

Eric Peabody (Wiley) is a useful book, so simply written with so much to the point that it serves as an excellent illustration of itself. It is no orator's guide but it will help the ordinary mortal, called upon with increasing frequency to speak out in meeting, to know how to "stand up, speak up and shut up."

### Picked at Random

By WALTER R. BROOKS

Edward D. Sullivan's  
Rattling the Cup on Chicago Crime  
Vanguard

A well  
written  
book about  
racketeer-

ing in Chicago, which will serve to coordinate the bits of knowledge about Scarface Al Capone, Dion O'Banion, Bugs Moran, Mayor Bill Thompson and other prominent Chicagoans which you have picked up through newspaper accounts of gang battles, election scandals and bootleg rings in the past few years. Its purpose, says the author, a Chicago newspaper man who knows personally many of the gangsters, "is to explain what the whizzing bullets of Chicago's Gangland are aimed at—and why. To give insight into the combustion which bombs political candidates out of their homes; to show why a legion of Chicago policemen have been slain, why an Assistant State's Attorney was murdered with two dead gangsters in the automobile beside him, and how it happened that seven men were lined up in a garage gang headquarters and torn to pieces with three hundred machine gun bullets." And having done this, adequately and in some detail, Mr. Sullivan shows that although in the past five years seventy "big shots"—not to mention hundreds of lesser lights—have been killed in connection with booze, beer, gambling and vice feuds in Chicago, in only one instance were the alleged slayers even brought to trial. But recently things have taken a turn for the better. Under Chicago's new Police Commissioner, William Russell, conditions are already becoming more difficult for the racketeer. Reform is under way in Chicago.

Mary Hastings Bradley's  
Trailing the Tiger  
Appleton

From Rangoon to the Malay Peninsula, to Sumatra, Java, and at last to Indo-China, the trail led, and they got their tiger in the highlands of the last named country, after a remarkable display of the one quality which a tiger hunter must possess—unlimited patience. A pleasant, gossipy, non-statistical travel book. But don't be misled by the group picture of the three tigers on the jacket—there is only one real tiger in the book.

## The Theatre

By FRANCIS R. BELLAMY

**I**F the last half of "Whoopie,"—Eddie Cantor's vehicle which promises to remain at the New Amsterdam all summer—if "Whoopie" is any criterion, Mr. Ziegfeld does well to announce that he will not produce any more revues. For to this observer, at least, the old formula, which has admittedly become pretty well shop-worn in the hands of a dozen other producers, has now failed even Mr. Ziegfeld himself.

Done with no enthusiasm or originality, without a single novel twist, the mechanical parade of beauty which hitherto has provided the grand climax of so many Ziegfeld shows no longer possesses any element of interest for Broadway—not even when staged in such an unexpected place as a Southwestern Indian village.

Evidently, neither time nor place, nor money can revive the once potent formula. The audience yawns. In fact, "Whoopie" would have been better off without Mr. Ziegfeld and his parade at all.

The original plot of the show—used by Owen Davis in the "Nervous Wreck"—possessed great possibilities and realized many of them. A hypochondriac, who has hitherto secured his ego from the number and severity of his illnesses and operations, through a series of events in a southwestern desert sanitarium finds himself being eloped with by a beautiful young lady (yes, we mean it that way) and is forced to hold up a party of motorists at the point of a pistol in order to secure enough gasoline to escape the wrath of the pursuing sheriff.

The brand of ego thus unexpectedly provided is so heady and inviting a concoction that the invalid is charmed, and proceeds to abandon showing the scars of his operations to all and sundry, in favor of wholesale gun play and cowboy heroics—a rôle which, barring an occasional return to nerves, he finds so completely to his liking that he ends by being a tremendous hero.

Consider this rôle, now, played by Mr. Cantor in his best Wide-eyed, Timid Soul Manner, and you most certainly have the promise of an entertaining evening in the theatre.

**N**OR does the first act disappoint. Quite remarkable is Mr. Cantor's perception of the subtle points of the rôle. And even more remarkable is the hold which he so apparently has on his audience. Not even Will Rogers car-

ries his crowd so completely with him as does Eddie Cantor—partly perhaps because the Hebrew is able to project his humor and finesse without a break from the dramatic depths of the spoken word to the ridiculous heights of the patter song; whereas Will Rogers will never sing "Whoopie" as it can be seen and heard in the New Amsterdam Theatre these nights.

Comes the second act, however—and—well, the second act comes. You know; Indians and pueblos and painted canyons, and cowboy dancers and flowered-spangled Lady Godivas on white horses, and chorus girls in various stages of dress and undress that no desert every knew or thought of—and well, that sort of thing. In the general disappointment exeunt Owen Davis and the plot and enter terrible things like Indian lovers and heaven knows what—and alas, "Whoopie" has gone the way of musical shows since first Broadway producers heard of them.

Remain only a thing called "The Modernistic Ballet," worthy of Noel Coward in his most fantastic moods and some mournful glimpses of Eddie Cantor—and "Whoopie" is over.

**T**WO THINGS struck us as interesting. Mr. Cantor had painted his old Ford—"practically a new car!"—with a sign which announced in large letters "No Liquor Here, Don't Shoot." The second was just a joke, indicative of the current all pervasive influence of Wall Street—distinctly a phenomenon of the last five years. Asked what his temperature was, Mr. Cantor, taking the thermometer from his mouth, replied: "It's a hundred and five. When it goes to a hundred and ten, I'll split it four to one." Altogether, "Whoopie" is an example of what a good comedian can do to fill a large theatre night after night with hugely entertained audiences who pronounce it a good evening despite the complete lack of charming melodic music—and minus vaudeville attractions and a talented leading lady. If it ever goes into the talkies, Heaven help us.

[Beginning in next week's issue]

### THE BACKGROUND OF A CRUSADER

The Story of Carry Nation

By HERBERT ASBURY

## ►► The Movies ◀◀

By A. M. SHERWOOD, JR.

### ►► "Broadway"

**H**ERE IS A SHOW we are very glad to recommend to you, although it's as full of faults as the street for which it was named.

"Broadway," the talking movie, is good entertainment because its stage predecessor was, and in spite of its stupid deviations from the original. How seriously these excursions away from the authentic hurt the picture from the standpoint of the verities is a matter too large for discussion in this space. It remains that "Broadway" was, and still is, such a fine play that it ought to be seen.

Glenn Tryon, a young man who has caused us more than once to wish we had a handy dish of nails to chew up while he acted, acquits himself rather better than usual as the pitiful, preposterous hooper. His rendition falls so far below that of Lee Tracy on the stage that it were futile to attempt a comparison; but he is plenty good enough in the part to satisfy actual requirements. The others of the cast give performances that measure up to standard in practically all cases and leave no room for especially violent complaint, even when compared with Sylvia Field, Robert Gleckler and John Ray, of the original cast.

Mr. Laemmle has, in certain phases of his production, succeeded in conveying the same impression that he did in his unhappy version of "Show Boat;" that of a moneyed gentleman who has bought something of considerable value, and doesn't quite know what to do with it. His cabaret setting was designed in evident forgetfulness of the fact that none of the characters in "Broadway" could have found jobs in such a ritzy joint, or had access to it as regulars. They belonged peculiarly to the second-rate atmosphere implied by the Messrs. Dunning, Harris and Abbott and in that sort of setting they should have been left.

But these things are too complicated for old-time Hollywood and don't make much difference, anyway.

### ►► "The Four Feathers"

**O**F THIS PICTURE we had high hopes, but none of them were justified. The book from which the story was adapted was a favorite of our youth; we had often thought what a good movie it would make.

When we heard that the photographers of "Grass" and "Chang" had been commissioned to make "Four Feathers" and that William Powell and Clive Brook were to act in it, we found ourselves looking forward to it with pleasurable palpitations and when we discovered that it was nothing more nor less than a huge bore, resentment struggled with regret in our bosom.

Don't ask us to tell you what is wrong with "The Four Feathers;" in terms of our preconceived notions of the picture, everything seems to be wrong. It all comes under the head of Just Too Bad.

They have made two editions of many good stories in the movies, and in some cases dozens. This story could well be presented again a few years from now, provided nearly everything in it were different from the present production.

### ►► Survival

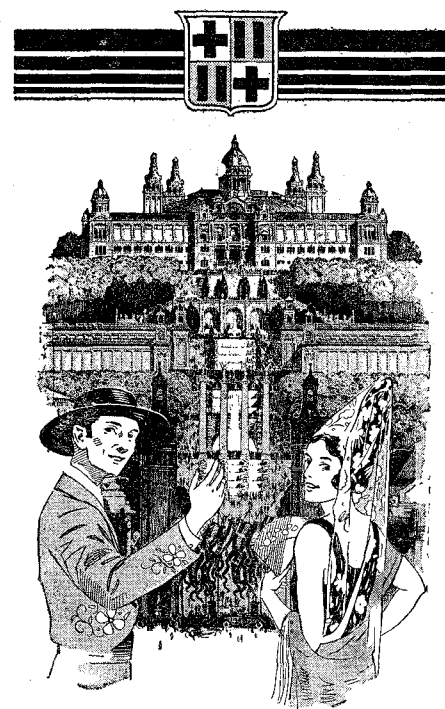
**I**T HAS INTERESTED this department very much to observe the records made in talking pictures by actors and actresses who had hitherto distinguished themselves only, or chiefly, by their work on the silent screen.

Conrad Nagel was the first prominent movie actor to face a microphone and Dolores Costello the first actress. Mr. Nagel held his own and Miss Costello did not. Next, Miss May McAvoy essayed an audible rôle and again one wished she hadn't. Later such people as Lionel Barrymore, Pauline Frederick, Richard Bennett, Bert Lytell and other veterans of the speaking stage began to be heard in the talkies and the consensus appeared to be that they would inherit the earth.

Then along came George Bancroft, Bessie Love, Warner Baxter, Johnny Arthur and some others whose training had been mostly movie. They showed that movie technique may be used by an actor on the talking screen and the voice added thereto without sacrificing much to stage tradition.

It's a condition that will bear a lot of study, this business of setting up a movie idol in such a specialized profession as vocal histrionics. We know that Mary Pickford, for example, had stage training and was a success on the stage.

We're working out this problem by means of long and very boring tabulations which we shall force upon you before long, if only the hot weather will let up a bit.



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