

Bo BROADWAY

By JOSEPH VAN RAALTE

New York—Oscar earns his spare ribs and tea night-watching for a bank of which former Police Commissioner McLaughlin is the president. Oscar is a home-loving man. He never cares to wander from his own fireside. And, the other night, sitting in his shirt sleeves in a kitchen chair outside the paying teller's window, puffing stately at his cornucopia, his thoughts drifted back to his cozy little Outerroom at home. The more he thought the lonelier he got.

Twelve o'clock struck. A promissory note in the bank vault fell with a dull, sickening crash. Whereupon Oscar arose, knocked the ashes from his pipe, donned his sea-more jacket, put on his hat and went home. Through a clerical error he forgot to close the front door of the bank so that when Maggie, the scrub lady, arrived several hours later she found it gustily swinging in the breeze of early morning.

Maggie made the sign of the cross and then called a cop. The cop called some more cops and they finally located Oscar safe at home, snuggled deep, and snoring in his Simmons.

The noise like the Twentieth Century applying the emergency brakes was merely one of the grindings in the teeth when he feared next day that \$600,000 reposed in the bank vault for several hours the night before with the front door open and the watchman home in bed.

RACKETEERS' TOLL

New York kids Chicago about the latter's proclivities in racketeering. As a matter of fact, the Windy City has nothing on the Capital of the Commonwealth in that respect. If it were not for racketeering the cost of living in the Hart-on-the-Hudson would not be wobbling between the pathetic and the ridiculous. Everyone pays, rich and poor alike. Not even the baby's milk bottle escapes. The stranger within the city gates may shrug and ask how that can possibly interest him. It interests him to this extent: That

"prospect" and he went after her as if she had been a corner lot. They were married—here's where the story slips: He got back to his \$25 a week job with old man Bantz, while Kay still occupies one of the spots in "Show Girl."

Hank would like to meet the cynic who once remarked: "Love is a disease for which marriage is the only cure."

ADD SMILES

Hard-boiled as a politician's derby.

New York—New York has 14 mayors, including the incumbent of the City Hall. The other 13 are neighborhood bourgeoisie who devote as much time and attention to retaining their honorary positions as The Best Pressed One is going at present to retain the stranglehold on his elective position.

HOBOKEN'S TOUGH LUCK

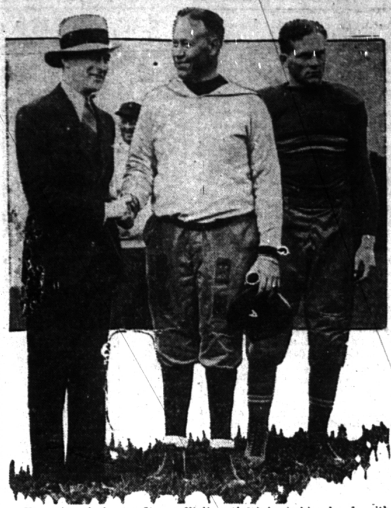
The good folk of Hoboken, a year or more ago, hailed Chris Morley. The Lit'ry Feller, for transforming their town into The Last Coast of Bohemia. Today they're hurling cold, unfeeling remarks in his direction, saying they wish he'd pack the scenery at the Old Riato Theater and take his horn-rimmed friends elsewhere.

Revival of "The Black Crook" and "After Dark" or, "Neither Maid, Wife nor Widow," was a change in the way of variety. Chris, who both as author and producer has always had a large following of Assorted Nuts, drew his Hoboken audience from both Park Avenue and The Village.

It got to be quite "the thing," after dinner, to troop across the ferry to Morley's rejuvenated barn, either in blue flannel shirt or deep evening dress, buy popcorn balls and all that sort of thing, and sit with your arm around your best girl, munching caramels, laughing, stamping, hissing the villain and otherwise plaining sophomoric to our heart's content. After the show, your seat coupon was said to entitle you to a seidel of darned beer at an adjoining Pilsener Pavilion.—You get the general lack of idea.

The Hobokenites who, in the old days were in the habit of taking ankle excursions to their favorite Bantz and Boloney Banzara, where they get a stein for a Thin One, found, after Morley's advent, the

A TRIO OF FAMOUS "BIG SHOTS"



Even though dapper Jimmy Walker (left) is shaking hands with Coach "Big" Jones, Army, and wishing the Cadets a grand and glorious football season, the young fellow at the right seems to be thinking about something else at the moment. That young fellow is Chris Cagle, All-America back and captain of the West Point eleven, and he's probably trying to tinker up some new ways to dodge tacklers this season.



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Mrs. Fannie Steinberg of East Orange, N. J., inherited two million dollars from an aunt in Buenos Aires, but continues to assist her husband in conducting his small fur store.

Rev. Mrs. Hilda Ives of Prepsumpco, Me., recently performed the marriage ceremony in which her daughter, Elizabeth, became the bride of Alger B. Chaplin, a man of New York.

Miss Mary Fallon, 40, a paraplegic patient in a New York hospital for 15 years, does exquisite work in painting designs on scarfs, handkerchiefs and the like, holding the marriage ceremony in her teeth.

AN AUDIENCE

When Sylvester Sullivan had finished writing the Great American Drama he encountered Willie Collier in the Lambs, and backing him into a corner said:

"I know Will-yam and let me read you my new play. You be the audience."

"Certainly, my dear boy," replied Will-yam. "But you'll have to wait a couple of minutes till I work up a cough!"

A POET'S TROUBLES

Harry Kemp, the Tramp Poet, and his Ringmaster are telling it to the audience in a new play of temper. Both Harry and the Ringmaster are in love with the same person—which is tough.

Harry was recently forced out of ambush in the woods near New York where he was laboring (Kemp's fashion) on a novel dealing with what Bill McGeehan calls "The Manly Art of Modified Murder." Out of the shack in which he was writing the poet had nailed a sign which read: "Harry Kemp at work. My friends and other intruders not welcome."

What was it Bill Nye said? "The more I see of genius, the greater respect I get for the old-fashioned gentleman. I hope genius never breaks out in my family!"

HIS KNOWS HIS NOBS

Count Felix von Luckner, former commander of the German raider Seeadler during the World war, one time was employed at the Hotel Majestic, polishing up the handles of the big front door. He now is staying there as a guest.

Whether or not the caravansaric host an expert polisher when, at the age of 14, Luckner swapped his job of polishing at the hostelry, for similar labor on the high seas, deponent saeyeth not.

"You know," muses the count, "I find myself today, as I enter the hotel, carefully studying the doorknobs and wondering whether they're as well polished as when I was on the job."

ILLUSTRIOUS LINES

"Honey, I'm not a quitter!"—Tex Guinan

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