

On Broadway

By Walter Winchell

(Owing to the illness of Walter Winchell, this column is being written by Paul Yawitz until Mr. Winchell's recovery.)

Unapproachable Lady!

You are so calm, your gaze so cool,
So unperturbed your eyes;
If you have ever been a fool,
The years have made you wise.

Surrounded by a glacial wall,
The pattern of your life
Has left no room for pain at all,
No place for tears or strife.

Within a vault that bars despair,
You dwell, oh, sheltered one!
The rain can never enter there,
But neither can the sun!

—Naomi Shaw

Two of Nazimova's meowing rivals were dining at the Colonnades a few hours prior to the premier of "Doctor Monica," the other evening. "What, shall we do tonight, Mary?" the first one asked.

"We've both got such a bad cough," replied the other, "let's go to the opening!"

It was during the rehearsals of "Thunder on the Left" that Anton Bundsmen, the director, was disturbed by the persistent giggling of Charita Bauer and Mary McQuade, 9-year-old members of the cast.

Every few moments, the youngsters would cease their giggling and jot studious notes on a slip of paper. Bewildered and curious, Mr. Bundsmen approached the budding Duses and inquired: "Just what is it that strikes you girls so funny, and what are you writing on that paper?"

Charita dropped her pencil, drew up indignantly and replied, "We're writing in our 'giggles' of course!"

"Dear Paul," writes Pierre de Rohan, "now that all the others have had their say about the President's use of 'chisel' and 'to chisel,' you might settle the argument by pointing out that both the Oxford and Webster dictionaries have sanctioned their usage for over a half-century. The Oxford volume notes that this meaning—to cheat; to gouge—was first attached to the written word in 1808, and that it has been in general use since 1835, if not longer.

"Its first appearance in an American dictionary was in 1848, when it was adopted by Bartlett. But it did not reach full popularity until used by Ouida in 1863 in 'Held in Bondage.' This seems to acquire what explanation is there to offer for his use of 'loaned,' a word which does not exist in English?

Irving Kaufman reports that the rumpus on upper Broadway yesterday was caused by four German police dogs raiding a Hebrew National Delicatessen.

Paul Forrest vows a loafer is a fellow who takes 18 baths in succession because no one will help him out of the tub. Burton Cabot defines him as a fellow whose skin is so tender from idleness, he gets sunburned from a bright remark; and Franklin Boswell says a "loafer" is a fellow who dreams he is in a six-day bike race and, when he awakes, he immediately goes to the mountains for a rest."

Now comes the tale about the two parrots. One—a female—was owned by a minister of the community and was continuously in the habit of reciting prayers. The other—a male—was the possession of a retired sea captain and was notorious for his vile fits of anathema.

The old tar, wishing to gain the respect of his neighbors, called on the minister one day and complained about the language of his bird. "I've had him for years and I'd hate to part with him. Maybe you can suggest something."

"Well, what I'd suggest is that you bring your parrot to my house and I'll put him in the cage with mine," the minister replied. "In a short time your parrot should have an entirely respectable vocabulary."

The next day the parrots were placed together, and immediately the seaman's bird opened the conversation with, "Say, Miss, what do you say to a little necking?"

To which the other flashed: "Okay, what do you think I've been praying for all this time?"

Don Bestor's tailor predicts that during the coming winter there will be no change in men's suits, especially in the pockets.

Vivien Ruth, of Passaic, calls our attention to the reply of the First Columnist, Eugene Field, which he made to a would-be poet who had submitted a verse titled—"Why Do I Live?"

"Because you sent your poem by mail," was Field's notation on the rejection slip.

A noted Hollywood producer rejected an original manuscript by H. G. Wells with the complaint, "The plot's all right, but it's never been used before."

Subway Sequence: No. 1
How easily the years are measured here!
The young, before their stations even near
Jump to their feet and linger at the door;
We who are older rest a little more
And rise with all the crowd; if older still
We do not wish to rise at all until
The train has stopped. Then, someone holds our door
And after that we ride but little more...

"Some years ago I was told in Honolulu that the toast which has been paraphrased by Chicago drinkers originated with Jack London," writes H. F. Misselwitz of the UP. "The famous author offered it as follows: Here's to the four hinges of friendship—lying, stealing, swearing and drinking. When you lie, lie to a beautiful woman; when you steal, steal away from dull company; when you swear, swear by your country; and when you drink, drink with me."

Honor Among Thieves

You said I stole your heart—
I heard you with a smile,
Because, you see, I meant
To keep it quite awhile.

But soon you took it back
(And not so gently, either!)
Then I found mine was gone,
And I was left with neither!

I said, "Return my heart!"
You did so very gladly—
Which was fair enough,
Yet I've been treated badly.

Your heart went back quite whole—
Not even any creases—
But, goodness! Look at mine—
It's all in little pieces!

—Marion Koppell.

All in a Day

By Mark Hellinger

Odds and Ends.

Just how true the story is, I hesitate to say. But Jack Benny, expert stage and radio comic, relates it himself. So if there is any blame attached to the matter, let the blows fall upon Mr. Benny's noble dome.

Jack, it seems, has had a form of stomach trouble for many years. He has visited hundreds of doctors, and he has spent a small fortune in an attempt to cure himself. But the old tummy ache still persists.

During the vaudeville tour from which he has just returned, Jack struck a town that holds one of the world's famous clinics. The comedian pounced upon the opportunity to visit the clinic and ask the staff to study his case.

He was ushered into the presence of a distinguished-looking medico. The doctor examined him, h'mm'd a bit, and then nodded. "Mr. Benny," he asserted, "I don't know in what business you are, but whatever it is, you're working too hard. There's nothing wrong with you physically. Your condition is primarily a state of mind."

"Were I you, I would learn to enjoy life more. Go to the theater as often as possible. If you can arrange it, pack your things and spend a month in New York—on Broadway. You need recreation—and laughter. Laugh all you can. Laugh, and your troubles will be over."

The comedian gulped. "I can see you don't know who I am," he muttered. "I'm a comedian. Laugh? Why I make people laugh. That's my business."

The doctor shrugged his shoulders. "So what?" he snapped. "I'm a doctor, and I make people well. And I've got stomach trouble, too!"

I have a number of letters from people who wish to know how long I will continue to print Joe Green columns. I am taking this space to inform them that the contest is a thing of the past, and the last Joe Green column has already been printed.

I still have plenty of excellent stories, and I'd like to be able to print them. But, as the actor said when his eighth wife divorced him, enough is enough...

A ritzy chorine, who appears for a performance only when she feels in the mood, recently celebrated a birthday. One of her admirers, who bears the name of George, sent her a bottle of perfume—and around it was wrapped a \$1,000 bill.

"How did George treat you?" asked another girl.

"Not so hot," replied the ritzy mamma. "He sent over a \$1,000 bill, and a bottle of perfume. 'Gawd!' exclaimed the other dame. 'That's a marvelous present. What are you squawking about?'"

"Aw," was the amazing retort, "the perfume was terrible!"

Overheard in a hospital dressing room the other morning:

"It only takes a woman five minutes to squelch a man—but it sometimes takes a man a lifetime to find it out."

The news from Hollywood is that Fiorello LaGuardia, mayor-elect of the city of New York, has submitted a motion picture script for purchase. Suggested title, by Mrs. Guy Irvine, for such a script:

"I am a Fusionist from a Chain Gang..."

Just as old as it's good, is the story of the small dance band that was hired by the cloak and suiter who had suddenly fallen into a load of dough. The dancing was about to begin and the musicians were tuning up.

"Vot's dem noises you're makink?" shouted the host wrathfully.

"We're tuning up," explained the leader.

"Tunink up?" repeated the other man angrily.

"Six viks ago I engaged you—and NOW you're tunink up!"

The charming Mrs. Biow relates the story of the American senator who, while abroad, was invited to a dinner that was attended by a number of foreign diplomats. The senator was seated beside a youthful Chinaman and, for once in his life, seemed to be at a loss for words.

As a matter of fact, he didn't talk at all until the soup was served. Then he smiled at the young man beside him.

"Likee soupee?" he inquired.

The Chinaman smiled and nodded. The dinner went on, and the young man was finally called on for a speech. He spoke, of course, in perfect English—and did an excellent job with a five-minute offering. Then he sat down, and smiled at the senator.

"Likee soupee?" he inquired...

I wanted to devote an entire column to my thoughts as I stood as a pallbearer at Texas Guinan's funeral. But I'm not going to do it now. Everything that could have been said, has been said—and by far better writers than I.

I think the funeral took place exactly as Texas would have wanted it. Until the very end, she packed 'em in. The little chapel was crowded to capacity. Traffic was closed for five blocks around. Thousands and thousands of people jammed the sidewalks for a fleeting glimpse of the cortege.

Yes, that's the way Texas would have wanted to go. And I'm glad it happened that way. If I could get a final message to her, it would be this:

"Good luck, Tex. And if you get together with Larry Fay up there and open a good spot, save a ring for me and Winchell and me. We'll be seeing you, kid. So long..."

The Monetary Standard

Dollar, Guilder, Franc and Pound;
Paper, Copper, Silver, Gold;
Fiat Currency or Sound—
Much of all of these we're told,
Theories, both new and old
Fill my ears—but this I know
Money's hard to get and hold,
Slow to come and quick to go!

Experts sit the table round
Full of modest schemes or bold,
Using language most profound
Using figures hot or cold;
As their various plans unfold
I still find, and state it so:
Money's hard to get and hold,
Slow to come and quick to go!

While Economists renowned
Shape new systems in their mold,
You and I—though wealth abound—
Still will have our shekels doled
One by one. Our wives will scold
Over chronic lack of dough;
Money's hard to get and hold,
Slow to come and quick to go!

We're the dubs forever sold,
Be the budget high or low,
Money's hard to get and hold,
Slow to come and quick to go!

—Berton Braley.

MATTY'S MEMOIRS

CHAPTER XV

The Kaufman charges were framed up by friends of Mayor J. K. McGuire to discredit me at a time when I controlled the Common Council against him.

They came in the form of a special message from the mayor, unexpectedly brought upstairs to the Common Council meeting one night without any preliminary hint that they were coming.

I still have the message, which is dated April 27, 1896, and says:

To the Common Council:

A sinister but well-founded rumor is being discussed in public places, to the effect that the application of the Onondaga Lake Railroad Company for a franchise is being, to use a phrase, "held up" because its promoters refuse to pay certain aldermen a sum of money for voting in favor of said franchise.

Upon inquiry, I obtained the following interesting and startling statement from several of the directors of the road:

"That Mr. John S. Kaufman, as one of the promoters, reported at a meeting of the directors of the railroad, called



FRANK MATTY.

for the express purpose of hearing his report, that Alderman Matty had informed him that it would cost them \$7,000 to put the franchise through the Common Council."

Be it said to the honor of the gentlemen present, including Mr. Kaufman, they unanimously rejected and repudiated this infamous suggestion or corrupt proposition, and decided, then and there, under no circumstances to expend one cent for corrupt purposes.

The roll of honor, which will be preserved for all time, through this public document in the records of our municipal government, is as follows:

Austin C. Chase,
Patrick R. Quinlan,
Edward A. Powell,
Wing R. Smith,
Howard Babcock,
John S. Kaufman,
Bruce S. Aldrich,
W. Judson Smith.

In these days of corrupt practices in obtaining privileges and franchises, it is quite refreshing to find a band of railroad promoters who will accept a franchise on honorable conditions or none at all; they deserve honorable mention for abandoning the franchise.

In view of these peculiar circumstances, and the fact that the railroad is wanted by the people and is not opposed by property owners along the route, and the company expressing a willingness to pay into the city treasury a just amount or fair return for the franchise, your executive would respectfully urge that the franchise be granted.

(Signed) JAMES K. M'GUIRE.
Of course, there was no truth in the charge. So far as that goes, there was no truth in McGuire's statement that Kaufman told him that story, the way he put it in this message. It was cooked up, purely and simply, to retaliate because of my exposure of McGuire's connection with the Dailey garbage contract. I want everybody to be clear about this, because the record is absolutely clear. Both the district attorney, Jay B. Kline, a Republican—and the grand jury, always dominated by Republicans, made as searching an investigation as they could and publicly vindicated me.

When the charges were read, I turned over the chair to Alderman Lincoln and took the floor. First, I denied the whole thing, and called it exactly what it was—a frameup to discredit a man who couldn't be licked any other way. Then I demanded that McGuire turn the whole matter over to the district attorney, and meanwhile, I called in the corporation counsel—Charlie Ide was still holding over at that time—and asked him to tell the aldermen the history of that franchise application.

He said, in substance: "That franchise application is on my desk. It is there because Alderman Matty told me it would not receive consideration in here until it was amended to give the people of the city something in return for the privilege demanded by these men. He suggested several amendments, some of them providing for the return to the city of a portion of the road's receipts, and I am now drawing those amendments."

Good old Alderman John Regan jumped to his feet. He said: "This action by the mayor is unprecedented. It is a scandalous thing. Such a letter as this should not be allowed to appear on the records of the Common Council. We know the purpose behind it. I move we send it back to the mayor, rejected as unworthy of our attention."

Alderman Gene Mack was opposed to that. He said: "I think the president of the Common Council will be able to clear himself without our doing that."

But Regan was fighting mad, and he insisted on a vote. Ballard, of the Eleventh, one of the Republicans, joined him, and finally, without my saying a word either way, the Common Council voted to send McGuire's message back to him as unfit to be received by the Common Council. The only two aldermen who voted against it were Mack and George Freeman, of the Seventh. Freeman didn't want to hurt Mr. McGuire's feelings because he had some candidates for jobs that McGuire had promised to appoint, or he would have voted the other way.

Now, the real truth about this franchise is that John Kaufman, who was a sort of fixer for Colonel Chase and the other millionaires interested in grabbing off all these franchises, had rubbed me the wrong way when he brought in the application. He thought, because he had 12 millionaires on the board of directors, that he could order an ordinary alderman around like a flunkie. But that stuff didn't go with me. I told him the franchise would have to be amended so that the city would get some return out of it. He thought I was stalling for a bribe, and he intimated that \$3,500 would be available to "use where it would do the most good." I told him:

"You couldn't get a thing like

By FRANK MATTY
As Told to JAMES GORDON FRASER

conspiring to tie up the city for a gas and electricity monopoly. But I insisted that if he done, and Kline had to act after I had demanded in a public speech that he either vindicate me or put me in jail.

He called all the witnesses he could find before the grand jury, and a fortnight later, it vindicated me completely.

And yet, I do not doubt that there are still people in Syracuse who believe I was guilty. That is always the way it goes. If you are in public life, they are ready to believe anything against you, no matter how much proof is offered that it isn't true.

The Kaufman charges were only one of McGuire's bombs, that failed to explode. The subway franchise was another.

ADVERTISEMENT

NERVOUS WOMEN Take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

"I am so nervous it seems as though I could fly..." "My nerves are all on edge..." "I wish I were dead..." how often have we heard these expressions from some woman who has become so tired and run-down that her nerves can no longer stand the strain.

No woman should allow herself to drift into this condition if she can help herself. She could give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial. For nearly sixty years women have taken this wonderful tonic to give them renewed strength and vigor.

98 out of every 100 women who report to us say that they are benefited by this medicine. Buy a bottle today... and watch the results.

OPENING--NUDEEL--TODAY

TAILORS and DRY CLEANERS

BUTTERNUT AND NORTH SALINA STREETS

3-DAY DRESSES and DRY CLEANED and SPECIAL 25c PRESSED

Have One Dress Dry Cleaned and Pressed, and We Will DO THE OTHER ONE FREE!

HOW to get rid of that COLD QUICK



You'll say it's amazing what a couple of HILL'S COLD TABLETS and a couple of glasses of plain water, now and then, do to a cold. Relief is QUICK AND SURE. Because HILL'S gets at the root of the trouble and does three things necessary to break up a cold. Banishes poisonous matter from system. Checks fever and

eases away ache and pain. Fights off cold germs. You feel like a new person in a jiffy... and your cold goes in a day. A cold is too serious to trifle with. Get rid of it this PROVEN, FASTER WAY. Ask any druggist for the genuine HILL'S CASCARA QUININE tablets in the red tin box.

HUNTERS

BARGAIN BASEMENT

Festival Week of Sales!

Sale! Boys' SHIRTCRAFT Shirts & Blouses

77c each

Mothers—Don't Miss This Big Special!
Regular \$2 Values!

SHIRTCRAFT Shirts and Blouses are NATIONALLY KNOWN. Perfect fit—good tailoring and QUALITY materials make them OUTSTANDING VALUES.

• Pointed, Eton and Button-Down Collars.

• Materials: Oxford Cloth, Broadcloth, Crepe Broadcloth, Madras and Flannel—All fabrics pre-shrunk and fade-proof.

• Blouses have smart Ties to match.

• Colors: White, Green, Grey, Peach, Blue.

Sizes 6 to 14½

HUNTERS—BARGAIN BASEMENT



Here They Are Boys---Your

Hi-Top Shoes

\$1.99

Every boy wants a pair of these sturdy HI-TOP Shoes for winter wear. Double weight Goodyear welt, leather soles and heels—heavy uppers. All well sewn seams. Sizes 3 to 6. Black only. Limited quantity.

Knife Included

HUNTERS—BARGAIN BASEMENT

