

Prose and Worse

CAPTAIN HOOKER has sent in another set of verses. "Perhaps," he writes, "you will not care to print these. I had you in mind, of course, in writing them—you and your penny-pinching policy of paying nothing unless you can help it for contributions to your column. You let others write it for you, and you pocket the pay: that's the truth of the matter. Can you deny it, sir? No, you cannot. And I would not contribute another line, were it not that certain readers of your paper have hinted that I do not write the verses I send you, but steal them from dead authors. I think you will find internal evidence in the verses enclosed that they were written in the current year. And I believe that your literary integrity will triumph over your reluctance to face criticism, and will force you to print them."

Well, as the only criticism seems to be the suggestion that we can talk a creditor out of his bill, we are glad to print the verses, not only in justice to the Capt., but in the hope that some of our creditors may see them and be convinced by them that we are too slippery or hardboiled to tackle. So here they are.

☆☆☆☆☆

If you can keep your shirt when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on Hoover,
If you can see the firm get on without you
And find a job as a piano mover;
If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And stake it on a recommended stock,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings,
And still not put your overcoat in hock;
If you can walk with queens and keep your virtue,
Or talk with kings, nor fail to make a touch,
If you can greet the wolf with an "O nerts, you
Old bum, you don't intimidate me much!"
If you can fill the unforgiving creditor
With \$60 worth of good clean fun—
Why then you'd make a darn good
OUTLOOK editor,
Than which there's nothing worse on earth, my son.

WALTER R. BROOKS.



Music

Notable New Recordings



IN spite of the radio, phonograph and any amount of other sorts of "plugging" there are certain popular compositions in the line of song and dance music that seem to have the power of enduring over a number of years. They would seem to come under two main heads: either they are simple and sentimental in words and melody—usually from the good old self-pity angle, or else they are of such a structure musically that band leaders and singers want to see what they can do with them.

In the first class comes *Shine on, Harvest Moon*, which is currently having such a revival. Of course, Ruth Etting's rendition of it in the Ziegfeld Follies and on Perfect Record No. 12737 has a lot to do with its present burst but it has been one of the ones we sing after the third highball ever since Jack Norworth and Nora Bayes wrote it. An ingenious treatment is by the Boswell Sisters, which has just appeared¹. They back it up with *Heebie Jeebie*—a perfect title.

It has taken Jack Hylton and His Orchestra, from London, to give us the best *Limehouse Blues* and *Tiger Rag*²—both on the same disk. These are both the kind of number that imaginative bands use sheerly as a base for their fancy, and fancy is what Hylton's fancy is. Another English importation is the New Mayfair Orchestra's concoction called *A Musical Comedy Switch*³. This is a very clever arrangement by a man called Hall of fairly recent musical comedy tunes, differing from the usual thing along this line not only in the brilliance of the orchestration but in the fact that he never gives us the whole chorus or verse of any of them, but blends the themes together, using just short bits of each.

Although recent, *Mood Indigo*, which Duke Ellington wrote and played for Victor⁴, is obviously due for permanent popularity among the appreciators of the bizarre. If you don't believe me, get Lee Morse's idea of it as a song⁵. A gem of its class.

O. C.-T.

1. Brunswick 6173.
2. H.M.V. B.5789.
3. H.M.V. B.3875.
4. Victor 22587.
5. Columbia 2530-D.

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Poverty in Park Avenue

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It may not be surprising by this time, but it is interesting to note the number of people who have changed their shopping center from the Fifty-seventh street neighborhood to the Thirty-fourth street section. A great many country and beach outfits came this summer from the five-ninety-five counters and racks, sometimes cheaper, but seldom from the really "up-in-the-money" shelves. From the ranks of the envied environs of Park Avenue have emerged plenty of bargain snatchers.

As I have said, the bootleggers still do a thriving business but a lot of the stuff they sell is straight alcohol at around eight dollars a gallon. A gallon makes ten quarts of bathtub gin and it is passable stuff. It may be hard on bathtub enamel, but since most people have short term leases on apartments, they can always move into others where the tubs are fresh and ready for the next season's gin. A bootlegger told me that he could get marvelous imported gin, but that it sold for sixty-five dollars a case. He shrugged his shoulders, saying disconsolately, "What's the use? I don't have any calls for it. Everybody's drinking the synthetic stuff."

This occasionally mentioned financial slump has even penetrated the children's minds. Not long ago a man who has one of the show places of Westchester, which he can no longer keep open except on a camping or serve-yourself style, was speaking of the time when he had his swimming pool built. His ten-year-old

daughter was listening to the conversation and interposed quite casually, without raising her voice, "That was when we had money."

Park Avenue doesn't telephone as madly as it once did. They stop and ponder, "Is it worth while to spend a nickel to talk with So and So?" Every one threatens to collect five cents from those wanderers who drop in and have hardly greeted their hostess before asking, "Oh, do you mind if I use your telephone for a moment? There's a call I simply must make and I just haven't had a minute!"

And as for electric lights, Park Avenue goes leaping all over the house turning off unnecessary lamps here and there. One person, whose library and card room was lighted only by lamps, the room having no bracket or overhead fixtures, had the misfortune of breaking the large globe in the indirect lighting lamp.

"Well," she sighed, "we simply had to move into another room for bridge the rest of the summer. We couldn't see without that lamp and we couldn't possibly afford to buy another large bulb."

Of course, the majority of Park Avenue residents have stopped lavish entertaining. The old days of a large dinner, theatre and dancing party seem like a dream. One did get dressed in one of one's many best bibs and tuckers and start gaily out almost every evening in the week. It was unbelievable that any one should limit the courses of the dinner or omit any small flourish. It didn't happen. At one of this year's parties the hostess refused to have after-dinner coffee served because *demi-tasses* were twenty-five cents each. In order that her guests would not notice the discrepancy, the lady rushed them off to the theatre before they had time to realize that they had missed their coffee.

Rumors are that this year's crop of debutantes will be much less fêted than is customary. The mythical "they" say that at the debut parties there will be less food and drink and that the florists will not be so magnificently patronized. And since a goodly portion of once blooming, booming customer's men have been forced into giving up their luxurious flats for their one-room cells at the Allerton, there won't be so much eligibility to pick from. I know for certain of one prospective bud whose coming out plans have had to be shifted to a doubtful next year, and there must be many others. There is another whose family went ahead with the plans and gave a party in the country for their young hopeful, but they have completely abandoned the idea of a soirée in town later in the season.

Ah well—as bromidic as it is, we live and we learn.

King Huey of Louisiana

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while the Governor took his vengeance.

Since the senatorial election, the papers have calmed down considerably, whether from resignation or expediency is not generally known. The two most belligerent organs in the state at present are the *Progress*, Long's paper, and the *Guardian*, a young and rather meager anti-administration sheet which makes up for its physical scantiness by the vigor of its crusading tactics. The editors of these journals are proud of their resolution to abstain from damning personalities, particularly when the material is so handy. True, the *Progress* has slipped from its lofty standard to print some highly unpleasant cartoons depicting a New Orleans journalist as a dope-fiend, and the *Guardian* frequently pictures His Excellency under the influence of liquor. Beyond that, however, the editors show commendable restraint.

Louisiana is experiencing a comparatively quiet political season just at present. The truce signed by the Long factions and the New Orleans "Old Regulars" has dampened a lot of gunpowder, and Huey himself has declared a holiday on politics. It will be only a year and a half at the most before the Governor goes to Washington, and patience is a sterling virtue in the Pelican State. One occasionally hears of plans to prevent the newly elected Senator from taking his seat, but not many take that idea very seriously. After all, Huey's departure seems to be the only answer to the most exasperating question in the state: "What can you do with a man like that?"

Roosevelt: A Biography

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"with a frankness which our timid friends would call brutal":

... I would regard a war with Spain from two viewpoints: First, the advisability on the ground both of humanity and self-interest of interfering on behalf of the Cubans, and of taking one more step toward the complete freeing of America from European domination; second, the benefit done to our people by giving them something to think of which isn't material gain, and especially the benefit done our military forces by trying both the Army and Navy in actual practise. I should be very sorry not to see us make the experiment of trying to land, and therefore to feed and clothe, an expeditionary force, if only for the sake of learning from our blunders. I should hope that the force would have some fighting to do. It would be a great lesson, and we would profit much by it. . . .

The military-spiritual adventure which Roosevelt desired would mean, of