

TIMELY TOPICS

By SALEM TUTT WHITNEY

Leave 'Em Alone!

Men are vain, selfish egotists. They elected themselves the lords and dictators of the female of their species. They set up a standard of conduct by which women must abide or forever run under the ban of disapproval or ostracism. It was not an equitable standard and women have been wise enough to know it. Now and then a courageous woman would come forward and make a noble protest, but the lords saw to it that she was quickly and effectively silenced. But even a worm will turn, and the female worms have turned.



Salem T. Whitney

They are now asserting their independence, and I glory in their spunk. They say to the lords, "If you can't make a living for me, I'll make my own, and since I am making my own living I'll do pretty much as I damn please." Now the lords are squawking louder than a farm yard full of turkey gobblers at Thanksgiving time.

If the women enter business the lords cry, "Masculine!" If they go in for art the men say they are out of place. If they go in for a good time the lords cry, "Scandalous!" But the women seem to be deaf to their clamorings.

Even a house full of children no longer enslaves a woman. The new woman checks the kids with the next door neighbor or parks them in a day nursery and goes upon her merry way.

The average man will stand upon a street corner and look at the legs of other men's wives, sisters and sweethearts, until his eyes look like door knobs. Then he will hurry home and forbid his wife, sister or sweetheart to wear such "indecent clothing."

He'll stay out half the night and come home with an excuse that looks like a mohair suit in a thunderstorm, yet he expects his wife to go to bed as soon as she washes the supper dishes.

The new woman no longer stands for the old line of bunk. The men have their cigars and pipes and the women have their cigarets. The men have their bottles and the women have their flasks. The men have their stags, and the women have their necking parties. What's good for the gander is sauce for the goose. No more double standard for them.

If men have their "chickens," the women have their "shekels," etc., etc., ad infinitum.

"Don't preach morality to us; demonstrate it!" So saith the modern woman, and once again, as in the Garden of Eden, the man seeks to place the blame upon the woman.

Leave 'em alone! The woman are all right. Nor are they a bit worse than in ancient days when they hid their charms under a white nightgown; or when they wore hoop-skirts or bustles, or trains, or hobble skirts. The average woman who shows her dimpled knees in public will kick you on the chin if you speak about them in private.

The modern woman thinks as seriously of love as the old-fashioned girl that many men delight to talk about, but they are not willing to bestow their love upon a man with a heart like an apartment building. She looks forward to marriage and a home, but she insists that she be a wife and partner, not a slave or a servant girl.

Women are discarding the lords, tyrants and slave drivers as they discarded the corset and the long ground - sweeping, germ - breeding dress skirt. They bob their hair because it gives them a more youthful appearance, and since man never gets too old to fancy "chickens," who has the right to blame them?

On rainy, windy days men pick themselves choice spots on the streets and stand there in defiance of pneumonia and rheumatism, rubbering for a peek at the women's legs. The women very naturally presumed that men desired to see their legs, so they are giving them an eyeful.

The desire to please the male is the inspiration behind everything that women do. Whatever the women are the men are responsible for it. I say, play the game fair, and leave 'em alone!

Sweet Charity

No class of people respond more quickly and whole-heartedly to a cry for assistance than the theatrical performer. This was demonstrated at the benefit for the flood sufferers, given at the Howard theater in Washington, D. C. Mr. Lichtman, manager, donated his theater and the services of his employees. Miller and Lyles and Irvin C. Miller left their rehearsals in New York to appear upon the bill.

J. Homer Tutt, Elizabeth Smith and Hampton and Hampton were other New York attractions to appear. Whitney and Ridley, playing at the Lincoln, and Young and Marshall, playing at the Royal in Baltimore, also gave their services. Sherman H. Dudley, Jr., and Ernest Whitman of the Lucky Sambo company did their bit also. S. H. Dudley, Sr., furnished such entertainers as Loney

Fisher, Dusty Fletcher and James Johnson.

The house was crowded to capacity and the show was enthusiastically applauded. Irvin C. Miller and the N. A. A. C. P., represented by Mr. Thomas, promoted the benefit.

Jim Vaughn, one of the oldest and best musical directors in the business, was a constant visitor at the Lincoln while we played there. Miss Julia Moody, who made her stage debut with Whitney and Tutt's Smarter Set company, is successfully starring in Lucky Sambo.

Mrs. Smith, 760 Harvard St., Washington, D. C., gave us the most delicious dinner we have eaten in many moons. She is the mother of Lucille Smith, recent star dancer with "Desires of 1927." Lucille is now being featured with Frank Montgomery's Revue, playing the Paradise cabaret, Atlantic City.

While in the capital city Miss Mabel Ridley was happily entertained by her host of friends. Her life outside the theater has been one constant round of entertainment by her friends.

"Bottom Land"

"Bottom Land" is the title of the new show coming out under the direction of Clarence Williams, starring Sara Martin, the dramatic blues singer. The show is now in rehearsal at the Gayety studio down on Broadway, and the opening date will appear within a fortnight. It is said, Aaron Gates, 200 W. 135th St., New York city, the dancing master of musical comedy, is staking the show. The book and music is by Clarence Williams, Broadway publisher. The opening is awaited with confidence, as this production is opening with special music, gorgeous scenery and beautiful costumes.

Arthur Bryson

Convalescing from bullet wounds in both legs, as the result of being shot about 5:30 a. m. in the Nest club, 169 W. 133d St., this likable chap now lies abed in Edgewood sanitarium, 137th St. and Edgercombe Ave., New York. His many friends in the city have visited him, and many of those out of town have expressed their regret at his confinement.

Bryson specialized in knee drops and Russian dancing, and his confinement prevents him from filling a contract with Texas Guinan's show, which opened on the 13th in New Haven. However, the manager will retain his position in the show until he is ready to join, it is said.

The doctors say that Bryson will be laid up in bed for two weeks and it will require a two months' rest from the stage before it will be safe for him to work again.

"Mellow Musings"

This volume of poems has quickly become a favorite wherever it has appeared. Like a mood chart in music the poems of "Mellow Musings" might easily be classified according to your mood. This all-season volume may be had with the author's personal autograph, by addressing him at 666 St. Nicholas Ave., New York city. Please add 15 cents postage to the sale price of \$1.50 the moment you read this.