THE OMAHA BEE: SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1924.



wing of the big men in the class they generally rowed or played hock is one of ey for a living, served on prom com-By O. O. MCINTYRE.

-- Day by Day--

mittees and were normally slated for those leap and catch at the air dancthose leap and catch at the air danc-ers in a Broadway show who appears slightly less dull in outward seeming twice at each performance wearing than the Big Athlete wing, and stood loin cloth. The rest of his anatomy is painted with bronze-colored prepar-tion. Len Thomson and Dick Hof-fington were typical of this class. The

In the third act he wears a coat-ing of peacock blue paint. He cavorts about the stage for about five min-utes each time so strenuous in his work under the circumstances that

the has several times reached the wings in a swoon. The body paint closes the pores.

wings in a swoon. The body paint closes the pores. The physical torture is exhausting and two doctors have told him the part he is playing in will in a very short while bring on a fatal stroke. He in turn says he has been 15 years reaching Broadway and he would rather die than step out. His extion is an illuminating ex-

His action is an illuminating ex-two groups met on common grounds in Kit's room, where they would view only by a name on the program. His face is completely disguised by the paint and no one in the audience would ever recognize him off the fington found themselves alone fol stage.

The only compensation is the faint lowing a general exit to look up "man applause of the audience as he fin-drake" in Jen Cobb's dictionary. They ishes his twirling and leaping. His ishes his twirling and leaping. His thought Kit and gone with the other sits salary is perhaps \$75 a week. Any but as a matter of fact he sat in his bedroom, writing, and heard all they said. "Old Man Newell, he likes 'em

Out of his salary he must pay an And Then He Took Up Golf

old Hillton and New York groups with numerous accretions from other

assistant who has the unusual job of painting of his body with the mixture. It must be put on 45 minutes before he appears so that it thoroughly dries before he does his stuff.

minutes.

There used to be a fellow who played the front end of a make-believe lion in a musical show. There was only a slight peep-hole through which he saw and also breathed. The audience never saw him. He refused to abandon the suffocating role and developed an illness that killed him.

Then there is the tragic story of the small town company actor who tried for 10 years to land on Broadway. He was undersized and had a cast in his eye. His fortitude won the sympathy of a producer and he was given the role of the sewer rat in "Seventh Heaven." He played for only a few weeks when the ravages of malnutrition from which he had suffered in his desire to reach Broadway caused him to collapse in his dressing room one night. Three days later he died in a hospital. He had achieved Broadway although his role was that only of a worker in filthy clothes climbing out of a Paris sewer but he passed away content. He had "made" Broadway.

This acter, by the way, came from a little town on the Ohio river above where I was raised. When I was a boy he appeared on river show boats and later I ran across him now and then in small repertoire companies. He was self-effacing, kindly fellow. It is difficult to imagine the most ephemeral of all worldly glories enticed him to such a calamitous end. His name was Fred Holloway.

There are at least 50 stockbrokers who have lately opened offices in the white light district. Broadway has its little Wall street, Many employes are not only emptying their offices-but their nockets-to play the market. Instead of eating at lunch hour they watch the ticker.



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OF MY SMOKIN'

BET WITH DUGAN