

THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE MAGAZINE PAGE

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"Many a millionaire has begun as a 'boob' and finished as a 'wise one' under the training of a P. P. of B. (Perfect Peach of Broadway)," says Ethel Amorita Kelley.



A Chorus Girl Jury Considers the Peculiar Case of a Youth Who Being Left a Million Preferred to Gild His Native Health Rather Than Further to Illuminate Broadway



KERR

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HOW TO BE A REAL "SPENDER"



PHOTO BY WHITE ON NY



Jane Warrington Wants Her Voice Trained in Gay Paree. (Above) Ethel Amorita Kelley Who Suggests Speeding a Motor Through Tiffany's Shop Window.

Her \$1,000,000 Voice Needs Training.
By JANE WARRINGTON.
LISTEN here, Simon, dear, I want me voice pulled, I mean trained. "Me voice is me fortune, sir," she said. But nobody will believe it unless the news comes from Paris, signed Jean de Reszke. I wouldn't mention it on such short acquaintance, Simon, dear, but for my feeling of responsibility about your sad Atlantic Highlands case. All of us Broadway girls feel the same way—only you don't need to bother about the others. Say, Simon darling, do you know what it costs to have your voice pulled—I mean trained, in Paris? Verb, sap. Meaning, in the vernacular of my dear old alma mater, a word to the wise Millionaire Kid is sufficient.

IMAGINE the consternation created along New York's Gay White Way by the news that a young man who unexpectedly inherited a million dollars is wasting his time—and money—in Atlantic Highlands, N. J. Can such things be? And with the lobster palaces of the show girls' paradise almost visible to him across the Upper and Lower Bay, landmarked by the light in the Metropolitan Tower? Suffering footlights! Atlantic Highlands to monopolize the latest Millionaire Kid! Wouldn't it jar you? Treating village maidens to ice cream sodas at the drug store. Playing checkers in front of the livery stable in the afternoons, and leading a wild life at the moving picture show in the evening—with Rector's, Tiffany's, and the Flo Ziegfeld's thirsty tamed beauties within easy and graceful access by the Long Branch boat! Well, well! Just listen to these sentiments of Miss Ethel Amorita Kelley, Miss Elsie Hamilton, Miss Flo Hart and Miss Jane Warrington, New York prize beauty chorus girls, impanelled as a jury to sit on the case of Simon Daniel Paddock, Millionaire Kid of Atlantic Highlands, printed in another column on this page. When Simon Paddock was nineteen he was the chauffeur for the Mayor of Atlantic Highlands. He was poor but happy. Now Simon Paddock is twenty, and, as he complains, they "part his name in the middle." You see, a millionaire uncle of his left to Simon and Simon's brother and sister his fortune. Young Mr. Paddock says he is

afraid the money will spoil him. "I wanted to be an inventor like my father. I was working out a device for increasing the speed of automobiles. But now I'm rich I can't get time to work. I'm too busy attending to my correspondence. Yes, part of it's business letters, but a lot of it's fool letters. Women write me that they love me. How does a woman who lives in Arizona know whether she loves me, but this one from Cactus town says she'll die unless I marry her. Guess she might as well stake out her burial lot." "A lot of Atlantic Highlands have tied up in a combine to part me from my money because, they say 'He'll be an idiot and find his way to Broadway and burn up his money there anyway. We might as well have it.' So they get together and try to pluck me." "First they nab this white car of mine that I call Daisy, because she can run eighty miles an hour; they arrest me for speeding when I've never driven more than twenty-five miles an hour in my life. Every time I get into the white car I say to myself I'm going to be arrested—and I never disappoint myself. Either I'm arrested for speeding when I'm not, or my license has been out for five minutes and they take me in." "A man can come from New York and ride around Jersey as much as he likes, but not Simon Paddock. 'Nay, nay.' They've pushed me till I'm blue." "By George, you may not believe me, but some highbinder stole the tools from my car and then brought them around and tried to sell them

back to me. "When I was just Sim Paddock nobody ever bothered me. I had all the letting alone I wanted. Now I'm never alone a minute. I'm always stumbling over people. They get under my feet. Some night I expect to go home and find one of the grafters in my bed. They're after me to lend them money on a mortgage or on nothing. "They take me for a slot machine that works the other way—pours out money because it's out of order." Yes, Simon Daniel Paddock is unhappy, so unhappy that he would rather be the Mayor's chauffeur than to be pointed at by people whose eyes bulge, as "the Million Dollar Kid." "Killing time," he says, is the most laborious occupation on earth. "At any rate he can't go into a store because prices will jump at sight of him. He used to like soda water, but he avoids soda water fountains now because somebody is going to suggest a new mixture that costs a quarter. But his troubles as a millionaire are nearly over. He has only to act upon the advice of the chorus girl jury in order to quite suddenly acquire all the solitude and obscurity his soul craves. Mr. Simon Daniel Paddock's case is being considered on Broadway. It is a competent jury. Ethel Amorita Kelley, you remember, is the fair maid who has made the Busch family of St. Louis anxious lest Adolph III, should bring an actress into the family. Elsie Hamilton is famed along Broadway for her beauty. Jane Warrington is one of the belles of Broadway. All have seriously considered the situation of Simon Daniel, formerly "Sim" Paddock, and render verdicts as here printed.

"Home, James—to Tiffany's."
By EDITH AMORITA KELLEY.
OH, what a simple Simon! What a modest, retiring Millionaire Kid! But he needn't feel bashful any more over his mistake about Atlantic Highlands. We'll welcome him just as warmly as though he came direct from Pittsburgh. Just let him bring that million with him and all will be forgiven. We won't detain him long on Broadway, either, which would be unkind, as he wants to be an inventor like his father. You can figure that in about a month or six weeks he'll be busy inventing some way to pay his board at the rate of five dollars a week back in Atlantic Highlands. I'm sure he's a nice, quiet young man and deserves to be encouraged. So I'm willing to assist him in a perfectly original Millionaire Kid act that will shorten his suspense and make all others look like pikers. With the regular lobster and bubble water course as a starter, we'll pick out the most expensive six-cylinder limousine luxury they have for sale along Automobile Row, and then, "Home, James," home meaning Tiffany's. "Aha," I seem to hear you exclaim, "she's already picked out that diamond tarara." Forget it—nothing so piking. Getting up good speed down Fifth avenue, we'll motor, bang! right through Tiffany's best sun-blast lined plate glass show window, and all the twinklers

that fly into the car and drape the running gear will belong to little Ethel! No, I don't seem to think of anything else just at present.

"Wanted—a Dress of Yellow Backs."
By ELISE HAMILTON.
DON'T worry, Simon, about that Atlantic Highlands mistake—Broadway's still on the map. Why, there was a Millionaire Kid once who came on from the West in a private car with his mind full of skyscrapers and the high places along the Gay White Way, who dropped asleep just this side of Elizabeth, N. J., and was awakened by the porter yelling: "New-Ark!" Believe me, that Kid grabbed his bag and jumped off before any one could stop him. A minute later he was gazing at the top of a six-story building on Market street saying to himself: "Gosh! New York's sure a wonder!" It was a week before he could be pried loose from that Jersey burg. But once he saw the Flatiron Building, the rest was easy. He turned out a real credit to himself. But this gold-lined Simon ought to be told at once that progress rules the age. The day is past when a Millionaire Kid can distinguish himself by the usual Broadway lobster and bubble stuff route. And that reminds me that I can do him a good turn—with kind



Elise Hamilton, Who Recommends a Dress of "Yellow Backs."

permission of Flo Ziegfeld. You see, it's so hard to make people believe that my second act dress cost \$300. What I suggest is that Simon furnish the material to make me a dress all of yellow backs. Then if people won't believe I'm one expensive dresser, all I have to do is to turn around slowly and say: Well, if you don't take my tally just count me up for yourself." Believe me, a little stunt like this will send Simon ringing down the ages.