

The Joy of Not Having It

By O. O. McINTYRE.

I have a friend who spent the weekend with a very rich man in Westchester. He came back to town, refreshed for his job and glad he had never made a million.

He saw what a terrible sort of life his host lived. He had riches but no freedom. Wherever he went he was trailed by bodyguards. When he went motoring, a duplicate motor went first as a decoy.

He was afraid to open mail, afraid of his host lived. He had riches but no freedom. Wherever he went he was trailed by bodyguards. When he went motoring, a duplicate motor went first as a decoy.

Oscar Wilde in one of his keen observations once said he saw only two tragedies in life. "One of them," he said, "is not getting what you want. The other is getting it."

Another great philosopher has noted that the only real material joys are anticipatory. When we get what we have long wanted, we don't give a hang for it.

I have become more and more impressed recently with the happiness you find in people who are working for some goal and the unhappiness of those who have achieved the goal.

A great business man plays his trump cards and then loses his identity. He becomes a corporation. The man who is up early trying to put over this business deal or that finds an hourly kick to life. He comes into simple contact with people. He is blessed with good fellowship.

Of course no matter how much we philosophize we can't recompose ourselves to poverty. That isn't possible. Nor is it needed. But it does seem to me that those of us, like myself, who are hitting the middle road are not as appreciative as we should be.

I have never talked to a rich man for any length of time that he didn't invariably hark back to the "good old days"—and those days were those of struggling to get ahead.

Trying to beat the game seems to

them to be a glorious adventure but actually being it was no fun at all. I am not inclined to believe this is a pose. I think it quite sincere.

In a certain smart hotel's tea room I often watch those bored young



Park Row debbies take up dance steps and tunes from the Harlem Black Belt.

women who seem to have everything. Their jewels are from the Rue de la Paix, their limousines are crested and a footman in uniform occupies the front seat with the chauffeur. Their furs are the finest from Russia, and the Russian wolfhound costs the price of a pleasant home in the suburb.

And then I contrast their boredom who get the most out of life are the very young I used to pity.

A young man who turned the spotlight on Broadway scandals in a zippy monthly magazine has been sentenced to federal prison for six years for blackmail. Here was a young reporter who had a brilliant career before him when he left the newspaper shops to embark on this

quixotic adventure. We happened to know him before he began pandering to low journalistic tastes. Six years in prison! And just for a few hundred dollars that might have been honestly gained with far less effort.

Harold McGrath is the lightest weight novelist in the world. He cannot tip the well known beam at 109 pounds. Bide Dudley is the flyweight newspaper man. He weighs 91 pounds.

Irvin Cobb once met Dudley in Park Row. "How much do you weigh now, Bide?" he asked.

"I have gained two pounds," said Dudley proudly. "I now weigh 91 pounds."

"Ninety-one pounds," said Cobb. "We used to have a darkey cook in Paducah who had a goitre that weighed more than that."

David Belasco, smiling for a little puffery, defends his exploitation of painted ladies on the stage and says he will give any "lady of the evening" a free ticket if she will call for it at the box office. "Ladies of the

with the light-hearted young women who go to work daily in the big office buildings and stores. They are able to make an event out of a simple lunch. A box of chocolates and a seat in the balcony at the Saturday matinee finds them flushed with happiness.

And finally I used to find myself pitying people who did not live in New York, but after many years here I have come to realize that the people

ABE MARTIN

On th' Weather



There's lots o' new fangled things t' discuss, but th' weather still remains th' poplar ole standby, th' one subject that kin be strung out indefinitely, an' best of all, th' one subject almost ever'buddy knows some-thin' 'bout. "I picked up a stranger th' other day an' hauled him eight or 10 miles, an' had a most delightful an' interestin' exchange o' views on th' weather," said Tell Binkley t'day. "We never mentioned caves or th' radio at all, but started right in on th' weather. I opened up some-thin' like this: 'There's a little dash o' winter in th' air t'day,' an' then we went on—

"You certainly said a mouthful. When I turned in last night it wuz warm an' springlike, but I surely had t' fire up this mornin'."

"Well, this sort o' weather's good for us."

"Yes, I don't mind this weather. evening" must get a chuckle out of that. Imagine them clamoring to the box office, shouting "I'm a painted lady. Give me one down front on the aisle."

However, Dauntless Dave is a first rate press agent and his latest rave was spread eeked throughout the press. I have always thought his trick clerical collar was one of the best bits of self advertising the Kialto has ever seen.

And who, by the way, gets the most publicity of any man in New York? I am inclined to believe it is Irving Berlin, the rag time exponent. Berlin is no shrinking violet, but he does not go out after publicity with a bludgeon. The drama of his life makes him a natural target for those who write about New York. From a Chinatown singer for pitched nickels to a millionaire with a theater bearing his name is something few have achieved.

A very close second in publicity is Flo Ziegfeld. But he goes for it with a gusto. He knows its value in the theater world. One month Ziegfeld's bill for newspaper clippings from a

There's no kick on cold, dry weather. "I guess it gits purty cold up around Minnesota, but it's th' dry cold."

"My wife's folks live in Minnesota an' she says they don't think nothin' o' th' dry cold. You see they know how t' dress fer it, an' when it gits cold it stays cold an' in a week or two they don't notice it."

"Yes, it's th' damned changes that gits me. I'd a lot rather it'd gits cold in November an' stay cold, th' good, dry kind."

"I hate sloppy weather, it's bad under foot an' then it's penetratin', too. Dry cold weather don't penetrate like damp cold weather."

"It's t' be colder t'morrow."

"Well, this is th' season fer it."

"Yes, this is th' season fer it."

"There ain't nothin' gained in little mild spurts o' weather at this season."

bureau was more than \$1,600. He stopped the service right off.

H. L. Mencken also had a disastrous experience with newspaper clipping bureaus. It so happened that in one week a dozen syndicate writers and two press associations mentioned him. Whereas 14 clippings would have sufficed, he received thousands.

Vagrant negro tunes and dance steps continue to drift to Broadway from the cabarets in the black belt of Harlem. The Charleston dance step is now danced by the Park avenue debbie. Here is the senseless chorus:

Skiddle up skat!
Skiddle up skat!
Oh, skiddle up, skiddle up,
Skat! Skat! Skat!

And here's still another ditty called the "Scrunch":

Ron kutta tung,
Ron kutta tung,
Ron ka tung,
Dance big black boy!

Hey, hey!
(Copyright, 1925.)

Aurora Churches Leading Central City in Contest
Aurora, March 7.—In the contest between the churches of Aurora and Central City for March, April and May Aurora is ahead with a score of 733 against 551 for Central City. In this contest one point is scored for the attendance of each man or boy over 14 years of age at Sunday school or church. In Aurora the Christian church won highest honors last Sunday, it's score being 201 for the three services. This was also the best attendance in either of the two cities.

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