebody to erect a "STOP, LOOK AND LISTEN" sign in front of the reformers, and, personally, if we were a professional reformer we would stop and do most of our looking and our listening in the direction of the wily young chaps who take positions as secretaries and as publicity agents at our expense, and who kept us fed up on the evils of the present social structure.

That is the only motive we can think of. It must be that somebody is making money or the thing would not continue.

Our Own Book Review.

GULLIVER'S TRAVELS. By Jonathan Swift. Dublin. Sedgewick & Johnson, Ltd., London.

THIS book may do no particular harm if its circulation be confined to those of maturer years and ripened judgment. When placed in the hands of children it becomes a menace.

The central thought of the book is decidedly einsteinish in character. The purported author, Capt. Lemuel Gulliver, says: "Nothing is great or little otherwise than by comparison." This allusion to the theory of relativity he attempts to prove by making a voyage to the Island of Lilliput, where he discovers the inhabitants to be about six inches tall, and later to Brobdingnag, where the inhabitants are about sixty feet tall.

In candor it must be stated that he falls entirely to put his idea across, mainly because the book fails to impress the reader with a sense of accuracy. To be plain about it, we believe Jonathan Swift was a prevaricator, even though he did hold the title of dean of St. Patrick's in Dublin.

It is this lack of truth in the book which makes it dangerous for the unformed mind. All of the reformers tell us that boys who read stories of bandits immediately decide to become bank robbers, those who witness a killing at the movies are headed for the electric chair, those who read chewing gum advertisements will become tobacco chewers, while a whiff of near beer will send any normal child to a drunkard's grave with a tobacco heart as a side defect. Ah, me, yes!

'Tis education forms the common mind; Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined.

The way to produce a real strong, healthy race is to prevent all the children from learning to read and write (which would at once stop the publishing of books intended to debauch them) and to keep them blindfolded until they reach the age of 18 (which would prevent them from seeing things which cause their destruction).

Well, this is the reason why "Gulliver's Travels" becomes a dangerous book in the hands of the young. The entire volume is teeming with untruths. Any child who reads it will undoubtedly make up his mind at once to become some character that is wild and desperate like a seafaring man, a playwright, a movie director or possibly a writer. Vice is a monster of so frightful mien As to be hated needs but to be seen; But seen too often and familiar with her face We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

actor. Not even the efforts of the star could save him from being fired, and now every time the comedian blacks up he feels he puts his face in mourning. Like Shakespear, that player couldn't act as well as he could produce the goods.

A DETECTIVE sergeant, prominent in the Police Department, who has played a conspicuous part in solving several murders, is not so adept at detecting and curbing his own impulses. He is fond of playing practical jokes on his acquaintances, and, like most practical jokers, he is very touchy about having them played on him, for then such pranks become almost as heinous in his sight as obstructing an officer in the performance of his duty.

One day at the Criminal Courts Building the detective played his favorite trick on an acquaintance, lifting a gold watch from his pocket with the tactful finesse of a regular dip. The friend discovered his loss, pattered about frantically and perspired freely. But that did no good until the detective decided he'd been funny enough and returned the watch, filling up on laughs as his friend restrained himself from bursting a bloodvessel.

The friend swore to be revenged, and a few moments later succeeded in extracting from the sleuth's pocket important papers necessary to convince the court in a pending case that he had been on the job and got the goods on the defendant. On taking the witness stand the detective discovered his loss, and it was then his turn to perspire, which he did promptly and copiously. After he had searched feverishly about the corridors and almost lost the power of speech the friend presented the papers to him, together with a little hand-tooled homily on practical joking, its cause and cure.

The newspaper men got hold of the story and printed it, and for a time the detective wanted to call out the militia against them. Then he invited out to lunch a reporter who was a particular crony of his—for lunches can sometimes be a vital part of a detective's career. Halfway through the meal the sleuth mentioned with the restrained calm of a volcano that he would like to spoil the present and future of the guy that first planted him in that story.

"I did," said the reporter, without even missing a stroke as he ate. The detective jumped up and pounded the table, a procedure for which he had the precedent of numerous historical crises.

"What, you did?" he bellowed. "You—" Then, unable to make the English language do his bidding, he buzzed out of the restaurant like a hornet.

And the reporter, instead of the Police Department, had to pay for the luncheon.

THE Bowling Green station of the subway is no longer the Promised Land, where pickpockets used to find milk and honey, or its equivalent in the pockets of wayfarers. It was wont—notice the literary style—to be a regular goid pocket for that species of the light fingered breed known as "lush workers," who would ply their trade on gentlemen lush with liquor. They would reap a harvest in the early hours of the morning, when the drunks who

were to change trains at Bowling Green would be thrown off a car by a kindly guard and would promptly sag into slumber on a bench. As the drunks piled up a couple of lush workers would sit down beside them and pursue their calling, while the inebriated person usually thought they were doing him a good turn by helping him to hold up his heavy head.

It was not prohibition that broke up these midnight parties. It was the dodge of the detectives in hiding in the motionless shut-train to South Ferry opposite, disguised as trainmen, and then, when they saw a dip putting money into circulation again, strolling across via the tunnel and catching the crooks before they had a chance to worry if another victim were coming along. So now this station is as pure as the subway can possibly be, and men had better beware when they try their customary nefarious trick of seeing if there isn't a loose piece of gum in the slot machines.

LEO DONNELLY, actor, was standing in the lobby of his hotel the other day when a man came up to him with a mat on his chin that needed only the "Welcome" sign. Despite the blarney undergrowth Donnelly recognized him as a movie camera operator he had known, so he wasn't surprised when the man accosted him, but he was taken aback when the acquaintance requested the actor to lend him a safety razor.

"Sure," said Donnelly, and took him up to his room and handed him a spare safety razor, though anticipating its return in a very maltreated condition. Next the man suggested that he could use a shirt without injury to himself. Donnelly donated one.

"How about a collar?" he inquired sarcastically.

"Yes—I could use that, too," Donnelly hung one around his neck.

"Anything else that strikes your fancy?"

"Well, yes. That's a nice tie you've got there."

"It's yours," said Donnelly. "Now, what's the plot?"

"Well, you see," said the man, "I've been locked out of my room for nonpayment of rent and couldn't get my things. And as I'm to be married to-morrow, I wanted to be all pointed up for the wedding."

A LITTLE while ago one of the big department stores discharged an errand boy who threatened, if he were allowed to go unchecked in his meteoric rise toward a merchant prince, to put a big dent in the store's trade if not force them out of business. He was underestimating them to their own employees. He had established a store within the store in several disused shelves, and was selling a wide variety of articles, picked up around the shop, to his fellow workers at a big trade discount. Trade became quite brisk, and the young man no longer had much time to attend to his own duties while competing with his employers under their very nose. His custom became so large that the store decided to take advantage of it themselves, and so in reward for his enterprise the youth was escorted into the great beyond.