

On Broadway

By Walter Winchell

A Columnist's Secretary Jots Down a Few Notes

Dear W.: There's a story, I think, in Jane Savage, the numerologist, who won't be bothered with you—unless she knows you—and you solicit her favor...

Corse Payton, poor man, has just been taken to the Bushwick Hospital, where he is without funds and suffering from pneumonia. Surely some of his friends will bring him succor...

A policeman's widow called. She wonders if you would hint at this. Cops' widows and families do not rate holiday baskets—but the firemen's do...

Incidentally, that historic Hurdy-Gurdy party at Spivey's, which the society columnists heralded for weeks, came off all right, but when it came time to pay off the charity which was promised the receipts...

Tell those newcomers who get discouraged easily that James Melton waited a month for an audition at the old Roxy in 1927—and now look at...

Don't Miss This Big Radio Show

By Arthur ("Bugs") Baer

Here's our big radio program for tonight: Bartender Quartet: "I'm headed for the first set-up. I'm going to saddle old pint-and-rye. Hold it, boys."

THE STORY OF DAVID



But David put aside the armor Saul had given him and went out to meet Goliath, carrying only a sling and five smooth stones.

All in a Day

By Mark Hellinger

The Wedding Gift

The gold-leaf words on the office door read: "Blue Moon Copper Company," but the company was already a thing of the past.

There was nothing worth while in it. At least from Arthur's viewpoint. The checks had stopped coming. There were plenty of letters, to be sure, but most of them were anxious demands and some contained thinly-veiled threats.

He turned over in his mind various spots where he would be safe during the investigations into his latest phoney stock dealings. It would have to be some quiet place where he could live cheaply.

He had always known that some day he would go home. At intervals during his travels he had dreamed of going back to Elmwood, and always in his dreams he had been prosperous and envied.

Almost the first person he met on his arrival at his home town was Florence. She was still pretty, a little faded, perhaps, but sweet and gentle as he had remember her.

The two weeks had scarcely passed before Arthur began to play with the idea of marriage. Why not? Florence liked him. She was comfortably situated. He could do much worse.

His carefully-prepared proposal was a masterpiece. His declarations of ardent devotion would have melted the heart of any susceptible female, and Florence had regarded his memory with tenderness for 20 years.

"I'm the luckiest man in the world," he declared. "But, Florence dear, there is one little thing. Perhaps it seems strange to mention it at a time like this. But I want you to know the truth."

"I am not a rich man. As a matter of fact, I'm almost poor. We aren't children, my dear. Love in a cottage wouldn't work out at our age. To speak frankly, I think we had better know where we stand. If you have money, and I suppose you have, it would make things very awkward. I'd have to ask you for every cent. You wouldn't want that, and I'm sure I wouldn't."

"I see what you mean," she agreed. "Yes, Arthur, I have plenty. My husband left me very well fixed, and nothing would make me happier than to have you handle the finances. On our wedding day—how sweet that sounds, our wedding day!—the new Mrs. Burns is going to turn over everything she owns to her husband. Will that please you as the wedding present, Arthur?"

That would please Arthur very nicely. In fact, he could think of nothing else during the days that followed. His wedding morn could not come too quickly now. He had devised a dozen different ways of spending Florence's money before the wedding day actually arrived.

Arthur and Florence were married quietly. They returned to the big house on the outskirts of the town. The new bridegroom was a very happy man, but he was also a very impatient one.

At last his bride led him to the safe over the fireplace. She drew out a long envelope and placed it in his hands.

"There," she murmured, "it's all yours darling. Go ahead, open it! That represents every cent that Rufus left me. Not cash, Arthur, but something just as good."

Arthur opened the envelope, drew out its contents, and very nearly sank to the floor. The familiar pieces of paper he held in his hand were issues of stock in the Blue Moon Copper Company!

MATTY'S MEMOIRS

As Told to James Gordon Fraser

By Frank Matty

CHAPTER XXIX.

The year before I ran for mayor, Mel Haven, John Cummins and I had made a fight to take the organization away from J. K. McGuire, who was trying to run it through Bill Rafferty. We didn't succeed in doing it, at first, but we did succeed in setting up the machinery that was to make William H. Kelley the party leader for more than a quarter of a century.

We got the rules changed to provide for a general committee, with one member for each election district, to handle party matters under the state committee. The members of this committee were elected by the delegates to the county convention, and the chairman was given power to appoint an executive committee of six members that was really the governing body of the party.

The first time we tried a fight, we apparently got licked. There were two general committees filed, one with Dave Costello as chairman and the other with Kelley as chairman. McGuire had picked Kelley, and after a long fight, the courts upheld the Kelley committee. That is, it was decided that Kelley was really the chairman, and that

both sides elected delegates to the state convention. Nobody will ever agree on how many delegates each side elected, but my story is that we were entitled to the delegations from two Assembly districts and McGuire and Rafferty to one.

The rules provided that, not later than the first week in December, the general committee should meet and elect officers. After my unsuccessful campaign, in which Kelley had supported me and which he made possible by throwing the nineteen ward delegates to the city convention to me and away from McGuire and Rafferty, there was some talk of a change in the chairmanship.

"I've got him licked, want to name new state committee," Murphy said to me. "What is the reason you are always fighting down there in Syracuse?"

"Well, I don't want any trouble in this convention, I'm going to seat both delegations, with half a vote for each delegate, and after the campaign is over, you come down and I'll give you a state committee."

"I know he meant just what he said, and I told him I would go along. So we went through the state campaign that year with the little fuss as possible. And, some time after election, Murphy sent word that we were to come down. He had got a committee appointed to hear both sides, but that was just window-dressing. He was making the decisions."

"We went down—Haven, Cummins, Kelley, Lynch and I, and McGuire and Rafferty. I think Frank Durkin, who was running some kind of a People's Protective League, had got into the act. We had got a committee appointed to hear both sides, but that was just window-dressing. He was making the decisions."

"Well, there's Tom Ryan." "Oh, I know him. He won't do." "Well, there's Bill Kirk." "Too old."

"That's your man. What's the use of wasting time with any one else? We've got Kelley. He's a good man—in the coal business with a lot of relatives."

"That's a lot of relatives." "And they did. We had a long session with the 'committee,' but it was just for the form of the thing. Murphy listened, and when I was all through, he announced that Kelley would be state committee man in place of Rafferty. And he has been in the job ever since. So far as I am concerned, I think he has done pretty well with it, too. He hasn't elected many candidates, but this is a tough town in which to elect Democrats. The only way we could do it in the old days was through fusion with some other groups, and I guess it's the only way to do it today. The Republicans are sitting pretty solid on a lot of jobs, and that's what counts in politics."

The campaign that came after my fight in 1907 was hardly as important. Contentment is the finest thing you can get out of life, and it's hard to find much of that when you are in politics. It's a hard, thankless life, and you'll notice that most of the smart men get out as soon as they can. But, just the same, if I had it to do over again, I'd be a politician—and a better one.



FRANK MATTY.

Sunday Services in Local Churches

- METHODIST EPISCOPAL. Wodlawn, 101 Harold St.—10:30 a. m. service; 11:30 a. m. church school; 6:30 p. m. Epworth League; 7:30 p. m. service. Rev. Edward M. Cullinan, pastor. Erwin, 920 Euclid Av.—10 a. m. church school; 11 a. m. sacrament of the Lord's Supper; 6 p. m. young people's group. Wednesday, 8 p. m. First Century Christian Fellowship. Rev. Arthur P. White, pastor. University, 1885 E. Genesee St.—10 a. m. church school; 11 a. m. service; 5:30 p. m. Student League social hour; 6:30 p. m. Brooks Epworth League. Rev. William C. Sainsbury, pastor. Dewitt—10:30 a. m. holy communion; 11:45 a. m. church school; 6 p. m. Epworth League. Rev. A. C. Rowlington, pastor. First, 412 S. State St.—10 a. m. church school; 11 a. m. "Power to Become New Men"; 6 p. m. College League. Dr. Lloyd E. Foster, pastor. Freeman Avenue, 138 Freeman Av.—10 a. m. Sunday school; 11 a. m. "The Shallow Think About God"; 7:30 p. m. union service. Rev. Frederick T. Crumley, pastor. Epworth Memorial, 228 Davis St.—10:30 a. m. service; 7 p. m. Epworth League. Rev. E. E. Butman, pastor. St. Paul's, 306 W. Seneca Turnpike—10:30 a. m. "The Ten Attributes of God"; 7:30 p. m. union service. Rev. R. M. Bell, pastor. Centenary, 820 S. West St.—10:30 a. m. holy communion service and reception of members; 12 noon, church school; 6:30 p. m. Mario Cappelli, guest artist. Rev. Arthur Moody, pastor. Astor, Solway—9:30 a. m. men's meeting; 10 a. m. church school; 11 a. m. service; 6 p. m. young people's meeting; 7:30 p. m. prayer meeting. West Genesee Street Church. Rev. George M. Whiting, pastor. Furman, 140 Chalmers St.—10:30 a. m. "Livingstone College and the Church"; 7:30 p. m. "Peter-How We Are Like Him." Rev. Elliott Chaffee, pastor. Rockwell—11 a. m. service; 12 noon, church school; 6:30 p. m. Epworth League. Lafayette Avenue, 2036 Midland Av.—10:30 a. m. "Souls for Sale"; 12 noon, church school; 7:30 p. m. prayer meeting. Father-Heart." Rev. C. E. Torrance, pastor. West Genesee Street, 700 W. Genesee St.—10:30 a. m. holy communion; 12 noon, church school; 7:30 p. m. West End community service. Thursday, 7:30 p. m. church night, worship and Bible study. Rev. Bruce Pierce, pastor. Wesleyan, 304 W. Onondaga St.—9:30 a. m. class meeting; 10:30 a. m. worship; 11:45 a. m. Bible school. Wednesday, 7:30 p. m. prayer meeting. Rev. J. E. Knappenger, pastor. Free, 149 Linden St.—9 a. m. class meeting; 10:30 a. m. worship; 12 noon, Sunday school; 4 p. m. prayer band; 6:30 p. m. young people's class meeting; 7:30 p. m. sermon. Wednesday, 7:30 p. m. prayer meeting. Rev. A. L. Bates, pastor. James Street—10 a. m. church school; 11 a. m. service; 6:30 p. m. Epworth League; 7:30 p. m. service. Rev. Dean E. Richardson, pastor. Bellevue Heights, 1694 S. Geddes St.—10 a. m. "The Lost Radiance"; 11:45 a. m. church school; 6:30 p. m. Epworth League social meeting; 7:30 p. m. "The Romance of Christianity." Rev. George M. Perkins, pastor. People's A. M. E. Zion, 711 E. Fayette St.—8 p. m. service. Rev. William H. Blackwell, pastor. First Ward, 104 Bear St.—10 a. m. church school; 11 a. m. worship; 4 p. m. Junior Christian meeting; 8 p. m. prayer meeting. Rev. Dr. J. S. Willet, pastor. Park Avenue, 180 S. Geddes St.—10:30 a. m. service; 11:45 a. m. Sunday school; 7:30 p. m. sermon. Rev. Earl D. Howland, pastor. Jamesville, Jamesville—10:30 a. m. "Strength Through Suffering"; 11 a. m. Sunday school; 7:30 p. m. religious instruction. Rev. J. Wayne Hunter, pastor. All Saints' EPISCOPAL. St. Paul's, 236 E. Fayette St.—8 a. m. holy eucharist; 9:45 a. m. church school; 11 a. m. holy eucharist and sermon. Rev. A. B. Douthett, pastor. St. Paul's, 236 E. Fayette St.—8 a. m. holy communion and sermon; 9:30 a. m. prayer and church school; 11 a. m. holy communion and sermon. Rev. Claude Leyfield, pastor. Church of the Saviour, 437 James St.—8 a. m. holy communion; 9:45 a. m. church school; 11 a. m. holy communion and sermon. Rev. Arthur B. Merriman, pastor. St. Alban's, Meadowbrook Dr.—7:30 a. m. holy communion; 9:30 a. m. church school; 11 a. m. confirmation and holy communion. Rev. Sidney E. Heath, pastor. St. Andrew's, 501 S. Salina St.—8 a. m. holy communion; 11 a. m. Ven. Almon A. Jaynes of Utica. Rev. C. D. Newkirk, pastor. Grace, University Av. and Madison St.—8 a. m. holy communion; 9:30 a. m. children's service; 11 a. m. holy communion and sermon; 7:30 p. m. service. In 1913, Louis Will got in as a Progressive, or Bull Mooser. By that time, I was out on my farm, where I live today, and was interested in Syracuse politics less and less every year. I'll never lose interest, entirely, in politics, so long as I live. But, today, there are a lot of things that seem more important. Contentment is the finest thing you can get out of life, and it's hard to find much of that when you are in politics. It's a hard, thankless life, and you'll notice that most of the smart men get out as soon as they can. But, just the same, if I had it to do over again, I'd be a politician—and a better one.

CHAPTER 5 TOLD IN PICTURES BY DAN SMITH



And the smooth stone from the brook that David hurled with his sling smote Goliath in his forehead, and the stone sunk into his forehead, and thereupon Goliath fell upon his face to the earth. Then David, who had no sword, ran forward and stood upon the fallen Philistine, and drew Goliath's great sword out of its sheath, and with it slew Goliath and cut off his head.

(Continued Next Week)

AT THE FIRST BAPTIST. 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. REV. DAVID J. EVANS, LL.D. Colgate-Rochester Divinity School Guest Preacher. First Presbyterian Church. 629 West Genesee Street 11 A. M., Dr. John S. MacDonald. CHURCH OF PRACTICAL CHRISTIANITY. Holding Daily Noon-Hour Services 12:15 to 12:45. Sunday Services 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Subject: "The Church of the Future." 608 S. WARREN ST.