

The
Baltimorean



February, 1927

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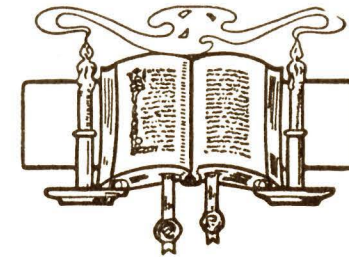
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FROM AN OLD STUDENT

I SIMPLY want to let you know that I haven't forgotten you and the school. You can't realize what the classes meant to me, how much a part of me they were. Even now on Mondays and Tuesdays (class nights) there come flashes of emptiness and regret to shatter

the most hilarious moment. It makes me feel like a truant.

Attached is what is left of a mood I lived through for a moment. Similar thoughts continually stalk about in my head. I captured this one and imprisoned it on paper. Is there anything to it? If not, I'll release it and send it to its home—the waste basket.

LONELY

*It is cold.
Everything. The world, the city, the people.
Hearts of men iced and distant.
Faces so strange
And varnished, lined
And haunted.
Looking, peering for shadows, dreams
Fleeting. They must pursue on . . . and . . . on . . .*

*Youths and girls.
Gayety and love.
Love.
How warm the word.
Oh, to love, be loved.
To feel the touch of gentle hands, to hold a body
that yields, to caress a face soft, soothing, mel-
low like summer breezes.*

*They are gone. Winter is over their shoulders.
It is cold.
The wind is laughing.
The houses answer defiantly and turn their backs to
me.
Houses are for children,
For warmth and sunshine.
Not strangers.*

*An old man approaches somberly, head low, mut-
tering.
His steps are lonely. I must follow.
Together we go,
Friendly strangers like two lost sighs floundering on
a wind-driven sea.*

—CHARLES FELDMAN.

ETERNITY

By CARROLL W. CARTER

THE huge animal drinking at the water hole suddenly raised its head. Sniffing the light wind for an instant, it emitted a hoarse grunt, and with a single bound disappeared into the obscurity of the forest.

For a duration of perhaps three minutes the scene regained its natural solitude. Then the bushes on the left bank became agitated. A small rodent feeding near them vanished like a gray streak, and Ga, the cave-man, strode into the clearing.

His keen scent instantly warned him of the recent presence of some animal, and his powerful fingers gripped the handle of a heavy club which had before dangled carelessly from them. With a quick heave of his broad, thick shoulders, he deposited their limp burden unceremoniously on the ground and cautiously crept forward to meet the supposed menace. After a time, assured that he was alone, he returned to the thing he had dropped, squatted beside it, and waited.

Finally, after several preliminary moans, the figure regained consciousness and sat up, resolving itself into a girl. Ga knew her name was Etah, one of the daughters of his tribal chief. He also knew that to mate with her meant the direst punishment, if caught, since it was the unbroken law for this class of girls in the tribe to remain virgin until a suitable mate was found by the father, thus carrying on the pure chieftain blood. His slow reasoning was interrupted as the girl, by means of crude articulations and signs, addressed him.

"You should not have taken me, Ga,"

she made known to him. "Where is Tal?"

"Tal, your father, is following."

"And the others also?"

He nodded.

A plaintive little cry, like the sound of an injured animal, came from her lips.

"Ah," she murmured, "we will not be long together. There are so many—even as the trees of the forest," she pointed. "Poor, brave Ga, what can you do?"

He grinned, smote his hairy chest a single blow, and tapped the club significantly.

"The trees of the forest fall," was all he said.

But the girl, though she smiled encouragingly, shook her head in a hopeless gesture, and pressed both hands to her throbbing temples.

"Ga, my head is sick from that hurt when I fell. Bring me water!"

He arose, and with an instinctive, cautious glance at the forest edge, turned away to do her bidding. Hardly twenty steps had he taken when a series of snarls, pierced by a shrill scream, brought him charging clumsily back.

Crouched across the girl's still body was the first occupant of the water-hole—striped, beautifully hideous head lifted, lips writhed back, tail twitching spasmodically.

Ga paused in his rush, and with only a matter of ten feet separating them,

laid down the club, his constant companion, and heaved above his head a large stone. At the sudden movement the great cat's ears flattened to its head, and it hissed like a snake. Ga's slow-moving brain did not register any thought of a second danger to the girl as he sent the rock hurtling forward.

The cat dodged, but was not willing to leave the position over its prey, and the weighty missile struck it a glancing blow in the side. With a fang-bared snarl, it settled itself into a crouch, and suddenly sprang.

Ga had met such an attack before, and as the cat left the ground he dropped as though shot. Thus his enemy overleaped, but by a sinuous twist, turned in mid-air and a rigid forepaw raked three long, deep furrows across the man's back. With a howl of rage and pain he staggered up and whirled about, his heavy club lifted high. The cat turned from its jump to renew the attack, and the great muscles in the man's arms and shoulders flexed and knotted like ropes. The club descended with all the power and speed in that mighty frame. There was a single, sharp crack, and the cat, its skull shattered, lay quivering at his feet.

By this time Ga had momentarily forgotten the girl, and knew only that he had intended to get water. He bathed his bleeding back as well as he could, and, filling the worn, smooth skull of some long-dead animal with the cool liquid, he returned, and only then remembered her. Forcing some of the water into her mouth, he poured the rest over a red gash in her throat, made by the claws of the dead cat. The loss from steady bleeding of the great wounds in his back were beginning to tell even on him, and, taking the girl into his arms, sank forward in a semi-stupor.

It was at this moment that Tal and his warriors caught up with them. Ga

made a desperate effort to reach his club, but could scarcely move. Final oblivion was rapidly approaching. The huge bulk of Tal, father of Etah, and wisest of the tribe, towered over them. At his first thundering words the girl's eyes opened, and together Ga and Etah heard their sentence of punishment.

"Know thou, oh Ga, that thou hast defiled the daughter of a chief. That she consented to mate with thee counteth not. The most sacred of tribal laws have ye both broken. And this be thy mutual punishment—

"Through all eternity ye shall meet, even as ye did, and retribution shall descend upon ye, even as it has done. I have spoken."

As the last words died into silence, a single tremor shook the quiet, red-smear'd form on the ground, and it settled slowly, almost caressingly, across the slighter figure, which had entered its last sleep a few seconds before.

Except for occasional night noises, and the still bodies on the ground, the scene once more regained its natural solitude.

II.

With a grinding, ripping crash, train No. 174 and old No. 16 met, and the sleeping man in car number two, seat seven, was rudely awakened, only to sink once more into unconsciousness as his head collided forcefully with the other side of the car.

The accident occurred near the first bend of the "Little Sandy," and it was almost dusk. Numerous cars were completely telescoped, or overturned, and, owing to time and distance, rescue work went forward slowly.

As the man formerly in seat seven regained his senses, his first thought was of his wife in the next town.

"Poor little Betty," he muttered. "Shame to worry her like this."

Even as he spoke he tried to rise, but realized for the first time that a weight was pressing down on his chest.

"Humph!" he grunted. "Somebody else thrown out of their seat. Wonder if she's badly hurt?"

Shifting the weight of the young woman, he sat up, pillowing her head in his arms. She opened her eyes.

"Where are you injured?" he asked. She drew breath to answer, and her face twitched with pain.

"That broken upright struck me here," she managed to say, pointing to her breast.

"Ribs must be crushed," he thought. "Shame, too; she's so young."

Just then a ray from the dying sun reached them through the shattered roof. He looked deep into her eyes, and something he saw there caused an overwhelming emotion to seize him.

"Etah!" he queried in a half-afraid, incredulous tone.

"Why do you call me that?" she gasped. Then her face seemed to light up for an instant.

"I seem to see a forest. You—"

"I must be delirious," she finished weakly. "Everything seems so—so strange."

But the man, in an ecstasy of bewilderment and a dawning wonder, shook her frenziedly.

"Don't you remember?" he cried. "Look at me! Look at me!"

The girl gazed fixedly at him, and slowly her face took on a look of recognition.

"Ga!" she whispered, and with her last remaining strength, raised herself toward him.

Their lips met for a second; then her head drooped and she went limp in his arms.

THE END.

WEST OF MY WINDOW

THE swishing sound of the wind whistling through the pine in winter haunts one. A soft sound like a sob, then a crooning note like a lullaby. A touch of green against a gray winter sky, the swaying pine tree nods with conceit. The aroma of pine sap penetrates the nostrils, makes one feel a desire for open spaces. Now the wind blows harder. The pines are moaning louder. It is almost night and the pine grove is getting dark. Swish, swish—a lonely melody.

—M. I. KING.

SAY, JUST LISTEN!

By FRANCES SHATTUCK

SMORNING, while Mabel—the office broadcaster—was usin' my lipstick, I says to her, like a fool, that I happened to run into Tom on the street last night.

She passed it along to Gwen that I had saw Tom last night.

Gwen, she hada tell that old snoop, Miss Snaith, that I had a date with Tom last night.

Snaith rushed over to Mrs. Higby's desk and blabbed that Tom and me was goin' together steady.

Higby couldn't wait to get the word to Vi that, while nobody hated gossip like her, she had it pretty straight that Tom and myself was engaged.

Ethel listened in and whispered to Marj that Tom and me had probably got married that week I took Saturday off.

Marj told Miss Farquhar, confidential, that Tom and me was married.

Miss Farquhar thought it was up to her to get the information to the boss.

He called me into his office, shook hands with me and everything, and said that under the circumstances a check from him oughta be about right. I thought he was givin' me a bonus or somethin'!

Just after that a fella give me a ring. That guy gives me the pip. Ain't I told him plenty of times to quit botherin' me? But he don't get it. Dumb. When I heard his voice I was so mad I yelled at him to find a quiet spot and go die in it! Then I slammed the phone.

Miss Farquhar *would* be right there. That loud mouth got word to Marj that I had insulted my husband.

Marj told Ethel that Tom and me was quarrelin' a'ready.

Ethel broadcasted to Vi and Higby that she had found out all about the Tom story, and that Tom and myself was all off.

Higby and Snaith decided between 'em, the two old hell cats, that I just couldn't keep no boy friends.

Snaith says to Gwen that she had good reason to believe that my talk about a date with Tom was all oatmeal.

Mabel heard 'em and says I couldn't get a date with Lon Chaney in onea his make-ups!

Around five the boss rung for me. He was spittin' firecrackers! He'd saw some pretty crooked work in his time, yes, sir, but I was in a class by myself! If anybody hada told him that he had a baby-faced bandit in his office he wouldn'ta believed it. No, by George, he wouldn'ta. He'd give me just three minutes to get my hat and coat and get out! Of all the frame-ups he'd ever heard of, my scheme to get a wedding present outa him was the slickest!

My Gawd!

Prof. Fagin's slogan: "Truth is stranger than fiction."

We want the truth; you may sell the fiction.

Miss Reck has been the cause of many a street car delay.

Dr. Smith: "Dear me, no! I never use cough drops; never even grew a beard."

IRVIN KATZ.

Prince of Wales to Duke of York: "It's raining."

Duke of York to Prince of Wales: "So's your old man!"

A DRAMATIC SURVEY

By HELENE WITTMAN

WHEN one stops to look over the dramatic offerings of the 1926-1927 theatrical season in Baltimore, the absence of musical comedies is noticeable. Of the musical comedies, that is, those carrying chorus men and women, snappy lines and catchy songs, there are only three or four that merit attention.

"Cocoanuts," featuring the Four Marx Brothers, drew the largest audience. The ever-glorious Flo Ziegfeld should, I suppose, come next, although I have heard it rumored that Mr. Ziegfeld had better look to his laurels. Then there was the delightful "No, No, Nanette," the second visit of this show to Baltimore. Possibly the pleasing, unforgettable songs and the charming star, Louise Groody, had something to do with the success of "No, No, Nanette." When mentioning musical comedies, it would not do to forget America's outstanding blackface comedian—Al Jolson. After an absence of a year or so, Mr. Jolson brought to town a new show—"Big Boy."

Before leaving the subject we should not forget a near relative of the musical comedy—The Revue. Two revues have visited Baltimore this season—"Artists and Models" and "The Passing Show." We have come to depend upon these annual revues. They seldom miss us.

The remainder of the offerings have been given over, more or less, to dramatic productions, most of them light, humorous comedies, such as that charming and delicate—almost too delicate—vehicle "First Love," starring Fay Bainter. The love-in-a-garret theme probably would have been ruined by less talented artists than Miss Bainter and Bruce McRae. Here the

tragedies of illicit love were lightly glossed over. The climax, although far from realistic, left the audience in a most happy frame of mind.

Another delightfully amusing farce was "The Patsy," starring Claiborne Foster. This play abounded in snappy lines. Miss Foster, although not well known in Baltimore, will probably long be remembered for her quaint rejoinders, such as "Run your own errands," in response to an invitation to visit the lower regions.

In a survey one might easily place at the top of the list such a play as "Young Woodley," starring Glen Hunter, who portrays the character of a young schoolboy fatuously in love with the wife of his schoolmaster, a woman some years his senior. Glen Hunter has proven himself to be a most capable actor, a true artist.

Just a word about the well-known Robert Warwick, who came to Ford's this season in "Starweed." Mr. Warwick is the type of actor who will attract an audience to any play.

While on the subject of successful plays, the rollicking comedy, "Cradle Snatchers," must not be overlooked. Both the play and Mary Boland, the star, were extremely pleasing.

Baltimore has been treated to several failures this season, such as "The Green Hat," by Michael Arlen; "The Great Gatsby," by Scott Fitzgerald, and "Her Cardboard Lover," starring Laurette Taylor. In the first two plays the trouble probably could be laid at the doors of the producers. Inadequate direction and miscasting will ruin any script. Because Baltimore has become

Continued on Page 24

THE WISE MAN

*The Prof was fond of lecturing,
The Prof knew many things—
Why Profs are fond of lecturing;
Why birds have soaring wings.*

*The Prof was young, the Prof was
tall—
His audience increased;
There was deep silence in the hall
Until the Prof had ceased.*

*Then questions poured upon him
fast—
Things ladies wished to know—
He answered all up to the last
With quite a pleasant glow.*

*Then "Prof," a timid query came,
"Would you mind telling me,
Could one who loves tell 'him' her
name
And keep her modesty?"*

*The Prof looked up and thought a
while—
The Prof knew everything—
"No, no," he said with charming
smile
To hide the cruel sting;*

*"For men are dull and would not
see!"
The Prof was very wise;
The lady never his could be:
She was an awkward size.*

GABRIEL YOLIN.

A PALTRY TEN MILLION DOLLARS

By JACK H. MAKOVER

YES, Richard Brandon was in a desperate predicament. To have TEN MILLION DOLLARS at 9 o'clock that evening was practically impossible for the ordinary youth, and Dick was quite ordinary—yes, very much so.

For weeks and weeks Dick had gambled and speculated, hoping against hope that Fate would reward his efforts. But strive as he might, Ten Million Dollars was exactly TEN MILLION DOLLARS, condemn the filthy lucre as you may. Even when Dick resorted to exhortations and self denunciations, Fate smiled on him as smirkily as ever.

Four more hours! Could it be possible that he was to find a purse containing the aforesaid sum of money, or was it possible that some old and woe-fully sick, kind friend, who had provided for him in his will, was to die and allow his fortune to revert to Dick? By the way, Dick knew of no such gentleman; but, aye, youth must have its whims, you know!

Oh, how could he marry Mary! O yes, curse her father! How could he be so exacting! But, reflected Dick again, her father had indeed flattered him. To expect Dick to have Ten Mil-

lion Dollars in order to wed his daughter was the highest form of flattery.

Dick muttered in an almost inaudible tone, "Ironic flattery, where art thou? Dost thou even now pursue thy evil course? Come, now, gentle spirit, and abate my meandering about the room like a madman."

Tap . . . tap . . . tap . . . (knocking at the door).

"Enter, Spirit Flattery!" roared Dick.

Three men entered in the full regalia of the local lunatic asylum.

Face to face with his deadly enemies, brave Dick brandished his fists menacingly.

"Come on, ye infidels, fight! Ye shall die the death of dead men! The curses of the ages be on you! You shall not thwart me from getting that TEN MILLION DOLLARS! Villains, fight as in the days of yore!"

"Ha . . . ha, ha . . . ha . . . ha . . . ha . . ."

Yes, gentle reader, after a fierce setto, his royal majesty Dick Brandon of past fame, was finally subdued and led back to his familiar haunts—the wilds of the lunatic asylum.

FELLOWS WE JUST LOVE TO KILL

The pest who cuts in our dance and demands from HER the very best dance of the evening. We love him? Well, we should—yes! We should love—to kill him!

And the chappie who sits next to us in the movie or theatre house, keeping time with his feet by tapping them on the floor; he sings a little, and murmurs the words of the song out loud,

thus amusing himself (and us). Should we love him? We should.

Also the fellow who tells the girl we hope to get introduced to soon that we are, ah! er-er-ah! all right, you know, but a trifle off on the cocoanut side of life, thereby creating a pleasant effect. Do you wonder why we should love to hug him around the neck—with a boa-constrictor? IRVIN KATZ.

THE BALTIMOREAN

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A New Version of an Old Question

HOW many of us have heard the question, "What is the value of a college education?" How many of us have attempted to answer that question?

There are generally two classes of college education—general and specialized. It can be, without question, conceded that both branches have their merits. The branch of learning which adapts its aims to the development of a career is valuable. The education which embraces a general field is also valuable.

However, to assert that the completion of four years of advanced study is an aim in itself is not only incorrect,

but entertains a flagrant disregard for the principle underlying education. What, then, is the foundation upon which college training is based?

The answer is obviously simple. So simple, in fact, that it frequently is overlooked. The basis upon which any course of instruction is founded is not to accumulate a mass of facts—common supposition among college men—it is rather to promote the development of clear logical thinking.

A university will consider its work accomplished if at the end of four years of application a senior leaves with his diploma plus the ability to

think. Whether you remember the connection between Napoleon and Waterloo; whether you know that Shakespeare was once a stage carpenter, or whether you have a fine regard for the

Great Lakes is relatively unimportant. If you have learned how to think, and think clearly, you will have obtained the best that any college has to offer.

L. C. D.

University Activities

SCHOOL activities possess an intrinsic value to the student that is frequently not only overlooked, but harshly disregarded. Scholars who attend schools and universities are, unfortunately, unable to understand the benefit it may be possible to derive from participation in activities aside from studies.

Of all the subsidiary means open to the student, athletics is, perhaps, the one phase of school activity which is more popular than any other. The reason is plain: the appeal of athletics is greater, and the participation in athletics likely to require less boresome preparation.

But it is not the object of this editorial to discuss athletics; it is the object of this editorial to discuss other school activities.

The value of a school organization is estimated not by its membership, not by its spectacular ("showy") accomplishments, but rather by its sound educational worth. Large enrollments give clubs a good appearance; interesting methods of "putting across" the education help the club; but the point

to be made is that the worth of the society should not be judged solely by these things; it can, and should, be estimated by the goal, the object, toward which the club is moving.

It is clearly evident, then, that a school organization, progressing toward a certain goal, having as its ultimate accomplishment some worthy objective, is a highly valuable society with which to become affiliated. What the student may learn in one of these clubs, what experience he may receive by participation in club activities, may become more valuable to him later on than what he may actually learn in the study of any subject.

Our own school organizations, namely, the Dramatic Club, the Keyboard Klub, and the Commerce Club, offer in various ways interesting programs, pleasant entertainment and educational features.

Are YOU a member of any of the University's organizations? Are you on board the train of free, valuable and interesting education?

YOU SHOULD BE!

L. C. D.



The Value of an Education from a School of Business Administration

THE development of the school of business administration has been an achievement of late years and is the product of thoughtful training among the leaders of modern business economy.

Hitherto, college was the goal of all high school graduates. Its promise of brilliant academic careers enticed the bewildered student into its arms.

Modern business methods, however, no longer require a knowledge of classical languages and the intricacies of mathematics. The present need is for specially trained men who have acquired their business training through

the medium of practical business institutions.

The difference between a school of business administration and a business college can be readily appreciated, since the former gives a complete schedule of subjects that deal directly or indirectly with business economics, while the latter takes a short cut and furnishes the student only a specialization in one business activity.

The school of business administration is a vital necessity to the guidance of future business minds.

PHILIP GLASSNER.



WHAT IS THIS?

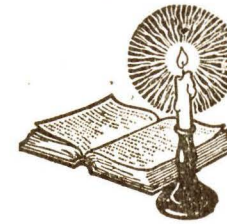
She gazed at the limp, still form in the water before her and shivered. She had just discovered it and was still faint from the shock. It was tinged with a ghastly shade of gray, proof of its long exposure to the slate-colored water in which it lay. It lay there, a sodden, pitiful, little figure, a victim of man's avarice, a cold, silent accuser of a heinous crime.

The girl sobbed; bitter tears rose in her hurt, pitying eyes. Impulsively, she leaned toward it and seemed about to speak or gather it into her arms; she leaned closer and closer, stirred by a great emotion,¹ and sadly, quietly murmured—"Hell, only one oyster in the stew!"

Alternate ending (without profanity)

¹then, with a skill that bespoke long experience, she—speared the lone oyster in the stew!

H. K. HIGGINS.



AN OLD BOOK

By ESTELLE BLUM

FOR most young people the reading of an old book (that is, any book published prior to 1900) is a laborious task, only to be undertaken for purposes of report or review. The book is then regretfully opened, distastefully skimmed over and shut with relief and a bang. It is seldom remembered that a book does not live if it is not good—if it does not have both appeal and value. What is rarely understood, too, is that the book, in most cases, is interesting once one begins to read and to enter into the spirit of the story.

Few books have given me more pleasure than Jane Austin's "Pride and Prejudice." This novel is, I should imagine, particularly appealing to girls. It has all the allure of the Laura Jean Libbey stories of yesteryear, and is probably of the same type as are the Gertrude Atherton stories of today. That is, it deals with a small group of people—their joys, sorrows, ambitions and hopes, and no important "change-the-world" questions are involved. The older story, however, is written with so much more polish and finesse, the product is so much more finished, that it seems a shame that poor Elizabeth should be left neglected on the shelf, while Patsy, Mimi, and a host of other flapper heroines are read to a remunerative (for their author's) death.

A fact that is little known also is that quite a number of the so-called "old" books possess all the punch and

pep (the idols of the youthful) of the new novels, with the difference that it is served *a la genius*. Thackeray's English society is as interesting as the New York society of Mrs. Wharton. Some of the Scott and Dumas thrillers are of the vigorous blood and thunder school, but are so infinitely above the usual "get-your-man" book of today.

In these humdrum days of jazz, Reno and psycho-analysis, for an engrossing story of adventure one must look to the "old" days, and just as surely one must look to the "old" books. What contemporary can handle those "my-seconds-will-arrange-the-details" situations quite so well as do the old masters? Present-day authors writing of the past, while they may supply the background of their stories satisfactorily, almost invariably have a serious shortcoming, in that their historical figures and episodes are vague and unreal, not to be compared with those created by the great masters of romance. Those stirring times of court intrigue and political scheming, when a man's life was at his King's disposal, when his honor was defended at the point of the sword, when a life was considered of no importance and men were killed with fine disregard of conscience make our parlor intrigue and social scheming seem cowardly and petty—though quite comfortable. To those past days one must look for something that will take one out of the present with its all-important questions

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LITERARY HISTORICAL NOTE

In New York, on Ann and Nassau streets, there is an inscription in bronze on the wall of the Spaulding Building. Here it is:

UPON THIS SIGHT, 1844-1845

EDGAR ALLAN POE

occupied a desk in the New York Mirror. During that year at the noon hours he read to his acquaintances upon various newspapers published in this vicinity—in Sandy Welsh's refectory on Ann street, portions of "The Raven."

From his office he sent that poem to the American Whig Review, and it appeared in its issue for February, 1845.

To commemorate these events in the literary history of America the New York Shakespeare Society has placed this tablet MCMXXIV.

IRVIN KATZ.

CAN YOU JUST IMAGINE?

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1— <i>Shakespeare</i> contributing to the Snappy Stories Magazine? | 5— <i>Sir Walter Raleigh</i> giving a lady a seat in the street car today? |
| 2— <i>Wagner</i> playing together with Paul Whitman's orchestra? | 6— <i>Columbus</i> being chased by revenue rum cutters? |
| 3— <i>Darwin</i> shooting craps with the monkeys? | 7— <i>Balboa</i> taking a short cut through the Panama Canal? |
| 4— <i>The Romans</i> looking for parking space in front of the U. of B.? | 8— <i>Webster</i> doing cross-word puzzles? |

Well, neither can we!

IRVIN KATZ.

VIEW AND INTERVIEW

By FRANCES SHATTUCK

The Actual View

"HELLO, you, Mr. Hoozis!" chattered Ripple de Rea. "This is my utzy-wutzy Darwin. He's named after the guy that thinks your grandmother was a monkey. Darwin, shake hands with the nice reporter man. Cute, huh? His little hand is just like a person's. I had gloves made for him. Annette, bring me Darwin's gloves. Sorry, but I can't spill nothing about my picture yet. Mum's the word in my contract. But I've got a swell part. I'm a wild French hussy that runs around in pants to get the low-down on the he-sex. They're making me learn to smoke a pipe. I'm getting onto it now, but the first time! Say, maybe I didn't short-circuit my lunch! My Gawd! Don't you like my negligee? Made for me special at Pilgrim's. I couldn't tie the stuff they had. All so sort of plain. I call this my Banana Royal because it has some of everything on it. When I was a kid Ma always liked my clothes to look dressy. 'If you dress plain, people will think you aren't nobody,' she used to say. They shot me this morning. Stills. In one I was looking at a big book like I was reading it. The pages was all grew together. They shot me cutting 'em apart with a dagger. Then I had one with my head back and the dagger in my mouth. Like this. Spanish. I'm crazy about Spanish stuff. That's why I couldn't digest my last husband. He wanted our dump all early American junk. Nothing *but!* No class at all. I've been married twice so far, you know. My first husband got sore because I wouldn't rock the cradle

three shifts a day. *Me!* Come here, Darwin, Darwin sweet, kiss me! Now show the boy friend how you can put your gloves on. Es, wuz mama's own little monkey-monk! Well, by-by, you ink-slingin' papa! Write nice about mama!"

Interview

The fragrance of the magnolia, the elegance of the orchid, the simplicity of the violet. Ripple de Rea.

"There is so little about me that can possibly be of interest to the public," demurred Miss de Rea as she nestled comfortably among her cushions. "Just now I am enjoying a short vacation between pictures. Not much of a rest, however, for my next role is to be an exacting one and is already demanding sacrifices on my part.

"No, there is very little I can tell you concerning it as yet. I am to play an eccentric French girl and the characterization calls for a male impersonation. The idea rather fascinates me."

Somehow the subject of clothes was introduced.

"Like every woman, I am vitally interested in the mode," continued the soft, musical voice. "When I was little, Mother and I used to plan my frocks together. The negligee I am wearing" (it was a cloud of exquisite loveliness) "is my own creation. If I

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UNIVERSITY WORKSHOP NOTES



DESPITE a slow "get-away," the Dramatic Club is now well launched on its first season's program.

The club made some little stir about town by its adoption of a resolution to encourage and foster the writing of plays which will feature Maryland's historic background. The club will produce other plays, but the carrying out of this resolution will be its fundamental aim.

Plans are now under way for a public production, the exact date of which has not yet been determined.

There have been general meetings of the Club, including the well-known Amateur Night, and officers have been elected as follows:

GEORGE S. STEINMANN, *Secretary-Treasurer.*

HARRY BETTELMAN, *Chairman Constitutional Committee.*

HELENE WITTMAN	}	<i>Play Committee</i>
LEMUEL C. DUNBAR		
CARROLL CARTER		

HARRY SKLAR	}	<i>Membership Committee</i>
FRANCES SHATTUCK		

It would be well, perhaps, to explain that the Play Committee, whose duty it is to select the plays which the Club will produce, has two other members—Mr. Frank Woodfield, the faculty advisor of the Club, and Mr. N. B. Fagin, head of the Department of English. Miss Wittman, student representative, will act as coach.

H. T. W.



OUR AMATEUR NIGHT

BY staging an Amateur Night on November third, the Dramatic Club of the University of Baltimore made its first definite bid for recognition. There was no attempt on the part of Heléne Wittman, student director, and her committee to present a finished entertainment, but rather to help the student body to discover the sources of its own histrionic ability.

Though the whole school was invited, even urged, to participate, Je-

rome Krieger, an able hooper, and Stanley Sagner, a veteran amateur actor, represented the entire response, aside from the few enthusiasts whose support has been back of the organization from the beginning.

Of the original group, Harry Bettelman, as a sentimental wop; Carroll Carter and Lemuel Dunbar, as a pair of crooks; Heléne Wittman and Barry Goldman, as the Viennese couple in the Molnar skit "Lies," all met with

SECOND YEAR LAW NEWS

THE second-year law class of the University of Baltimore inaugurated its school season of 1926-1927 on Monday, September 27, 1926. The element of joy predominated among the students as many handshakes and hearty slaps on the shoulders took place on the opening evening. The great spirit of welcome was felt and enjoyed by everyone.

The students realize that their courses for this season are difficult, and it is very noticeable that they are laboring to accomplish their ends.

The social affairs of this class are now being planned with the object in mind of making the social season a great success. Smokers, dances and many other means of social activities are in store, and from the present outlook it may well be assumed that the

social activities for the year will be quite successful.

In the meantime, an athletic committee has been appointed. All sorts of athletics are being taken into consideration, so that the students may participate. At present the committee, working in conjunction with the Freshman Law Class, is considering the possibilities of organizing a basketball team. Hopes are high and, with hard work and good luck, it is hoped that the University of Baltimore will stand forward not only as a school of education, but also one that can produce able athletes.

The Class of '28 has hopes for a bright and prosperous year.

HARRY H. BETTELMAN,
Second Year Law.



THE first meeting of the Sophomore Class was held in October and the following officers were elected:

WALTER A. GERAGHTY, *President.*
CHARLES H. LOCKMAN, *Vice-President.*

HECTOR J. CIOTTI, *Secretary.*
B. BYRON LEITCH, *Treasurer.*
SHEP DRAIN, *Sergeant-at-Arms.*

While the social activities of the class are few and far between, yet several affairs of prominence are contemplated. These affairs should promote a spirit of co-operation and good-fellowship which is the backbone of success.

The officers of your class ask for your continued efforts in making of this University an outstanding school of legal training.

AN OLD BOOK

Continued from Page 15

of, for instance, "Can I afford a new hat?"

The past has seen the production of some delightful bits of fancy now almost entirely disregarded. "Alice in Wonderland," that never-failing delight, is considered, together with malted milk, baby's food. Even the charming whimsies of Barrie (so wrongfully banished as an old timer) are neglected as being silly and the heavily symbolic works of a pessimistic youngster bearing some such cheerful title as "The Seven Who Were Murdered" are read with avid interest.

I do not, of course, decry the reading of present-day books. Authors must eat! After all, the best of the writers of today are to be the old 'uns of to-

orrow. Moreover, the present is rich and lucrative. The adventure stories of, let us say, Conrad, or the fantasies of, for instance, Cabell, are certainly worth reading. What I am striving to emphasize, however, is that there should be a lessening of the contempt in which the old fellows are so very unjustly held.

This discourse is prompted by a re-reading of the delightful "Pride and Prejudice." The time of the empire dresses is so pleasantly and vivaciously portrayed, the characters so ably and humorously drawn, that one joins with Sir Walter Scott when he says of Jane Austen: "What a pity such a gifted creature died so young!" One is tempted to add: "What a pity so many forget that she ever lived!"



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"**T**HIS confounded local train is gettin' t'be' a damned nuisance! Notice the smell? Bananas! Whoever wrote that silly ditty about a scarcity of bananas was all wet! And peanut shells! Peanut hells, I'd call 'em. Try and step without crushin' about fifteen or forty-two of 'em! But you haven't seen anything yet. I think this is—yeh, this is Sleepy Eye. The brakeman's girl lives here. There she is over there on the baggage truck. Ain't that hot? But wait until you see the brakeman! Whatever rhymes with "spoof," he's it! . . . Trying' t'open that window? I'm laughin'! If a window on this train ever came open the

crew would die of shock. You don't mind the smoke and cinders, do you? They always let 'em in t' prove we're movin' . . . Say, have you noticed the nice, clean, wholesome view we get goin' through here? Nice dirty back yards, ain't they? And we have something very fine in junk yards, too. Right up to the minute—all the latest wrecks and a hot assortment of ashes . . . Speak louder! Did you say "flat wheel"? Hell, no! It's only the roadbed—the engineer's the only flat wheel on this train. Knock a baby t'sleep, wouldn't it? Hey—c'mon, here's our stop. And watch that last step—it's a wow!"

L. C. D.

C. W. Mann, President
H. A. Schwartz, Secretary
C. E. Schwartz, Treasurer

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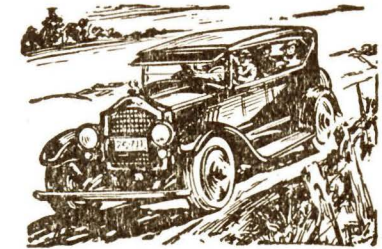
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OUR AMATEUR NIGHT

Continued from Page 18

the audible and unmistakable approval of the audience. George Steinmann filled the role of announcer, stage manager and general utility man.

It should be remembered that the Dramatic Club, as it grows, will re-

quire not only actors, but a technical staff of costume designers, carpenters, painters, make-up experts and what have you. The organization wants to receive membership applications from all students who enjoy any phase of theatrical work.

FRANCES SHATTUCK.



THE DAY SCHOOL CLASS

Humorist Higgins: Makes monkeys out of what would have been otherwise apes.

Handi-Kraft: Another wise bird. Always "informing" the professors.

It-doesn't-cost-much-to-own-a-Kelly: Manages to leave his body in school and his mind in a Chevrolet.

Are-you-Reddy: Raises a moustache every other week and then his girl bites it off.

MacOver: Another Irishman. As a mattress manufacturer makes his own bed, and the funny part is, lies in it. Yes, sir! Even lies in class.

Rube-en: Boy seems to wallow in

figures, swallow figures, but, like a geyser, sometimes gives up hot air, too.

Solemn-on: Quiet boy—but quite a boy, too. Knows his vegetables, so as to say.

Glassner: Thinks H. L. Mencken should contribute to the Sun Forum, as he does.

Krazy Katz: Official blackboard eraser, and unofficial black thoughts eraser.

Henry Li: Reads the Mirror, but admits "the New York Times is a good paper, too."

Always-in-Vogts: Helped to elect Tydings. Stood outside the polls and cheered for him.



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A DRAMATIC SURVEY

Continued from Page 9

so accustomed to Miss Taylor in her delightful interpretation of the role of Peg in "Peg-o'-My Heart," it did not take kindly to Miss Taylor in her new vehicle; and I understand the play will have to undergo revision before it will repay its backers. It is too bad that such an actress as Miss Taylor should have made so unfortunate a choice.

It was with extreme regret that I heard of the withdrawal of one of the season's finest offerings—"Mozart." Whether or not the casting of a French musical comedy star in such a role as Mozart had anything to do with it I leave for those wiser than myself to say. However, although extremely charming in light, bedroom farces, Irene Bordoni left the part of Mozart with something to be desired. Lucille Watson as Madam D'Epinau deserves more than a word of praise.

"Youth Betrayed," by the Chicago professor and critic, Dr. Robert Morse Lovett, did not meet with any great success. Again, according to our critics, the fault lay partly with the producer and partly with the script. There probably will be some pertinent revision of this play.

To the minds of those who appreciate a more serious type of play, "Craig's Wife" was the outstanding production of the season. Chrystal Hearne gave an interesting portrayal of Craig's wife, a woman who idolized her beautiful but cheerless palace of walls, rugs and furniture. The play was undoubtedly one of the best of the year. Its ending was truly dramatic.

And now we have the finest, the greatest piece of artistic show business of the entire season—"The Vagabond King." This play, taken from Justin McCarthy's "If I Were King," depicts life in Paris during the reign of Louis XI. This show carries the New York cast with the exception of Dennis

King, whose role of Francois Villon, the Vagabond King, was very capably portrayed by Edward Nell, Jr. Mr. Nell makes a most fascinating Francois Villon. Carolyn Thomson as Katharine Vaucelles, the Lady of Francois' dreams, has a beautiful soprano voice. A word should be said of William Philbrick, the amusing comedian. Mr. Philbrick added a witty bit to the success of the show. Max Figman, an old timer, with the aid of Richard Bole-slowsky, produced the show. It might be added that in addition to directing, Mr. Figman also played the role of Louis XI. The lyrics by W. H. Post and Brian Hooker have a stirring quality throughout; especially is this true of the "Song of the Vagabonds." Even the duet "Only a Rose," sung by Francois and Katharine, is not exactly the delicately sentimental song usually sung between lovers. It has, rather, the stirring quality of "The Song of the Vagabonds" without, of course, its boisterousness.

I could end this survey nicely with "The Vagabond King," but there is another play clamoring for recognition. I have, so far, turned a deaf ear, but the clamor grows insistent. Why such a popular play should wish for more attention—however, so be it! The play? "Abie's Irish Rose!" This play opened the present season and seems determined not to die. We have seen this farce for the last four years, and at its present drawing capacity we shall probably go on seeing it, and Anne Nichols, the author, shall go on raking in the golden sheckels. Why has this Rose thing succeeded where better plays have failed? If this question was answered by all those who have been to see Anne Nichol's Hebrew-Celtic affair, the result would be not only highly entertaining, but might be of inestimable value to our worthy critics.



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Interview

Continued from Page 17

were a modiste I should consider the christening of my models a most important touch. A beautiful gown is a poem in fabric, and a poet's care should be exercised in selecting a name for it."

An unusual picture on a nearby table led to a discussion of photographs.

"I had a few stills taken this morning," said Miss de Rea, using the vernacular of the studio. "It is so difficult to find a satisfactory pose. They made me try everything from reading to holding a dagger between my teeth. The dagger made me feel like Carmen. She has always been a favorite heroine of mine. The warmth and color of Spain strike a responsive chord in me. I thrill to the Spanish influence in costume and architecture."

A shadow fell across Ripple de Rea's mobile features.

"Artistic incompatibility made my marriage unhappy," she confided. A mist was covering the limpid depths of her eyes.

Then, as though to dismiss haunting memories, she picked up a tiny monkey that had been tumbling about in a basket.

"Funny little rascal, isn't he? But one must have something to pet." Her glance wandered wistfully to a photograph of her sister's adorable baby.

At the close of the interview Miss de Rea extended a hand as charmingly cordial as it was perfect.

"I have given you little material, I am afraid, but it has been a pleasant half hour for me. Thank you for calling."

Ripple de Rea has the subtle beauty of innate culture.

MUSING

*He shivered
Like a garden gate
Swinging rustily, crazily,
On creaking hinges
Groaning like the sorrowful whine
Of a whipped and hungry
Dog,
An everlasting lament,
While Eternity slipped . . .
On.*

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