

Out Our Way

By Williams



WELL, OF ALL TH- IF THEY AINT GITTN MECHANICAL MEN T' RUN TH- TH- WELL ILL- NO-THAT'S AN INDIVIDUAL HEATIN' PLANT. HE'S GOT ALL TH' ELECTRIC LIGHT BULBS IN THE VICINITY UNDER HIS CLOTHES.

HOT SPOTS.

J.R. WILLIAMS 1930 BY NEA SERVICE, INC.

In New York

The New Year Begins Badly for Broadway—Theaters Are Closing and Actors and Chorus Girls Are Out of Work

New York—This is not a happy new year for the lane where the lights burn long and late.

Those famous bulbs seem to have taken a sock in the socket. They're beginning to blink a bit.

With the holiday entertainment season at its peak, 20 of the leading theaters are as dark as a Harlem cabaret floor show. More than 100 plays are gathering the dust of the stage storeroom, and "the road"—which in days gone could be depended upon—has been just as bad.

Even Otis Skinner, who once could draw entire countryside into the theater, was dropped in the midst of his tour by Gilbert Miller, his manager. Only Ethel Barrymore and the Theater Guild productions have survived the rigors of the road.

Thousands of musicians stand out at work and desperate, thanks to the inroads of the talking pictures which brought about the abandonment of scores of theater orchestras.

And on "music corner," a spot in the Forties where the jazz banditti gather while looking for work, the crowds grow, and saxophone players look about for some new form of livelihood. Chorines are casting their eyes on Hollywood and Hollywood is casting its eyes on Broadway.

The scarcity of music shows on the big street amounts almost to a famine. And three of the most successful have not depended upon the Broadway girls. "Bitter Sweet" has a London company. So has "Wake Up and Dream." While "Fifty Million Frenchmen" turned to the cinema cuties and brought its chorus out from the Golden West.

Such conditions put chorus jobs at a premium. The gilded girls are turning to floor shows of floundering cabarets and to modeling for the Fifth avenue style emporiums.

Whenever such dismal moments are at hand, I find myself turning to a department in the show world, and read of the ups and downs of the nation's pitchmen.

A pitchman, I assume you know, is one of those itinerant genies who appear on street corners and in doorways and windows selling cheap fountain pens, gadgets for threading needles and dinguses that sharpen razor blades. They put on a quick sidewalk spiel and seek to spellbind the passing crowd. They are, in some instances, real artists in crowd psychology.

One learns, for instance, that Richmond, Va., charges \$2 a day for "pitch corners" and that "this is a good Saturday spot." That "Oklahoma is bad land for pitchmen in all lines. Many of the good towns of former years are closed and biz in open towns is dull."

One can also learn about medicine shows and Indian herb doctors—in fact many interesting survivals of a passing day.

Speaking of pitch stunts, the "words and music" racket has reappeared in the Broadway Belt. It's just the same as it used to be in those dear old days when we paid 10, 20 and 30 for seats at the "copy house" and the kids came down the aisles between the acts shouting, "words and music to all the songs!"

When you bought the pamphlets you found a lot of words and no music.

During the holidays scores of youngsters were to be heard upon metropolitan corners, chanting—"Sing 'em all—here 'yare. . . The Face on the Barroom Floor," "Gunga Din," "Dangerous Dan McGrew" and "Down in the Lehigh Valley." Sing 'em and recite 'em. Can this be New York . . . and

Hole-in-Corner Diplomacy

From Baltimore Sun. The United States government has strained its idea of the proprieties far enough to consent to permit the secretary of the interior "unofficially" to ask the Soviet government to search for Ben Eielson and Carl Borland, American aviators lost in Siberia. Eielson and Borland disappeared while trying to rescue the crew of an ice-bound vessel, so common decency requires that every possible effort be made in their behalf.

So another rather absurd incident is added to the numerous absurd-

in the year . . . let's see . . . 1930, isn't it? At any rate, a Happy New Year! Gilbert Swan.

New York—What's new in New York—George M. Cohan, the "grand old man" of the theater, has sold himself "down the river" to the talkies. . . . When he hits westward for Hollywood, it will be one of the few occasions when "the Yankee Doodle boy" found himself more than 45 minutes from Broadway. . . . He'll be connected with United Artists. . . . Incidentally, it has been a dream of Cohan's life to make a trip back to dear old Ireland.

And Louis Bromfield, the Pulitzer prize winning author, will not go to southern France, as usual, this winter, but will appear on Samuel Goldwyn's lot as a chatter scribbler. . . . Irving Berlin is bidding for a director's job in the babbling celluloids. . . . And speaking of such matters, Will Hays has frowned at such front page goings on as recently involved the names of Clara Bow and Harry Richman. . . . It's also said that he's urged the dialogue writers not to repeat the sort of patter which found its way into "The Cock-Eyed World."

Gladys Glad, one of the most glorified of the Ziegfeld girls, who married Mark Hellinger, the columnist, last summer, will become beauty expert for a New York tabloid.

The "all-American" dance leaders, as selected by the Dance Magazine, are Harriet Hoctor, premier ballerina; Clifton Webb, best eccentric; Ruby Keeler, best of the girl tap dancers; Bill Robinson, male tap; Jack Whiting, best juvenile; Evelyn Laye, best ingenue dancer; Eddie Cantor, best comic; Inez Courtney, best comedienne and Violet Carlsson, best female eccentric.

Billie Burke, who used to line the ticket seekers up for blocks, hit another unhappy show and closed within a week. . . . The theatrical batting average for the season thus far is now about 80 per cent flop. . . . Even Otis Skinner, Will Farnum, William Faversham and similar old favorites have failed to draw. . . . Skinner, they say, will be among the Hollywood-bound, ere long.

Someone has discovered that the late M. Clemenceau once made his residence when in New York at a second novel. Ethel Waters, who works on magazine pieces and a second novel. Ethel Waters, who was the "wow" of Harlem singers hasn't been able to crack dear old London's "reserve," so they say. Jimmy Hussey, the well known comic, finally had to go to the hills for his health. . . . Like most actors, he fought the prospect and even defied friends who tried to get him to a doctor's office.

Those Hollywood beach barbecues have made their appearance in the swanky Long Island sector as cold night bonfire feeds. . . . Estelle Taylor drops a note that she's given up her struggle with the now famous Hollywood diet. . . . And the Christmas card of Irene Franklin, that grand vaudeville trouper who is now anchored here in "Greatest Adeline," gave me more laughs than did "The Specialist." . . . It's a tiny booklet, recounting the adventures of herself and husband during a pre-season vacation in Canada. . . . Among other things, she describes those vegetable side dishes served in country hotels as "bird seed bowls containing certain samples."

ties that have marked our relations with Russia recently. When the Kellogg treaty was presented to Russia the French had to lend us an ambassador, which was a bit ridiculous.

When the Soviet fliers landed in Seattle they were given a tremendous welcome by the plain people, and there was a dreadful moment when officers feared they might come to Washington—a danger which required some frantic and funny wirepulling ere it was staved off.

When we undertook to act as arbiter of the orient in the matter of the Russo-Chinese war in Man-

Actresses Given Fine Dresses to Serve as Decoys

New York—Even one of the most widely known American costume designers has arisen to protest the long-skirted, corseted styles for women now being introduced as a menace to "the health, comfort and charm of half of our population."

The designer is Ethel Traphagen, who has won distinction as artist, author and lecturer as well.

"Women are being enslaved by organized commercial propaganda—against their wills," she declares in an article appearing in the December issue of the North American Review.

"One society woman I know has been given two dozen dresses by a French modiste on condition that she wear them. Actresses and movie stars and needy aristocrats are being used in this same way to turn the mass of women into sheep. But they can yet save themselves if they will show ordinary courage and independence. The issue is between American women—with most men as their allies—and the French fashion factory."

"Make Women Look Older" This, according to Miss Traphagen, is how the current radical change in styles came about:

"A gang of cold-blooded business men met to decide what the women of Christendom should wear during the coming season. They are the compelling forces, the voices that harken to the silk mill owners who howl that short skirts are decreasing their yardage ruinously; the designers shrieking that unless a radical change is effected they will starve; merchants short-sightedly demanding different and more expensive styles to sell. No man, among them asked what women want—that art wants. Obviously, since the demand of the mills is for quantity, the thing to do was to pile goods on woman's back."

But Miss Traphagen is dubious about the success of the style revolution in many respects and for many reasons. To merchants and textile makers she points out that while the styles mean more goods to a gown they are likely to mean fewer gowns to a customer, since the average woman's budget remains the same while dresses become more costly.

"And these long dresses do make women look older; they themselves will be the first to perceive it, and when they do they may revolt," her North American Review article continues.

"Thirdly, the things proposed by France clash utterly with modern customs—look at the bedraggled rags that so readily catch in street cars, automobiles, doors or on furniture. Why should we permit ourselves to be dragged back to the stupidity of the past?"

Q. What is meant by a phantom circuit? T. E. A. It is the name given to the scheme which permits a telephonic talking current to be superimposed on two pairs of wires, each of which simultaneously transmits a telephonic conversation. The third, or phantom circuit, is obtained by connecting the two pairs of wires in a particular way. After it is properly arranged, three separate, non-interfering conversations may be carried at the same time.

Q. Are cannibals to be found anywhere in South America? W. W. L. A. Cannibal tribes are still in existence in the jungles of the central parts of South America, particularly in the Amazon basin in Brazil.

churia the French had to lend us an ambassador again, and the ambassador received a sharp rebuff, which, since it was intended for the United States, probably amused him greatly.

Now, in order to save the lives of two heroic Americans, our government must once more approach a government whose existence it will not recognize. This time it acts through a news agency.

This hole-in-corner method of dealing may be fairly effective, but hardly anyone will maintain that it adds to the dignity of the government of the United States.

On the Threshold of Death



The plane which Pilot Robert Black, of Westbury, Long Island, and Student Flier Ray Rothman, of Hempstead, brought to a safe landing after gliding a thousand feet. They were flying over the Long Island Aviation Country Club when flames enveloped the plane. From that height they brought the ship to a landing at Roosevelt Field, six miles away, escaping serious injuries. Both men leaped from cockpit in time to escape explosion of gas tank.

(International Newsreel)

Babe's Daughter's Fortune Vanishes



Little Dorothy Ruth, daughter of the famous Babe Ruth and his late wife, the first Mrs. Babe Ruth, who will get much less than the \$50,000 supposedly left in the safety deposit box. When agents of the executors opened the vault they found only \$3,000 in valuables there. Officials are at a loss to determine how the estate shrank to such meagre proportions. The entire estate was willed by Mrs. Ruth to the child.

(International Newsreel)

Snow Holds no Terrors for Her



Miss Helen Pending, of Baltimore, proves that she is not afraid of the snow, even though she does live below the Mason-Dixon line, by sitting in it while lacing on her skates. Miss Pending is enjoying the Winter sports at Lake Placid, N. Y., while on her Christmas vacation.

(International Newsreel)

Casting an "Eagle Eye" Over the Controls



Col. Charles Lindbergh gives the controls of his Transcontinental Air Transport a last-minute once-over before he and his wife take off at Curtiss Field for their inspection tour service last July.

(International Newsreel)

Too Young for Alimony, Judge Rules

Judge Joseph Sabath, of Chicago, decided that Ethel Carroll, 15, shown in picture, who presented a petition asking maintenance and a little money to live on, is too young to be receiving alimony.

(International Newsreel)



Heads International Marriage Agency



Mrs. Elsie Weisart, Los Angeles, has been indicted by the Federal grand jury as the alleged head of an "international" fraudulent marriage agency. The technical charge lodged against her is that of using the mails in a swindling scheme. Scores of middle-aged Germans, for the most part ranchers and cattlemen, are said to have been victimized in the "mail order" marriage plot.

(International Newsreel)