

BROADWAY BREVITIES



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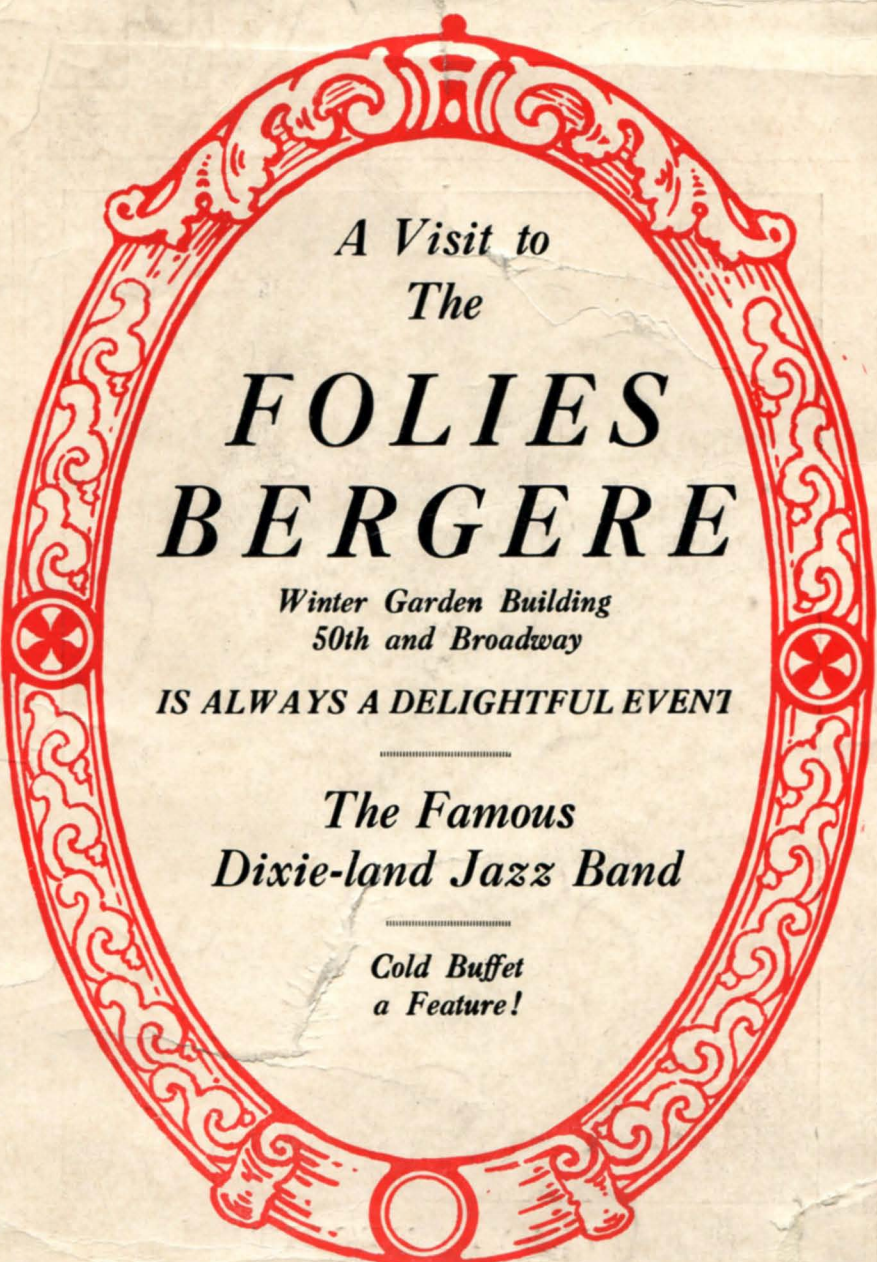


ANNA SPENCER, Inc., AMERICA'S FOREMOST CREATOR AND DESIGNER, 244 W. 42

EVELYN NESBIT



OLD SHEA & FARLEY SLEUTHS RAID AGAIN!



A Visit to
The
FOLIES
BERGERE

Winter Garden Building
50th and Broadway

IS ALWAYS A DELIGHTFUL EVENT

The Famous
Dixie-land Jazz Band

Cold Buffet
a Feature!

BROADWAY BREVITIES

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Published by BROADWAY BREVITIES, INCORPORATED

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John M. Beck, secretary

Knickerbocker Theatre Building (1400 Broadway), New York.

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THERESA VALERIO

Fascinating crowded houses nightly, as leading woman in Charles B. Dillingham's brilliant production, "Tip Top" at the Globe Theatre. Her dancing and singing are the last word in charm.



Extract from Broadwayite's Diary Year of 1925

(Boys, It's No Pipe Dream)

Friday, April 1. Landed off the Olympia to-day, to find town quite changed. Hear they have been putting through some legislation in my five years' absence. Went around to McGinty's to get a bracer and found an orange drink foundry on the site. Then went to Callahan's, only to find a revival meeting going. Strange! Wonder what could have happened!

Saturday, April 2. My God, worse and more of it! On asking for coffee this morning was told that coffee drinking had been prohibited for two years. Ordered a package of Strikes, when the waiter said that under the Twentieth Amendment, which went in force in 1922, cigarette smoking was classified with arson and burglary. Holy cat-fish, it can't be true! Waiter added, however, he knew of a friend in Yonkers who had four packs of Camels buried in his cellar, and he might be able to get me one at a price of \$18.00. I staggered out full of milk.

Sunday, April 3. Suffering mackerel! This morning, on going out to take a Broadway car, was informed by the cop that no cars have been allowed to run Sundays since the Twenty-first Amendment went into effect a year ago. Taxicabs are permitted to run between 10 and 11 and 8 and 9 only—to take the saints to and from church. On trying several movie houses, found a large sign: "This place will open again Monday at two." Passed a religious parade by the Claridge singing "Water Shall Wash Our Sins Away." Found notices posted everywhere: "All Citizens of New York, excluding Firemen and Cops, must observe the new Curfew Ordinance and be in Bed by 11 p. m., under Heavy Penalty for Infraction." Merciful Smelts!

Monday, April 4. This is awful! Went to the Astor at one for lunch, and found a minister and choir holding service in the cafe. Waiter explained that all restaurants must now hold religious services three times a day, preceding meals. Loud talking prohibited, and only three laughs allowed each guest during dinner.

Tuesday, April 5. Went out this morning to find a frightful riot on Times Square. Seems a workman on the new Broadway Elevated had turned up a bottle of Scotch and hundreds on Broadway had tried

to mob him, necessitating the calling out of the reserves. The workman was finally rescued, badly battered. In the scuffle the bottle, roughly valued at \$1,000, got broken. Dozens stayed around inhaling the fumes.

Wednesday, April 6. Report current on Broadway to-day that chemists of Wm. H. Anderson have discovered an unusually large percentage of alcohol in drinking water, and steps may be taken to have Washington regulate the use of water hereafter. This won't worry former soaks who have been chewing cinnamon bark for four years. Heard late tonight that a new law may soon go into force requiring all couples entering Broadway places of amusement to first register, giving address, date of birth, age, and stating purpose in entering said places of joy.

Thursday, April 7. Spent morning looking up the Montreal trains.

Interpreting the Plays

"The Young Visitors"—Twins.

"The Lady of the Lamp"—Your wife's optic if you're caught with a doll.

"The Woman of Bronze"—Chorus girl invited to Childs.

"Jimmie"—The chap that takes "Mamie" out.

"Shavings"—Said to be initial production of the Gillette Razor Co.

Sweet Yuletide Lullabies

ONCE AND OUT

Christmas comes but once a year,
It's great if you've the price;
But those who many presents give
Thank God it don't* come twice!

OH, YOU AMENDMENT!

'Twas the night before Christmas
And all through the house,
Not a creature was stirring—
They all had a souse.

BUT THINK OF THE 26TH!

The "diggers" and the chorus girls
Are gay when Christmas dawns,
For there's no time in all the year
Like this to trim the Johns.

HAMLET OMITTED

Sing a song of ten-spots
Pockets full of rye,
Whatever else that Christmas is,
It's hell to have it dry.

*Yes, we know this should be doesn't but it wouldn't scan.



Janice Says Her Idea of a "Small Town"

is the place in Pennsylvania where the lovely child was born. One time on taking the train for home she despatched a wire to her folks—and got home two days ahead of the wire.

* * *

Looks Like Gerry's on the Tobog

The News, in reviewing Gerry Farrar's latest picture, "The Riddle Woman" prints her pic. and adds: "No ingenue—she's ready for maternal roles. It's a pity to cast her with the blonde loveliness of Adele Blood and the youthful charm of Madge Bellamy. The contrast is hard on Geraldine." But these dames, News, hate to give in that they're passe. There's Grace LaRue, ferninstings, and Norah Bayes, neither a day over fifty, yet they act like a couple of spring colts in a pasture.

* * *

Open Letter to the Editor of the Evening Sun

Dear Ed: You have on your shining-for-all sheet one Don Marquis, who writes the "Sun Dial" column. In this col. he has for months been writing up something called "archy," supposed to be a cockroach. Ed., we're all in on this insect stuff. Once on a time we lived in the old Bartholdi Inn, said to have been built by the United Bug and Cockroach Construction Co., and we got our fill of the pesky things. Do you consider the feelings of your more or less refined readers in printing this filthy stuff? Please use a little roach mixture on the Sun, and eternally oblige about 70,000 readers, including,

Hopefully yours,
BREVITIES.

* * *

Little Phyllis Haver Hits the Burg
Yes, and she made a rather thrilling

re-entry. On her arrival a coupla live wires invited Phyllis to take a spin in their car. The lil lady, whose printed curves have been keeping deacons and Sunday-school Supts. awake for a year or more, and who is supposed to have the flashiest underpinnings this side of the Rockies, drank a wee bit too much on the ride, so 'tis said, and on the way home the Johns requested Phyllis to leave the car somewhere in the wilds of Pelham Road. After hitting the rubber heel route for about a mile, who appears but our old fren, Louis Witcher, God be thanked, and in his new roadster too, and asked our heroine why she was pedestrianising. Phyllis answered that two hard-boiled eggs had enticed her in their Ford, and after insulting her pure womanhood had suggested that she give her Slaters some exercise. Of course this touching tale struck pity in the soft heart of Louis and he consented (?) to tote her home in his car. And as a result—but say, listen, we'll have to mail the rest to you by express.

* * *

Have you noted the strides made by that clever juvenile lead in pictures, Jack Crane. Jack has appeared with Elsie Janis and other stars and is one of the most promising of the younger screen actors.

* * *

Adele Oswald, singing comedienne, has a new act, we hear, which is soon to be revealed. It is a pleasure to speak of this brilliant girl's artistic performance.

* * *

When you can write your own music and lyrics, you're pretty bad, aren't you. And then sing the same beautifully, that's bad, isn't it? Well, Marie Salisbury can do just that—or rather those—we mean these—and you needn't be surprised if you see her in the Reisenweber revue. Some gell!

Tosti's famous song "Parted"—you can hear it on the Vic. by cousin Carus—is now being used as a duet by Gene Strong and Teddy Gerard, 'tis said. After friend Gene was given the gate by Evvy Nesbit he oddly enough conceived a sudden infatuation for Teddy, and all went happy as a covert charge until a week ago, when—smash! Mind you we only **heard** it, and herewith our apologies to both if it's untrue.

* * *

Moe Gumble's Trip

Celebrated Moe Gumble—whose fame as the Director of Remick & Co. is exceeded only by his demon proficiency at "Rum," which has already put most of the Friars in bankruptcy—is back from a pan-continental tour touching Georgia at one point and San Francisco on the other. Reports "all well" with the branches of the House of Remick. "Bad for shows but great for music" he told BREVITIES. And why not, chirp we? In music-land the name of Remick is like "sterling" on silverware. "Hold Me," "La Veeda," "Avalon," "Florida Moon," "If Baby Would Never Grow Older," that exquisite melody "The Japanese Sandman," "Dearest One," "Idle Dreams," "Nobody to Love" are heard from nearly every orchestra and vocalist in the country. But as we often said before: one of the chief prides of Remick ought to be the politeness shown in their place.

* * *

When's a Hash Foundry a "Store"?

That's what we'd like to know. Old Mother Childs and Old Mother Schrafft both call their eateries "stores," which is explicitly maddening. By common consent of Webster and civilized mankind a store is a place where you "shop." Maybe Old Mother Schrafft pulls the "store" stuff on account of the peanut-brittle emporium in front of their restaurants. But, anyhow, getting back to our muttons—where **do** the diners in Schrafft's come from? At lunch-time it looks like a cross between the Old Ladies' Home and a Paterson Sewing Society. And what is more important, how do Schrafft's explain the pricing now of a "chicken plate" at \$1.25 with four onions, two pieces of bread and a fragment of fowl thereon **measur-**

ing 1½ x 3 inches?? This sets the profiteering record.

* * *

Isn't it Thrilling?

Jessie Reed married? Oh, you 152 West 49!

John Philip Sousa, 66. Seems longer.

Grace LaRue in town. Probably looking for maternal roles.

Beatrice Carlyle still unlocated. Old periscope still on the job.

Metro. Opera Co. begins again, Rosa Ponselle as far off the key as ever.

Louis Mann quits Al. Woods. Blue papers.

Frank Westphal, sunk by Sophie Tucker, may remarry—Dorothy Dickenson. Who's she?

Martha Mansfield to replace Olive Thomas with Selznick. Some order!

Little Charlie Hass sues Chicago Winter Garden for a \$1.00 cover charge. The heroes aren't all dead.

Selwyns to name Chicago 'house after Jane Cowl. Pardon comes a little late.

Mollie Williams' husband, Bert, dies in Brooklyn. They hadn't been living together for some years.

Evelyn Nesbit ties the can to Gene Strong. He had just put on new playlet "Caught in the Act," which ran one consecutive night in Chi.

S. L. Rothafel honored by banquet at the Friars. Greeted truly as "the world's greatest exhibitor."

Poor old Clara Kimball Young sued for \$50,000 by C. K. Y. Film Corporation. Didn't think there were any thrills left for Clara.

Annette Kellermann has to vacate Gruenwald Hotel, New Orleans, 'count of smuggling her "dorg" into her room. Doggone it!

J. Stanley Joyce won't divorce Peggy Hopkins. Says a "separation" is enough and that will "remain so." Evidently as long as he can avoid seeing her he's satisfied? Lots of other people feel the same.

Peggy Carter, who once held the plate-throwing champ. at Childs' 59th back with us again. At that time it was understood she was rehearsing for the Jean Bedini act.

Song-Publishers Start a Riot With

Henry Clive

Whether Henry really wrote the song and title, the Lord only knows. But in some way it got around that he had, and when we visited his studio in the West Forties the other afternoon we found the great illustrator the centre of a group of breathless gentlemen, each yelling like a curb-broker: "Give it to me—I saw you first—any price!" Henry clutched in his fingers a music manuscript, with this heading: "I THOUGHT I WOULD DIE WHEN YOU LEFT ME, BUT I'LL DROP DEAD IF YOU EVER COME BACK." Henry has dashed off a first verse and chorus, dedicated to "the dear departed."

You're far 'cross the briny billows,
Where the wind howls wild and free,
You may be howling for someone
But I'm not beefing for thee.

Long have I loved the old ocean
With its surging wastes of blue,
But now I simply adore it—
For it rolls 'twixt me and you.

Chorus

My bonnie, you lie over the ocean,
At lie-ing you cert have a knack;
I thought I would die when you left
me
But I'll drop dead if you ever come
back.

* * *

Nina Sails Away

Yes, Nina Whitmore, she did—with her two wee sisters three or so weeks ago. Engaged by Mme. Rossini, of Paris, they went to the Folies Bergere there, to do a dancing specialty as principals, the dance having been arranged on this side by Jack Mason. If the show at the Folies goes, Charles Dillingham will bring it back intact to Broadway. Nina's pretty face is missed on Broadway—but our loss is Paree's gain. And when she returns 'twill be, probably, with stellar honors.

* * *

In Orange Land

And that means Joe Ward's, 869 Longwood Avenue, Bronx. Not half so far away as it sounds, for Broadwayites can get there in 25 minutes by subway to Prospect Avenue station (right at the door) or can motor

in still less time. When you arrive in Joe's "Orange Grove" cabaret you find a garden of beautiful female roses blooming. The aforesaid roses are: Margie Drohann, prima donna, Lillian Leonora, soubrette, Babe Richmond, ingenue, with male principals, Sam Howard, dancer, Chris Fender, juvenile, JOE WARD, HIMSELF, and these "roses" of the ensemble: Betty Huntington, Vera Travis, Nellie Anderson, Ruth Watson, Josephine Hauptman, Cleo Lewis, Billy Lester, Rose Provost, Ruth Burns, Therese Scolara. Boys, you'd better hurry and see them, for you'll sure hand it to Joe for "some" palpitating pulchritude.

* * *

BREVITIES Gets a Lot of Fun

out of two puny Broadway competitors. Pardon us, competitors is far too flattering. "Imitators" would be better—but BREVITIES can't be even imitated. One of the amoosin' little cusses makes a specialty of pictures of half-naked chorus girls—and brazen steals from BREVITIES. This of course helps to relieve the Medical Almanac jokes. For well-known newsstand reasons it does not and can not secure any advertising. What that printer's bill must be we shudder to think of! The other one of the sickly pair calls itself a monthly, but has appeared not more than four times since January, 1920. It does carry ads., only a few of which however are paid for, as at least one dozen of those carrying announcements and pictures therein told us they did not know about it until notified!!! We really shouldn't bother noticing these mid-gets, but occasionally even the lion turns over to flick off the flies with his tail. They'd better both get it in their noodles that there's only one BREVITIES, as there is only one **Variety**, and the game is one that can't be bucked.

* * *

A George Evans Story

Many will remember the famous "Honey Boy," George Evans, the greatest burnt-cork monologist of his day, and the artist whose brilliant originations have been copied by almost every one of his successors. Years ago, when Blanche Ring and George

were very good friends, he wrote for her the song which was the talk of that period, "In the Good Old Summer-Time" and all this did for little Blanche was jump her into stardom overnight in a show in which she was appearing at the old Herald Square Theatre. Well, she and Georgie parted company about this date—as a matter of fact gossip had it that as soon as she got her head above the obscure theatrical millpond she "tied the can" to her benefactor. One night, it is said, while George was sitting in a cafe with some friends, a messenger brought in a note from Blanche: "Dear George, do please write me a few extra verses for my song—do please, like a good boy." George glanced at the note, turned it over and wrote on the back: "Will you please go to hell?"—and sent it back.

* * *

Awful Slashing of Food Prices

Not a citizen of Broadway but will be delighted by the way the big restau-

rants are shooting holes in their menus. It's simply amazing to read the daily press and note how widespread the price-cutting on eats is, as witness the following examples:

JOE'S beanery in Carnarsie has just cut the price on an order of Bostons from twenty to eighteen centimes.

HARRY'S delicatessen on West Street announces that a string of dogs can now be got there for \$1.56.

BIMBO'S Home Kitchen, 200 Avenue A, will, beginning the 15th, peel the tax on sinkers down to 8c. per copy.

ECKSTEIN'S EATERY, on Mott Avenue, comes out with an offer of beef stews at 4c. below former cost.

CATNIP'S CAFE, at Amsterdam Avenue and 495th Street, will now furnish turkey stews at 38c. a smash.

Only shows what a godsend this reduction in food prices is going to be for the Broadwayites.

Some Amazing Predictions!

First real punch will win fight, says Carpentier—News item.

Fight fans everywhere will be thrilled by this bit of "inside" dope from the Gallic heavyweight.

It is understood that the following similar revelations were made by other notabilities:

President-elect Harding: "I felt all the time that if I got more votes than Cox, he would positively be beaten."

Governor Smith: "When they told me that Judge Miller was away ahead of my poll, I realized that there was small chance of my re-election."

Mrs. MacSwiney: "I knew that if Terence kept his word not to eat anything, it was practically impossible for him to live."

Tot Qualters: "It is almost certain that if you go out with a pair of very long, fat legs the drummers in front will fail to note whether you're blond or brunette."

Jim, the Taxi-Driver: "It's invariably the case that if you try to use your gas buggy instead of an axe to chop down telephone poles with, it will react on the health of the fares you are carrying."

Old Bill Bryan: "I will stake my reputation on it that any man who confines himself to grape juice and waffles will never try to unlock his flat with a cigar-lighter."

Old Jerry Dunn: "I will bet my last quarter million that any horse, no matter what his early training may have been, will win for you if he pokes his nose under the wire first."

Old Julius Keller: "You can quote me as declaring, and my position as President of the Air-Tight Club authorizes it, that if you boil an egg ninety minutes, it will at once remind you of the initials, J. K."



GRACE MANNING

*The pretty Canadian girl who has set the "popularity" record
as Hostess at Folies Bergere. A genuine girl, with a brain,
and the ability to use it.*

Some New Brain-Twisters

Isn't it wonderful at any time to see undying affection? Ferninstings that between the elongated-necked Nazimova and bashful (!) Jean Acker?

?

Isn't true that Muriel Hudson, whose hair used to bring out the fire-engines on false alarms, has given a little son to the world in London? She married Davy Jones about two years ago. He was later "aired."

?

Have you ever seen F. P. A.'s tiresome column in the *Tribune* without a reference to the equally tiresome Reinald Werrenrath or Neysa McMein? Or isn't it McMein—or McNeim. God only knows. About the boredom there's NO doubt.

?

Isn't it a lesson in fidelity to see the unbroken attachment between pretty Evelyn Neville and Harry Lipson? A little bird says that there may be rice-throwing, too, in latter January. BREVITIES' best wishes greet the rumor.

?

Did you ever watch the little dames in the cabarets, while working like darkies to land the guy, winking over his shoulder at the real sweetie? Oh, it's ruinous.

?

Had the burglar "with the French accent" in a recent noted lift of jewels any connection with the Gallic-accented young Belgian said to have been the recipient for some time past of the "distressed" lady's favors? Is this another case of "biting the hand that feeds"? And will it help any to disillusion the female fools who become infatuated with bell-hops, taxi-drivers and bus-boys?

?

Won't it tickle Mrs. E—A—that J—got the whole story of her numerous little escapades? Mr. M— ferninstance. "Glass houses" Esther dear!

?

Wouldn't a good Christmas gift for some of the "gold-diggers" be a cake of soap or a razor? Both for the throat.

?

Did you hear about the mysterious female who adopted the name of Dixie O'Neill, thereby causing much humiliation to the real Dixie when the faker took to annexing gentlemen's scarf-pins, etc., without permission?

?

Wasn't that rather pathetic about Herbert Hoey getting mixed up in that restaurant brawl? And getting before a nasty, old judge, too.

?

Do you think Arthur Ashley could be such a chicken fancier as they do say he is? Have you ever heard the little wifie's statement of grievances? Oh, that's some story.

?

Isn't it rawther dreary to see Robert Haines, the once shining star, now "supporting" Ben-Ami in "Samson and Delilah"? 'Member the fierce Byronic beauty of Haines in, was it, "The Darling of the Gods" when we all were gay.

?

What do they mean by "The Pscycopathic Ward of the Adlon"?

?

Did you read about the pretty mess of debonair William Courtenay being made co-respondent by Lawson Butt in California? Tough for the other half, who was once Virginia Harned. 'Member Virginia with Oscar Asche in "Iris" years ago, and that flat-wrecking episode.



IVY SAWYER

*The charming and well-known
wife of well-known Joseph
Santley.*

The Infelicities of John Barrymore

Readers of Dickens will remember the exquisite drolleries of that part of "Pickwick" describing the poetess, Mrs. Leo Hunter. It was she who wrote the "Ode to an Expiring Frog." If Jack Barrymore saw it why did he marry? She is a "poetess"—and doubtless packed with the endless curl-paper peculiarities of the feminine muse. When you bring this erratic body bang up against an immovable stage "temperament" there's likely to be the devil to pay and no breakfast hot. So it has turned out, and many little birdies have been flying around Broadway chirping of the scenes in the Barrymore menage. A famous gossip weekly came out with a feature story the other day telling of a recent home-coming of the Terrible Jack that had all the features of subway dynamiting. So much so that the lady was obliged to call up her former hubby, Leonard Thomas, on the phone, and ask him to come to her rescue. Which he did, and off she went on his protecting arm. Denials were at once in order, of course, but birdie says, in the lingo of Savoy and Brennan: "It's not the half of it, dearie."

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The manager of our nearest store will gladly open a Charge Account for you. Be sure to note exact addresses and look for full name.—

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Opp. Waldorf-Astoria

The Truth About Evelyn Nesbit and "The Open Book"

BREVITIES has an opportunity to state the *real facts*, after the many distorted stories published concerning Evelyn Nesbit's tour in the play called "The Open Book." The book soon closed—but it wasn't due to Evelyn; that is, it wasn't on account of her presence in the cast, or performance of her part. It was just the same due to her that "The Open Book" slammed shut. For she quit the show of her own accord. Because it was too rotten a show to stay in.

This show, "The Open Book" was, it seems, fabricated, or faked—write your own ticket—from a vaudeville sketch originally produced, belonging to one Hyman Adler. The merits of this original creation may be judged by the fact that it never got on the big time. Adler then conceived the coruscating idea of amplifying his vaudeville fiasco into a regular "drammer," which he did, and an "angel" without any wings or very much of anything else in the way of coin, Walter Hast, was appointed general factotum, or whatever way you want to express it.

Off it went on the sticks, with indifferent success, Miss Nesbit quickly realizing that a dusty shelf at Campbell's would soon be cleaned off to receive the remains. When it came to the Syracuse booking, Evelyn just got up and quit. One of her reasons besides the fierce demerits of the show was that the Keith people have a big house at Syracuse, and she didn't, as a vaudeville star, desire to see the last sad ceremonies take place in that particular burg.

Adler, however, who had a large slice in the production, wanted to grab Syracuse, even at risk of a horrible death, for a good advance sale had been worked up there. Evelyn having quit, she was temporarily as Adler hoped, replaced in her role, he sending out notice to the press that she was ill. When he found she had really jumped he then changed the report to "temperamental." Filled with added mortification, and also a spirit of revenge he then invented, aided by his wily press agent Barron, the falsehood about the panning by the "ministers."

As a direct contradiction of his statement, and proving that with Evelyn gone it was "Hamlet with Hamlet left out," the unhappy piece sunk in Syracuse to rise no more the Saturday following her departure.

Evelyn informs BREVITIES that under no circumstances would she have ever come to New York with the play. As for her alleged "stormy scenes" in the Syracuse hotel, she hasn't stopped laughing at this lie yet. And we think anyone who knows Evelyn would hesitate to suspect her of any such vulgar demonstration.

AND FARTHER: Miss Nesbit's personal life and history are solely and wholly her own affair. She is not unaware of the disagreeable environments that have often been forced on her, but in spite of it all she has retained not only the admiration of the public for her brave actions but the affection and esteem of hosts of friends in high places. And she is still young and still beautifully distinguished to look upon. She is eating regularly. In other words: "She should worry."

LOEW'S, Inc.

- ☐ Progressive and Ever-increasing Circuit of Theatres from Coast to Coast.
- ☐ 104 Theatres in active operation, 27 in process of construction.
- ☐ Also owning and controlling the METRO FILM CORPORATION!
- ☐ This will be the best CHRISTMAS we ever had, and we hope it will be the same for everyone in the Theatrical Industry.

HEAD OFFICES - PUTNAM BLDG. - 1493 BROADWAY

Some More of the "Knowledge" Rot

This time it's "Nelson Doubleday, Inc." who have joined the bright galaxy of Old Doc Roth, Swoboda and the Pelmanites, with "Everyman's Encyclopedia of Etiquette." On a full back page of the **Sunday World Magazine** a sweet, anonymous little bride tells of the awful slip, unnamed, she made at her wedding—which sent her madly rushing for the Doubleday manual. She says that among the things it will post you on is "what to say when you overturn a cup of coffee on your hostess's table linen." Did you ever hear of such idiocy? We understood that among refined persons NOTHING is said when a **faux pas** is committed, as when Victoria the Great proceeded to drink out of her finger bowl after the Indian Prince she was entertaining at Windsor had ignorantly quaffed his. Of course the millions of hopeless imbeciles who read these ads. and who do not know that real training and real manners are got only by persistent experience, will continue to pour money into the coffers of these cunning advertisers.



BETTY BROWN, who radiates as Hostess at Cafe des Beaux Arts.

Old Shea & Farley Night-Riding Sleuths At It Again "Bennie" and "Inez" Get the Lariat

Once more, mates, we find the "night-raiding" sleuths of the Shea & Farley Detective Bureau riding hard and fast as never did a Paul Revere or the horse-man who took the news from Ghent to Aix.

They can be found during the day at 1416 Broadway, but AT NIGHT—oh, boy! It's just one darn unfaithful husband after another. In the little "Hitchy-Koo" company is at present another of their wictims. This is wee Inez Hicks, who was found, in *flagrante delicto*, in the apartment of one, Grace B—, then living at 133 West 79th Street.

And it was all due—and wasn't it silly, now, to worry over trifles!!!—to Mrs. Sadie Davis taking exception to the inclination shown by her good but not especially true hubby Benny, for entertaining Inez in the aforementioned apartment of Grace B—, in the latter's absence from the city; let it be said to her credit.

The whole mournful and thrilling tale leaked out in the County Court House in Brooklyn on November 10, when Judge Van Siclen called the case of Davis vs. Davis, and former Assistant District Attorney, Robert Elder, now a member of the firm of House, Grossman & Vorhaus, sprang to his feet and roared: "Mrs. Davis, please take the stand."

Mrs. Davis, who by the way, has all the earmarks of being a sweet little armful, then told her story of thwarted love and mistreated loyalty. Said she resided at 264 East 2nd Street, Manhattan (enough to get anyone sympathy) and that she was hitched to Benjamin Davis on the stage of a Brooklyn theatre; that she lived with him, a la Elinor Glyn, for a period of three weeks, and while honeymooning in Cleveland learned that Benny was lavishing his affections upon one, Inez Hicks. She thereupon returned to her mumma, Benny then being a principal in the Blossom Seeley show.

Later, Benny returned to New York and dipped his Waterman in the songwriting ink-well, giving to a palpitating public those exquisite ditties, "Land of Dixie," "Highbrow Babies Ball" and "That's Nice," the latter said to have been used by Al Jolson.

Now comes the usual hists and low music, for who is that who is taking the witness stand? 'Tis none other than Sleuth Farley, of the redoubtable Shea & Farley concern, who had been retained to secure the legal proofs of Benny's perfidy. It developed that soon after the sleuths set their eagle eyes on Benny they were quick to discover that Benny often hung his hat in the Grace B— apartment. So in the cold and stormy small hours of the morning of October 13, 1919, the sleuths summoned Mrs. Davis and friends and all repaired to the B— apartment. By aid of a decoy wire, the door was opened by the fair Inez, attired in a pink silk kimono, with her golden curls draping her voluptuous shoulders, and on being informed that it was "a telegram for Benny" she cried: "Oh, Benny—telegram for you!" "Who's it from?" sleepily replied Benny. "We'll tell you all about it" retorted the sleuths as they pushed Inez to one side and entered, followed by wifie and witnesses, and there was dear little Benny, attired in white silk pajamas, resting peacefully and sweetly in bed—the darling.

Inez then joined the convivial group, inquiring if the story of the raid would be printed in Chinese or Esperanto, so there wouldn't be any *comprenez vous*.

Well, that's about all. On leaving the witness stand, Benny—who seems to have the same aptness at witticism as his fair paramour—exclaimed: "Gee, that's worse than a full-dress rehearsal!"



THE FARBER SISTERS

With Compliments of

WORTZMAN, Inc.

Tailors to the Gentlewoman

25 West 57

who express the pleasure experienced in fitting these two brilliant *artistes* with WORTZMAN'S famous modes for Stage and Street.

.....

All professional roads now lead to
WORTZMAN'S Inc.

"Kid, You're All Wet!"

What does Chester A—— see in the blonde when his own wifey is a splendid combination, with her big dimples, of Dorothy Dalton and Billie Burke? Playing such selling-platers as L—— C—— is always a disappointing experience.

Why has Babe Marlowe taken to the putting on of superfluous avoirdupois?

Who is the red-haired model who claims that a certain well-known actor stole the grapefruit right out of the ice box when nary a one was looking?

Why does Frankie Timon always step out with the same chap? Some crush.

Isn't the Russian vampess, Olga Downes, to be congratulated? She has five wonderful lines in "Afgar" one of them being "Milord, the carriage waits."

Why is it the bigger they are, the smaller they pick 'em? Page Guy Loomis.

Is it true Bianchi is once more in the lime with his inevitable ——?

Wonder when we'll be invited into Margie Perry's scrumptious new apartment? Line forms anywhere.

And why were we NOT invited to Billie Badorf's birthday party. Said to have been **some** party.

Doesn't Madeline Darrell look serious when she puts on those "cheaters"—and is it true that Palm Beach or Cuba is going to have the pleasure of viewing her good looks this winter?

Is it true that a certain well-known gown establishment on smart 57th Street owes much to the sincere friendship of Harry Collins? And is there a romantic story connected with that pretty window? We didn't say widow.

Is it true that a beautiful child of Broadway caused a bad clash between a well-known publicity man and an equally well-known journalist—with the lady favoring the latter?

When the sister of the illustrious Mary Pickford, Lotta, was dining in a Main Street cafe recently with a dear young boy, what caused her in the middle of the meal to pass a Jack Dempsey to the sweet boy's face? And why, when he evidently tried to "explain," did he get another copy in the same place?

Was it Harold Chamberlain that Tot Qualters asked to go to work at anything one night recently, while strolling along darkest Seventh Avenue? And wasn't it sweet of him to go on the road as a traveling salesman?

Why did Katherine Van Pelt and Marion Leonard object to the other gentleman joining the party one night several weeks ago? And why get Plaza, girls?

Is it true that Phyllis Field changed her name from Stubblefield when she left dear old Saint Looney? And are the Shepard oil wells producing yet?

What do you think the mumma and puppa will think of the almost in the "altogether" bust picture recently printed of the prudish Berenice Dewey? It's too risky for even Greenwich Village—but then you know the only charms are often hidden ones!

"I Cash Co"

One of the interesting characters of a great city is the old clothes man. On uptown streets you begin to hear his deep bass echoing about 11 a. m. and one of the mysteries is exactly what he says. The formula differs. But usually, "I cash co." This is silly and ungrammatical, as you know, and you wonder why he uses it. We stopped one of the sons of Abraham the other day, and his explanation was so simple you'd say you ought to have thought of it long ago. "Boss" he replied, "when I first went on my rounds I shouted 'I pay cash for clothes.' But you just try it yourself for a couple of days and see if that won't get tiresome. You naturally abbreviate it through repeating until finally it is shortened to 'I cash co.'" Incidentally, listen to similar ellipsii from the fruit and flower pedlers. On 68th

Street a man with a cart of some sort of berried shrubs has a shriek "O-BA." Whatever in God's name that means we'd like to know.

* * *

THE NEW SLOGAN

"Tell it to Mrs. MacSwiney!"

* * *

ANXIOUS QUERY—Who is the well-known Fifth avenue costumer who takes such fatherly financial interest in the dainty shop on 57th street and what is the complete story of this paternal obsession? Would you like to hear it?

* * *

Some get pinched for fast riding in Rolls-Royces, some for airship speeding, but pretty Grace Manning, hostess of the Folies Bergere is always original. She almost got pinched in the Park the other day for horse-back speeding.



*MME.
POLLY*

wishes to inform you
that her famous

Beauty Preparations

are now on sale

at

ALTMAN'S

- ☐ Mme. Polly gives you **Marcelle & Hairdressing** for 50c.
- ☐ Sole United States supply for the famous **PARI-SIAN BOBBED CURLS**.
- ☐ Has thousands to attest her fine service.
- ☐ Employs 5 men and 20 women.
- ☐ Makes **NO APPOINTMENTS**. *Don't CALL up—WALK up.*

216 WEST 42nd STREET

(One door West of New Am. Theatre)

Exercises for the Brain-Fagged

BREVITIES feels that nothing would be more beneficial for Broadway brain-fag and the night-before and morning-after taste than a few easily learned exercises. Despite the Christmas flurry it has prepared the following:

FOR THE BUSINESS MAN: Rise 7 a. m. Stand in middle of room, if it's big enough. Raise arms slowly, take deep breath and think of the month's bills, lowering the arms in attitude of prayer. Do this 8 times, if the missus isn't in a hurry for her coffee. While cooling off TRY to get a number on the phone.

FOR THE CHORUS GIRL: If it's not too early, crawl out at 3 p. m. Put Fido in the bath-room, then lie flat on the floor the way you were the night before at Reuben's. Breathe heavily five times, the way you did when Bill told you he was short on this month's rent. Go to window and inhale the ozone from the clotheslines six times, then go back and try to find the gas leak. After that, phone Jim to see if he could dig the darn old rent.

FOR THE MOVIE STAR: Call in four of your nine maids. Have 'em carry you to your dressing table. Look at yourself steadily in mirror for four minutes and imagine you're Mary Pickford or Anita Stewart. Then contort your features out of all recognizable shape at least nine times, waving arms wildly, so you will think you are starring in one of the newest feature reels. Then climb on the clothes-closet and take a jump to the bed, depicting your part in a Craig Kennedy serial. Then get eight boxes of make-up and juggle same for a half hour a la Billy Fields. After that you may decide to give up pictures.

FOR THE HAT-CHECK BOY: Take home five male dummies. Stand 'em by the door and imagine they're just coming into a cabaret. Take eight long breaths and get the first guy by the neck, removing his hat by a deft upper-cut and knocking him down. Take five more long breaths and jump with all your might on the toes of the next dummy, at the same time jerking the sleeve off his coat, after which you must knock him down. Repeat on the other three models, with variations such as you use every evening. Follow up this exercise ten consecutive nights. After that you'll be able to take a job at Maxim's or Churchill's.

Still 'round, fellers!

JOE BUCK
GENERAL INSURANCE
51-53 MAIDEN LANE

*"The boy that puts the
SURE in INSURANCE"*

Phone John
4073-4-5—I'll be there!

Writes Policies on Life, Health,
Accident, Automobiles,
and Ever'thin'.

*Formerly Headwaiter, Rector's,
Reisenweber's, Churchill's and
other famous places.*



WALTER J. KINGSLEY

World-famous publicity director of B. F. Keith Vaudeville and the foremost apostle of the religion of beauty in women. He is the wisest adviser of ambitious lovely girls in the world of stage and screen. Mr. Kingsley is writing a Broadway play for Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr., and a novel of night-life in New York.

Piercing Howls From a "Scientist"

BREVITIES has received a large number of letters filled with resentment regarding some pointed criticisms of "Christian Science" uttered in our last issue, in an article dealing with *Nautilus Magazine*.

One of these letters, dated from the Somerset Hotel, New York, reads in part as follows:

"I have been a subscriber to, and booster for, BROADWAY BREVITIES for over three years, and am greatly grieved over an article in which you state that New Thought is simply Christian Science masquerading under a different monicker. I beg to inform you that the two religions are as different as black and white, and am thoroughly convinced that you are not in the least familiar with Christian Science. I feel that you owe Christian Science an apology. I am sure after you have gone over this whole matter and received the real truth which Christian Science is, you will correct this terrible mistake in your next issue," etc., etc.

We thank our anonymous correspondent and appreciate his earnestness. But we do not see how we can offer any apology. For our rather brief divagations on what is pleased to be called "Christian Science"—which we think is neither science nor Christian—were not the result of any hasty analysis. We quoted the *New York Times* as having once said that "every Christian Scientist ought to be in either a jail or an asylum"—and on that rock we build our opinion. Judging by the daily press the *Times* isn't a bad soothsayer, for a great many Scientists are getting regularly into both jails and asylums. This is very hard-hearted on the part of the authorities, but if you had a child diseased with tuberculosis or cancer and were in a reasonably sane state of mind, you'd feel a bit put out if some "Science healer" in Tarrytown or Oshkosh undertook to cure the child by "absent treatment." In other words by sending "health waves" or "good thoughts" or "error" correctives across the windy wastes separating Tarrytown or Oshkosh from Manhattan. The Scientists claim that matter does not exist, and that disease is simply "error," yet they eat lots of Porterhouse and Boston Beans, and if they break their confounded legs they've got to get 'em set by a doctor! Just as soon as we find a "healer" in their ranks that can dispense with the use of splints, we'll join. To put the matter mildly, they are in their practises not only knavish but criminal, for they would permit human beings to die unaided. How this gigantic psychic fraud has prospered can be explained only by reflecting on that obsession for the supernatural, for what is occult and mysterious, which possesses simple minds. Carlyle said that England was "composed of forty millions of people, mostly fools." That gives you the cue as to how Christian Science and New Thought and the Higher Thinking and Old Dr. Roth and Old Dr. Grindle and Old Doc Leavitt and hundreds other of their ilk are reaping untold dollars from the imbeciles.



Introducing
Miss

EMLEE
HADDONE

of the cast
of

"BROADWAY
BREVITIES"

at

Winter Garden

*Emlee's too sweet to need
description.*

Broadway's Latest Discovery !

Schuyler 8789

SHEFRIN'S **PURE FOOD SHOP**

Schuyler 8789

449 Columbus Avenue
(near 81st at "L" station)

"Broadwayites," especially professionals, love to find new places of unique character, where celebrities are to be seen. All the talk now is "*SHEFRIN'S*" the new meeting place in day-time and at midnight. Come and be convinced.

*TABLE LUXURIES---FRENCH PASTRY
DINING BOOTHS---FAMOUS SANDWICHES
and Spotless Cleanliness !*

Girls, Ain't It Turrible?

Jimmie Thornton going and getting married. His first wife was taken at "sweet sixteen." The new one tips the scales at 46. Jimmie weighs in at 59.

And the famous star just returned. Someone said: "She went abroad and came back a broad." Nasty.

D'Annunzio defying his native Italy. Despite his romantic martial glory wouldn't the world gladly exchange that for another "Triumph of Death?"

Broadwayite asked if he had ever seen a certain lady's husband. "No, never," he replied. "When he's coming in the front door I'm always going out the back."

Greece strongly PROTESTING to the Allies!! Has ever read the fable of the little mouse who started an angry discussion with puss as to her authority to annoy mice?

EXTRY! EXTRY! Hear that a large cabinet Victrola was stolen during dinner hour from the "Pepper Pot" in the Village. Must have been the guy who stole a kitchen stove one time.

That 25c. cover charge at the Astor? What for? You'd think \$1.65 for three ounces of squab and two sweet potato wafers ought to be grievance enough.

Harriette Underhill's kittenish (!) egotism in the Sunday Tribune. Some day Harriette is going to tell us what *the person interviewed* said.

Is Old Doc. Baer writing the Kensico Cemetery ads? This jony old concern is also trying to make gravedigging delightful—at so much per plot.

Romantic, isn't it, to see the way little Mildred LaGue (owns her own car) nestles her lily hand in Lew Brice's in the night cafes?

Could anything be more cute and cunning than Bruce Bethel's little moustache? And he's a very devil among the women.

Who was the leaping red-haired flapper who grabbed up Milly La Gue's drink and downed it? And then had to be navigated out by the John.

Why have the gentle souls of Dr. Sauchelli and the Editor to be flurried by Lillian Spencer's dog? Dogs are all right at a dog-fight or for sausages, but NOT eating at restaurant tables. *Cave canem!*



SOPHIE TUCKER

A late photo of the most brilliant, best known and most loved professional woman on the American variety stage.



CHRISTMAS GROUCHES

God rest you, Merry Gentlemen, the well-known and pop. Yuletide is again upon us. You'll enjoy the 1920 copy immensely. Prices have come down and skirts have gone up. All you need to rent an apartment is a couple of million dollars. Fifth carbon samples of hootch set you to the rear one iron sailor and "over." A sirloin steak in a Broadway refectory costs you only \$3.75 against \$3.80 last year, which you see is quite a bit of all right, and after consuming this fragment from some foully betrayed member of the bovine race you can sail out and buy a \$2.50 seat in any theatre for not a nickel over \$6.00. Then if you could get a woodsman to chop down the post you'd see the stage perfectly. There's positively nothing to stop you enjoying your Christmas, except that you're trimmed to a standstill wherever you go. It's charming beyond words.

As for the, as we said, well-known and pop. Yuletide itself the less said the better. Remember: "presents" are made about this time! That is, they are called "presents"—but "absents" would be a better word. All real sincerity, all natural esteem and thoughtfulness are absent. Jones mortgages his home to give the Smiths a present, because he knows the Smiths intend to force one on him, and the Smiths in turn have bought their present through the Morris Plan. A witty friend of ours says that Christmas is the time when you come with presents in your hand and murder in your heart.

We are indeed, as Arnold said, "absented from felicity." Into life's jangling usage comes Christmas at the end of the year to set its crown of consummate deceit. Maybe it doesn't matter so much in a pitiful world. But the mind turns wistfully each Yuletide to Dickens and to the simpler, happier, sweeter days of Mr. Wardle and Pickwick and Sam Weller and the Cheeryble Brothers and Jingle, limned upon the canvas of his wondrous works with pigments immortal.

Broadway discovers Shefrin's!

Broadway is ever seeking a new sensation, especially in midnight places. It's got a new one—right now. "SHEFRIN'S," at 81st and Columbus avenue seems to be about the biggest thrill of the year. In the last few months the fame of this Pure Food Shop, with its charming dining booths, has spread far below Times Square and to the farthest reaches of Harlem. We'll venture the assertion that no more spotless and beautiful food shop is to be found. It's a revelation in pure food varieties, delicacies and —CLEANLINESS. At midnight you find crowds of the Broadway stage folk dining in the booths that you used to find elsewhere, who invariably come here before going "home." You ought to get one taste of that "Shefrin's Russian dressing." And don't miss seeing "Max, the Handsome Waiter." Professionals, head your taxi to "SHEFRIN'S" to-night and see whether we're not K. O.

JEROME H. REMICK & CO'S.

FIVE STAP HITS

ROSE

A NEW FOX-TROT SONG
by the composer
of VENETIAN MOON
by BIESE, MAGINE and SIZEORE

BEAUTIFUL
ANNABELL
LEE

WALTZ BALLAD
by
MEYER
and
BRYAN

AVALON

AL JOLSON'S HIT
by
JOLSON
and
ROSE

Sing to
SUCCESS
with a
RE MICK
SONG HIT

JUST LIKE
A GIPSY

NORA BAYES HIT
by
BAYES and SIMON'S

NOW I LAY
ME DOWN
TO SLEEP

A NEW LULLABY
by
MITCHELL and MEYER

JAPANESE
SANDMAN

A HIGH CLASS BALLAD
by
WHITING and EGAN

I WANT TO BE
THE LEADER,
OF THE BAND

A NEW FAST SONG BY THE
BOYS WHO ALWAYS WRITE 'EM
GUMBLE and YELLEN

SPRINGTIME

ANATOL FRIEDLAND'S BEAUTIFUL NEW BALLAD
by
FRIEDLAND - KAHN - BLOOM

NIGHTINGALE

by the composer of "AVALON"
COBURN and ROSE

DEAREST
ONE

"KAHN and BLAUFUSS"
BEAUTIFUL NEW WALTZ SONG

JEROME H. REMICK & CO., 219 W. 46th St.
New York

We Think "The Place" Not to Go!

A month or so ago we related the sad and sorrowful details of a visit to a resort called "The Campus," at 104th Street and Columbus Avenue, telling of the tough chickens, fried and alive, we saw in the place, of the narrow tables huddled two inches apart, the awful cabaret, the abominable vulgarity of the patronage. Letters poured in on BREVITIES applauding the article, one of which we printed. Up to that time we thought the blatantly advertised CAMPUS must be in a class all by itself. But a week or so later our sinful footsteps led us to another "THE" resort, viz. "THE PLACE," at Broadway and Forty-eighth Street, said to be conducted by a very fat, ex-saloonkeeper called Ferris. Right then we found we had been hasty. Our party thought it had the CAMPUS frazzled ten ways from the jack. In the stifling room eating and dancing are conducted, varied by the antics of two or three musty performers. The ladies with us asked to be escorted to the open air as quickly as possible. How the resort, as we saw it, should have the colossal nerve and insolence to stick itself on Broadway hard by the beautiful Rector restaurants is a mystery that probably only the Eighteenth Amendment and the fat proprietor could solve.

* * *

Betty Browne has a baby lion. Just what help a baby lion can be in helping Betty the redoubtable, to entertain guests at the Beaux Arts supper club, is aside from the question. It is as cute as can be and Betty tells us it took all kinds of strategy to take it away from its mother, which until recently had been prowling about in the depths of darkest Africa.

By the way the supper dances at the Beaux Arts are becoming quite the proper caper. Gathered there nightly are people of all nationalities—and the "tout ensemble" has quite a Cosmopolitan flavor.

Associated with Betty Browne is Miss Kathryn McCarthy, who gave the supper dances at the L'Aiglon last year. Betty took charge of the supper dancing at Playa de Mariano, Havana, last season.

* * *

It is interesting to note an actor who is willing to admit his business acumen is a more prized asset than his "art." Joseph Santley is such a

one. "I am the average dancer, singer, actor," he told us, and my success is the result of combining these three in a businesslike way.

By the way, very few people know that Joseph is not only a business man but a fond papa. The youngster is three and Mrs. Santley (Ivy Sawyer) can hardly wait until their work is over evenings at "The Half Moon" before she is started for their home at Great Neck.

Just prior to their engagement with "The Half Moon," Mr. and Mrs. Santley returned from the highlands of Scotland, where the couple were visiting Mrs. Santley's parents.

* * *

Where Would You Go Clear of "Rector" Places?

Some one made the remark the other day: "Where would you go on Broadway for an evening's enjoyment clear of the "Rector" places? It was a wonderfully true remark. The words exclusiveness and uniqueness, indeed, describe Palais Royal, Moulin Rouge, Cafe de Paris and Folies Bergere. Charming decoration, perfect food and service, coupled with politeness, in these different places set them apart in New York. Paul Salvin and Jimmie Thompson, who own them, have anticipated the idea of the New York public with a nicety amounting to genius. Every grade of patronage, every taste and every purse is provided for in their "Big Four." At the Palais Royal you find the last word in fastidiousness; at Moulin Rouge a more popular atmosphere, at Cafe de Paris, presided over by the executive master and prince of good fellows, George Lamaze, is a marvelous orchestra in a mirrored ball-room, and at Folies Bergere, where Mgr. Sam Salvin's geniality is winning crowded patronage, you find subdued lights and settings of lavender and gold. The popular "Christo," and dapper "Jack" Steinberg are on the door. And "Dixieland Jazz Band" won't let your feet behave.

* * *

Doesn't it seem lonesome around the night restaurants, when you don't happen to see genial Dave Lamar? His smile and good humor are infectious.

* * *

The beautiful Marion Davies is just completing a new picture "The Bride's Play," based on an old legend. In it Miss Davies wears a marvelous Lucile gown of salmon pink satin.



QUINTO SEMPRINI

*whose heart resides in the wondrous world of poetry
and opera, but who incidentally owns and operates the
famous SEMPRINI RESTAURANT at No. 154 West 50th St.*

Work on the production of "Determination," Captain F. F. Stoll's super-feature photoplay, is being pushed steadily at the Grantwood, N. J., studios of the U. S. Photoplay Corp.

John L. McCutcheon is director of the picture, and expects to have the camerawork finished and the film ready for cutting and titling by the first of the year. The photo drama will probably be released sometime in February.

Among those in the all-star cast of Captain Stoll's great photoplay are such well-known actors as Al Lincoln, William Black, Maurice Costello, Leslie Stowe, William Turner, and Bernard Randall. Actresses in leading parts are Corene Uzzell, Irene Tams, Nina Herbert, and Dora Mills Adams. "Determination" is destined to take its place among the greatest of the present day releases. Practically all the scenes are laid in London, and street after street of the famous White-chapel district of the British capital have been constructed over in Jersey by the technical director, Herbert Messmore.

The photoplay deals with human nature, and abounds in mystery and thrills. Four mammoth sporting events take place during the action, a horse race, auto race, aviation meet and boxing contest.

* * *

Wortzman & Millard, the new branch of Wortzman, Inc., at 20 West 57, directed by Marie Millard, have just completed some stunning street and stage gowns for Kitty Doner. Wortzman, Inc. say: "We don't see any slump in business!"

POON!

Lois Whitney, also of picture fame, bobbed back to town from dear ole Lunnon and Patee t'other day on the Olympia. And all the Customs inspectors were so annoying to little Lois that she almost wept as she struggled to get through their clutches on the dock.

Another interesting passenger on the Olympia was Leonora Hughes, who also was quite perturbed by the Customs men. After the boat was out a few days, the boys and girls tried to arrange a dance, but according to Leonora it had to be abandoned after the second or third number 'cause the durnold weather got too rough. Said roughness verified by the fact that several couples knocked off their feet apparently by hootch were found afterwards to have been dry as a goose-pasture.

We learn that Maurice has undergone two very serious operations recently, and that for a time his life was despaired of. However, later reports indicate he is once more on the road to recovery, although his physicians have forbidden him dancing for at least three months.

Did you read popular Joe Buck's ad. on page 18?

* * *

Popular through his courtesy—Ray Puffenberger, of U. S. Cigar store, 1398 Broadway.

The BRIGHTEST Spot in the Bronx

JOE WARD'S ORANGE GROVE

RESTAURANT AND CABARET

25 minutes from Times Square

869 Longwood Ave., Bronx
at Prospect Avenue Subway Station

"FROLICS OF 1920"

9:00 P. M.—TWICE NIGHTLY—11:45 P. M.

Words and Music by Sam Ward

Staged and Produced by Dan Dody

The "Mel Klee" Steal

Following our article, calling attention again to the flagrant steal of Al Herman's former vaudeville act by one, Mel Klee, we are favored by a letter from Al, now touring with "Greenwich Follies." It seems that Al did not sanction Klee to do the act. The facts are as follows: Klee was a "plant" singer who worked with Al, at a salary of forty-five simoleons per. He later begged Al to help him, and was given a routine, even going so far, Al writes, "as to black him up." Then booked him on the small time. Al writes further: "I never received one cent from him, and besides he tried to take my bread and butter away. Pat Casey took Klee's word and not mine. Klee even went so far as to steal my delivery." This information at first hand sets the matter at rest, and is gladly given publicity by BREVITIES in the interests of all honorable artists and for the satisfaction of all who loathe thievery upon other men's material and brains. But it is only right to add that never by the smallest chance could any audience mistake Klee for Herman. Down-right vulgarity never makes way against clean artistry. Herman need have no worries on that point.



We are hearing more every day of the wonders performed by the miracle-working Dr. Kohler, pictured above.

We learn that it is due to his marvelous combining of CHIROPRACTIC science and Psycho-Analysis, he truly realizing the truth of the saying, *mens sana in corpore sano?*

Some one told us recently they had heard of a woman patient of his, wife of a medical man, who had been diagnosed for over two years unsuccessfully by a dozen doctors for Neurasthenia. Dr. Kohler, in a few minutes, diagnosed her case as Micromania. She had given up all hope of restoration, but in fifteen treatments from Dr. Kohler she was completely cured. Her gratitude and happiness know no bounds.

Her husband said: "It borders on the miraculous."

In our opinion this remarkable physician to the body and the mind can do as much for you. He brings hope to those in the frightful borderland separating health from disease and death.

His phone is, we understand, Stuyvesant 7118. At 18 Irving Place.



DOROTHY LEEDS

Prettiest girl in "Hitchy Koo"

POON!

"Fido's Different Since I Washed Him!"

Who is the mysterious "Mr. Stephens" who has taken to buying Hudson seals, tiaras, etc., with a cold thou' included for a little flapper in a Broadway cabaret? Is it true that the initials of the ministerial-looking gent, J. S., monicker a quiet N. J. hubby?

?

Doesn't popular Jack Carter look happy with the former Ziegfeld beauty he sups with at the Palais Royal regularly?

?

Where does H. C. dig up all the chickens to introduce to Cleo?

?

Where does the Piccadilly hash-foundry, 72nd Street, near Broadway, get off in charging four dollars for two dinners, and then when they're out of half the menu, and you set up a holler, the frozen-faced cashier threatens to give you the air?

?

Also, where does dear old Macy's get off when, after selling an electric stove that won't 'lectric, they tell the indignant customer she'll have to wait four weeks for a replacement? Just imagine the little gell's feelings when she can't eat for four weeks!

?

What's the really truly "inside" story of Max Hart's "canning" by the United Booking Agency? Incidentally doesn't this incident prove it always pays for agents to play fair?

?

Isn't it just darling to see how wifie Anna leads the once dashing Herman Tappe around by the nose?

?

What's become of the dauntless and faithful three—Elsie deWolfe, Elizabeth Marbury and Anne Morgan? We thought they were tied never to be sundered.

?

Isn't it too dear for anything to see "Pickles," Hitchy's old flame, settling down in devoted nuptial bliss? You can hardly credit it. Don't, for heving's sake, forget the "St. Clair"!

?

Wasn't that killing to see Lil Lorraine at Madison Garden fight with "Stew," but minus the two Chows? How long will Lil's stew last?

?

What was the talk about the sinuous star, Kitty G.'s infatuation for her dashing pianist?

?

Is it true that Dorothy Dale, of past fame, and Grace McCarthy of dear old Brooklyn are going out in a singing turn to do "Beautiful Snow"?

?

And who were the three dear, sweet little Brooklyn girls who had a "snuff" party, and when one of them went to the door to answer the bell, returned and said: "It's a snake walking down the hall, with its shoes under its arm." And did another of the dames state her present lover was "the first one that didn't know anything about geometry." Initials: M. F., B. M., N. F. We forgot, one was a man.



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Blonde 666 Takes the Warpath!

November 28, 1920.
Maxim's, N. Y. C.

Broadway Brevities,
N. Y. C.

Dear Sir:—

I must say it is very remarkable how you still continue to thrust slurs at blonde chorus girls, after all the sarcastic come-backs you have received.

Of course, I am not going to write a sarcastic letter. At least, not an entire one.

You, of course, have heard "Maxim's" called several bad names, and most likely agree with it. But, I wish to say, before I go any further, that "Maxim's" is not half of what it is cracked up to be.

Some of our girls do really go out, and work a "John," for all he is worth. And I give them credit. The motto is—"Beat them to it." Can you honestly blame them?

Now, I don't know why your hobby is to crush us blondes, but I have an idea, that sometime in your own life you have had a blonde treat you pretty badly. Is it not so?

I'm a blonde, and proud of it, and what's more, I do contrive to live on the salary I'm getting, and send some home every week, too.

Your story books, and fiction about blondes making fools out of men, and ruining their whole lives, is alright to the limit of reading it.

But, let me say just this, poor editor, that the old saying is perfectly right: This is it:—

"That truth is sometimes stranger than fiction."

So put that in your pipe and smoke it.

Most sincerely, a blonde,
Miss Donny Harris.

(Dear Miss Harris: The EDITOR has taken the worst revenge on blondes he knows of. He has just married one.)

Marie Dressler just can't make her temperament behave. It got her out of "The Passing Show" in Chi several weeks ago. Wouldn't a face-tightening help a whole lot? Look what it did for that other stormy petrel of the Varieties, Tanguay. Eva don't look a day over fifty since the reefs were taken in her phiz.

* * *

Does the meddling little married dame, formerly of 69, and now of 188 and B'way, know the penalties provided for sending defamatory letters through the mails? Care beful, little one! Does hubby know *your* secrets?

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Holton Presents LaRocca With Instrument

The Original Dixieland Jazz Band is back in America after a highly successful year and a half's engagement in London, where they appeared under the management of Albert DeCourville and Messrs. Mitchell and Booker, respectively.

They are now under contract with the Salvin interests, appearing nightly at the Folies Bergere (Winter Garden) and are more than duplicating their former tremendous New York success.

D. Jas. LaRocca, cornetist and leader of the band, has been presented with a beautiful silver and gold instrument by the Frank Holton Company. Mr. LaRocca has been a Holton enthusiast and booster for the past ten years, and also has the distinction of introducing the Holton Saxaphones in England. The new cornet is causing a world of favorable comment from the musicians and dancing public along Broadway, for LaRocca produces some of the most weird jazz effects imaginable with it.

The Dixieland Band were the first to introduce two of the biggest song hits

on the market at the present time, which by the way were written by their pianist, J. Russel Robinson, MARGIE published by Waterson, Berlin & Snyder, and PALESTEENA, published by Shapiro, Bernstein & Company. Both of these numbers became overnight hits, due to the tremendous plug given them at the Folies Bergere by the band, and by their natural merit.

* * *

Arthur Hamburger is Leading a Dog's Life

In other words, friend Arthur is press-agent for a dog—a wonderful dog, "Taxis," who has his picture in the papernews. Arthur says "Taxis," who was at the Colonial recently, can figure, open the door when you knock, read, run errands and a lot of other things plenty humans can't do. Arthur even hints the dog is composing a popular song, the title to be: "You Can Have the Tree if You'll Give Me the Bark."

POON!



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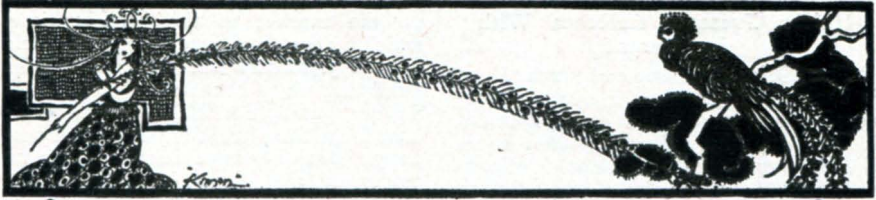
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THE SISTER

Effie Craig had always lived very happily with her husband. It was every bit of six years since they had paid that memorable morning visit to the Little Church around the Corner, and the interval had seen nothing but the tiniest cloud-flecks on their turquoise sky of bliss.

There was just one little skeleton in the closet, that rattled its bare articulations occasionally. Effie, for some reason, would never consent to see or meet any of Jack's relations.

She gave as her reason that it was not wise for married pairs to give or be given in familiarity with each others' families. "Jack," she said, "let's have it understood there'll be no mother-in-lawing or sister or brother-in-lawing in our dovecote, for I have seen it make trouble too often. We didn't marry our respective households when we walked to the altar."

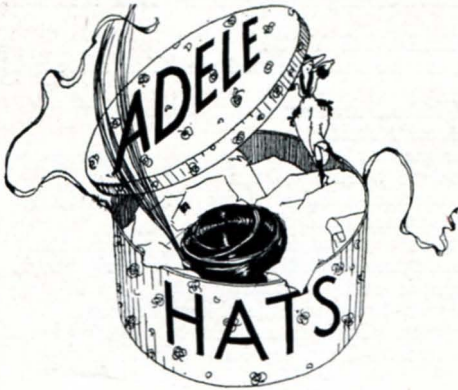
Jack agreed, yet every now and then it rankled. But a more serious situation (apparently) was on the way.

Christmas week, Jack began to come home late, a thing he never had done before. He explained that the year's accumulation of business at the "office" required his presence there of evenings, but it would be all over Saturday, so "Babes" should worry her itchy bitsy head. But "Babes" did worry, and a whole lot. Could it be possible that Jack, for six years the most unimpeccable of husbands, a perennial sweetheart, had at last gone the way of most husbands? Incredible. It was maddening to even suspect it. So as Effie didn't enjoy being maddened she resolved to find out.

By ten next evening he had not returned. Effie and he had a favorite Broadway restaurant and it struck her that a little peek in this gay spot might well be the first stage of her sleuthing. She asked Charlie Gray, in the next apartment, whose wife and he were her and Jack's closest pals, if he would mind escorting her downtown, as she expected to meet Jack at 11 at Cafe de Paris.

Arriving there they were shown to a table commanding a good view of the packed ball-room. Within three minutes after, she saw her husband enter with a very beautiful, beautifully gowned girl. Jack did not notice her. As for Effie, all the light there was in life went inky black in that instant. She could scarcely see or hear. She faltered to Charlie to take her out at once as the heat of the place made her faint. They rode home.

It did not take her long to make her decision. Packing a few clothes in her bag, she wrote a brief note to Jack, telling him she knew all and he could address her at her mother's in Boston. Tears streamed from her eyes as she took one look about the familiar, loved quarters, each object in which was rendered sacred from long association. But her mind had no hesitation. Jack had failed her—and there could be no more trust. Her clock of happiness had struck midnight.



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===== is =====

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At the entrance of the apartment house she met Jack and the strange girl. She staggered an instant, and then made to brush by him. He stopped her.

“Where on earth are you going you poor, foolish dear?” he said. Effie’s reply was just the same as in every melodrama ever played. “I am going home to mother, you deceitful, lying brute, and I never want to see you again. Keep that woman that you are brazen enough to bring to our home, to shame me utterly.”

Jack’s laugh could be heard above the taxis and Broadway cars.

“You silliest of all darlings. Why, listen! You know what you have said about my relatives. Well, I did not want to annoy you. But I decided tonight I would overcome your childish prejudice by introducing you to the most wonderful girl I know besides yourself.”

“Please meet my sister, Harriett, who has been here a week doing her holiday shopping.”

LOVE-MOAN OF A BRUNETTE

I miss you! I am stupidly brilliant! Closing my eyes I kiss other men and try to feel the wondrous thrill of you.

WHERE ARE YOU?

Yesterday, a big man of much achievement decried me "You are cursed with an intellect!"

I've always known something withheld my success

HELP! HELP!

Hear me, my beloved

And smile with me when you hear. For

My emotional dream-soul, my intellectual-mind and my physical-body are in a melee—it is damned uncomfortable!

Where are you?—when I need you as a pillow for my head and a balm for my heart—The halo I placed on your head has slipped away, please straighten it.

Judgment is coldly stupid!

My impulses, more nearly, bring me the things desired!

This is an impulse. Come to me, soon!

The one thing which keeps me respectable—I am physically afraid,

Zanne.

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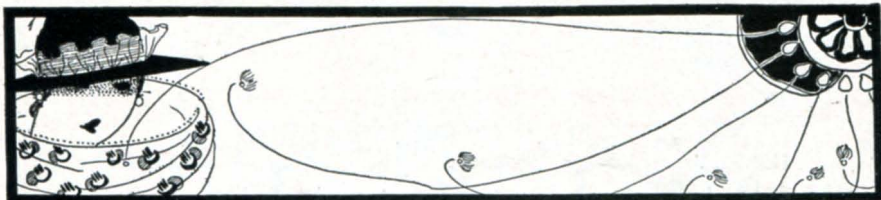
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