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LOOKING AT THE STARS

By MATT HUGHES

JULIUS AUGUSTUS CAESAR SMITH.

When Solomon Smith and his good wife, Cora, of Gainesville, Fla., were blessed with a son, they were so proud that they tried to insure his greatness by giving him the most august name they could concoct. They named him Julius Augustus Caesar Smith.

But when the boy grew up he got mad and didn't like the name at all. It was too much for him, so he shortened it to plain Gus Smith, and that's the name that thousands of theatre goers have known him by for many years.

When he was just fifteen years of age, Gus became fed up with Gainesville, and took a flyer with Pat Chappell's Rabbit Foot Musical Comedy Company, without parental consent. He was afraid to go back, so he just kept on traveling. His wandering carried him into all forms of show business and he has played in everything from Chautauquas to Uncle Tom's Cabin and even tried Mr. Shakespeare's "Othello."

When the old T.O.B.A. was in its bloom he headed his own companies about the circuit, but when the road show business died a natural death, he made his way to Gotham, where he now heads the "Sepia Syncopation Revue," with scores by himself and Stanley Bennett. In the company of fourteen is included Estelle Floyd, an ex-Baltimore prima donna; Speedy Smith, J. Nelson Anderson, Dewitt Spacer, Jimmy Gillespie, Tommy Hunt and Bennett's Synco Singers.

Gus and Bennett have also put their noodles together on a full length musical revue that producers are planning to give the public next season. And they also have hatched some swell tunes for "The Fourth Little Show," which goes into rehearsal early in August.

Gus never lets any grass grow under his feet. He isn't satisfied to dabble in the show business alone. He also has his finger in the radio and motion picture pie. He wrote and helped record the first colored electrical transcription for broadcasting and now he is busy trying to interest the motion picture moguls in a series of shorts. And like his pugnacious namesake he is squinting about for more fields to conquer.

GIGOLO GRATITUDE.

In the good old days of about ten years ago when Cliff Ross and Billy Higgins were packing them in with "Follow Me" and Whitney and Tutt were standing them up with "Up and Down," the girl in this story was a promising chorus girl.

Many predicted that she would be a star in her own right one of these days. She was pretty, she could sing, she could dance and she had a way about her that managers liked. The years rolled by, and just what happened during the interim I could not learn, but just a few months ago she was discovered waiting in a Baltimore restaurant.

Everybody called her Mary and she wasn't pretty any more. Instead of the sweet voice that promised so much, there was only a rasping coarseness that they generally refer to as a "gin voice." Mary had gone the way of all flesh.

When not waiting on the counter, Mary could be seen in the cheaper speakeasies drinking with the customers of the day who had money to spend. Stevedores, chauffeurs, policy men and race track touts. All of the finer things of life—ambition, the thrill of the footlights, the gratification of applause ringing in her ears, all meant nothing to Mary any more.

There was a boy who drifted into the restaurant day after day. A handsome tan youth, with dissipated eyes and a curly head. He was always immaculately attired and Mary apparently adored him. He never worked—the girl always had money for them both.

One scorching hot day the boy drifted in as usual. Mary was sweltering in the heat behind the steam table, lugging tray after tray. Her haggard face lighted up when her precious idler entered.

"Sweetheart, you look tired and warm," she said, wiping the perspiration from her own forehead. "Go out, take a taxi and ride around the park and cool off." She slipped him several bills. He did go for a ride and took another girl along with him for company. I could cite numerous instances of these infidelities, but Mary never knew and cared less.

The other day I dropped in the restaurant and climbed upon a stool. Mary wasn't there and I asked for her. The counterman took a long sweep across the porcelain counter with a soiled cloth before he answered. "She's dead," he said, after a moment. "Where's 'Yellow,' her boy friend?" I asked. "We ain't seen him lately, either," was the grim rejoinder. I insisted on knowing more and finally the coffee drawer loosened up.

"It happened about a month ago," he said. "She was stricken with pneumonia and died suddenly. Well, all the boys around the place chipped in and raised enough to buy her a casket. Course she didn't have no insurance and lots of them owed it to her anyway. We raised about \$65 and we needed a few more. 'Yellow,' who was sitting here, decided that he could raise some more money by pawning Mary's fur coat and some of her dresses. She had some swell rags. So we gave him the clothes and the money we had on hand and sent him out to cash in and pay the undertaker.

"Did he give her a decent funeral?" I inquired. "Decent, hell," snapped my informant. "That scoundrel pawned the clothes, took all the money and we ain't laid eyes on him since. We sent Mary to the morgue."

FOR NO REASON AT ALL.

Every musician who has been to Annapolis knows her. She is a swell locker and used to furnish music for any number of swifigan affairs at the Naval Academy.

Everytime a band passed through the State Capital en route to the Eastern Shore via the Claiborne ferry, the boys would all pile into her house and chat a while. Each musician would try to outdo the other in paying her court.

As the visitors lolled about the parlor or in the kitchen or in the other rooms of the house, the girl's hubby, who was merely a laboring man, would pass in and out with very little to say.

"That's a great little guy," concluded the horn tooters. "He sees us talking to his wife and never says a word."

The parties became more frequent. The band boys found more excuses to call at the home. The hubby was still congenial and silent. They ate his hard earned food, they drank his toddies, and when he wasn't looking, or they thought he wasn't, they did other things. There was always the feeling that he was too dumb to know what it was all about.

One day an orchestra piled into the house, prepared to eat and drink at the hubby's expense again, but there wasn't anything to devour. And there wasn't any hubby. "He took all his things and left," explained the grieved wife. "FOR NO REASON AT ALL!"

"That lousy bum," said the musicians, "leaving a sweet girl like you. And FOR NO REASON AT ALL!"

At Howard-C.C.N.Y. Game

Among the collegians seen at the Howard-C.C.N.Y. game last week were: Evelyn Thurber, Milton Nichols, Geo. W. Wright, Jr., Kenneth Edridge, Geo. Bassett, DeLisle Gilkes, Franklin, Gerald Norman, Flushing and Howard Union; Mercedes Brooks of Flushing, George Gregory, Jack Bond, Corrie Fule, George Chavous, Frank Thomas, Frank Thomas, Madison Jones, Jr., Roster Hunsbrough, Berneice Jones, Herbert Harris and Dick Jones.

Singer Under Knife

HUNTINGTON, W. Va.—Revella Hughes, radio and stage star, underwent an operation here this week

Newly Weds on Thirteenth

Miss Hazel Marshall of 636 Hancock St. and George B. Cromer of Newberry, S.C. were quietly married on February 13 in Newark, N.J. They are now residing in Manhattan.

Do Our Modern Women Believe in the Husband's Right to Rule The Home?

By DONN BRYAN

It occurred to me that in countless ways the modern woman was different from the Lady of Yesterday, our mothers and our wives. And I saw, when I looked around me, sufficient evidence to substantiate the theory which was rapidly forming in my mind that the modern wife does not want to be ruled.

At first I was not sure, but little by little the conviction came that today's wife is different from yesterday's wife in one respect, if she isn't different in any other way. I am, however, confident that should you pause as I have done, in your rush through this busy age, you will find many other changes in women.

One young woman replied to an interrogation as to whether she believed religion was being lived up to, by the simple word "No!"

Then, when I persisted and asked if she considered women's smoking cigarettes absolutely out of harmony with the doctrines upon which the churches were founded, she also replied in the negative.

"If she is able to endure it, if her physique will stand up under it and she is of age, and her parents do not object, I can see no wrong in smoking cigarettes," she said. "The Bible does not say anything about it. Our grandmothers smoked pipes, so I do not see where smoking cigarettes is terribly out of place. There are many things of so much more importance."

But this same energetic young woman, who is employed at the courthouse in a responsible capacity, in a city of 200,000, was vigorous in her stand upon the subject which heads this article. She does not believe in the husband's right to rule.

"If," she asserted, with increasing force, "a wife wants a new dress and the budget doesn't happen to be in shape for it, I think she would be willing to wait until things are in favor of the purchase of a new frock. If, however, the wife wants a new gown and needs it, and the husband simply objects upon the grounds that she has too many dresses, I believe she should go straight to the store and buy it."

"Furthermore, if the husband comes home from work, flops down into an easy chair and orders his wife to dart out into a pouring rain to fetch him a pack of cigarettes, in my opinion she ought to laugh in his face. The day has passed for that. What husband can write his own laws now and expect his wife not to violate them? It was different yesterday, when there was no need for such haste, for such independence on the part of the wife."

"When a husband makes the laws the wife finds room for showmanship."

I mean by that bluff. Wives find the necessity for bluffing, and this same thing has wrecked sincerity. But— for the modern husband to rule the modern wife, pooh-pooh! it is no more possible than it is for me to fly like a kite and I have no wings and there are no strings attached to me."

Does the husband possess the right to rule?

Opinions of women qualified to speak on the subject are published here, just as written:

Des Moines, Iowa: I do not believe the husband has the right to lay down the laws the wife is to obey. Too many times he is unable to understand his wife. She has many likes and many dislikes which do not harmonize with his likes and dislikes. Some women are capable of sacrifice, others are not.

If a wife seeks nice clothes, has been accustomed to them all her life, to take away her opportunity to enjoy this feature makes her unhappy as well as discontented.

I do, however, believe that a woman should know herself, should arrive at a sane understanding with herself before she makes the big plunge. In other words she should marry the man who best demonstrates an ability to give her the things to which she has always been accustomed. Love is not in the question at all, as I see it.

No matter how deeply a woman loves a man I do not believe she should marry him if, by doing so, she sentences herself to a life of unhappiness. Sooner or later she will do something that will make her husband unhappy; and when she does that, she is worse off than if she had sacrificed love in the beginning. Husbands should not try to rule wives in this modern day. M. M.

Des Moines, Iowa: No husband should attempt to make a serf of his wife. When he does he makes her unhappy, and when she becomes unhappy she is bound to make him so. If a man marries the woman "cut out" for him there is no reason for the husband to rule. INEZ A—

Kansas City, Mo.: No—I don't believe in the husband ruling the wife. I have been twice married. My first husband tried to rule, and when he found he couldn't he tried to ruin. And in this he succeeded. He ruined our chances to be happy. My present husband believes in me, never questions my decisions, and we are happy. ROSE T—

Chicago, Ill.: I blame my two former husbands. Two divorces

Continued on Page 6



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