Home---That's All

By TAD

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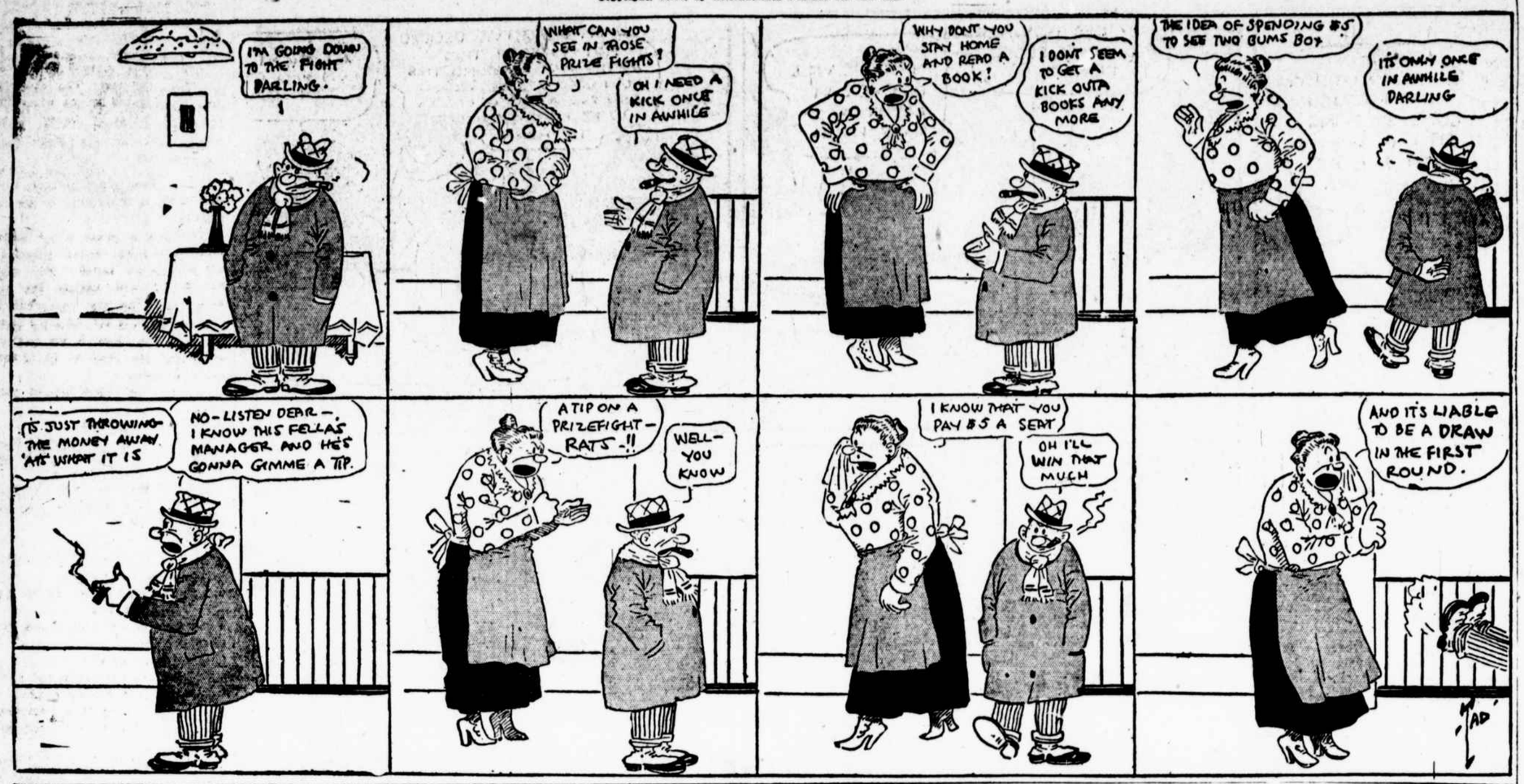

Quincy Todd on Publicity

By Roy K. Moulton

"I SEE," says Elias Q. Higginbotham, "that a well-known grand opery diver has gone and went and throwed her husband out of doors and started suit for a deevorce. And next day I see where she denies it, and the day after that I see where it is a fact and her pitcher is printed with every story. I suppose a lady like that just hates to have all this dirt spilled about her private life that way, and it must be very mortifying, indeed."

"Yes," says Quincy Todd; "it is very tough on those grand opera singers and others to have such stuff get out, and I suppose she hates this publicity so much that she won't pay more than ten bucks a line to get it into the papers if the papers won't print it for nothing."

"It is bad enough to have such a thing happen," says Elias Q. Higginbotham, "without having it get circulated around and git everybody talking about it."

"Yes, and how they do hate it," says Quincy. "If there are no United States mails or telegraph lines running to carry this news about these stars, they hate it so much they will not walk more than nine miles through the mud to get the news to the newspaper offices. It is very bad for any person on the stage or in the opera to get the people talking about them. If people don't talk about a star they will soon forget her and that, of course, is the ambition of one and all who are engaged in this business.

"An actor is never real happy until he can walk down the street incognito and have nobody know who he is or mention his name. If he ever sees his name in a newspaper he is fighting mad, and in that way an actor is almost like everybody else.

"The reason people buy boxes at the opera house year after year is because they hate to see their names in the paper as boxholders, so this hatred of publicity works on both sides of the curtain.

"Did you ever see an actor or a singer working to keep his name out of the papers? It is a pathetic sight, and the worst of it is he most always loses.

"When it comes out in the papers that an artist has got the artistical temperature or has done this or that which is out of the ordinary, that artist considers it a great disgrace and never lives it down. The only thing that could be worse would be to have the papers fail to find out about it.

"It ain't much sense to mention actors in pertickler. Everybody hates publicity the same way, but the actors seem to be more unfortunate and get more of it, somehow. It is one of the penalties of the profession. As for people in general, everybody hates publicity except a guy who is dead, and he generally has his carved on his tombstone. The feller that runs the marble and monument works is a purty good press agent and he don't give nobody the worst of it.

"There is a prizefighting boxer by name of Hon. James J. Jeffries who is getting quite a lot forgotten by the public during the past few years since a tan-colored gent by the name John Arthur Johnson fed him a left hooch. And so what will be sweeter than for this same James J. Jeffries to turn into an evangelist and go around preaching. Well, he decides to do this, but to his great chagrin somebody gets aholt of the information and gives it to some newspaper or other, and first thing he knows a lot of newspapers are publishing his picture and making remarks about what a great socker he used to be and so forth for one or two columns. This publicity is very bad stuff for him, and he gets so angry about it that he decides not to do any billysundaying at all if people are going to make so much fuss about it, and so he comes out with a denial which is longer than the original story. He is very anxious to let people know that when it is said he is going to be an evangelist, the same is not true and he don't deserve no such yarn. The story and the denial get him 6,547 columns of newspaper space in a couple of days, and what papers ain't got enough pictures of Jim to run two days runs a picture of Kid McCoy or Tom Sharkey on the second day.

"Of course, Jim is never thinking of any such thing as becoming a preacher, but some enemy of his somehow gets an idear he is thinking of same, which is a great insult to Jim, which he has a notion to haul off and start a liable suit for the same. All of which comes under the head of publicity, which does not harm nobody except the preachers. If it is not for this story, it is likely that a whole week will go by without anybody thinking of Jim at all.

"Among those who hate publicity the worst is the screen people. That is the reason no producer ever puts his name onto a screen—in letters less than two feet tall.

"Which reminds me of Hon. Horace W. Hanks, who lives in my old home town when I am a very young snipe. This Hon. Horace W. Hanks is a very retiring individual and is what might be called a modest violet in them days, which is before violets go up to $4 a hundred.

"When General Phil Sheridan, the great Civil War hero, ups and passes out Hon. Horace W. Hanks believes it will be quite an appropriate stunt for him to put up a statute in honor of General Sheridan in the public square of our town at his own expense for to perpetrate the name of Sheridan forever, although nobody in our town knows General Sheridan from a side of sole leather, except in a general way that he was quite a horseback rider and a hero.

"Well, Hon. Horace W. Hanks goes and gets a sculptor to study General Sheridan on horseback, and as General Sheridan is not in no physical condition to pose for this statute, Hon. Horace W. Hanks, he volunteers to pose, and so the statute is completed and is a very fine looking statute, at that and they have a grand unveiling performance of which our Congressman is the chief windbag of the occasion and all the speakers mention Hon. Horace W. Hanks in very fine terms, and if you do not know it is General Sheridan who is being honored and his name perpetrated you will surely think Hon. Horace W. Hanks is the guy.

"After all the speeches has been made lauding the public spirit of Hon. Horace W. Hanks and every speaker has mentioned Gen. Sheridan briefly, one feller getting him connected with the Revolutionary War, a little girl pulls the ribbon and the covering falls off'n the statute and there is the General sitting on horseback and he is a very tall, slim guy, too, very much like Hon. Horace W. Hanks except for the features and the uniform, which are more resembling Alexander Hamilton or Lord Cornwallis.

"When the draperies fall off'n the statute there is a large tablet in front, which can be read for half of a mile, and it says:

> Erected by
> HON. HORACE W. HANKS
> Our Leading Citizen
> And Presented to the Village of
> Hoppertown in honor of
> Gen. Phil Sheridan

"You can read Hon. Horace W. Hanks's name long before you get into the village, but you gotta take a microscope to find out about the General. If you are standing one block away you will also swear it is Hon. Horace W. Hanks setting on the horse.

"Which some folks are partickler and want to get their publicity one way and some wants to get it another, and there are a lot more who are willing to take it any way it comes, just so it doesn't forget to come.

"I don't know why Lloyd George has his hair bobbed instead of cut. Maybe he is afraid somebody will notice that it is bobbed and not cut. I don't know why some birds wear a white derby unless it is that they don't want to attract any attention. I don't know why King George had his pants pressed on the side instead of fore and aft unless it was he was afraid somebody would notice it and put his name in the paper. I don't know why some preachers are always knocking the theatres. Probably they are afraid somebody will hear 'em and run to the papers about it. It's a queer world, so many people getting in the papers all the time when they try so hard to keep out."

"I notice," says Elias Q. Higginbotham, "that a very prominent inventor has been asking a lot of questions lately of people so as to improve their efficiency, but somehow the secret gets out and a lot of newspapers come right out and print the questions and mention his name and everything."

"And," says Quincy, "I'll bet he was darned disgusted when they did."

Have You a Little Radio in Your Home?

MR. HOOVER says there are a million radiophones in private homes in this broad land. We believe Mr. Hoover is conservative. There are in our opinion at least ten million such phones and they are all working when we try to use ours.

The air is free, you know. Anybody can use it. The Standard Oil Company has not yet fenced it in and charged for it by the quart. This is coming, no doubt, but for the nonce anyone may use this air.

A radiophone grabs its messages from the ether. In that way it slightly resembles the synthetic hooch one gets now. Ether is the basic necessity.

When a message, which is out on its own recognizance, being on its way from Pawtucket to Oshkosh, has lost its compass, it will just as like as not poke its nose into your radio receiver and then you receive some secret that was not intended for you at all.

A secret on a radio is shared by several million people.

If you are talking to your best girl and you call her "Sweetheart" all the old married men who are sitting around the country with receivers in their ears, begin to howl with laughter and to yell "Boob," "Dumbbell," "Sap" and other pleasant names.

The other evening at 10 o'clock, when the daily weather forecast was read, the leather-lunged young gent who reads this report for the benefit of the whole East, said: "Arlington Observatory: Fair, with higher temperature and soft south winds."

"You're a liar," yelled several other voices, evidently those of men who did not believe the weather forecaster.

Some men sit at their radiophones until ten o'clock every night just for the privilege of calling the weather man a liar. They figure that they get the cost of their machine back this way.

"Lucille, will you marry me?" came a plaintive voice over the wireless.

"But," replied Lucille in silvery tones, "sure I'll marry yuh, but you gotta tell me who you are, ain't yuh?"

"Go on, Lucille," yelled a strange, hoarse voice over the radio. "Marry the poor fish and put him out of his misery."

"Don't do it, Lucille," screamed a shrill feminine voice, evidently from New England. "I married one of them cake-eaters once and by the way this bird talks he ain't in your class. Now, when I was going with—s-s-s-s-s-sa-sa-sa-sa—(a new voice) Miss Olga Yellowski, of the Beaver Dam Grand Opera Company, will sing "Silver Threads Among the Gold"—sa-sa-sa-sa—Dah-link, I am grow-ow-ow-owing O-o-o-o-oald—S-s-s-s-Silvah thr-r-r-eads among the-o-o-o Go-o-o-o-o-oald—(Break)—This is XYZ, XYZ, XYZ, XYZ—ninety-one miles off Ambrose Channel Light, steamship Exrtyuiopasdfghjkzx, (Break.) Repeat name, repeat name, repeat name, what boat, what boat?—Hogs dressed 29, on the hoof 12. Nine cars of beans arrived New York to-day. Eggs advance one cent, butter still strong.—Dah-ling-g-g-g, I am growing o-o-o-o-oald, Silver-r-r-r-r—Is this Ambrose Light?—No, you sap, this is Oscar Hoopgarner. I am trying to talk to Duke Dingle, of Poughkeepsie. Get out of the air. Is this Duke Dingle? I want five gross of flyswatters to-morrow. Send them by—Silver-r-r-r Thread-s-s-s-s Among the Go-o-o-o-oald—Prof. Hicks, of Hicks Institute for Hoookers, will deliver a five-minute address on "Where Do They Get It" s-s-s-s. Ladies and gentlemen, when I was a young lad my father use to take me on his knee and in a kindly way say, "George—Is this Ambrose Channel Light? This is the S. S. Ironic. I want to report that—Among the go-o-o-oald—George, he said. If any man ever offers you a drink out of a flask you say: Mister—also send four cars of corn and one car of potatoes—s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-sxt-sxt-sxt-sxt.

If there is anything your radio does not find out for you in the course of an evening there ain't no such thing.

Choose Your News

THE gang went up to Antigonish to hunt for spooks and killum.
The moving picture men went, too, to get them on the fillum.
But not a single ghost came nigh—
They're modest folks and camera-shy.

• • •

"A seat for every passenger," the subway crowds demand.
There's room for 10 per cent to squat, the other 90 stand.
It's rather tough, you'll plainly see,
To have to stand for I. R. T.

• • •

Three hundred thousand dollars' worth of rum concealed in fish
Was brought into the harbor to improve our dispoosish.
The fish, it just occurs to me,
Were pickled herring, probably.

• • •

Lloyd George has dropped the cares of state and gone on his vacation.
His enemies refuse to view this trip with much elation.
He's only fifty miles away
And trains run twenty times a day.

• • •

Will Hays has taken hold upon the motion picture game,
Or pictures have just taken hold of him—it's all the same.
He's got some job cut out for him
If he's to "humanize" the flim.

• • •

King George has given Count Lascelles the Order of the Garter
Because he had the nerve to wed the monarch's only darter.
He's got the garter, but, by jocks!
Will Princess Mary darn his socks?

• • •

We're scrapping all our navy yards, as we agreed to do.
We'd like to see the other nations do some scrapping, too.
When we have scrapped all ours, mayhap,
They will begin a regular scrap.

• • •

Six hundred new drug stores were opened in New York last year.
The business must be getting good, from all reports we hear.
They carry goods of all descriptions,
But specialize now on prescriptions.

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Popular Spring Fiction

"STRICTLY Hand-Tailored."
"French Pastry."
"French Ice Cream."
"Home-Grown Asparagus."
"Tickets Bought of Speculators Now Accepted."
"The Play Will Have an All-Summer Run in New York."
"Home Cooking."
"Original Broadway Cast."
"California Climate."
"Strictly Fresh-Laid Eggs."
"No-Profit Sale."
"Ten Barbers—No Waiting."
"Our Annual Spring Slaughter Sale."
"Performance Starts at 8:15 Sharp."
"House Only Three Minutes from Station."
"Everybody's Wearing Them."
"Farewell Tour."
"Twenty Miles to a Gallon."
"We Are Glad to Exchange Goods."
"Coolest Spot in New York."

Cogitations of a Cuckoo

IN spite of the taboo on poison gas, Congress will keep on spouting it.

Lloyd George has invented the sleeveless coat, but he is still fighting being a shirt-sleeve diplomat.

PERHAPS.

Japan is receiving
Large shipments of wheat.
Not going to war—
Just going to eat.

There may be a difference between married life and harried life, but the divorce courts never hear of it.

Every married couple should keep a scrapbook. There is always plenty to put in it.

One way to get rich quickly is to black up and get a job as porter on a New York-Boston train.

"Sleep makes one beautiful,"
Says an expert.
"It smoothes out the skin till it's flat."
But many a wrinkle
Had old Rip Van Winkle,
And he was some sleeper, at that.

One thing that is pretty hard to step on is a lady's skirt.

OUR WONDERFUL LANGUAGE.

Many a heavy tragedian is a little dried-up guy, and many a light comedian weighs 300 pounds.

Illinois Central conductors will not be allowed to wear their wives' pictures in their watch cases, but the wives will remain on the watch, just the same.

Critic says profanity is gradually disappearing from the stage. Perhaps, but not from the audience.

Sign in Park Row: "Umbrellas, $1. They Won't Last Long."

Were it not for his wife's hats the average man would dodge a lot of overhead expense.

The epidemic of hold-up men comes when it is no longer necessary for the average gent to be held-up on his way home.

Health Commissioner Copeland says silk stockings are safe for Winter. But not if they are where any chorus girl can get her hands on them.

Parting is such sweet sorrow, especially when a fellow is getting bald.

LIFE'S LITTLE QUERIES.

Two things I would find out about,
To solve them you're a sport.
Oh, tell me why is Marion Bent?
And why is Hazzard Short?

Who put the "con" in the conference.

When a fellow says it's the principle of the thing and not the money, we know he's the kind of a bird that will even hold out for the interest.

One of the New Species—"The Cake Eater"

THERE have been ant eaters, lotus eaters and pie eaters, but who ever thought we would have cake eaters.

The last of the species named is a young man of tight-fitting, "one-flight-up" clothes, patent leather shoes, yellow kid gloves, a shoestring tie and a six months' permanent wave.

He is the rabbit who spends his idle moments in a tea room sipping the intoxicating beverage from a saucer.

The ribbon counter has to be cleared off at eight o'clock, so our cake eater has to be on the job early, in spite of the fact that he has been polishing the letter boxes in the hallway until 3 a. m. this morning. A mint tablet or two gives him a raging appetite for lunch, and after punching the clock he can be found in the four-wheel restaurant ravenously attacking a feeble piece of sponge cake and a cup of tea. He then scraps up remaining crumbs into his hip pocket, leaving two for waiter's tip and eats rest of 'em for supper. A lot of young flappers are decoyed by the rattle of loose change in the cake eater's pocket, but find out later that it was only the stale cake crumbs jingling.

Between seven and eight-thirty the village druggist pays him 10 per cent to stand in front of drug store to try and make people sick—one woman got so sick looking at him that she had to be taken to the hospital and operated on for fallen arches.

Cakie then sub-chases a flapper for a couple of blocks and finally manages to steer her into a jig hall, avoiding the check boy by hiding his hat and coat behind the radiator in the hall. After necking for a few hours he flatwheels her home and they park in the hallway against the letter boxes for a couple more turns of the clock.

The janitor is the only one who appreciates these hallway lavelierers. Our janitor now puts his brass polish on the letter boxes and door bells before going to bed and in the morning he is sure to find them all nicely polished by the hall galloopers.

Some People Believe That—

As soon as they get off a train at Hollywood they will be hit by a custard pie.

Every guy in Wall Street with a pinchback coat is a financier.

Every actress in New York bats around nights after the show.

All the Frenchmen do is chase around with chorus girls in Paris.

People get drunk as soon as they board Atlantic liners and stay that way.

If a cigar is marked "Havana" the tobacco was grown in Cuba.

The only way to get stage press-stuff is by way of a scandal.

Every motion picture actor lives in a million-dollar villa.

The newspapers are always glad to get stuff to "help fill up."

Secretary Hughes is talking through his whiskers about the four-Power pact.

A "beautiful society bride" must necessarily be beautiful.

An artists' model always sits around restaurants without any clothes on.

Women don't care about smoking unless somebody sees them doing it.

No restaurant proprietor ever eats in his own place.

George M. Cohan spends all his time giving away his money.

Every married man in New York suffers with a delicatessen stomach.

Telephone girls and manicures know all the gossip in the world.

Nobody ever goes to Coney Island but boobs and boneheads.

No wife ever made a shirt for her husband that he could wear.

Colored persons always wear gold eyeglasses just for effect.

Every man who wears bone-rimmed glasses wants to look "lit'ry."

Margot Asquith doesn't know any more about America than when she came.

Every stenographer tries to vamp the boss of the office.

No private secretary ever bought a fur coat with her own money.

Every school teacher and professor in the United States is starving.

The Weather Bureau never gives out anything but bum reports.

Nobody ever got anything wholly paid for on the installment plan.