

Bo BROADWAY

By JOSEPH VAN RAALTE

By Central Press
New York, Dec. 5.—Some of the town's high-art morning and evening chronicles have adopted the fashion of augmenting their play reviews with bits of "Those Present" from Park avenue, Broadway and Westchester.

If it weren't for the virile, human common touch that The Tabloids impart, journalism in the metropolis would be in a bad way. It was much more interesting in the old days, when New York editors smoked cornucopias, and before they learned to wear spats and to bartone their readers.

makes use of telegraph wires to communicate with the city, it becomes obvious that electricity is nothing to ignore. There are 13,000 clocks in New York which obtain inside information about the time from sun, moon and stars via the Naval Observatory in Washington. At 4 o'clock daily, all clocks which use the telegraphic time service are corrected by electricity to the tenth of a second and the wire roots of Tammany Town have established the most accurate and practical communication with the outlying regions of the universe.

Joe Smith, the dingy, who passed on the other day, was an old friend of Greenwich Villagers of a dozen or so years ago, in the palmy times before they became famous. Eugene O'Neill, who probably used much of the knowledge of the Negro he gained from close association with Joe for "Emperor Jones" and "All God's Children," Harry Kemp, Dorothy Day, Hutchins Haggood, Frances Gifford, Jimmy Light and a good many more, remember Joe as a happy philosopher who foregathered with them at the Golden Gate at Sixth avenue and 4th street in their poorer days.

O'Neill never forgot Joe. He made a point always, when he was in town, to look the old Negro up and regularly he sent him a substantial check which Joe called his "royalty."

A WORD TO CHRIS

Chris Morley—the Lit'ry Gentleman gone wrong—ought to desert the Last Sea Coast to Bohemia in Hoboken and try to climb back to his former estate. He hasn't made much of a success of lounging in his shirt sleeves. It's all right for some people, but not for Chris.

After trying everything else at his Lyric theater he wrote and produced what he called "The Shoe-string Review." And seldom has a theatrical offering been panned as was this. It was termed school-boyish and feeble. Somebody said it has "the general air of an en-

Sued for \$2,000,000



four years ago Gilbert Mosby, above, was a waiter in a Cincinnati hotel, now he is a multi-millionaire manufacturer of a patent medicine with a \$2,000,000 alimony settlement suit, brought by his wife, to worry him.

tertainment in the church basement, except that it snickers now and then at naughty suggestions." Snap out of it, Chris. Get back where you belong!

WHAT COULD ONE TELL THE WIFE?

The worst part of a thing like the recent Wall Street Slap in the Nose are the reams of stuff that ensue dealing with What Happened After the First Shock. An interesting phase of this sort of thing has been undertaken by Eddie Sullivan (middle name Dean), whose book, "Sold Out," is worth buying.

Says Edward: "The great Asso-

ciation of American Grief Jugglers and Bag Holders sat, stood and lay around, dazed. They had purchased tickets to this Grand Spectacular Circus only to find that the tinsel had vanished. The bulls were panicky. The bears got loose. The laughter died out and they had to raise margin after margin and finally to pay the fiddlers outright.

"If they could only have found the management—have been able to cash their hat checks—at least discover from the head tent man where everybody had blown to, it would have been something like service."

"But, no, thousands of persons—among them many who read movie titles aloud and even then don't know what the picture is all about—learned that the reason they lost their laundry was that the selling had merely got out of hand." They learned there was "no inherent weakness in the market"; that it was "merely a reaction to rather steady liquidation," and that "fundamental values had, for the moment, been lost sight of."

"To which Mr. John K. Public, with trembling knees and moist brow replied: "That's all right, but what am I going to tell the wife?"

What did you tell YOUR wife?"

ILLUSTRIOUS LINES
"There can never be true sex equality while men crowd to musical comedies to admire the legs of the chorus."—Old Doc, Zigfield.

AUTO REPAIRING COSTS DECLINE

The achievement of the automobile industry in offering cars which not only provide a constantly higher standard of performance but which cost their owners less and less to maintain is emphasized in recently compiled figures showing the steady decline in the sale of repair parts per automobile in use.

A concrete example of this progress is the statement that sales of Studebaker repair parts have shrunk from \$12.41 per car in operation in 1922 to \$7.49 last year.

Research laboratory and proving grounds have contributed much to this decline in repair parts sales through the development of finer design, the discovery and use of better materials, and improvements in manufacturing methods.

POLICE WANT LIST OF VACANT HOUSES
Birmingham residents who intend leasing their homes untenant or in charge of servants during the winter months are requested to notify Chief of Police Orta J. Tuttle. "Many residents leave for the south during the colder months," Chief Tuttle said.

When you are riding in an auto you can pass trolley cars and other autos. But when you are riding on a trolley car about the only thing you ever pass is your street.—Judge.

AMONG THOSE PRESENT

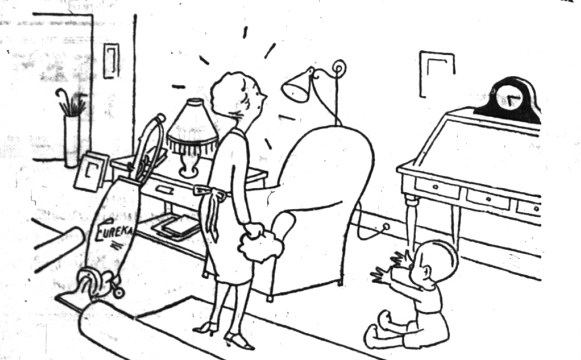
If I were the managing editor of one of Manhattan's lesser journalistic breed I'd send my Drummer Dammer over to the "promises" of blue-shirt burly-one show on Eighth avenue, with instructions to tag his yarn with a "Those Present" division, listing Clestadin McSwat, of Double-Fit avenue—the roughneck name for tenth avenue; Izzy Coppin, of the Bronx; Stanislaus Poppavarrus, of Far Downstown; Tony De Angelis, of Mulberry street; Godeyed Reilly, of Hell's Kitchen, and others of The Boys, whose folks, way back, had the bad taste to miss the first boat.

WIRE ROOTS

If the wire roots of Tammany Town should suddenly go out of commission the city would be left dead and dumb. There are eight million miles of wire in the metropolitan telephone service alone. It takes eight million calls a day to make New York's dates and business deals, to pass along its gossip and to summon police and ambulances.

Across the city's underlying meshes of electric cable come the most direct messages from heaven that the world has yet received. It isn't at all amazing that deep-laid wires should report despatch schemes of Wall Street, or that they should carry heat to kitchen stoves, power to factories, or light to Broadway.

But when the solar system



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There is no question in her mind, she certainly will tell her husband. Especially if he makes remarks about dinner being late. Time wasted in heating water has delayed her work, and the whole family suffers.

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