

# New York Shunned as Birthplace



"I told him who I am and he seemed tickled to death—"

## In Selecting Place to Be Born Lardner and Other Celebrities Always Avoid Gotham

By Ring W. Lardner

TO THE EDITOR: I hope they won't nobody take offense at this article as nothing is father from my thoughts than try and get people mad but it looks to me like when a person finds out some interesting facts of history it is their duty to slip it along to my army of readers.

Well the other day I was coming home from old Chi and like usual whenever I hop on a train the first thing I always do is try and make acquaintances with some stranger so as I can maybe improve my mind a little by listening to their conversation and incidentally improve them listen to what I got to say. So I went in the club car and looked them over and picked out a bird that you could tell he was a Dr. on acct. of how sanitary he acted and I said to myself I will get acquainted with that bird because the way the trains are acting up now days they're no telling where they will stop and they might pull up along side of a drug store.

So I set down by him and told him who I am and he seemed tickled to death and finely he ast where I live at and I told him and to return the compliments I ast him where he lived at and he says "I am a New Yorker." So I ast him was he born in N. Y. City and he give me a look as much as to say what was the matter with me and then he ast me was I joking and I said what do you mean joking and he said "Of course you know I wasn't born in N. Y. City because nobody ever was."

So now it was my turn to ask him was he joking and he says "If you think I am you can get a bet out of me. If you can name me one person that was born in N. Y. City I will pay your fare there."

Well I am pretty well acquainted around the Big Town, as I have nick named it; so I immediately begin springing the names of some of my friends in the hopes that he wouldn't know if they was born in the Big Town or no, but he says "You are just bluffing as I know where every one of those birds were born and none of them was born in the Big Town."

"Listen," he says, "let's take a look at the different people that makes up New York's principle industries like baseball and actors and singers and artists and writers and etc., and you will see that every one of them is immigrants. For instance there is Morris Gest from Wilna, Russia, and there is Irvin Cobb from Paducah, Ky. and there is Babe Ruth from Baltimore, Mary."

Well to make a long story out of a short story he then went ahead and named pretty near everybody I ever heard of and where they was all born and I only wished I had of took it all down on paper and pencil so as I could give full details but the best I can do is set down all as I can remember of it and maybe in some cases I have got the towns wrong but any way here it is as follows in the order named inclusive under the different head lines.

**Music**  
Henry Caruso, Ravioli, Italy. R. W. Lardner, Niles, Mich. Jascha Heifetz, Fiddle, Germ. Mischa Elman, Causasia, Russia. Titta Ruffo, Vermeicelli, Italy. Geraldine Farrar, Malden, Mass. Mary arden, Chi., Ill.

Irving Berlin, Syncopate, Russia. Eva Tanquay, North Adams, Mass. Victor Herbert, Score, Ireland.  
**Actors and Etc.**  
3 Barrymores, Philly, Pa. Geo. Cohan, Providence, R. I. Al Jolson, Ina Claire and Bill Page, Washington, D. C. Davids Belasco and Warfield, Holbrook Blinn, Bertie Hoffman, M. Brady, Jim Corbett, San Francisco, Cal. Blanche Bates, Portland, Or. R. W. Lardner, Niles, Mich. Oscar Hammerstein, Pretzel, Germ. Bert Williams, Martin, Bermuda.



"So I set down by him—"

Anna Pavlowa, Petrograd, Russia; Flo Zierfeld, Chi., Ill.; A. L. Erlanger, Cleveland, Ohio; Marc Klaw, Louisville, Ky.; the Shuberts, Syracuse, N. Y.; Maude Adams and Mary Pickford, Salt Lake, Utah; D. W. Griffith, Louisville, Ky.; Charles Chaplin, Custard Pie, England; Nora Bayes, Chi., Ill.; Dorothy Dalton, Chi., Ill.; Douglas Fairbanks, Buffalo, Niagara Falls; Deonora Ulrich, Milwaukee, Wis.; Donald Brian, Boston, Mass.; Frank Tinney and Ed Wynn, Philly, Pa.; Elsie Janis, Cud, Ohio; Marcus Loew, Vienna, Austria, and etc.

**Baseball**  
John McGraw, Truxton, N. Y.; Miller Huggins, Norwood, Ohio; Colonel Huston, Cincy, Ohio; John Heydler, Washington, D. C.; J. D. Rockefeller, Cleveland, Ohio; Ban Johnson, Cincy, Ohio; R. W. Lardner, Niles, Mich.; William J. Bryan, Lincoln, Neb., and etc.

**Reporters, Authors and Etc.**  
R. W. Lardner, Niles, Mich.; Booth Tarkington, Indianapolis, Ind.; Damon Runyon, Denver, Colo.; Hype Igoe, Bug, Idaho; F. P. A. What Cheer, Iowa; Grantland Rice, Nashville, Tenn.; Hughie Fullerton, Hillsboro, Ohio.

**Picture Drawers and Etc.**  
Clare Briggs, Reedsburg, Wis.; Old Tom, San Francisco, Cal.; Rube Goldberg, San Francisco, Cal.; Winsor McCay, San Francisco, Cal.; Bud Fisher, Chi., Ill.; Neysa McMein, Quincy, Ill.

So you see it is true, just like the Dr. said, and I am glad I didn't make no bet with him, as I would of lose, and to show how bad the situation is, why, the Big Town has to send over to Brooklyn for their Mayors. Personally the Bell Syndicate was born in Yonkers and as I say, the undersigned was born in Niles, Mich.

RING W. LARDNER.  
Greenwich, Conn., March 19.  
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# 1919 FIRE RECORD SHOWS REASON TO PROTECT FORESTS

## Chamber of Commerce Movement for Protection Week Is Meeting With Great Success.

By C. S. Chapman

Outside the national forests, 1144 fires were reported by wardens the summer of 1919. These fires were of various origin but the three causes credited with the largest numbers were slash burning, hunters and campers, and lightning. The two largest of these groups were man-caused fires.

These fires caused damage to standing timber, logs, logging equipment and improvements of over \$750,000, and over \$380,000 was expended in fire fighting, patrol and improvements in an endeavor to prevent loss of over \$1,000,000.

**PROTECTION COSTLY**  
The season of 1918 loss of timber was greater and this in spite of the added amounts each year expended to keep out fire.

It is only by constantly increasing effort that losses are kept as low as those reported above, and yet the past season loss of property plus cost of preventing further loss was over \$1,000,000.

As soon as a piece of timber is burned the owner also naturally asks for and is granted a reduction in his taxes. Burned timber unless very accessible is seldom harvested and taxation can only hold for the value of the rough land which before a fire had very considerable value because of its stand of green trees.

The loss in assessed valuation resulting from a fire must be taken up by other property owners, for taxes are not decreased.

**CUT TIMBER LOSS**  
But unfortunate as are the results enumerated they are insignificant compared with loss to labor resulting from destruction of raw material and loss to the community by reason of removing possibility of manufacturing development.

Oregon will develop in proportion as she wisely handles her resources. The yearly unnecessary direct loss of over a million dollars in raw material is not a good recommendation for the state.

For this reason the Portland Chamber of Commerce took up the movement for "forest protection week," May 23 to 29, with a view to endeavoring to reduce Oregon's yearly timber loss through fires.

## Russia's Offers to U. S. Discussed in New Library Book

What Russia offers America in the way of commercial opportunities is told in a new volume by Dr. Josef M. Goldstein, an authority on Russian conditions, which is included in the 50 new books added this week by the Portland public library.

Especially interesting in the list are several new war books and several publications having to do with Americanization work. An unusually large number of fiction titles have been added.

Among some of the most important titles are: "Essentials of Americanization Work," by E. S. Bogardus; "The Story of the First Gas Regiment," by James Thayer Addison; "The Armenian in America," by M. Varian Malcolm; "Best College Short Stories," "I Was There," by Cyrus L. Baldridge; "Artemus Ward," a biography by Don Carlos Seitz; "The Sword of Deborah," by F. T. Jesse, and "The Test of Scarlet," by C. W. Dawson.

Movie actress—Before we produce another picture, I'll have to get a lot of new clothes.  
Director—I can't wait that long. We'll put on a desert-island drama.



### COLONEL ALF'S ADVENTURES IN THE FAR, FAR WEST—AND IN THE EAST ALSO

By A. D. Cridge

The lady was determined. The lady was the relict of Major Blatchford, who, it appears, had recently become the wife, master, mate and crew of Charley Young of Can Berdoon, and never a makter or mate who possessed a shorter temper or a longer vocabulary of profanity. Therefore, as stated, the lady was determined.

Cap Seth Tate, commander-in-chief of the Marl Springs water station, feed yard, hotel, store and refreshment parlor, situated in the midst of the Mojave desert, with 40 miles of awful alkali and soda on one side and 40 miles of rolling dry hills and desert on the other, assured her it couldn't be done.

"There is no such a possibility, my gude woman," he assured her. "Y'd been most sadly misinformed. I assure ye, there is no such springs or wather holes—"

"You're a—ha! ha!" declared the black-haired and husky Mrs. Young. "My poor husband, Major Blatchford, told me all about it. He marked it on the map. Would to God I had him here with me, instead of this mock man and bum!"

And with a backward glance she nearly knocked her little, humpie, bewiskered husband off his feet. She drew forth a folded map of the awful wagon road starting from San Bernardino, and she pointed its way through the Cajon pass and down the Mojave river to the Soda Lake desert, where the frightful push of 40 miles was nearly to Marl Springs and on to the Colorado river.

In these modern days of auto trucks and railroads the hardships of travel are not what they were. The poor could not make over 20 miles a day is not realized.

**MRS. YOUNG DETERMINED**  
"Here are Hat Springs," Mrs. Young pointed out. "Major Blatchford stopped there in '67, and he said there was water for '50 head of stock. And," shaking her finger under Cap Tate's nose, "you bet your life, Cap Tate, I'm going to take my cows there to rest up, if you don't bring those water holes to have 'em starve, and I'm not going to pay you \$60 a ton for your giatta grass hay to feed 'em till they can travel."

"Well, I sars wish the major was w' us, also," observed Cap Tate. "He were a kindly friend of mine, and I honored him for a full-rigged man. But ye're not Mrs. Major Blatchford the noo, and even if Hat Springs has any water in them, they belong to Jim Cunningham, full 22 miles away, and I have the noo shadow of right to bid ye to them."

Mrs. Young had started with 28 head of milch cows for the alfalfa pastures of San Bernardino, and had gotten through with 28 head to the midst of the desert, accompanied by her second husband, Charley Young, and her daughter, Jean, a replica of her mother and about 14 head of cattle. The poor animals were sadly run down and must have feed and rest. She had been told of Hat Springs by her former husband, who had died the year before, and was certain of her information.

**JUST MERE JAUNT**  
As was customary in that section, no one told travelers of the fact of there being water at different places. I knew of several small springs and little water holes that would never have been guessed as existing. Hat Springs lay about eight miles north of Marl Springs, and a little trickle of water oozed out of a black mound of rocks and bushes that bore a rude resemblance to a hat.

It was a mere little jaunt down town for Mrs. Young to mount a mustang and ride that 22 miles to the Cunningham ranch house, hidden in a rocky gully, and secure from him a lease of Hat Springs for 60 days. Jean and I looked after the cattle meantime, for her new spouse was intent on securing in some way a drink or two from Cap Tate. Indian Joe Bruno guarded the corral to see that her hungry horses did not eat any more than was allowed to them. Also, he went to the top of Marl hill, that jutted out into the Soda Lake desert, to report if there were any signs of herds or travelers. Standing on this promontory in the morning, one could imagine the Soda lake as it looked perhaps a million years before, but alkali now, for the soda and alkali made a tortuous dust, and men and animals lost in it laid down and died. Their bodies mummified in the heat in the summer time, and in the winter time the coyotes gnawed out their bones.

Jean was a precocious young lady, and I was a lad of between 15 and 16, intent on assisting Cap Tate in caring for the station, for which I was to receive \$25 a month if I quit before July 1, and \$35 a month if I remained until that date. Further, I flatly refused to sign up for. The centennial

Thus abjured, commanded and threatened, Charley Young groaned and went to properly look after the wagon wheels that had been severely dried out until the spokes and felices rattled in their tires in the scorching sands of the desert. Properly dampened with sacks while partly immersed in the water troughs, their normal condition would be restored.

"Holy Moses, but that Charley Young makes me tired," sighed Jean, helping herself to some cool water on the counter. "Aye, aye," replied Captain Tate. "He was born that way, and is well down in the cleft of Tophet now enduring torment for his manifest mortal sins of the flesh and the spirit."

"Spirit!" giggled Jean. "You should of seen the dirty toad when Mamma dragged him out of the s'loon at Point Rocks on the Mohave. She lammed him good, and he didn't have spirit enough to hit her back. He's goin' to get his walkin' papers when Mamma gets to Prescott and gets her dairy ranch started. I just hate the sight of him."

"It will be a Devil o' a time I will have w' Jim Cunningham when he taxes me w' tellin' yer Mamma about the Hat Springs," sighed Captain Tate.

"Don't get to mooinin' about that," comforted Jean. "Mamma will tell him about my Pap's stopping there, and I'll bet you a \$4 hat he knew this Jim Cunningham. My Pap knew everybody and he had more friends than a congressman."

"What ever possessed yer Mamma to tie up w' this galoot from the last place this side o' the bad place?" inquired Cap.

"Oh, you see," said Jean, "Charley was all dressed up and he had mighty takin' ways with him, and he said he was rich and had silver mines and a summer resort in Florida, or some place, and he told Mamma she looked most as young as me, and all that sort of thing. And all the while the thrappy

wretch was tin-born gambler' in San Berdoon, and Mamma fell for his game. Only he can't touch the property. Half of it's mine, and the other half she can't sell. I guess Pap Blatchford was no fool."

**WORSE THAN "LOONEY"**

"He were wise in this day and generation," observed Captain Tate, "but by Sir Walter Scott's great horn spoon I wish I had never signed articles to stop in this blankety blank hole of Hat Springs, and I was detailed to help them. We started at daybreak, and Charley developed a clear case of inability to walk and sing at the same time shortly after leaving Marl Springs. His faithful spouse shook him up severely and placed him in the wagon to drive while she mounted a horse and helped Jean and I drive the cattle. That afternoon Jean and I enjoyed a fierce water fight that degenerated into a mud battle when the water played out, with the Youngs delighted spectators. Jean left me sprawling in the sands with a well directed left uppercut to the jaw from her hasty brown fist, and we ate supper amicably together, with peache cobbler baked in a lutch

oven at the camp fire for dessert. The next day I returned to Marl Springs, not expecting to see any more of the Young family for a month.

However, three days had gone by and half a night when Mother Young came beating on the door to ask if we had seen Jean. She had left Charley drunk and "laved out," as she expressed it, and the sand had been seen since 4 o'clock in the afternoon, when she went on foot to bring in the wandering stock. Charley had traded the silver watch of the late Major Blatchford to a prospector for a bottle of alcoholic elixir and was dead to the world.

Captain Tate called in Indian Joe Bruno as a consulting expert. "Pool girl chase crazy water," declared Joe after asking a few questions. "That is, she had followed a mirage of the desert, which we afterwards found to be true. It looked like a lake, with trees on the shore and she wanted to wade in the water. It led her further away, and left her and her dog itags bewildered and lost as drunk came."

"Me find 'em quick," asserted Joe. "Maybe dog take her home."

Tate was not able to travel well and his duty required that he stay by the dumpy "station" of three dugouts and two corrals, the water troughs and the tunnels and storage caves of water in Marl hill. It did not take Joe long to strike her trail when we got to where Jean was last seen. In a few miles travel over the desert we came in sight of a rag fluttering on a desert palm, and found Jean and itags calmly waiting rescue. Her mother rushed forward and under Joe's directions gave her a little water at a time. She was not suffering, however, very much.

"I would have made it back to the camp, all right," she declared, "with all this fuss. I knew better 'n travel in the middle of the day, and itags and I would have got back by night. The lake looked so natural I just couldn't help trying to get into it."

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