

LIFE SKETCHES BY ARTIST WHO SENSES SPIRIT OF THE DAY

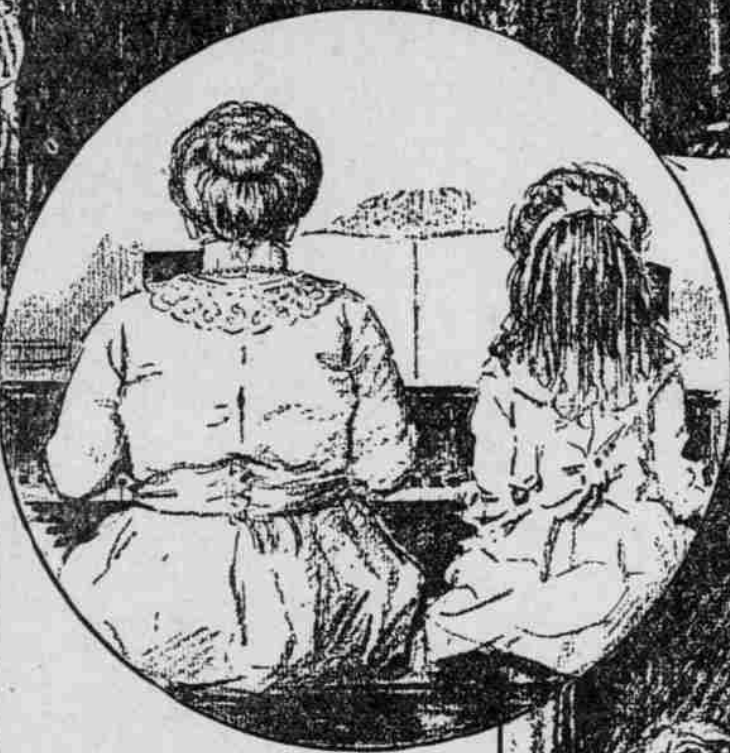


The singing society quartet doing the jolly song that puts everybody in a happy mood, even the singers—the song with the snappy lyric all about a “hey, dorry, dorry and a hey, dorry, dorry down.” The Reverend Mr. Haas, the rascal, is being too killing for words, and has Miss Grayce Klaw, the soprano, so fussed she can’t sing a note!

Among Us Mortals Music Hath Charms

By W. E. HILL

Copyright, 1921, New York Tribune Inc.



The man who sits next you in the theater and fairs the music along with the orchestra. Also likes to keep time with his feet.



Miss Pearl Mae La Toye, of the musical La Toyes, Instrumentalists de Luxe, is obliging with that classic of the two-a-day, “Darling, I Am Growing Old,” and maybe she won’t get a hand!



Lilly and her music teacher are getting along famously with “Carnival of Venice,” arranged for duet. Lilly is only one bar behind, but she’ll catch up in a minute or two.



“Her mother was a Miss Sands from Baltimore—she married one of the Richmond Vintings—and her grandmother was simply nobody at all. She’s the one just sitting down, etc. “Celeste Aida” may have a lure for the top balcony, but the occupants of Mrs. Harri de Loosy Ball’s box are much more interested in a box party further up the line.

At the age of four years about the greatest musical treat in the world is grandma’s rendering of “A Penny for a Spool of Thread.” It takes a little coaxing, but it’s well worth the trouble.



Something in the nature of a musical treat is in store for the music lover who has the good fortune to hear a stone deaf man singing “The Love Nest” to himself while shaving.



Harry is one of those clever guys who play by ear. He can hear a tune and go right to the piano and play it, that is, by using the same bass for everything, and making up a bar here and there. It’s a gift.



All vocal music seems to have a purely negative charm for little Toto unless he can join in and be part of it.



Joe, the jazz enthusiast, has bought a new record. Only the size of the opening prevents Joe from getting right inside the Victrola.



The parlor prima donna, who has to be teased and teased before she will sing. Once she is started on her repertoire of Swedish folk songs and German lieder it takes a great deal of tact and no little determination to stop her. Her best high notes emanate from somewhere in back of the bridge of her nose.