

The White Way

MAGAZINE



Magion Davies



Shockingly Clever is
MRS. VANE'S PAST
By WILLARD BRADLEY

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WHITE WAY

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

The Shadow Shop	3
Mrs. Vane's Past	8
The Passing Show	15
Advice to the Love-torn	18
Editorial	26
Our Snoopy Reporter	28
Musical Musings	32
Jazz Notes	39
Cabaret Chatter	42
What Could Be Sweeter	44
Whizz Bangs	52
Footlight impressions	60
"What's New on the Rialto?"	63
Squawk Department	64

HATS

THAT ARE INDIVIDUAL

SAMSON

200 WEST 48th STREET

Miss Marion Davies



BEAUTIFUL Marion Davies, whose latest portrait adorns the cover of this issue of WHITE WAY Magazine, is not only one of the most important factors in movingpicturedom today, but is one of the youngest and most versatile film stars now before the public. Very few persons realize that Marion Davies has been in pictures scarcely a year. In this comparatively short space of time she has made six large productions which have established her throughout the world as a young woman of promising ability as well as a beauty of international reputation. She began when barely sixteen in New York in a small part in "Chin-Chin," after which she lent her beauty and talent to "Oh, Boy!" Then, a short time later, she became one of the most popular and sought-after girls in the Ziegfeld Follies. So popular did Miss Davies become and so many photoplay and stage offers did she receive that almost overnight she came to head the Marion Davies Film Corporation, Inc., for which she has made only big productions which have scored heavily throughout the country. During the coming year, starting September first, Cosmopolitan Productions will release its product through Famous Players-Lasky Corporation. The first big production announced is "The Dark Star," after the novel of the same name by Robert W. Chambers, to be released as an elaborate feature in the late summer with beautiful Marion Davies as its star. No girl in pictures today has a brighter future than Marion Davies, and there is no one who, in a short while, through her beauty and talent, has been accorded such unanimous public favor.



By WILLARD BRADLEY



By popular demand Willard Bradley, America's foremost authority among the many who write on the all-absorbing topic of motion pictures, returns to record his inimitable

impressions on things motographic for the delight and consumption of WHITE WAY readers.

He stands absolutely alone because of his superior knowledge of photoplays and their making; his experience embraces both the technical and artistic branches of the industry and many of his stories are included among the gems of the screen.

He was the first moving picture author to make a personal appearance before an audience as an adjunct to his own photoplay, upon which occasion one of the largest of the metropolitan vaudeville houses held two "Willard Bradley Nights."

Permit us to re-introduce Willard Bradley, editor, magazine writer, dramatist and photoplaywright!

* * *

TWO YEARS AGO, when S. L. Rothapfel was just beginning to make his name synonymous with all that was unparagoned in photoplay presentation, we likened him to the late Charles Frohman; but today we daresay that the name of that practical dreamer and indefatigable genius has reached into corners of the universe wherein the name of the beloved "C. F." was never even heard.

By dint of his untiring efforts in behalf of the artistic advancement of the Rialto and Rivoli Theatres, S. L.

Rothapfel has made his name a household word; and, while he was doing it, he succeeded in raising the once downtrodden, detested "movie" of the cinema's "delicatessen days" to a place in the sun on an even pedestal with the other arts.

We are tired of hearing the name of David Wark Griffith mentioned as the name of moving-picturedom; and, although we are thoroughly aware of all that the capable Kentuckian has accomplished, the fact remains that we would like to hear a little more of the name of S. L. Rothapfel; for he is the one bigbrain in Cellulodia whose successes are consistent.

* * *

In the July issue of Photoplay Magazine Universal has a full-page advertisement exploiting evatanguayish Priscilla Dean, captioned "Why should this beautiful person weep?" We are at a loss to know just why the "beautiful person" weeps, unless it is because of the atrocious stories she is forced to appear in.

* * *

We cannot conceive of any sane reason why Mary Pickford should spend forty thousand heart-breakers for a play of the quality of "Daddy Long Legs," and then turn the writing of the continuity of it over to a fair incompetent whose only claim to fame is the scribbling of a number of sugary solos for an ingenue of no particular ability and the fact that she began her screen career as a key-tickler in the offices of a Brooklyn film foundry.

THE SHADOW SHOP—Cont.

If the venerable M. Daguerre were alive he would most likely pay a visit to Alfred Cheney Johnston and kiss that necromancer of the portrait-camera on both cheeks. The reason? Ask Peggy Hyland.

* * *

Marguerite Clark has signified her intention of wearing her wedding-ring in all her future parts. Now, as Marguerite—or rather, Mrs. H. Palmerson Williams—usually frolics under the ghastly Cooper-Hewitts in the role of an **unmarried** ingenue between the ages of ten and sixteen it appears to our jaded mind that she and her pictures will shortly become the chief topic of conversation in more than one rubetown sewing-circle.

* * *

Now that plays by the Hattons are beginning to find their way to the screen let us hope that they will be put through a thorough purging process before being permitted to listen to the camera's song. The silversheet is already overcrowded with "productions" that glory in the usage of the adjective **risque**; and this because a clique of kuondam fish peddlers and buttonhole mechanics imagine that there is something lacking in their releases when they do not bring a blush to the carmined cheeks of even the most blase Sixth Avenue nevermind!

* * *

The screen world boasts but few **natural** actors; the rest are director-manipulated puppets. Edward Connelly is of the former class. His masterful portrayals of Marse Covington and Rasputin, the Black Monk, done years ago, remain with me like my first reading of Dante Alighieris "Divine Comedia" and my first hearing of Grieg's "Peer Gynt Suite."

We don't know what A. H. Woods has against the flickers. There must be **something**—or else why should he take Pauline Frederick, Mae Murray, Doris Kenyon, Hazel Dawn, Gail Kane and Enid Markey away from us? Oh, what an absorbing case for the Baker Street sleuth!

* * *

If it were not that we bear the reputation of being one of the shrink-**ingest** of shrinking violets we would inform the universe that the change D. W. Griffith has effected in "Intolerance"—eliminating all but the Babylonian scenes—was suggested by us, right out loud in public, in the summer of 1916.

* * *

Because a certain megaphone-wielder who affects hoot-owl glasses told Beverly Bruce that camera queens, as a class, are as totally devoid of brains as a boa constrictor is of hips, the beautiful little Scotch star has cut loose in the literary world; and, in order to prove to the directorial one that at least one of "set" is there with the old grey matter, has sold eleven short stories since the first of the year. "The Sleeping Woman," the last one from her typewriter to be published, appears in the July number of **Breezy Stories**, and is, we are given to understand, creating a sensation.

* * *

Gabriel certainly must be getting ready to blow his horn! The Famous Players-Lasky Corporation has actually managed to get "Peg O' My Heart" away from J. Hartley Manners for **less** than \$1,000,000, the price its proud author **demand**ed for it; and, what's more, Wanda Petit—or rather, Wanda Hawley—and not Laurette Taylor (Mrs. Manners) is to appear as "Peg." Stunned?

Send in the news, but be sure to sign your name

THE SHADOW SHOP Cont

The going-west of Sidney Drew, that splendid funmaker, brings to mind a most enjoyable few minutes we spent with him in his dressing-room at the Metro studio in July, 1916. We had just sold an eight-page synopsis to the Universal at a then colossal figure. Bide Dudley had told the world about it in his very readable column in the Evening World. Evidently the famous comedian was an omnivorous reader of Dudley's column, for when we entered his dressing-room he greeted us with: "Hello, old man; I just read something about you in Dudley's column. Is it true?" Expecting the usual congratulations, we told him that it was; and, to our surprise, the comedian answered: "Well, then, you ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

* * *

Next to the penquin-pedaled chapie himself Taylor Holmes is probably the funniest actor in the film firmament; but why his exploiters should expect him to wade successfully through five long reels with less than nothing to do the Lord only knows. To be sure, the stuff they have been handing him are "vehicles," but instead of being the twelve-cylinder limousines they should be, are trundling hansoms of the type that any crippled snail could outdistance in a two-mile race!

* * *

King Vidor, who has just attained the heights with his excellent production, "The Turn of the Road," has accomplished all that we said he would when he was doing the Boy City stories of Judge Ben Lindseys, and if he doesn't acquire the usual swelled head affected by those who walk in the high places, he will repeat over and over again.

It is with the keenest delight that we learn of the advancement of Harry O. Hoyt and C. Gardner Sullivan from scenario-writers to directors. We have had our eye on the former since he got his start with the old Kalem in the days when Alice Joyce and Carlyle Blackwell were co-starred, (only they weren't "stars" then) and the purchase record-card of the latter's first sale, "An Idyll of the Tennessee Mountains," produced by the Edison Company in 1913, reposes in a clipping-littered drawer of my old desk. Here's wishing them both mountains of luck! May they never produce a picture that will not be interest-compelling from the main title to the final fadeout!

* * *

We notice that the publishers of Motion Picture Magazine and Motion Picture Classic are to issue within a short time another publication devoted to motion pictures to be called "Shadowland," but what we do not notice is credit for the title which we originated in the fall of 1917; and while we're on this subject perhaps it would not be amiss to state that we were also the first to use the heading, "On the Screen," which is now enjoying quite a vogue in about a thousand different dailies throughout North America. We just mention these things to fill up space; that's all.

* * *

The Charles Chaplin-Mary Pickford-Douglas Fairbanks-D. W. Griffith organization seems to have its heart set on having Alla Nazimova join them, but as the little Russian eccentric has another year to fill in her contract with Metro, it seems hardly probable that "The Big Four" will soon become "The Big Five."

THE SHADOW SHOP—Cont.



BEVERLY BRUCE

BEVERLY BRUCE, the winsome, little Scotch camera lassie, is a *rara avis* among the damsels of Celluloidia—she is possessed of beauty and brains. The very last word in culture and refinement she is as much unlike the average Cooper-Hewitt coquette as black and white, night and day and Enrico Caruso and a Mulberry Bend tenor rendering "Vesti la Giubia" from *Pagliacci*, and when she speaks her language is as far removed from the Maggie Pepper and Aggie Lunch school as Nome from Johannesburg. She's a magnificent Rolls-Royce among a flock of rattling Fords.

A direct-line descendant of King Robert Bruce of Scotland, she was born and raised on a huge, flower-surrounded estate among the heather-carpeted hills just outside of Aberdeen. There, under the best private tutors in the United Kingdom, was laid the foundation of her exceptional education.

When she was ten years old her parents took her with them to Montreal, where she continued her stud-

ies in the most exclusive private school in the Dominion.

At the age of eighteen she made her debut in Montreal society, but, soon tiring of the endless round of parties and dinners, decided to be of more importance in the world than just a much sought-after, drawing-room ornament.

With little difficulty she succeeded in obtaining a place on the staff of one of the leading Montreal dailies as a writer of special feature stories. Her work was of such a brilliant, appealing quality that she was soon tendered more important assignments.

While interviewing a famous stock star at His Majesty's Theatre she became attracted to stage life. To such an extent that, a fortnight later found her a member of the stock company at the munificent salary of eighteen dollars a week!

Much against the wishes of her parents she continued her work with the stock company, playing with the best that was in her such parts as fell her lot, and, within a very short time, found herself cast in *ingenue* roles.

A few months later the star of the company became seriously ill, and she became leading lady, appearing with great success in such parts as "Tess" in "Tess of the Storm Country," Mary Turner in "Within the Law," and the Governor's daughter in "Alias Jimmy Valentine." She proved such a finished *artiste* that parental objection soon withdrew in favor of parental approbation.

At the termination of an unusually successful season Miss Bruce was tendered a fascinating offer by a prominent New York agent to head a stock company at a Philadelphia theatre. She accepted the offer, and repeated her Montreal success.

THE SHADOW SHOP—Cont.

When the season closed she took a "flyer" in vaudeville as the star of a dramatic sketch of her own writing.

Now, Miss Bruce is in New York seeking an opening in the movies.

With her wealth of natural talent and God-given beauty the producers should welcome her. Possessing every requisite to make her a film star of stellar variety, she will prove the "find" of 1919.

To those among the producing fraternity who hail from Missouri, permit us to introduce Beverly Bruce—Film Star.

* * *

Of all the mediocre pictures we have seen since the year of the San Francisco earthquake "The Spreading Evil" takes the tin medal. Crude, storyless, vulgar, miserably directed and atrociously "acted," it is now at the Harris Theatre after having gone over the jitney circuit. Better that the Harris remain dark for the summer months than house such a shrieking hunk of sprocket-cheese as "The Spreading Evil." It's—but why waste good, white paper?

* * *

Our esteemed contemporary, *The Moving Picture World*, informs us that Dolores Cassinelli's latest shadow sonata, "The Gutter," is directed by Albert Cassinelli. You haven't been keeping anything from us, have you. Dolores?

One afternoon last week George Arliss succeeded in placing himself in the same class with 'Arry 'Awker and the Wolf in Aesop's fable. The dear, old thing got up in the middle of an Alumni luncheon held in the gymnasium of Columbia University, and deplored the appalling fact that minds are dulled and intellects stupefied by those horrible "movies." And it wasn't so very long ago that the mummer was moving heaven and earth to break into "those horrible movies"; and, if we're not mistaken, Herbert Brenon was all set for the production of *Disraeli*, with Arliss in the titular role, when the discovery was made that he screened like Pittsburgh. Sour grapes are beastly things—what?

* * *

"True Heart Susie" is not a title from the list of the works quilled by Charles Garvice and Laura Jean Libby. It's the honest-to-goodness title of Griffith's last of his quartette of Artercraft hurriedly-mades. Street & Smith are asleep at the press if they don't add that title to their library of heart-broken literature.

Cleopatra, Messalina, Helen of Troy and Catherine of Russia were as temple virgins compared to her. Who she is and what she did you'll learn when you read

"SPEAKING OF VAMPIRES--"

By WILLARD BRADLEY

A story as light as thistledown and as entertaining as the Zeigfeld Follies. You'll find it in the August issue. Order your copy in advance or you may be disappointed. It's that kind of story.

Mrs. VANE'S PAST

By WILLARD BRADLEY

Here is a story by Willard Bradley in a new vein. "Mrs. Vane's Past" is so shockingly clever that it might have been written by Bernard Shaw. Its interest intrigues you to the very last word.

PERRY SAUNDERS—foppish, pink-eared, sartorially-perfect Perry Saunders—was of that more-to-be pitied than censured species of deluded male that believes every woman in life's mottled shop-window is possessed of a price-tag; in fact, with a lackadaisical twist of the waxed end of his infinitesimal, blonde moustache, he had often asserted: "The difference between the haughty damsel of Fifth Avenue and her humble sister of Tenth is that one sins for Tiffany diamonds, while the other is content with Woolworth rhinestones."

Having been fortunate enough to be born in a moneyed family, Perry Saunders, to use his own words, had found it no Gargantuan task to purchase all the affection he wanted.

But there came a day when Perry Saunders encountered in life's shop-window a woman who was tagged "Not for sale!" and, having never before met up with such an inconceivable phenomenon, was thunderstruck.

"Forbidden fruit," he said to himself afterwards, "may not actually be sweeter, but it seems sweeter, my little peach; so, if in the future, you find me hanging around your orchard waiting for you to fall, look out!"

The woman-without-a-price was the beautiful, charming wife of Rodney Vane, a broker who was fast becoming a financial power in the Street.

Before her marriage Mrs. Vane had been Barbara Kingsley, who, in spite of having spent her childhood days in a Tenderloin tenement in the com-

pany of a liquor-crazed father—she had never known her mother—had risen far, far above her former playmates on the social ladder.

She had been married to Vane for five years when she met Perry Saunders.

It was at a costume masque at the Hotel des Artistes, where she had gone, dressed as Columbine, in the company of a friend, Ellen Carruthers, a prosaic old spinster whose acquaintance she had formed while managing the flower booth at a Red Cross bazaar.

Thirty seconds after the appraising eyes of Perry Saunders, appropriately costumed as Mephistopholes, had taken inventory of the many charms of Mrs. Vane he was asking their lovely, unmasked owner for the first dance.

He was so captivated by his exquisite charmer that he danced with no else that evening; and, much to the keen displeasure of Miss Carruthers, who had taken an immediate dislike to the affected fop, he remained by her side every possible minute, leaving her but once, and then only to enter her as a candidate in the beauty contest; and later, when "837"—the number stenciled on Mrs. Vane's entrant's brassard—was megaphoned through the rainbow-colored, brilliantly-lighted ballroom and she was awarded the Golden Plum, the first prize, Perry Saunders was as proud of her as though she were his pet Airedale and had been awarded a blue-ribbon-at a Piping Rock show.

In the seventh heaven of delight,

Perry Saunders was telling himself what a wonderful girl—for Mrs. Vane was little more than that—was this American Columbine when Vane arrived from the office, where he had put in a strenuous evening going over the books of a suspected trusted employee.

Although Perry Saunders had not learned Mrs. Vane's identity and, in spite of the fact that she was possessed of a perfectly healthy husband who adored her, and whose adoration she all too plainly reciprocated, he left the ballroom immediately after Miss Carruthers and the Vanes; and, entering a taxi, ordered the bleary-eyed chauffeur to follow a short distance behind Rodney Vane's handsome Rolls-Royce.

The luxurious limousine, containing the most beautiful and most desirable woman Perry Saunders had ever seen, wheeled regally along Central Park West until it reached Seventy-second Street, where it turned and rode westward until it reached the beginning of Riverside Drive, a stone's throw from which an American battleship, riding at anchor, dozed in the argentan moonlight like a sleeping shark, and then darted northward along the breeze-fanned, tree-banked thoroughfare, with the trailing taxi following in its wake about a hundred yards behind.

Presently the huge motor car came to an abrupt stop before the entrance of a castle-like residence.

Perry Saunders saw, and ordered the taxi-driver to stop.

From his vantage-point of less than eighty yards, he watched the limousine's three occupants step onto the silvered pavement, and then be swallowed up in the sombre shadows of the mansion's pillared entrance; then, with the taxi-driver's stub pencil, Perry Saunders made note of the location.

The following afternoon Mrs. Vane was surprised to hear in the enameled receiver of her boudoir telephone the voice of her Mephistophe-

lian dancing-partner of the night before.

He was asking her to have tea with him at The Purple Candlestick.

Mrs. Vane laughingly refused the invitation, and before she rehooked the enameled receiver she was certain that she heard her diabolical dancing-partner's voice say "Damn!"

But Perry Saunders was not one to be squelched by so simple a thing as a woman's "No." To tell the truth, he rather preferred receiving a negative reply to his first invitation; he was a bit wary of easily-caught prey.

Mrs. Vane heard no more of Perry Saunders until a few evenings later, when her husband brought him home to dinner!

Perry Saunders had suddenly realized that he was interested in A. & W. Common, purchasing two hundred shares at par through Rodney Vane, of whom he had heard much about but had never seen before the night of the costume masque.

Seeing Mrs. Vane again only served to fan the flame of his mad infatuation for her.

The dinner, a decided culinary success, over, the trio repaired to the ornate, though tastefully-furnished, drawing-room, where Mrs. Vane seated herself before a golden-toned baby grand and, her dainty, tapering fingers dancing, fairylike, over the keyboard, played "The Moonlight Sonata" more beautifully, Perry Saunders thought, than Josef Hofmann.

Once during the course of the evening Vane caught his new client staring enrapturedly into the large, luminous eyes of his beautiful, talented wife; and, caring little whether he received the latter's promised order of five hundred more shares of A. & W. Common, thrust him a glance so withering that his immaculately-groomed client remembered suddenly an appointment he had at Grand Central Station within the half-hour!

As soon as he reached the pavement, after holding Mrs. Vane's

small, shapely, white hand a trifle longer than good breeding permits, Perry Saunders told himself that, in future, he would do his calling when he was certain her husband was at a safe distance.

The following afternoon, just as Mrs. Vane was preparing for a canter on the Central Park bridle-path, the maid brought in a card bearing the name of Perry Saunders.

For a moment she glanced absent-mindedly at the engraved oblong; then, bursting into a rippling little laugh, descended the richly-carpeted spiral staircase.

Looking more charming than ever in her trim little riding-habit, which served to accentuate the exquisite lines of her slender, sylphlike form, Mrs. Vane extended her hand gracefully, as she advanced towards her foppish caller.

"How do you do, Mr. Saunders?" She smiled bewitchingly.

This smile was Perry Saunders' undoing.

In another second Mrs. Vane was surprised to find herself locked in her visitor's arms and feeling his warm wine-scented kisses on her tiny, rosebud mouth!

She managed, after a strenuous struggle, to extricate herself from his distasteful embrace, simultaneously slapping him sharply on the face.

Perry Saunders staggered back a few feet from the force of the stinging blow, a sinister light in his half-closed eyes and a crooked smile on his sensuous mouth.

"I'll kiss you again, my lady high and mighty," he said, sneeringly, as he picked up his garish-banded Panama and backed towards the door, "only the next time it will be with your consent; in the meantime, I'd advise you not to say anything to your husband about what just occurred. I'm contemplating throwing fifty thousand dollars worth of business his way in a short time, and I'm apt to change my mind!"

II.

A fortnight, which was ages longer than the usual duration of one of Perry Saunders' affairs, had passed, and, instead of his mad infatuation for Mrs. Vane having diminished, it had seemingly increased a hundred-fold. He had not attempted again to see her, although her large, luminous, entrancing eyes, smiling roguishly, haunted him at every turn.

As wild, tantalizing thoughts of her raced rampant through his fanciful mind, he endeavored to concoct some scheme that would enable him to bring Barbara Vane to his feet. In this instance, he was motivated by more than his usual amount of desire, for his prey was not only indescribably beautiful but married, and actually in love with her husband.

But the good hunter seldom tires of pursuing and endeavoring to track down elusive, prize-winning game.

Mrs. Vane was, indeed, elusive and prize-winning; and Perry Saunders prided himself on his huntsmanship; likenesses of his conquests—both human and otherwise—adorned the four walls of his decorative elaborately-furnished "den."

He was just beginning to think there was little chance of his cornering his present prey, when his telephone, jangling harshly, broke in upon his hookah-stimulated reverie.

It was Amy Marvin, and she was asking him to join her in a spin through Westchester.

Perry Saunders neither liked nor disliked Amy Marvin—she didn't "appeal" to him—and he was just about to tell her he had another engagement when he realized the ride in the glorious summer air of the open country would do him a world of good.

"All right, I'm on"; he agreed in a tone that hid his real feelings in the matter; "that is, provided you promise to keep that little hell-hound of yours on the ground."

In less than a half-hour came Amy Marvin's familiar signal from the

street—a signal which she played on her siren whenever she drove around to take him for one of her hair-raising “spins.”

Amy Marvin was a woman somewhere between thirty-five and fifty who, for some undivulged reason, had never braved matrimony; though, to look at her, one not knowing her one would hardly address her as “Miss.” She had come in for a goodly portion of limelight by establishing, some years before, a home for fallen girls, modestly (?) called by her “The Amy Marvin Home,” which, to be perfectly frank, was launched and maintained more for self-exploiting, than philanthropic, reasons—the building, a huge, grey, many-roomed structure, was but a few rods from the main road, and passers-by could hardly miss the name “Amy Marvin” painted in three-foot letters of flaming red against a snow-white background on a sign atop the lady’s reformatory (?) institution.

Although the champion of fallen femininity had adhered to her promise of keeping her little “hell-hound” on the ground, she piloted it through the mazelike streets of the heat-beaten metropolis, out of it, and along the foliage-banked roads of Westchester at what would be, to lesser motor enthusiasts, breakneck speed.

“What particular neck-o’-the-woods are we honoring now, Amy?” Perry Saunders drawled between inhalations of a monogrammed cigarette, as the tiny, lavender-hued, bullet-shaped racer stirred up the powdery dust of a deserted, somnolent section of the open country.

“Grigg’s Township is its official title; and, incidentally, the institution bearing my name is less than seven minutes’ ride from here. It’s been a month since I’ve been there; so, if you’re agreeable, we’ll take a dash over.”

“I’m not agreeable!” Perry Saunders laughed, forcedly.

Glancing out of the tail of her eye at her immaculately-clad companion, Amy Marvin perceived that his face was flushed, and that he was puffing nervously at his all but burned-out cigarette.

“Why, Perry Saunders, you’re positively flustered, as sure as I’m old enough to vote!” Amy Marvin asserted, surprised. “What, pray, is there about the mentioning of that Home of mine to make you suddenly become the color of an over-ripe tomato? Do any of its ‘guests’ happen to be numbered among your former ‘acquaintances?’”

“Oh, Amy, what do you take me for, anyway?” Perry Saunders returned in hurt indignation, as, with an affected gesture, he flicked the ash from his cigarette.

“What a splendid actor the American stage lost, Perry, when you became a gentleman of leisure!” cuttingly rejoined the champion of fallen femininity, as she gave her undivided attention to the course ahead of her.

Presently the little “hell-hound” stopped asthmatically before the huge, grey building that was “The Amy Marvin Home.”

Reluctantly Perry Saunders followed Amy Marvin up a grass-banked pathway, pausing after he had gone about fifteen feet to light another courage-giving cigarette, and then into the building, the coolness of which surprised him.

“Come, Perry!” sang out Amy Marvin in a discordant soprano; “Come in here,” indicating a spacious, scantily-furnished room in the rear which served as the Superintendent’s office, ‘and I’ll show you something that even your blase eyes will widen at!’

Motivated by morbid curiosity, Perry Saunders followed his fair companion into the huge room; and, looking out of one of the open, French windows, he saw fully a hundred grey-clad girls, ranging from the ages of sixteen to possibly twen-

ty-eight or nine, engaged in various muscle-tiring, body-building games and diversions on the sun-washed, grassy grounds that stretched fully five hundred yards behind the main—and only—building.

"The greatest congress of crimson damsels, outside of a Broadway chorus, you ever beheld at one squint!" Amy Marvin said after the manner of a Coney Island barker; "Belles from Peacock Alley and Pig Alley, sweat-shops and show-shops, stenographers and lady's maids—you'll find them all out there, Perry, old shoe-string!"

Perry Saunders took a deep inhalation of his cigarette before tossing it away, and was just about to make some sort of reply, when Maria Ellison, the Home's prudish-looking, black-clad superintendent, a troubled look on her hatchet-sharp face, put in a solemn appearance, and obsequiously asked Amy Marvin to immediately join her in the outer office.

Realizing from the annoyed expression on the superintendent's unattractive face that something serious had arisen, Amy Marvin graciously excused herself—she could act the lady on occasions—and left her sartorial companion to his own devices.

Tired of watching the grey-clad flock of "fallen angels" on the green, Perry Saunders gave himself to inspecting the pictures on the drab-colored walls of the spacious, airy office.

His attention was attracted to a framed photograph on a level with his eyes on the sombre-hued wall.

It was a view of the Home, bearing the imprint of the town photographer and dated "August 17, 1912."

Scrutinizing the photograph closely Perry Saunders saw a face he recognized; in the foreground, attending to a freshly-planted rose-bush, was a girl, who was evidently wholly unconscious of the photographer's presence and that she was within

range of his camera, so naturally did she register.

When Amy Marvin returned to the spacious, scantily-furnished office, some minutes later, she noticed that Perry Saunders was nowhere in sight; but she did not notice the absence of the photograph of the Home, bearing the imprint of the town photographer and dated "August 17, 1912."

III.

"Yoki, put something lively on the victrola. Make it something jazzy like "The Montmartre Blues"; today's a red letter day for Honorable Perry Saunders!"

So spake the sartorial, lady-killing one to his stunted Japanese manservant early in the afternoon of the day following his eventful motor trip with Amy Marvin, as he attacked with great relish his luscious, sugared grapefruit.

Yoki beamed, as he fingered his decorative master's extra large selection of jacketed records, the music on which ranged from the classic to the ridiculous, in search of "something jazzy;" for he realized that this was to be another of "Honorable Perry Saunders' rare days when he didn't throw things and curse him in Tophet and out of it.

"How 'bout "Zig-Zag Fox-Trot?" asked the still beaming Japanese, upon happening across the disc bearing that uplifting title.

As the faithfully reproduced sounds of a typical jazz-band well-known to the nocturnal revelers of Bulb Boulevard smoted violently Perry Saunders' ear-drums, his spirit of unalloyed joy, born of pleasant anticipation, remained totally unruffled; he was feeling very much like a hunter who has succeeded in cornering in an inescapable trap difficult, coveted prey!

"Yoki, choke the victrola, and then 'phone Broad 9723 and inquire if Mr. Vane is in; then, as soon as the girl at the switchboard gives you

the answer, ring off!"

Yoki "choked the victrola"; then, going over to his master's telephone called the required number.

The lady-killer took a few hurried gulps of delectable coffee, a sinister light in his still boyish eyes, as he awaited the all-important answer.

Although the telephone was fully twelve feet from where he sat Perry Saunders could distinctly hear the switchboard-operator in Rodney Vane's office answer:

"Yes; Mr. Vane is in!"

That was the answer Perry Saunders wanted to hear. Without fear of encountering Vane he would call again on his haughty, fascinating wife, and, perhaps, succeed in making the latter dance a tune to music of his own making.

Yoki got his master's things, as the latter wrapped carefully a photograph which had once hung, framed, on the wall of the superintendent's office in The Amy Marvin Home.

Less than a half-hour later Perry Saunders was seen entering, in high spirits, the handsome Vane residence on Riverside Drive.

Knowing that Mrs. Vane would most likely be not at home—to him—if he sent up his name only, he scribbled on the back of one of his neatly-engraved cards these words: "I have a photograph that should interest you. It was taken August 17, 1912."

Quite confident that the haughty Mrs. Vane would, in a few minutes, be tumbled from her cloud-capped pedestal to his well-groomed, grey spatted feet, Perry Saunders paced anticipatively up and down the luxuriously-appointed drawing-room, twitching affectedly a waxed end of his infinitesimal blonde moustache, as he waited gloatingly for Mrs. Vane to come down.

In another minute the maid reappeared; and, with an ear-to-ear grin on her knowing face, returned to the astonished lady-killer his card—in twenty pieces!

For a moment Perry Saunders stared dumbfoundedly at the scraps of coated pasteboard in his outstretched palm; then, as the light of dazed comprehension broke through the black clouds of bewilderment, he snatched his garish-banded Panama from the maid's hand and stormed violently from the Vane residence, a fiendish light darkening the pupils of his seething eyes, a torrent of vindictive expletives pouring wrathfully from his lips.

Twenty minutes later by the clock on the Metropolitan Tower found Perry Saunders entering the heaven-kissing structure that housed the brokerage offices of Rodney Vane.

"I'll show her!" he said between gritted teeth, as the elevator catapulted him upwards. "I'll show her that she can't trifle with me, without getting burned!"

"Well, Saunders, old man," Vane boomed cheerily, as his brown, virile hand gripped like a vise the pink, perfectly-kept one of his foppish caller, "still interested in A. & W. Common?"

"My call is not a business one," the other stated gravely, as soon as he regained his breath.

"No-o?" Vane, surprised, eyed his tailored visitor and his neatly-wrapped package wonderingly, as he puffed expectantly on his thick, black Havana.

"No; not exactly!" Perry Saunders returned, as he glanced furtively about to make certain that they were alone. "You see—er—it concerns—er—your wife!" he finished, awkwardly.

"What about her?" Vane demanded savagely, his steely eyes flaming, his iron jaw protruding dangerously.

"Oh, nothing to excite you so": Perry Saunders drawled, becoming slightly wary of the other's attitude, "only she—er—happens to be in a photograph which I—er—happened upon—er—most accidentally!"

"Let me see it!" Vane commanded, his ire increasing, rather than diminishing, at his visitor's insinuating tone.

Perry Saunders coolly unwrapped the little package. He craved revenge, and decided to go through with it all despite whatever havoc his act would wrought.

"Here," he said, a triumphant gleam in his sophisticated eyes and the ghost of a sneer playing about the corners of his sensuous mouth, as he handed the photograph to Vane, "here is the little masterpiece of M. Daguerre's under-honored art!"

With one sweeping, lightning-like glance the broker took in every detail of the photograph and the legibly-lettered caption on the mount beneath it; then, his eyes flashing and his free fist clenched menacingly, he shot an enraged glance at his inwardly gloating caller, and snapped:

"Saunders, were it not that I would be put to the same amount of trouble as I would for killing a **human being**, I would toss you out that window without batting an eye-lash; but, as it is, I am going to **allow** you to leave this office **alive**. In future, if I ever hear you, or hear of you, mentioning the name of Mrs. Vane in any wise, the coroners won't be

able to find enough of you over which to hold an inquest. Now—get out!"

Vane watched the crestfallen, chalk-faced fop pass silently out of his range of vision, as if he were viewing the departure of some leprous thing; then, as his gaze returned to the photograph in his hand, the telephone at his elbow, ringing sharply, broke in upon his turbulent thoughts, and released the tenseness of his emotion.

It was his wife.

"Yes, dear"! Vane said, devotedly, his voice becoming suddenly soft, "he's been here and gone. I have the photograph and, if the negative is still in existence, I will get it if I have to pay five thousand dollars for it. There is absolutely nothing to fear." Then, as the seriousness left his deep, musical voice, he concluded lightly: "If you'll promise to be a good little girl, I'll be home to dinner thirty minutes earlier than usual!"

As Vane slowly rehooked the receiver, he raised his steely, soul-piercing eyes heavenwards, and exclaimed fervently, almost reverently:

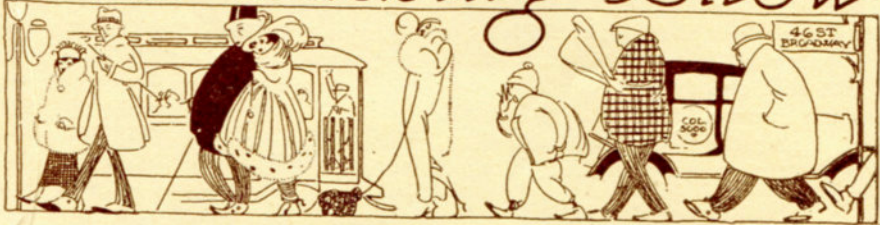
"Thank God, I was the man!"

The End.

All Rights Reserved, 1919, by Willard Bradley.



The Passing Show



MRS. LILLIAN CARLETON ORR is suing her husband, William P. Orr, for divorce.

This is the culmination of a fifteen-year separation following a hasty midnight wedding at Sherry's. Only one week did the former Miss May Tobin live with her husband. After all these years she now finally secured enough evidence to sue for absolute divorce.

Miss Gertrude Harrison, a pretty girl in the "Kiss Burglar," is responsible for Mrs. Orr's suit. In court, Miss Carleton, as she is known at Reisenweber's, where she is "hostess," declared that Miss Harrison carried her part of "Kiss Burglar" into real life and stole the kisses of her husband. Other witnesses testified that Mr. Orr and Miss Harrison occupied the same apartment uptown.

Pending a definite decision, Justice Giegerich granted Mrs. Orr \$50 a week.

ONE of Broadway's most picturesque beauties, known as Betty Greene, has brought suit for separation from her husband, Edgar Allen, and thus brings to a close the romance that started in 1916.

Vivacious Betty hails from Virginia and Washington where she was widely known as the most beautiful blond in the Capitol. Mr. Allen is well known to the Great White Way as general manager of the William Fox Vaudeville booking department.

In the sad ending of the romance that at first bid fair to be lasting, Mrs. Allen accuses her husband of violent temper and incompatibility of temperament. She even claims that he beat her so unmercifully that her body was nearly always covered with black and blue marks.

In her summons and complaint, Mrs. Allen asked the court to make her husband pay her \$125 weekly and \$1,000 counsel fees.

LT. LAVERNE DAVIES recently won a sheriff jury verdict against Alfred C. Harrison, Jr., of Philadelphia, for \$150,000, for alienation of his wife's affections while he was away at war.

Davies declared during the trial that soon after he left for war, Harrison lured his wife away from their modest home with a \$20,000 neck-

lace, \$67,000 worth of rubies, diamonds and pearls.

One night, after his return from war, Lt. Davies found his wife in a Broadway cafe with the rich Cuban planter, and started a little revolution of his own. He was locked up on charges of disorderly conduct, but was released by the magistrate upon hearing the cause of his conduct.

THE PASSING SHOW—Cont.

IN EVE'S TIME

Marie Caveline, a dancer living at the Hotel Grenoble, got herself in Dutch at a smoker given at the Turn-bull Auditorium in Newark. She was convicted for dancing in improper attire for which she may be liable to a jail term of from 1 to 5 years. It is said that she danced in a cave woman's straw skirt which she discarded during the dance and finished up in the style popular in the garden of Eden.

BANKER'S TROUBLES

G. Louis Bossevain, banker, sportsman and Broadwayite, has been sued for divorce by his beautiful wife. She brought action in Rhode Island on the customary grounds. Broadway friends of both Mr. and Mrs. Bossevain eagerly await the court's decision.

POPULAR SHOWMAN DEAD

Frederick Thompson, one of Broadway's most spectacular and noted showmen, died in St. Vincent's Hospital, June 6th. Among some of the deceased's most notable works that stand as monuments to his ingenuity and zeal, may be named the Hippodrome and Luna Park.

Along Broadway, Fred Thompson was liked and lauded for his indomitable spirit. Several times he had climbed the ladder of success and fame only to lose all financially. But with characteristic fortitude he would begin anew, undaunted, and ultimate success was always his.

DOUGLAS AT THE BAT

Mrs. J. Gordon Douglas gave Broadway something to talk about when she recently brought suit for divorce against her wealthy husband who is well known along the Great White Way. The petition came up in Judge Blodgett's court in Newport. Mrs. Douglas charged her spouse with neglect to provide for her, extreme cruelty and gross misbehavior. The case was undefended by Mr. Douglas.

THE TWO HENRY'S

Great excitement occurred in the police department one recent night when word went out that Inspector Henry's pet "flivver" had been pinched. The Inspector had left his trusty lizzy outside the Astor Hotel for a few moments and in the meantime miscreants made way with it. Shortly after word was flashed far and wide of the loss, watchful patrolmen Smith and Graham espied a suspicious joy ride party at 52nd St. and 9th Ave. The funny part of it was that when the thieves saw the cops they jumped out of the Ford and ran. (What will Henry (Ford) say when he reads this?) Otherwise, it is assumed, they would not have escaped.

PAGANISM

Rev. Dr. Straton, pastor of Calvary Baptist Church, recently gave his audience a hair-raising sermon based upon the "Bal Bleu" that was held at the Ritz for sweet charity.

Although the affair was held under the auspices and patronage of society's finest, the Right Reverend said that the whole affair was "shocking" even though it was held under the cloak of religion. He took a special punch at the ballet in which he says that scores of young women sacrificed their modesty by displaying their forms to the gaze of the multitude. The Dr. went on to say that "Paganism" was a name too good for the revelry.

* * *

Overheard at Reisenweber's: Someone made the remark that Harry Bestry is thinking of taking the fatal leap, and to a nice little girl with plenty of dough.

* * *

F. R. (Jack) Carter, on the managerial staff of the Nora Bayes and 44th St. Theatres, was recently elected a member of the Friars Club.



LILLIAN HELD

The Girl with the Dancing Eyes

at

PABST HARLEM

A REAL CHARMER

Lillian Held, the popular little entertainer, has cancelled her engagement at the Sunset Restaurant to accept a more suitable offer at Pabst Harlem Restaurant, where her delightfully pleasing countenance and her unusually clever talent is making her a great favorite amongst Harlem diners.

* * *

The last minute news of Claire Nagel's wedding to Arthur Hammerstein will be a big surprise to their many friends and admirers. This is Arthur's third venture, but the first time for Claire. We wish them a pleasant and prosperous voyage over life's tempestuous seas.

AN EMBARRASSING SITUATION

One morning recently a certain well known dancer entered the Ideal Restaurant to await her sweetie with whom she had an appointment; and, while seated at one of the tables, a waiter had the monumental gall to sit beside her and talk to her. Entered "Gil" Boag, Spear and Thompson who immediately got the impression that the dancer was holding a tryst with the waiter. Circumstantial evidence has been the cause of hanging many an innocent human, and, in this case, the little dancer was as innocent of hobnobbing with the waiter as Queen Mary, who cawn't even be approached, y' know!

MISS LAURELL INJURED

Kay Laurell, one of Ziegfeld's famous beauties, who first acquired fame while an artist's model by appearing at the Biltmore in Grecian gown and bare-foot sandals and later married Winfield Sheehan, was severely injured recently when she accidentally drove her car into a tree.

Kay was returning from a gay party at Long Beach when the accident happened. Latest reports are that she is on the road to recovery.

**BILLIE LYONS**

Above is a likeness of Billy Lyons, who is doing her utmost to help the boys who fought for Democracy by taking subscriptions for the book entitled, "Echoes from Over There," which is being published by the Soldiers Publishing Co., Inc., of which Freddy Fulton is president.

Miss Lyons and Mr. Fulton have worked in all the drives, and have collected thousands upon thousands of dollars for each one. Miss Lyons, by virtue of her tireless activities in behalf of humanity's cause, has won innumerable admirers throughout New York State.

Among the many subscribers to "Echoes from Over There" are such celebrities as Lillian Russell, Marguerite Clark, Florence Reed, Gail Kane, Jane Cowl, Virginia Pearson, June Elvidge and others too numerous to mention.

THE PASSING SHOW—Cont.

HOWARD GIBSON

Howard Gibson writes us from Pittsburgh that he was highly pleased with the last issue of "The White Way." He also complimented us upon the general appearance of the book and offered several suggestions which he believes will stimulate greater interest. We take this opportunity to thank Mr. Gibson for the interest he is taking in "The White Way" and beg to assure him that his suggestions are greatly appreciated and will be taken advantage of whenever possible. Such spirit amongst readers, as shown by Mr. Gibson, is the foundation of great publications. The following is some of his news:

Gus Edwards and his pretty girls, in their splendid Revue, pleased Pittsburgh theatre-goers here last week. Gus was longing for his vacation to begin.

All Pittsburghers who are interested in the news of the Great White Way, wish to congratulate Mayre Hall on her success of being chosen the Queen of Broadway.

Pittsburghers are very much disappointed over not being fortunate enough to see Al Jolson and the "Sinbad" production, being as the show did not play in the Smoky City,—but not all were disappointed as quite a few Pittsburghers saw "Sinbad," in New York, and they have the laugh on those unfortunate individuals who were sure that "Sinbad" would play in Pittsburgh.

The "So Long Letty" show was in Pittsburgh, and drew large crowds at each performance. Charlotte Greenwood—she of the long legs—was better than ever.

GLADYS SLOANE

Gladys Sloane, the little Chicago singer at the Moulin Rouge, wondered why they were all laughing during the rendition of one of her songs, one night recently. A ten dollar bill caused all the merriment. You can imagine where she had it. And you know that thin black dress?

WELL KNOWN BROADWAYITE
IN TROUBLE

ETHEL WALSH'S romance with Thomas L. Reynolds has gone to smash. The former chorus girl has brought suit for annulment of her marriage to "Senator" Reynolds upon the ground of Misrepresentation.

Mrs. Reynolds declares that her spouse hoodwinked her by pretending to be a man of great position and wealth. After the disillusionment the former Miss Walsh found out among other things, so she claims, that her husband was a gambler and that he was fourflushing all the time.

The sadder but wiser young woman warns other young and innocent country girls to beware of the wolf in sheep's clothing, when they come to New York to seek fame and fortune.

BEACH HILL INN.

A gay little party consisting of Evelyn Forrest, Mildred Webb, and Walter Arnold, spent a pleasant evening at the Beach Hill Inn recently, where they were surprised at the good quality of the music, so far from New York.

Closer inspection revealed the fact that the orchestra which was booked by Jos. B. Franklin, consisted of Ben Dolen at the ivories; Buck Kamm, fiddle; Jack Goodman, traps; Joseph Wirship, "sax," and Ed Lesch, banjo.

THE VILLAIN AT WORK

J. Herbert Frank, the notorious movie villain, is a very busy man these days. Herbert is at present working on a new Marion Davies picture called "April Folly," by Matthew Synthia Stockley. By the way, have you taken notice of J. Herbert's new summer suit? Some noise!

"Just a Minute"—a popular expression which was invented by Bruce Bethel.

* * *

Mauresette who became famous as one of Lady Duff-Gordon's most beautiful models, has accepted a good berth in Ziegfeld's forthcoming "Follies."

BEGINNING WITH THE NEXT ISSUE

THE WHITE WAY

will publish regularly a column devoted to beauty hints in which questions of readers will be answered by Madame POLLY, the well known beauty expert.

MADAME POLLY

Mrs. Vernon Castle started a very becoming and youthful-looking fad when she bobbed her hair, and thousands of women have adopted the style for fashions sake only. But MADAME POLLY, the great hair and beauty specialist, advocated bobbing the hair for other reasons than just style. There are many reasons, the "Flu" being one, that cause women's crowning glory to become thin, or brittle, or fall out. And there is one good sensible way to stop that and aid nature in her efforts to grow the hair in again, thick and glossy and long as it should be.

Madame Polly is an expert in bobbing the hair and caring for it until nature gets in her good work. Only a few minutes are required to cut and curl any woman's head of hair.

It will be welcome news to many women who realize that they should have their hair cut to save it that Madame Polly does this. And also it is a cheerful thought to know that any woman will look younger wearing her hair in this style.

The ladies are reminded also that Madame Polly will give them six of her famous hair and scalp treatments that are guaranteed to restore any head of hair, provided there is any life whatever remaining. And she only charges \$5 for the entire six

treatments.

Most women know of Polly's renowned dun white castile soap shampoo for the small sum of fifty cents.

Madame Polly is most conveniently and centrally located at the sign of the Parrot at 1455 Broadway, just a few steps south of 42nd Street.

* * *

CHARLIE'S

ONE night recently, there gathered in Charlie's a gay party in which there were Capt. Henry Austin, Sylvester Simpson and Capt. Lawson. They were recounting tales of the war and told of how they found a copy of "The White Way" among the magazines that fell into their hands. Capt. Austin said that when his eye fell upon Charlie's ad in "The White Way," he longed for just one good meal there as at just that time he was pretty tired of the bully beef of the trenches. So the first thing the boys did when they landed was to head right straight for Charlie's.

* * *

Jack Pickford, Ollie Thomas, Wall Street Johnson and Joe Pani made up a jolly little party at Woodmansten Inn recently.

Vera Griffin has finished her engagement at Wallick's and after a vacation at Atlantic City will go back to vaudeville.

Joan Sawyer's automobile ran into Mlle Dazie's auto one night recently and shattered the latter car to bits and severely injured Miss Dazie

Bacon & Fontaine, the popular skating team, have concluded their contract at the Palais Royal and Moulin Rouge, where they have delighted thousands of diners with their exceptionally novel and difficult skating feats for the past six months. They have already received several flattering offers from various restaurants and hotels but will probably make no decision until after a short sojourn at Atlantic City.



Miss PEGGY FONTAINE

(Of the Skating Team of Bacon & Fontaine)

Who has just fulfilled a six months engagement at the Palais Royal

THE PASSING SHOW *Cont*

YOUNG FULTON

Young Fulton, the well-known pugilist, has published a book entitled "Echoes from Over There," the purpose of same being to help wounded, disabled and unemployed soldiers to obtain employment.

Jeff Davis, King of the Hoboes, is also interested in this enterprise, and will try to establish labor exchanges and rest rooms for soldiers, sailors and marines.

The Soldier's Publishing Co., of which Mr. Fulton is president, was incorporated by a number of honorably discharged soldiers early in the spring, to afford a ready means of helping wounded, disabled and needy soldiers to get a new start in life. At that time, as now, the streets of New York were filled with men in our uniforms, who served abroad and had been discharged and did not have the price of a meal. There are other men, who obtained positions, and found themselves unable to keep them, because they were suffering from shell shock and did not know it until they tried to perform indoor work.

Since this company was organized thousands of dollars have been paid out to wounded, disabled and needy soldiers. Many fine young chaps have found themselves, got their "second wind," and are today engaged in well-paid and useful employment.

"Echoes from Over There" contains a set of carefully selected stories written by men who had fought in France. The stories have been carefully edited by Mr. Fulton, checked up by staff officers, and official records and furnish a moving, human, interesting narrative of American participation in the War.

Particularly brilliant and a genuine contribution to the literature of the War are the letters from a staff officer of the 77th Division—the articles by Captain Wilmar Bradshaw, (Croix de Guerre), of the 9th U. S. Infantry, which regiment was mainly recruited in northern New York. The book is the soldier's own answer to the teachings of Bolshevism and many corporations have subscribed for large numbers of the book and placed them in the hands of their employees for patriotic reasons.

SOPHIE TUCKER

Miss Sophie Tucker, who for many months past has caused a furore in the Sophie Tucker Room at Reisenweber's by her most artistic rendition of syncopated singing, has no rival in America or anywhere else in this particular art. The rhythmic melodies that she sings to delighted audiences nightly are elevated to an almost classic plane by a performance in which unique charm and wonderful personality vie with her genius in her own field of entertainment.

In her new songs, Miss Tucker has provided herself with a repertoire embracing contributions by songland's most talented lyricists and composers. When these jazz gems are interpreted by such a capable exponent of popular songs, supported by the wild syncopated orchestral effects of her six kings of syncopation, a delightful diversion is bound to be anticipated.

* * *

Elsie Held, the pretty little sister of Lillian Held, has just returned from a successful trip on the road with the Follies. Lillian has just closed a long popular engagement at the Sunset uptown.

Mention THE WHITE WAY when you buy—It helps



VERONICA MARQUISE

Eccentric Ballet Dancer

At Liberty, July First



THE PASSING SHOW—Cont.

National Biscuit Mace seems to like the Claridge for luncheon.

* * *

In our last issue we published a portrait of May Brooks and under said picture we ran a line stating that said beauty was in *The Midnight Frolic*. We meant *Midnight Whirl* at the Century. Pardon us, May and Ike.

* * *

Miss Grace Emerson, the beautiful singer, has just been placed at the Little Club by Lillian Greene, the enterprising booking agent.

* * *

Did you notice the "smile that won't come off" that B. Fechter wears when he dances?

* * *

What a wonderfully interesting and complicated time Rosella Wallace must have with her various en-signs.

* * *

Marie Williams, one of the famous beauties from the old Rector Revue, has just closed a successful engagement at the Rockwell Terrace in Brooklyn and has been engaged by Lea Herrick for one of his cabaret shows. Miss Williams is very much admired for her personal beauty—her eyes and a curious dimple being the chief attractions.

* * *

Myrtle Glenn is one of New York's REAL natural blondes. Bordentown, N. J., claims the distinction of being the birthplace of this clever young dancer and the folks down home are justly proud of a girl whose name you might well look for in lights on the Great Gay Lane, sometime, and soon.

REDUCE YOUR BUST

or other FAT 2 to 4 inches with ONE JAR of COSI OBESITY CREAM. External. Absolutely harmless. Reduces fat on any part of the body. No dieting, starving, exercising nor taking dangerous drugs. Have the modish figure. For men and women. Price, postpaid, \$7.00; sample, 10c. CURRIE & CURRIE, Druggists, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Phone: Kenmore 4842, 2911 Glenwood Road.

Geo. DeCoo, of the Cafe de Paris, has recently purchased a house at Bayshore, L. I. Must have had a good season, George?

* * *

While Betty Martin does not care much about the men in general, she manifested a little interest when she heard that her old South American sweetie was in town.

* * *

Antonia Guynian, the handsome and popular boulevardier from South America has just recently invested in a new Saxon car. Although "Tony" is already popular enough with the fair sex, he will be in great demand now, especially during the heated term.

* * *

Our good friend Carlos Grant is planning to go to South America, his native home, and it goes without saying that he will leave many yearning hearts behind. Marie will probably yearn the hardest.

* * *

Maureen Englin, the popular singer at the Moulin Rouge, continues to draw and hold her audiences with her up-to-date songs and her wonderful magnetic personality.

* * *

The St. Regis, at 50th Street and Broadway, is easily the most popular eating place after hours in the Rialto district. Here is truly one of the sights of the town. One can see more stage celebrities at this place after hours than at any other popular-priced restaurant in town.

* * *

The management of the St. Regis is to be complimented upon its thoughtful consideration to its guests.

* * *

Thelma Carleton still holds the first prize for dignity, art, beauty and refinement in her Australian and Egyptian Jazz dances at the Moulin Rouge.



THELMA CARLETON

Premier Danseuse

(At Liberty, July 1, 1919)



Published by the RIALTO PUBLISHING CO., INC.
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M. B. KLEINFELD, Managing Editor
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Advertising Rates on Application.

VOL. III.

JULY 1, 1919

No. 6

OUR ANNIVERSARY

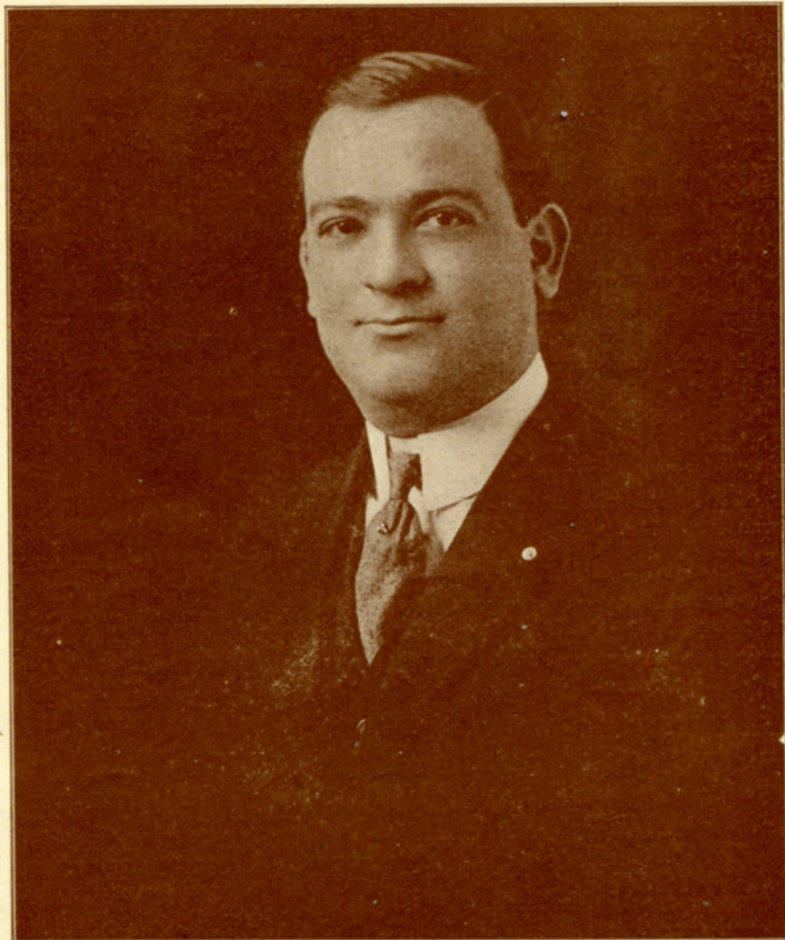
One year ago this month, a magazine with unlimited possibilities was ready to discontinue publication due to financial difficulties which, had their origin in poor business management and the lack of ingenuity to carry out the policy upon which the magazine was founded.

At this critical moment there appeared upon the scene a man whose initiative and shrewd business instinct made it possible for him to recognize the unusual possibilities connected with its continuance and at once set about to interest himself therein. An immediate investment of several thousand dollars was quickly consumed by the settlement of all liabilities and an additional capital of thousands of dollars was used in financing the publication of several issues. Although funds were being swallowed fast and no financial returns visible, Mr. Murray B. Kleinfeld, the man who undertook to "make" the magazine, did not lose courage, and through his untiring and persistent efforts, made possible "The White Way" in its present sound financial condition. Not satisfied with putting the publication on a sound financial footing, Mr. Kleinfeld devoted all the energy at his command toward making "The White Way" a cleaner, yet, as everyone will readily admit, a more interesting periodical although apparently unsurmountable obstacles had to be overcome, until now it is recognized as the leader and criterion of all Broadway publications.

The eagerness of its readers to obtain up-to-the-minute news of Broadwayites and their acquaintances is easily demonstrated by the almost feverish anxiety with which every issue of "The White Way" is awaited. Inquiries as to the date of a new issue and requests for copies of same are received in great numbers daily from all parts of the country and even advertisers are complimenting the publishers upon the results obtained through their ads.

The success of "The White Way" is now an established fact and while credit is due to the Editorial Staff who, by their untiring efforts, made possible "Broadway's Own Magazine," yet their mission would have proved disastrous without the whole-hearted support and devotion of its many friends and readers, who alone are responsible for the tremendous increase in circulation and advertising.

The publishers take this opportunity to express their sincere appreciation to the many readers and advertisers for their considerate support in the past and beg to assure them that their confidence and trust will not be violated.



M. B. KLEINFELD
Who "Made" *The White Way*



CAN THIS BE THE TRUTH?

BRUCE BETHEL experienced the sensation of being robbed one night recently. Bruce, in company of friends, had had a gay party at Reisenweber's, and after it had broken, at a late or rather an early hour, Bruce started for home. Whether he started for his own home or some one else's does not matter, and Bruce probably did not know or care. But at any rate, Bruce wended his way, by the longest route, down as far as 56th St. & 8th Ave., where he encountered a bunch of ruffians who jostled him and, shoving him into a doorway, proceeded to take all his jewelry and the remnants of a bank roll. Not satisfied with their haul, the yeggmen hit him on the nose and kicked him in the shins. After regaining consciousness, Mr. Bethel, all covered with blood, staggered to the home of a friend who lived near by, and was cared for.

WHY MEN LEAVE HOME

One reason why married men leave home was shown at a recent gay party given by Phil and Frank Goldston, to Emily Marceau, the film star. The memorable affair started at the Brevoort early in the evening and wound up early the next day at Bretton Hall. Among those present were: Al Dessauer, Charles Neumark, Arthur Hennessey, and others too numerous to mention.

George is on the road again, his next stop being Nahant, Mass. Regards to Marion.

MAGNATES HAVE THEIR TROUBLES

RECENTLY a certain young transportation magnate gave a gorgeous birthday dinner to his beautiful young wife in a certain popular restaurant. Among the invited guests was a certain young and beautiful ex-show girl, who was in love with a certain popular broker, who sat at another table. As the festivities of the evening progressed and more and more wine was consumed, said young and beautiful young woman became obsessed with jealousy and hurled a coffee pot at the head of the object of her adoration. Missing him by a narrow margin, the enraged girl fell on the floor in a faint. While being removed by friends to the retiring room, the young woman came back to consciousness and became unmanageable and was finally ejected from the restaurant.

Said broker's automobile was out in front and the young woman tried to hurl herself in it, but was prevented from doing so by the chauffeur. A young gallant from the South, who was a guest at the birthday dinner, took exception to the attitude of the auto driver, and the latter jumped from his seat and knocked said gallant "cold." This event did not in the least lessen the commotion out in front of the cafe.

As the chauffeur drove away, the young and beautiful young woman tore herself away from sympathizers who endeavored to hold her, and jumped on the running board of the car. She slipped and her leg which became entangled in one of the automobile wheels, was broken.

OUR SNOOPY REPORTER—Cont.

The affair ended with the young woman being taken into custody for intoxication and sent to Bellevue Hospital.

It is a pity that one so young and fair as the young woman in question, should allow herself to become so intoxicated as to lose all reason and bring upon herself so much trouble. (One of the reasons which forced prohibition upon us.)

Gustave Kaufman, a former owner of the St. Andrew's Hotel, has taken over the restaurant formerly known as Maurice. Mr. Kaufman will rename the place The Rendezvous, where the particular restaurant goers will congregate.

Sol Oppenheim, the strolling wine agent, is doing a land office last-minute business in the liquor traffic. After July the thirst he will have accumulated a bank roll big enough to tide him over the dull season, at least.

Famous affinities: Tommy Tucker, tortoise shell glasses and the Claridge.

A charming pair: Alice Church and Harriett Walker.

The Hopes are seen together again. Evidently have patched up the broken romance.

Ask Betty Mack if dreams come true. Betty dreamed on Friday night that Bruce Bethel came back to New York from Philadelphia, and sure enough he did. But just for the week end.

The dancing of Xala at Healy's may be artistic and beautiful, but if it is, it is over our head.

Veronica's sweetie was severely injured in an automobile accident which necessitated several stitches being taken in his scalp. It is reported that the little dancer turned nurse and could it be possible that her new 5-carat diamond has anything to do with compensation for her tender services?

DeLeyer, the dancer, has recently been discharged from service, having gravely and honorably done his bit for his country.

Now that Justine Johnson has got a nice, new, rich, young hubby, what is she going to do with him? Answer: It is rumored that Mr. Sadowsky, Sr., has offered Mrs. Sadowsky \$40,000 cold if she will call it off.

Claire Douglas, a little blonde beauty from California, is creating quite a furore along the Great White Way with her close resemblance to Bonnie Glass, and there is a certain gentleman of a mechanical turn of mind who thinks she is a dead ringer for Kewpie Collier.

Annette Bade, of the Midnight Whirl, visited Healy's recently with some apparently regular fellows, and made quite a hit dancing with a good-looking sailor boy. Annette sure does love to shake the shimie, as she just simply cannot sit still.

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OUR SNOOPY REPORTER—Con't.

The Wolf

ONE of the Great White Way's most picturesque characters, Dave Lamar, sometimes known as the "Wolf of Wall Street," has been sentenced to prison for conspiracy to prevent the transportation of war munitions. Lamar was alleged to have conspired with Henry B. Martin, Franz Rittelin, ex-congressman Frank Buchanan and others.

Many Broadwayites knew the "Wolf" at sight and whenever he appeared in a White Way restaurant he always made a profound impression on strangers by his striking personality and his cool, collected bearing.

* * *

Gladys Sloane, the little singer from Chicago, who is making such a hit at the Moulin Rouge, is making a big name for herself and incidently paving the way to fame and fortune in musical comedy.

Reuben

Ruben, up at 74th Street and Broadway, the greatest delicatessen man in the world, according to all appearances, will have to build another addition to his establishment or move into larger quarters. Anyone with just a little imagination might picture Reuben's as the restaurant of the future when the country goes bone dry. Anyone who thinks that the public cannot enjoy a restaurant or eating place without liquor, should pay Reuben's a visit. It would not surprise the writer to hear that this enterprising pure food man had put in a dance floor and a cabaret for the enjoyment of his ever-growing clientele. Just watch Reuben for a peek at what the future restaurant and amusement place will be like.

Sonora

There is an ever-increasing number of restaurant goers who are always looking for some new thrill or sensation in the culinary line, and those same particular epicures are finding that the Sonora is just about the last word in sensations.

The Sonora is located on 42d St. right next door to Ziegfeld's Mid-night Frolic.

* * *

May Clarke is recuperating nicely from the effects of her automobile accident, in which both legs were broken. Amid a veritable garden of flowers she is confined in Mrs. Austin's private sanitarium.

* * *

Gladys (Biltmore) Abrahms, the little beauty from Canada, is one of the gentlest, sweetest, prettiest, most agreeable girls in the Palais Royal—if indeed she is not the very best.

* * *

Genevieve Ullman, the rich fascinating brunette, is hiding her light under a bushel, by not being in one of the numerous shows in town.

Very fond of the Claridge: Line Loper.

* * *

The cutest girl in Lew Fields' new show: "Pauline"—Muriel Lodge's little "side-kick."

Send in the news, but be sure to sign your name

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BY MORT GREEN



Several years ago, a young chap, fresh from college, began making the rounds of the music publishers. The story is quite the same as has been with almost all other writers. There were the same discouraging rebuffs and the same trials. However, this young boy had the stick-to-it-iveness and has deservedly made good.

Lee David got his first real chance with L. Wolfe Gilbert, having written with the latter quite a number of songs under the name of Dave Lee. But this was not the kind of work Mr. David had set as his ideal. It was the better class music and production material he was interested in. And it was only through strictest application and persistency that he has gained the recognition he is now receiving.

Mr. David's real hit right now is "Wild Honey," but special songs like "Just Lonesome," published by Harry Von Tilzer, and "Sipping Cider Thru a Straw," published by Jos. Stern & Co., are bringing him the fame and success he merits.

He is now under exclusive contract to the B. D. Nice Music Co., and their entire catalog made up of "Romance," a waltz which is a destined hit and "Tents of Arabs," an intermezzo one-step, that is already leading the field and "Wond'ring," a ballad of unusual possibilities, are all from the pen of Lee David. Mr. David just recorded all his numbers



LEE DAVID

personally on the Rythmodik—all scheduled for August release. This young composer also writes his own lyrics which gives him a decided advantage. Mr. David's success is assured.

Ernest Ball, who has been laying rather low of late, has come to the front again with two new numbers that look like winners:

"You're Making a Miser of Me" is a song on the style of "Jealous of Me," and the lyric is by the same writer, Al Dubin.

"Dear Little Laddie of Mine" is one of Ball's best efforts, and should be one of the biggest things on the "Witmark" catalog.

CATCHY CHORUS

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HAVE YOU HEARD IT?

THE BUBBLE SONG SUCCESS

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BUBBLES OVER WITH MELODY

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SONG BY JAAN KENBROVIN AND JOHN WILLIAM KELLETTE

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POSED ESPECIALLY BY MISS JUNE CAPRICE ALBERT CARPELEANI SCREEN STAR

CHORUS

IT'S FOREVER BLOWING BUBBLES
PRETTY BUBBLES IN THE AIR;
THEY FLY SO HIGH, NEARLY REACH THE SKY
THEM LIKE MY DREAMS THEY FADE AND
DIE— FORTUNES ALWAYS HIDING
I'VE LOOKED EVERYWHERE,
IT'S FOREVER BLOWING BUBBLES
PRETTY BUBBLES IN THE AIR

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NEW YORK & DETROIT*

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NEW YORK

MUSICAL MUSINGS—Cont.

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Recognizing the imperative need for good quality sheet music at low prices and quick service, a newcomer in the music-printing field has made its appearance under the trade name **The Atlas Press, Inc.** This firm has already proved to several of the larger publishers that they are specialists in color work and equipped to make quick deliveries on all orders. Conveniently located at Tenth Avenue and 23rd Street, yet out of the high rent district enables them to quote the lowest possible prices. (See ad. on back cover.)

* * *

Violet Mersereau, the dainty little movie star, has been placed by John Livingston, the enterprising booking agent, with Herbert E. Hancock, who is producing at the College Point Studio on Long Island.

Miss Mersereau is renowned for

her lack of impractical temperament, and Director Hancock for his quiet, cool and collected manner of directing. It should make a good combi-

* * *

The Greater New York Music Dealers' Association gave an outing and dinner at Holly Arms on the Merrick Road to the National Sheet Music Dealers' Association on Thursday, June 12th. An enjoyable time was had by all in attendance.

Jack Grubman has been notified that the Government will shortly return his big 110-foot yacht, Helene. As soon as the vessel is put back into shipshape, Jack Will give a party to a number of friends. We predict that same party will be a jolly one, and are wondering what beauty will

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MUSICAL MUSINGS Cont.

KENDIS & BROCKMAN

It took Kendis and Brockman a long time to get there, but they have landed with both feet this time. Their first big hit "Blowing Bubbles" was gobbled up by Jerome H. Remick. They got a tidy little sum for it, and now Feist bought their ballad "I Know What It Means to Be Lonesome," and from all indications it looks like a big hit. They have a few more good numbers in their catalog, among which "Nights of Kisses" stands out most prominent.

After writing songs and selling them they discovered it was the gateway to the Bank, and therefore decided to write something appropriate; result, their big ballad hit, "Golden Gate."

MEYER-COHEN MUSIC CO.

The Meyer-Cohen Music Co. have two very good songs in their new catalog: "Dear Old Pals," by Eddie Doerr and Lew Porter has a beautiful waltz swing, and is selling very nicely in the music departments.

"The Greatest Thing That Came from France" has a clever punch at the finish, and looks like the best thing Meyer has ever published. It is by Ed. Nelson and Harry Pease.

"Good Bye, Wild Women, Good Bye," the new novelty song published by Feist, looks very big.

It contains a little story about prohibition and women, and what will happen after July 1st.

"Heart-breaking Doll" by Sid Mitchell & Cliff Hess is the best little novelty song we have ever heard, and we predict a big sale for it.

CARL N. ALBERT

Carl N. Albert, a new comer in the music game, but an unusually clever salesman, is making a cross-country trip for the B. D. Nice Co., and the results are remarkable when the fact is taken into consideration that he is new to the music game, and that he is handling a brand new catalog.

BENJAMIN W. LEVY

We take our hats off to Benjamin W. Levy, general manager of the B. D. Nice Music Co. Four days after opening its door to business, he had his chief writer, Lee David, put under special contract by the Rythm-dick Music Roll Co., to make four rolls for the July issue. The numbers recorded were "Wild Honey," "Romance," "Tents of Arabs" and "Wond'ring."

* * *

The B. D. Rice Co. will confine itself to the publication of the better class of music and will disregard the ten-cent field entirely. New firms, upon their entrance into the music game, are usually looked upon with misgivings by established firms, but not so in this case. The advertising matter in the Clipper and other papers succeeded in convincing everyone that the firm was built on a solid foundation and is to be reckoned with as a formidable opponent in the exploitation of music.

* * *

The offices, located at 1544 Broadway, take up two floors and are exquisitely furnished. The catalog consists of "Wild Honey," Fox Trot and Song, "Romance," Waltz, "Tents of Arabs," One Step and "Wond'ring," Ballad.

* * *

Mr. David is at present writing the music for Lou Locket's new act which contains the most beautiful musical setting ever heard in an act of that kind. Several numbers which Mr. David is now composing for productions will be published by this firm.

MUSICAL MUSINGS—Cont.

**L. WOLFE GILBERT**

Everyone directly or otherwise connected with the music business will be pleased to learn that Max Silver has at last commenced to reap the fruits of many months' strenuous and untiring labor by becoming a member of the firm of Gilbert & Friedland.

Mr. Silver, who, as everyone intimately acquainted with him will admit, readily deserves the success which has been bestowed upon him, has taken over the interest formerly controlled by Anatol Friedland who, for reasons best known to himself, decided to step out of the firm. Max has always been known as one of the most active men in the publishing business and today stands supreme as a business manager. His work for the past six months in placing songs on mechanical instruments is positively startling and, now that he is working for his own interest, (although he always devoted all the en-

ergy at his command to his firm) he should experience little difficulty in making the firm one of the most successful in the business. Good luck to you, Max—we are quite confident that you have the ability and sufficient friends to do so.

J. W. STERN COMPANY

Starting with "Indianola," which made its appearance about a year and a half ago, S. R. Henry has succeeded in putting over five unusual hits, "Kentucky Dream," "Tears," "Pah-jamah" and "Himalya." From all present indications the aggregate sales of these five number will reach between five to eight million copies. Two of these compositions, "Kentucky Dream" and "Pah-jamah" are high-priced publications—thus demonstrating the fact that S. R. Henry is not only a writer of popular, but also of better class successes.

Associated with S. R. Henry are D. Onivas as composer and Frank H. Warren of the New York World as lyricist. The compositions of these writers aim at a higher level than the usual so-called popular songs. This has been widely commended by singers and the representative orchestras and band leaders. Jos. W. Stern Company are the publishers.

* * *

An interview with Joseph W. Stern of the firm of Jos. W. Stern & Co., music publishers, revealed that he has secured what is believed to be one of the greatest sensational comedy songs in years. It took Mr. Stern about five minutes—according to his own statement—to be convinced that this song was a sure-fire winner, and he expressed belief that every artist in the profession will clamor for this number.

The song is entitled "Why Do They Call Them Wild Women," words written by Bernie Grossman and Ben Russell, and the melody by Billy Frisch. The writers are well known to the profession and public in gen-

MUSICAL MUSINGS—Cont.

eral, and need no introduction.

That Mr. Stern has picked a "hit" can easily be foreseen, inasmuch as several prominent big-time artists have requested permission to use this number exclusively. However, Mr. Stern asserts that he will furnish all acts with copies and orchestrations immediately upon request, and guarantees the success of every act using this number.

STASNY

"Somebody Misses Somebody's Kisses," contributed to the Stasny Music Co. by Frank Davis and Max Prival, is selling like a sure-fire hit. The sale for the first eleven days was a little over 100,000 which isn't so bad for a new song, but as it happens the song is a beautiful number and with the marvelous title page made for it, it should become the biggest thing in the Stasny catalog.

AT LAST

A long-felt want, and one seriously neglected in the past, is at last being attended to. Under the direction of the Dept. of Parks a series of band

concerts are being arranged, to begin July 1st and to continue until Labor Day. All the returning regimental bands, and the various police and letter carriers' bands will participate, and will be heard in all the public places and parks.

WATERSON BERLIN & SNYDER

Danny Winkler, formerly with the Plaza Music Co., has at last gone "back to his old love," Waterson twenty six Ber..n & Snyder. Danny Winkler is one of the cleverest salesmen in the music business, and also (don't blush, Danny), the handsomest chap the game boasts. Henry Waterson has always been credited with business acumen, and he surely proved that when he persuaded Danny to return to him.

REMICK

Alex. Sullivan, writer of "Kisses," has another sure hit in "Give Me A Smile, A Kiss," which he wrote with Lew Handman. Jerome H. Remick is the publisher, and there is absolutely no doubt in the writer's mind as to its becoming another "Smiles."

ONE MILLION COPY HIT

"EVENING"

BEAUTIFUL BALLAD

A. J. STASNY MUSIC COMPANY
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MUSICAL MUSINGS - Cont.**IRVING BERLIN**

Irving Berlin's new publishing house will open about July 1st, and will occupy the old N. V. A. rooms at 48th Street and Broadway. The working force is practically completed, some of the following well-known men in the music game have signed contracts: Max Winslow, Sol. Bornstein, Maurice Ritter, Harry Edelheit, and a few others. Berlin has completed three new productions in addition to his popular catalog, and a few interpolated numbers in musical comedies. From all appearances the firm intends starting on a big scale, and there is no reason why it shouldn't be successful from the start. Berlin has proven that he can produce the goods, and the force signed up with him, have all been successful in their respective lines.

WITMARK

The big sextette of Witmark songs, which is being worked on a big scale in the new publicity campaign, is easily the best output of the Witmark house in years. They should experience very little difficulty in making a success of every one of them. The titles are as follows:

"Dear Little Boy of Mine,"

"Have a Smile,"

"That Wonderful Mother of Mine,"

"Starlight Love,"

"You're Making a Miser of Me,"

and "The Gates of Gladness."

"Dear Little Boy of Mine" appears to be Ernest Ball's best effort.

COMEDIES OF BROADWAY

The Waterson, Berlin & Snyder Music Co.'s branch office managers, road men and executives held a convention in the city week before last, during which suggestions were requested from each man, and the coming season's campaign was outlined.

M. P. P. A. CONVENTION

The Music Publishers' Protective Association, which has been in existence for two years, voted at their last meeting to continue, and a new management was entered into. The new officers elected are as follows:

Isidore Witmark, President,

Edgar F. Bitner, Vice-President,

Fred Belcher, Secretary,

Chas. K. Harris, Treasurer.

According to the new officers, the M. P. P. A. is considering plans for a few ideas to be worked out which will benefit the music business to a great extent. Two improvements credited to the M. P. P. A. are: Doing away with the paying of acts, and also the elimination of demonstrations in music stores.

JACK MILLS

Jack Mills, former professional manager for McCarthy & Fisher, is preparing to enter the field as a music publisher. We understand that he has a wonderful line of songs to start with, and there is no reason why he shouldn't be successful. Jack understands the music game, and has a great following.

HARRY VON TILZER

Harry Von Tilzer has a sure-fire hit in "Can You Tame Wild Women?" The song is taking hold and is heard everywhere. It has a swing melody and a cleverly written lyric. The high class ballad "Just Lonesome" by "Lee David," is one of the most beautiful melodies on the market. The lyric is by Walter Scanlon.

Mention THE WHITE WAY when you buy—It helps



By C. F. STRICKLAND



Yea, verily, and it came to pass in the tenth month that the Kink, Fuller the Rectorite, successor to him they called Wallace the Ban-

joite, took unto himself a temple in which to barter with those who play sweet music upon instruments of brass and strings. And the temple was not pleasing to the Kink, so from the byways and hedges he called artificers and workmen versed in decorations, and he commanded them thus:

Tear asunder the sordid trappings of my temple. Go ye into the far corners of the earth, even to the uttermost parts thereof, and fetch me glorious trimmings of bronze, and furnishings of mahogany, and tapestries of rare design, so that it may be said of me, His temple is lord over all other temples wherein men barter for players of music.

And it was done as he commanded, and the Kink was well pleased. So he filled his temple with a body guard to do his bidding, scribes to write to parchment, and keepers of the sacred books of laws and of manuscripts. Upon each gate of the temple shone forth letters of gold like unto this Fandangus laboratus, which, being translated from the Hebrew means: Here dwelleth the Kink, Fuller the Rectorite. And the Kink prospered and flourished; yea, verily the shekels poured into his coffers, one upon another, and the Kink said, "It is

well." And to Briers, the Pianoite, librarian unto Fuller the Kink, he said, "Well done thou good and faithful servant, Thou has been faithful over a few things. I will make thee ruler over my melodies, get thee back to thy piano box and thump upon the keys to the delight of my henchman, Joseph, called Samuels the wand wielder.

Selah!

JOE GOLD & SOPHIE TUCKER

Joe Gold, writer of "Everybody Shimmies Now" and various other successful numbers, has resigned as pianist in Healy's Balconnades Orchestra to organize a new jazz band for Sophie Tucker. Joe will be in charge of the new combination and will forthwith be heard nightly in the Paradise Room at Reisenweber's.

Ernest Hussar and his orchestra are heard here during the dinner hour and later for the Supper Dances which have been one of the most popular features of the McAlpin roof.

COLEMAN

In spite of the hot weather Coleman continues to wear his decorative "side-boards." Perhaps after a season at Long Branch he will return to Broadway with a Van Dyke. It is interesting to note that Earl Fuller will not permit even a moustache in his orchestras.

"Pop" Ward sailed on Tuesday, June 3rd, for North Newport News, where he opens at Riverside Park for the season. It's bad enough to work up North in the hot summer time, but what must it be down in old Virginia? Ye gods and suffering musicians!

JAZZ NOTES—Cont.

BEN. B. SELVIN. ORCHESTRA

The Moulin Rouge orchestra is once more under the leadership of that competent Ace of Violinists, Benjamin B. Selvin. With the artistic work and invaluable assistance of Milton Sands at the drums, Benny should achieve wonderful success this summer. Ben and Milton form a combination hard to beat (even at matching pennies, their favorite past time).



CHARLIE STRICKLAND
AT
BIGGET'S PARK
Sea Girt, N. J.

HEALY'S BALCONADES ORCHESTRA

Healy's orchestra in the Balconades, after considerable debate among its several members, decided to remain in New York, rather than to accept an engagement at the sea shore. Sol Nathanson, the drummer, proved a little fractious, and almost left the combination because two of the other boys used to gargle Italian which he couldn't understand. However, he got back at them by modeling in Yiddish to Joe Gold at the piano, and the difficulty was soon overcome, the armistice being signed by both factions in Pig Latin.

* * *

Trouville and Castles at Long Beach—Ted Lewis and Coleman officiating—come pretty near to being "Friendly Enemies," don't they?

* * *

Keep your eye on George Eberle. He is directing for a vaudeville act now. Dropped the Sax, George?

* * *

Why does "Ignatz," the wonderful "Ignatz," wish to conceal the fact that he is playing at the Ritz on 125th Street? Our friend George Meyers, the catcher of large fishes, is also a member of the Ritz aggregation.

JOE MOSS

Joe Moss has booked the Kentucky Five, just returned from Montreal, in his Beaux Arts at Atlantic City. Three hundred and fifty for five men is darn good money, n'est ce pas?

But Joe says the boys are making good and they're worth the price. They sing songs (originated by other people) and play a few numbers on saxophones. It's too bad that material can't be restricted for the use of the orchestra that originate it. Many a band makes capital out of another's ideas.

If the coat fits, run out of the store with it—the owner may not catch you.

JAZZ NOTES—Cont.



HAROLD STERN

Harold Stern, orchestra leader of the Park Avenue Hotel, a photograph of whom appears above, is one of the most popular and talented in his particular field of endeavor. And deservedly so.

The fact that he has occupied his present berth for more than eight years, with a contract calling for his valuable and unique services for three more years, proves conclusively his worth to the management of the Park Avenue Hotel.

A violin virtuoso of extraordinary merit, he is rapidly carving a niche for himself in the musical Hall of Fame. He is decidedly a non-temperamental artist and is possessed of a wealth of personality that makes for prosperity and success.

We have heard Eddy Brown, Mischa Elman and Jan Kubelik coax haunting tones from their priceless Cremona-mades, but their playing has never impressed us more than has that of Harold Stern. He certainly makes that wand-touched instrument of his "talk." So, if you

are of the vast number of people who dote on good music masterfully rendered, we would advise you to hear Harold Stern at the Park Avenue Hotel.

* * *

Overheard: Sophie Tucker asking Bert Cooper if he knew where she could get a good jazz band. At the rate her orchestra has to accompany all the popular Broadway acts on Sunday nights, I don't think it would be a bad plan to hire the whole-Palace Theatre band. They've played the acts before, and are more or less familiar with the music. "Sophie—

(What do you want?)—shimmie for me!"

The band that stays in the city
May gather in dough for the "Kitty,"

But rather than roast

I'll take to the coast,

The bands in New York have my
pity.

* * *

Take a run out to Chateau Laurier if you want to hear a good band. If you don't want to hear one, go to Hartsdale.

* * *

Mike Special, the dancing violinist, accepted a proposition for the summer at Bigget's Park, Sea Girt, New Jersey, and is making a decided hit at this wonderful new resort. Mike has his hands full; for the place seats eight hundred people, and has a dance floor larger than any New York cabaret. The new stand built for him is large enough to allow plenty of space for his imitations of Frisco and George White. It's easy to predict that Mike, like Bigget's Park, will be the sensation of the Jersey coast this season.

JAZZ NOTES—Cont.

PHIL LOMBARDE

I wouldn't be surprised to see Phil Lombardi writing the next Winter Garden show, or perhaps composing a new operetta for Victor Herbert. He writes reams of manuscript every night between playing dance numbers at the Mulligan Rugs. After he buys a few Brooklyn apartment houses he won't need to be even connected with musicians any more. Phil's ambitions turn toward being a real estate manipulator. His sign will read—Lombardi, Ltd.

EARL FULLER'S IN LUXURY

Have you seen Earl Fuller's newly decorated offices? If not—why not? The luxury of J. Pierpont Morgan's Wall Street suite passes into the shadow compared with Earl's intricate scheme of inner and outer offices and the private sanctum of the kink himself. "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."



The original of this masterpiece of photographers' art is Miss Sheila O'Hara from Seattle. While the picture is beautiful, it does not flatter Sheila, because the full measure of her beauty cannot be expressed in black and white.

HAVE YOU HEARD.

E. COLEMAN and his ORCHESTRAS

—AT—

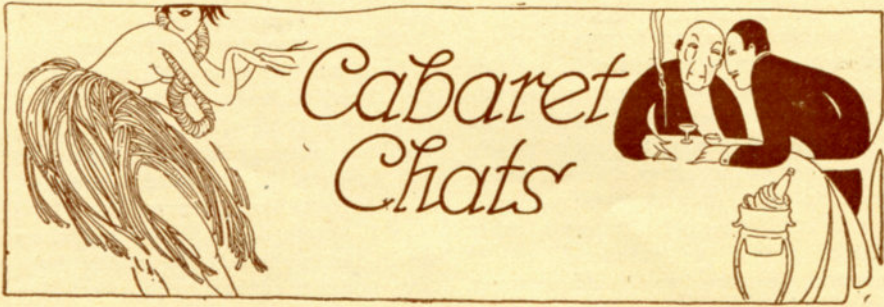
Castles-By-The-Sea

LONG BEACH

AND **Woodmansten Inn**

WESTCHESTER

JOSEPH L. PANI, Prop.



HEALY'S

A place that makes one sigh with relief to hear the name, especially at this time of the year. Thomas Healy's Golden Glades, at Broadway and Sixty-sixth Street, where the only ice skating show in New York is presented twice nightly, is undoubtedly the coolest dining and dancing place in town. Here is to be found a huge ice skating rink, where skating artists trun and twirl seasonally, while an enthusiastic audience can sit down to dine comfortably and remain cool all evening. Dancing is in vogue between intermissions, and the sight of a huge cake of ice, on which diners can dance is sufficient to offset the present fluctuation of the thermometer. No matter how high the mercury rises, there is ice to dine around; ice to dance on and ice on which the only show of its kind is given in the city, which marks the Golden Glades as the most appealing dining and dancing establishment in torrid weather. "Blossom Festival," the new summer revue, which is presented for dinner in the Glades at 7:30 and again for the after theatre crowds at 11:30 is one of the most pretentious amusement offerings in town. There is never a dull moment in this performance, and obviously, it was built exclusively for novelty and sensational numbers. The company includes Helen Hardick, Yvonne Darle, Peggy La Velle, Swann Wood, Harry Francis, George Davis, Elsie and Pauline, Cathlean Pope, Judels

and Peterson, Margot Georges, and the Famous Skating Octette, who also reproduce a genuine hockey game on the rink. A beauty chorus of twenty, costumed in original and gorgeous creations, appear in the musical comedy section of the show. The Golden Glades, with its new summer revue will surely prove a popular summer attraction and add to the gaiety of Broadway.

REISENWEBER'S

The new spring revue of Reisenweber's 58th Street and Columbus Circle assumed definite form when rehearsals were started on Tuesday. Henry Fink, who is personally directing this new production, has been identified for many years as the producer of the smartest and most successful revues in this country.

To maintain the typical Reisenweber standard, Mr. Louis Fischer has given Mr. Fink reign in the selection of the stellar cast and the gorgeous costumes that will mark this revue another triumph for that institution.

It is indeed a rarity in these days of everchanging fancies to appear for one hundred and fifty consecutive performances at any one theatre. To be able to do so at any restaurant entertainment, where the exactions are so much greater, attests to the ever-increasing wonders and charms of Sophie Tucker.

CABARET CHATS—Cont.

FOUNTAIN INN

Fountain Inn, at Lynbrook, Long Island, occupies an enviable position as one of the leading motor stop offs along the Merrick Road. Directly on the main highway to Long Beach, this place unites every element necessary to give it high rank amongst motorists; the first among other things being the excellence of its cuisine, service and management, under the direction of the congenial "Henri." The interior appointments can be appreciated only by a season's engagement at the inn. Dancing is in vogue from noon until closing. Messrs. Thiessen & Hennigsen, the proprietors, can honestly boast of one of the most admired dining and dancing places along any motor highway.

An attraction that aids in drawing capacity crowds nightly to Fountain Inn, at Lynbrook, Long Island, is the recent engagement of the Aquinto Banjo Orchestra, whose rendition of dance music is proving a treat to motorists. Well known for its cuisine and service, this roadhouse is an ideal stop-off during a day's run over the Merrick Road. A spacious dance floor; an atmosphere of refinement, congenial management, all add to an evening's repast and diversion.

WALDORF ROOF

The roof garden of the Waldorf-Astoria, opened Wednesday, June 11, is the largest dining dance roof in the country and one of the most completely equipped for the serving of food.

Joseph Knecht personally conducts his orchestra on the roof at luncheon and dinner concerts, and for the Supper Dancing which begins at 9 o'clock. Miss Emily Dillingworth is hostess of the roof dances.

McALPIN ROOF

The McAlpin Hotel roof garden began its seventh season on Monday, June 9th, and promises to again become very popular with New Yorkers and the multitude of visitors from every point.

DORALDINA

When some few years ago Doralдина, who is appearing nightly in the Paradise Room at Reisenweber's introduced the Hula Hula Dance, she won not only world wide fame but was honored by the official sanction of the Hawaiian Government. History it seems, is in a way repeating itself, for in the last few weeks there has suddenly sprung forth a veritable clan of would-be imitators of her Larumba Shiver. Still, imitations do not phase this extraordinary exponent of exotic dancing. Her fame does not rest upon any one single dance. It should require no great amount of effort for the followers of the movies to recollect the sensation that Doralдина created both in this country and abroad when several years ago she appeared in a screen version of Rudyard Kipling's "Naulahka."

RYANS

One of the coolest and most refreshing spots these hot summer nights can be found by taking a 45-minute auto trip to City Island on Long Island Sound. Located on this beautiful and delightful little island you will find, among other resorts, Ryan's roadhouse where an appetizing clambake or other delicious meals together with cooling refreshments can be enjoyed in an atmosphere of comfort and restfulness. Dancing to the tune of an exceptionally jazzy jazz orchestra and a wonderfully entertaining cabaret by colored performers furnish an unusually novel pastime to patrons of Broadway restaurants during the sweltering summer months. The automobile road is one of the finest in this part of the state and easily accessible from Broadway by the following route: Fifth Avenue to 135th Street, east along 135th St., across Harlem River Bridge to Grand Concourse, up Grand Concourse to East Fordham Road, thence east to Pelham Parkway, along which proceed to City Island Road—at the end of same is located City Island.

CABARET CHATS—Cont.

FLEISCHMANN'S

We have heard jazz bands, jazz orchestras and jazz music of all kinds but we can truthfully say that in all our experience we have yet to hear one which is the equal of the jazz band at present playing at Fleischmann's Cafe and Restaurant, Prospect and Westchester Avenues, Bronx. These extraordinary exponents of jazz syncopation have in a comparatively short space of time succeeded in putting this place into the class of Broadway gilded palaces, and already crowds from all parts of the city are swarming there nightly to eat, drink, dance and be entertained. A revue of no mean calibre is in full swing every evening and to those who desire a change in atmosphere, we readily recommend Fleischmann's, where the best food and drinks can be obtained at less than half of Broadway prices.

SHERRY'S AT AUCTION

After an uninterrupted success of twenty years' endurance, in which time the world's representative men and women have considered it as their home while in New York, Sherry's has gone under the hammer of the auctioneer—never again to hold forth its inviting and luxurious surroundings to society's elite. What an interesting story could be written upon this famous place were all facts and various occurrences known. How many hearts of young debutantes were made glad by introductions and flirtations at teas, dinners, weddings and receptions—and how many hearts were broken? How many millions upon millions of dollars' worth of jewelry were shown within its walls? How many birds and cold bottles were indulged in during its twenty years? How many fortunes were made through tips picked up in its cafe? What a sad end for one of New York's institutions.

SOMER'S

If circumstances are instrumental in keeping you in the city during the hot weather, and if your desires for Atlantic City outdoor dinners are foiled by the will of fortune, you need not discourage and feel gloomy for there still exists, in this great city of ours, a spot where you can enjoy the invigorating and refreshing breezes of the Atlantic. Somer's Garden in Coney Island combines the atmosphere of Atlantic City and Broadway in that it has an entertainment and music equal to that of any Broadway restaurant and the delightfully cool surroundings of Atlantic City. There you can dine in the open under the starry sky where ocean breezes take the place of the stuffy and sweltering hotel dining rooms or you may dine on the covered veranda, surrounded by beautiful flower beds whose fragrance in itself are stimulating to the appetite. And the prices are moderate.

MCALPIN

An effort will be made at each Tuesday dance to secure special features, although it has never been the policy of the McAlpin Hotel to offer entertainment of the type termed cabaret, preferring rather to provide good music, a good dance floor, food of the best and at moderate prices, all in a delightfully cool and attractive environment. Given these, the diner out or the dance enthusiast has found everything needed for a thoroughly enjoyable evening.

Among those who entertained in the Grill last Tuesday night were: Dr. Sauchez Elia, former judge of the supreme court of Argentina; Mr. Jose Markovich, an eminent architect of Buenos Aires; Mr. Axel Sundberg, director of electrical power and light plants, of Uruguay; Mr. Sala Sal, of Chile.



Than J. Herbert Frank's violent new love affair with the fair Miss Klem?

Than June B. Tally and John Schaffer taking in the races?

Than Madeline Smith's impending marriage to J. S.?

Than the attention Carolyn Gylman attracts when she goes out prom-
enading on the Avenoo?

Than Gladdest Harrison being the gladdest girl in town because she is
back from Chicago?

Than the latest hat creations that Lydia Forman and Lola Hall wore
to Belmont Park at the Suburban?

The beautiful costumes of the Follies were designed by Anna Bastiny
and Bert Kaiser.

Charlotte Wakefield created a sensation on the beach in her new cam-
ouflaged bathing suit from Boulogne.

Marie Granville seemed happy with Samanto Luain at the Shelburne.

George Avedon is responsible for the popularity of Chocolate Bar at
Atlantic City.

Kitty Mahoney looked sweet and pretty in a blue devil costume.

Lola Lorraine all dolled up in a white bathing suit looked very cute
on the beach.

Than Chubby Warde, one of the squabs in the Cafe de Paris Revue?

Than Wilma Wynn teaching the young idea, folk-dancing at the Plaza?

Than the big hit Dixie Lovelle is making in the movies?

Than Joe Buck going down and bucking the market and "cleaning up"?

Than the fascinating beauty of Evelyn Santry?

Than the reason why the Cafe de Paris is popular with the ladies—
Henry Surdez?

WHAT COULD BE SWEETER—Cont.

Than the fortitude and smiling way that Florence Burns bears up under her recent hard luck romance with the fickle Clayton D., the ex-dancer, who turned coal agent and became enamoured with a little charmer by the name of Dixie L.?

* * *

Than Tonsillitis being an excuse to come back from Atlantic City and why was Herman so glad to see the convalescent?

* * *

Than Evelyn Neville leading the quiet life and looking much prettier for it?

* * *

Than Stanley Sharpe, Jake Shubert, Arthur Klein, "Henri" of Bal Tabarin, and hundreds of other smart dressers getting their clothes made by Toney and Bestry?

* * *

Than Dixie Lovelle deciding not to become a dancer and going in the Bohemian Review?

* * *

Than Al Sanders going into vaudeville with a monologue act?

* * *

Than H. J. Valhofft, the "doll-man" becoming manager of the Little C ub?

* * *

Than Chas. Strickland going down to Biggart's Park, Sea Girt, N. J., for the Summer?

Removable Bridge Work

*GOLD AND PORCELAIN INLAYS
PORCELAIN AND GOLD FILLINGS*

DENTAL WORK OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

At less than you would pay elsewhere
SKILL, GENTLENESS AND SATISFACTION

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DENTIST

BROADWAY, COR. 40th STREET

HOURS : 9 A. M. TO 9 P. M., SUNDAYS : 9 A. M. TO 3 P. M.

WHAT COULD BE SWEETER—Cont.

Than the rapid rise of Joseph L. Kelley from scribe on the Motion Picture News to publicity manager for S. L. Rothapfel?

* * * * *

Than the petite, dainty and charming little English beauty, Lillian Hall?

* * * * *

Than the trio consisting of Louise Mayorga, Julian Eltinge and Leo Beers of the Passing Show in Chicago?

* * * * *

Than Ann Pennington's cute little apartment at the Claridge?

* * * * *

Than the original, refreshing and dashing personality of Olga Downes?

* * * * *

Than Capt. Churchill, charming Madge Ward, Al. Maher and Mary McBride—all enjoying the show at the Palace, the same evening?

* * * * *

Than the black and blue marks Elsie Davenport is camouflaged with? The result of falling off a piano?

* * * * *

Than Ted Lewis losing \$2,500 at the races without a murmur? (No one will ever know how much he has WON.)

* * * * *

Than Barney Briggs brooding over a \$300 loss on the ponies?

* * * * *

Than calm Link Loper looking all spick and span with a beautiful lady at the Bal Tabarin one hot night?

* * * * *

Than the fascinating little Canadian team of beauties—Muriel Lodge and "Pauline"?

* * * * *

Than Pearl Shepherd's increasing beauty and corresponding popularity with the movie companies?

* * * * *

Than Fay King vamping and cabaretting to beat the band?

* * * * *

Than Lea Leland trying to decide whether to take a sea-going hack or a Broadway crawler on a hot night at 1 A. M. at the corner of 45th St. and Broadway?

* * * * *

Than Allan Jefferson still dancing with the ladies of the four hundred set?

* * * * *

Than Leo Weil of the "old school" looking just as jovial and prosperous as in days and nights of old?

* * * * *

Than Myrtle Powers vamping a whole table full of wine buyers at the Bal Tabarin?

* * * * *

Than Lucile Prather about to be starred by one of the biggest film producers in this country?

* * * * *

Than Lou Davis being the king of funny story tellers, and a great favorite with the fair sex?

WHAT COULD BE SWEETER—Cont.

Than Kitty Bicks becoming one of the best looking girls in town?

* * * * *

Than I. Miller, the ladies' shoe man, finding relaxation from the rush of business, in the king of indoor sports—jazzing?

* * * * *

Than the way Trixie Summers tumbled right into a nice berth in "Tumble In"?

* * * * *

Than Belmont Gottlieb's wonderful Western beauty with the great, big, beautiful eyes?

* * * * *

Than the dark, rich, fascinating beauty of Genevieve Ullman being hidden under a bushel, by not being prominently in some good show?

* * * * *

Than Gladys (Biltmore) Abrahms being one of the sweetest girls in town?

* * * * *

Than the way Logotie Hoover looks in her new baby pink outfit?



LOGOTIE HOOVER

The above likeness is of Logotie Hoover attired in her hot weather costume. She has one for still hotter weather, but she hasn't had photographs made of it yet.

Mention THE WHITE WAY when you buy—It helps

WHAT COULD BE SWEETER—Cont.

Than Dolly Best jumping in and taking Midgie Miller's place in the Reisenweber Revue, and making a big hit with her high back kicks?

Than Lew Lowenstein's funny hair cut and everlasting popularity with the fair sex?

Than Lea Irving being the hostess at the Hotel Alamac at Mt. Arlington?

Than the merry parties that take place at Reuben's original dining place?

Than Maude LaVere being in the "Scandals of 1919"?

Than the glorious blonde beauty of Ruth Taylor of the new Follies?

Than Flo Lawler's portrait with a beautiful child, in a Fifth Ave. photographer's window?

Than Lillian Held eating chill-con-carne at the Sonora restaurant at 2 A. M.

Than Harry Glynn contemplating going South to go into the oil business after Judry the Thirst?

Than Peg Coudray getting stage fright when she sees some one in the audience she knows real well?

While on Your Vacation



☛ If you want to know what is *doing* on Broadway, while you are away on your vacation, just mail us the *Coupon* below filled out with your name and address and we will send you THE WHITEWAY Magazine for the same price as if you were here buying *it* from your newsdealer.

Gentlemen:

Enclosed please find \$_____ for which kindly send me postpaid _____ copies of *White Way Magazine*

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Address _____

Begin with _____ Issue.

WHAT COULD BE SWEETER—Cont.

Than Flo Heart marrying F. Belsher?

* * *

Than Estelle LaVelle being promoted to soubrette at the Strand Roof?

* * *

Than Nan Valentine trying to decide whether she should take dancing lessons from Alveine or Kosloff?

* * *

Than Helen Fould attending the races and NEARLY winning \$600?

* * *

Than the heavenly beauty of the Angel Sisters? Paradise is near 54th St. on Broadway.

* * *

Than Bill Matzner cleaning up \$50,000 in Rubber?

* * *

The editor of White Way wishes to correct a grievous mistake that found its way into the pages of the last issue of this publication. The article referred to stated that Frances Demorest had been confined to a hospital for an operation for cancer. This was a mistake as we have been notified. Miss Demorest has not been to any hospital, has not been ill, but to the contrary, has been enjoying the best of health and success in the cast of the "Royal Vagabond."

* * *

Than Adele Howe dancing in the Royal Vagabond?

* * *

Than Harry Mann, "Sid" Taylor, Adelaide Kurth and Olga Downes all lunching together at the Claridge?

* * *

Than Henry Kondolf coming out with a new drink called "Bing"?

* * *

Than Gladys Sloan and Maureen Englin singing Duets?

* * *

Than the pretty picture that Enlee Haddone makes in the revue at the Cafe de Paris?

* * * * *

Than Gladys Slater taking a bungalow for the Summer?

* * * * *

Than Evelyn Nesbit's checkered thin silk water-proof rain cape?

* * *

Than the patience and good nature of Georgie White in rehearsing the chorus for Scandal of 1919?

* * * * *

Than Jane Kerr and Viola Mattison living in style at the Claridge?

* * * * *

Than Bruce Bethel going to Phila to WORK in a brokerage office?

* * * * *

Than the wild house-parties that Clayton Dinmore gives at his apartment on East 40th St.?

* * * * *

Than the sweet smile of Rose Maynard, the dark beauty?

* * * * *

Than Andy "Hand-out-the-bull" Hamilton having all those manager friends of his, including "Ziggy," Gest, and B. V. D. calling on him? Song writers keep an eye on Andy!

* * * * *

Than Al Lentz waiting till the first of June to change from his burlap



Why is Grayce Adelle so suspicious of everyone?

* * * * *

Who was the little red-headed, hot-headed young woman who tried to beat up Sophie Tucker's little red-headed violinist in the St. Regis one morning not so very long ago? And why?

* * * * *

Was not Peggy Carter very much pleased when Lt. Carter returned from France?

* * * * *

Why don't Louis Zalud get a car with a self-starter? And then he would not have to go 'round wearing a black eye from back-fire?

* * * * *

Who is Betty Mack so deeply smitten with at present?

* * * * *

What did Geo. Sheer tell wife when he found that she was rehearsing with a show to surprise him?

* * * * *

Who was the fake nobleman who chased deWitt Speyer around taxicabs and shrubbery out in front of Peter's one hot night recently, and what for?

* * * * *

Why did Betty Mudge pick Gene Verne for best man?

* * * * *

Why were Elsie Bambrick, "Billy" Wagner, Gladys Slater, and two or three girls given the customary two weeks' notice at the Midnight Whirl?

* * * * *

Why did Musette begin wearing tights after going bare-legged so long, at the Cafe de Paris?

* * * * *

Who was the handsome young man that dined with Olive Thomas at the Knickerbocker on the evening of May 27th?

* * * * *

Who is the beautiful one that Billy Holden has been going 'round with since the busting up of the old romance with Edith P.?

* * * * *

When "Buddy" Wright takes the train for home will "'Arry" Glynn go down to "Watch the Trains Go Out"?

* * * * *

Why did Diana Paton leave the Follies? Was it because she objected to factory methods?

WHIZZ BANGS—Cont.

Can it be true that Oro Fletcher has given up the screen for good to enter the prosaic business world?

* * * * *

Who is Bill Matzner's new flame? *

* * * * *

Terry Cohen and his National are very popular these warm days, and nights.

* * * * *

Who made this expression famous: "When the World Goes 'Round and We Meet Again?" Page Gladys Easter!

* * * * *

Why don't Veronica do her "flops" regularly in her toe dances at the Moulin Rouge, as the public enjoys them so much?

* * * * *

Who is the tall brunette seen so often with Jack Carter, after theatre, especially at the Knickerbocker Grill?

* * * * *

Are Rose Marks and Louis Zalud really engaged, and are not their friends all breathlessly awaiting the big show?

* * * * *

Who was the tall, handsome brunette that was seen changing from a stuffy, hot street car to Frank Brady's more comfortable big white auto, and what will Muriel say when she hears about it?

R E U B E N

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WHIZZ BANGS—Cont.

Who is the Duke or Count of No-account that after the expenditure of about \$10 in roses, succeeded in getting possession of Babe Marlowe's platinum ring, on the pretext of having it repaired? And will he ever show up again with said valuable piece of jewelry?

* * *

Wasn't Billy Marion very badly shaken up in a taxi accident one night recently?

* * *

Why doesn't Magnus Lovin see the "Countess" any more?

* * *

Who was the dame that Jack Murray talked to for an hour on the phone at the Claridge?

* * *

Who is the handsomest automobile man on Broadway? Dixie Lovelle nominates Benj. Rippeth.

* * * * *

Is it true that Francine Lorraine is to marry Townsend Netcher, or has the event already happened?

* * * * *

Who was the girl that phoned Bernard Granville and accidently got the Missus on the wire?

* * * * *

Why did Lillian Stone Stuart leave the "Lady in Red" Co.?

* * * * *

Who is the dark and handsome wild man that Madeline Smith is crazy about?

* * * * *

Why does Edith Livingston always dine at the Claridge and Arthur Horowitz eat at the Automat?

* * * * *

Why did Dotty put six pieces of sugar in her pocket when she was repasting in Reuben's there one night recently?

* * * * *

Why did Diana Paton leave the Follies? Was it because she objected

* * * * *

Who was the pretty girl with Loretta Harris and two gentlemen that jumped over the side of a big Cadillac in front of Reuben's one night recently? What was the hurry?

* * * * *

Why is Sheila O'Hara seen in the company of a handsome lieutenant muchly these days? ? ? ?

* * * * *

Than the sweet little romance of Helen McDonough, the sprightly little classic dancer, and Mr. Busch of the McAlpin?

* * * * *

Than pretty Frances Hudson?

* * * * *

Hal Nixon, the well-known acrobatic dancer, certainly did have a pretty girl with him the other evening. Eh, Hal?

WHIZZ BANGS=Cont.

Why didn't Frankie Fay send Frankie James a telegram on her opening night at the Columbia, where she is Prima Donna in "Peeka-boo"? Miss James always sends Mr. Fay one at his openings.

* * *

Is Miriam Phillips of the Royal Vagabond a blonde or a brunette?

* * *

Does Mrs. Frank like the idea of her husband demonstrating high class automobiles to prospective lady buyers?

* * *

Did Agnes Dunne spend her vacation at Saratoga, or was it perhaps Tioga, N. Y.? and what was the attraction up there?

* * *

Why does Nell Carrington of the Passing Show in Chicago yearn so much to be back in New York?

What was the joke that caused Ollie Levain and Madeline Hughes to laugh so hard one night recently up at Cafe de Paris?

What was the jolly row about at the corner of 48th Street and Broadway on the morning of June 3rd at 2:30, involving an ex-prize fighter, a roller skater, a mechanical engineer, a wealthy young Pittsburger and two beautiful California girls? And who was the famous dancer that innocently was the cause of all the trouble?

Why did Dorothy King leave for Atlantic City so suddenly after reading a certain "Whizz Bang" concerning Clayton Dinsmore, and will the new stone that was presented her by Cort R. console her for the loss of the little apartment down on Tenth St.?

Why was Johnny Burt so peeved one Sunday night at the Bal Tabarin?

Who is "Elsie" that called at the office of "The White Way," and finding no one in, left her name on the glass door written with lip rouge?

Why does Clayton Dinsmore avoid Broadway since he annexed Dixie?

Why did Mrs. Owen move so hurriedly from 71st St. to East 40th., and did a row over a certain little southern girl have anything to do with it?

Who was the portly gentleman that got so sore when Mr. Erickson laughed because O. L. would not dance with him for \$10 in the Futurist Room, one night recently?

Who was the beautiful lady that Doc took to James Drug Store recently, and what did he buy for her there?

Who was the blonde young lady, now working at the Sunset Restaurant, and who formerly worked at the Pre Catelan, that gave a certain young man the devil for forgetting to keep an appointment at which time he was supposed to bring along theatre tickets? And did he not feel very badly after she got through laying him out?

Who were the two gentlemen who were dining with Peggy Foster at the Sonora Restaurant at 2 A. M. one morning recently?

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WHIZZ BANGS—Cont.

Wasn't Jake Shubert a bit peeved when he saw the hit some of his former beauties were making in the new Follies at Atlantic City?

* * * * *

Why didn't Clarence Gray show up for the Opening? How about Peggy Smith?

* * * * *

Where was Betty Bray in her new Stutz, the Opening night?

* * * * *

Charlotte Stevenson was down with some unknown sweetie

* * * * *

Horace Homer, Geo. Shetzline, Al Jolson and Harold Attridge all right down in the front row?

* * * * *

Why did Kitty Mahoney feel so blue? Was it because Mark Munsill did not come down for the opening? Was he really absent on account of a funeral?

* * * * *

Seen at the Beaux Arts after theatre, opening night Jesse Reed, Bud Fisher, Maurice and Walton, in all their glory.

* * * * *

Another lively party consisted of Ike Lehmann, Betty Francisco, Carrie Irwin, Mildred Sinclair, Morris Decker and May Carwell.

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WHIZZ BANGS—Cont.

Why did Theda Bara keep her head down most of the time at a popular roadhouse one night recently? Especially when she had on such a pretty Black hat and white suit?

* * *

Who gave Peggy Coudray the beautiful thousand dollar wolf-hound and where did she get those wonderful rings? When did she learn to drive a Premier touring car?

* * *

Why was Bee Palmer playing the piano at Woodmansten Inn? Was it because Coleman was on the job down at Castle's by the Sea?

* * *

Has not Kewpie Collier made a decided change for the better by her change of sweeties?

* * *

Is there any significance in the exchange of glances between Ted Lewis and Evelyn Neville at the Bal Tabarin? Can it be the beginning of negotiations for reconciliation?

* * *

Who was the young lieutenant sitting with Sheila O'Hara at the Moulin Rouge one evening and what was his reason for making a remark to the effect that "he just hates Jews?" Rather unbecoming an officer of the U. S. Marine Corps.

* * *

Why does Willie Moore insist upon inviting Dolly Best to go down to Charlie's? Doesn't he know that she is in love with another Willie, and that is why she refuses to go to Charlie's?

* * *

Why is it that Phoebe Lee will not talk to Kempton Greene any more? Has Harry Breen anything to do with it?

* * *

Why doesn't Doris Marquette like to dance, especially when she makes such a good appearance on the floor? Is it because they do not dance much up in that little Connecticut home town?

* * *

Why didn't B. A. want Johnny Hoagland to be at home while pictures were made of her at the beautiful Larchmont estate? Isn't this rather inconsiderate of Billie in view of the fact that she has her eye on Johnny's new Marmon?

* * *

Shouldn't Clayton Dinsmore have returned the fur-lined coat with other gifts, to Dot King, when he bestowed his affections upon another? And was he not rather bold to attempt to borrow a hundred dollars from her with which to entertain his new flame at the Montmartre?

* * *

Who is the girl that gave Al Hixon the \$700 diamond ring, and what did Dorothy Leeds have to say about it?

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My Dearest Miss Barefacts:

You seem so very popular with the love lorn of the Great White Way, that I am also coming to you with a very vexing problem which concerns affairs of the heart.

For*the past five years I have been engaged to a childhood sweetheart to whom I owe everything. Her name is "Gray" and she has stuck to me through thick and thin, but since I came to this great distracting city, I met a little girl by the name of "Dotty" while I was a professional dancer at the Biltmore. But in this city of numberless enchantresses, I met yet another fair charmer, Florence Burns, who set my heart on fire, and I went so far as to promise her everything in the world, and she implicitly believed in my love and has been very dear and sweet to me. But while this third "wild crush" went to Atlanta to dance in the Metropolitan Opera Co., I succumbed to the wiles of a little Southern beauty by the name of "Dixie" (Conky's Girl). This little Dixie is an irrepressible flirt, and she vamped me for fair. In fact so much that I wrote to Florence that I would never see her again. The only thing I don't like about Dixie is her "accent." If it was any more "southern" I could not stand her, but Conky had her fixed up so nice in those pretty frocks I just simply could not resist her. So, although he was my friend, I stole her away. But she was willing.

Now the thing that bothers me is the fact that it is almost time for my California fiancee to arrive, and I have not not tired of Dixie yet. What SHALL I do; Oh, dear, dear, what shall I do? I am at the end of my rope.

Worriedly yours,

H.(enry) Clay Dinsmoor.

P. S.—Oh, yes! I forgot, just before I met Florence, I went up to Healy's one night and fell head over heels in love with Agnes Dunne. I even bought her a nice expensively equipped travelling bag. And I guess it was too suggestive, for she travelled away from me quickly enough, even though I did ask her to marry me.

Answer;

You certainly ARE "just another GOOD man gone wrong"! If you want to lose Dixie, why don't you tell her about your little sweetheart out in California? And if you want to square yourself with Florence, ask her forgiveness for misleading her about being in Toronto and causing her so much trouble and expense over the long distance. Moral: Always stick to the truth, even though it hurts.

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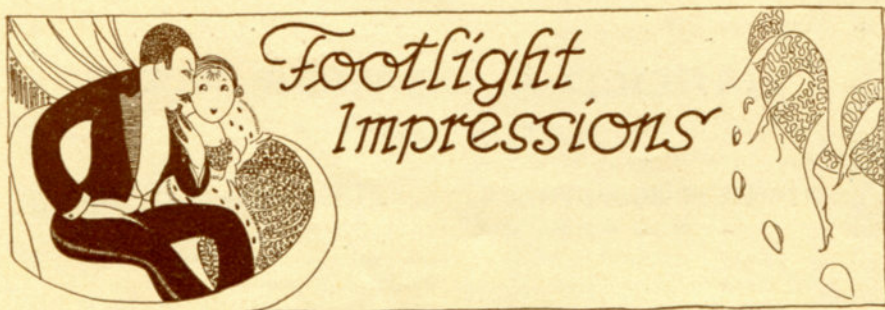
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WEDNESDAY AND FRIDAY**



"I LOVE YOU"

One night recently I ran into my old friend Richard Dix down in the Moulin Rouge. He was very happy and gay. He and Mary Jane were celebrating his opening success with the new show over at the Booth Theatre, called "I Love You." He was so jubilant and enthusiastic that I wanted to see the show myself, for two reasons: One because I like a good show, and the other because I am supposed to review shows for "The White Way."

So, I wrote to Sidney Harris, the box office mogul, and told him that I wanted to see the show for "The White Way" magazine. And promptly a pass for two came. Now it is always quite a problem for me whom to take with me. It is so hard to get a congenial and sympathetic companion. There is always something wrong—they either have a date or have seen the show. Most of all I wanted to take my regular girl, Dixie, but she had another appointment. Agnes Dunne kind o' liked Richard Dix, and I had considered asking her to go but, "it was such a hot day, don't you know, Oh, deah!" Finally I succeeded in getting Josephine Barr to accompany me and, strange to say, it was the only show in town she had not seen. And then Josephine was a bit lonesome because her pal Vera Olcott had just gone to Europe. Josephine was good company and was an aid to me in judging the merits of "I Love You." I never rely upon my own feelings altogether. I just watch the majority of the crowd. I was put in a bad humor right from the beginning because the girl in the box-office made me go back to the end of the line, even though the pass said the seats were reserved.

The farce started out with a billiard room scene in a Fifth Avenue mansion, and it seemed to be a little too drawn out. Probably the author intended it to be a boresome scene, but he should not have bored the audience first dash out of the box. John Westley, as Jimmie Farnsworth, had a most difficult character to enact and deserves special mention. Geo. Van Horne as Robert Strange had a more commonplace or easier part. Gilbert Douglas handled an important part as the butler in a most convincing manner.

Peter Darby as the electrician was one of the big parts which was intrusted to Richard Dix who had ample opportunity to demonstrate his histrionic ability.

Doris Mitchel handled the easy role of Mrs. Louise Endicott with easy grace. Diantha Pattison, as Betty Duncan, pleased Josephine very much. She thought that Diantha was a very striking beauty. Gypsy O'Brien bounded in on the scenes with her characteristic effervescent personality. Josephine thought she was awfully cute, and so did I. The part of the maid was cleverly done by Ruth Terry.

FOOTLIGHT IMPRESSIONS

The cast was exceptionally good throughout; but LeBaron's vehicle for it, in "I Love You," was not as "meaty" as it might have been. I have always thought that a Farce should be rip-roaring. "I Love You," while supposed to be real life exaggerated to a degree, was not exaggerated enough. The audience laughed and teheed often enough, but there were no "stomachs." All "faces." (Laughs!)

In act two, the moving clouds and the waving water were tiresome and the mechanical effects detracted from the actor's work—especially as the big scene was to take place on the carefully staged settee. The idea of experimenting upon two strange people to make them fall in love was original enough, and the place where the violin was to be played at the right moment was clever, but not surprising enough. Of course, just as in real life, those you wish to fall in love with one another, and those you desire not to, always do the opposite, and that is the way they did in the play.

The finish, in which everyone paired off, was farcial enough, but seemed to lack punch. But I remained awake throughout the entire show, while Josephine dozed off once.

I saw in the audience, Peggy Shanor, Jack Neumark, Arthur Swanstrom, Mabel Cloud and one or two other Broadwayites. I think G. M. Anderson had better stick to pictures.

A. B. C.

"EVERYTHING"

Somewhat undecided as to how to spend the evening of last Wednesday, I asked the advice of three friends, and, after receiving such suggestions as viewing a vaudeville show, grand opera or perhaps a musical comedy, I decided it would be a novelty to combine all of these suggestions, and accordingly invited my friends to join me at a performance of "Everything." Joyfully they accepted, and we bent our steps toward the Hippodrome. Comfortably seated, we prepared to see "Everything" there was to be seen and, after comparing notes at the conclusion of the performance, we decided that nothing had escaped our attention.

The curtain rose upon a splendidly set scene of country circus with the town's populace in gala array seated around the sawdust ring, gleefully applauding the stunts of the bareback rider and the ever-enjoyable acts of the clowns. This was followed by a performance of Powers' Elephants, one of these—a monster in size—dancing the shimmie with its trainer to the strains of the circus jazz band. The scene now shifted to an acrobatic performance of Slayman Ali's Arabs—a troupe without a rival in tumbling stunts.

The Toy Factory, the third scene of the production, is, we believe, a number especially presented for the enjoyment of the kiddies and reminded us of days gone by when thoughts of becoming a scribe would have thrilled our very soul. The ever-popular Bert Levy in "The Artists' Studio" was fourth on the program, and amidst his delightful cartoons took a vote on the prohibition question in which the "wets" won by a score of 5,000 to 0.

The fifth scene proved to be a beautiful scenic spectacle of Chateau-Thierry in pre-war days with a lightning change which turned this pretty landscape into the bloody battlefield of 1918, in which a glimpse of real warfare could be obtained.

FOOTLIGHT IMPRESSIONS

The intermission was devoted to the sale of Victory Bonds, and through the efforts of Miss Julia Arthur, the Government became a debtor to ye scribe. Miss Arthur succeeded in convincing the audience that their duty to their country has not as yet been fully rendered and consequently lightened their pockets to the extent of \$55,000.00. More power to you, Julia!

Part two of the program opened with an ocean view of Atlantic City in which the Elm City Quartette rendered several selectins of popular numbers. This was followed by Tom Brown's Clown Band—a wonderfully selected sextette of jazz musicians. We all agreed that the eighth scene, entitled "H. M. S. Pinafore," a miniature version of Gilbert and Sullivan's masterpiece, was the attraction of the evening and in itself was worth the price of admission. There were five other acts which numbered among the best on the program and only lack of space prevents us from giving a detailed account thereof.

Taking all in all, we enjoyed the evening immensely and can readily understand why this popular playhouse fills its doors to capacity at every performance. If you think that you have seen everything, take a glance at "Everything" and you will find that you were wrong.

J. L. W.

PABST'S HARLEM

Dropped into Pabst's Harlem the other evening for a slant at their review, of which Lillian Held is the leading performer. She is an entertainer par excellence. James G. Brown is a baritone with a pleasing voice and Martha Lawrance a likable soprano. But the one false note in the otherwise splendid show is a dancing pair billed as Mlle Marguerite and Frank Grely. They are mediocrity itself. A first class orchestra, ably conducted by Q. Wolkow, furnishes white-teable music. Otto E. Schalnat is the show's capable stage manager.

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- Why was Leah Baird frowning outside the Claridge June 5th?
Why did Logotie Hoover go to Buffalo?
Who was it that Gladys Sloane gave the atmosphere to?
Why did Jane Kerr want a certain back number of “The White Way”
and why did she offer such a large sum for same?
How did John Murray Anderson ever discover such a beauty as Irene
Matthews?
Why don’t Peggy Mitchell pay her bills?
When did Veronica Marquise become a nurse?
Why did Lillian Held take that trip to Yonkers at 2 A. M.?
Why did Marie Hall leave town?
Who was it that Elaine Hall vamped so successfully?
What was perturbing Walter Kingsley on the afternoon of June 4th?
Did Elsie Held succeed in inducing her escort to take her to the Follies’
Ball?
What is the attraction at the National Studios for Mr. Rosenbluh?
Why did Cecile Arnold quit Ted Lewis’ Jazz Orchestra?
Does Eva Lynn ever actually flirt while whistling her number at Wal-
lick’s?
Why did Vera Griffin give her sweetie the air?
Why did Terry try to make Logotie?
Why did Billy Emerich smile so wonderfully while dining at Charlie’s?
Why did Ray Emery feel so impatient to see the editor?
Why did Ethel von Mar forget to come across?
Why did Grant Clarke change to a brunette?
Why did Fritzie Newman forget to phone?
Why did Elsie Bainbrick forget to return the tickets?
Why did Buddy Wright squawk?
Why did Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Warner smile so gracefully?
Why did Muzzie Matthews smile at the remark in reference to her
personality?
Why didn’t Howard Gibson send his Pittsburgh news for this issue?
Why did Billy White take Logotie Hoover to see “She Is a Good Fellow”?
Why did Messrs. Thompson, Boag and Spear take a sea-going hack?
Why did Shirley S. of Wallick’s adopt the devil’s attire?
Why did Smittie help a sick Broadwayite?
Why did Musette change her costume?
Why did Nina Whitmore leave for Pittsburgh so suddenly?
Why did Maureen Englin cry at the death of Lieut Jolly?
Why did Thelma Carleton change her beautiful black dancing costume
to one of baby pink?
Why did Evelyn Forest visit the “White Way” office?
Why did Babe Marlowe want her picture back?
Why did Dolly Best smile so serenely in the Midgie Miller act?
Why did the Angel sisters appear so happy?
Why did Elsie Davenport and Billie rush for the 2:45?

Squawk Department

Once I sat in the very first row
Of Sinbad—indeed a wonderful show.
A beauteous blonde I did espy—
A gorgeous creature as she flitted by,
My heart beat madly—she dazzled my eye.

My amorous glances she did not spurn,
Indeed a wondrous glance she did return.
Thereupon my soul did yearn
Even as You and I.

So for many a month in the same seat I sat,
Even as you and I,
Jealously watching her every time she gaily passed me by,
But as a bolt from the clear blue sky,
She failed one wonderful evening to gaily dance by,
And at eleven-fifteen at the stage door
My beauty I did not espy.
My heart—'twas broken and I was forsaken,
By this Broadway butterfly.

After days of watchful waiting,
Even as you and I,
In my roaming throughout the city,
A "variety" I did descry.
So I casually turned the papers
Till the route list I had read,
And playing at a nearby city
It almost knocked me dead.
Now it seems that in the other days
There was a comedian
Who nightly plastered his face with black
From a Stein's make-up can.

So I'm wending my weary way
Back to Tennessee,
As black from a make-up can
Will not improve on me.
So if I can't win them
Without black on my face
And a curly wig on my head,
Then I'll not take chances
With a Broadway blonde's glances
And always be getting the air!

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