

# Victor Records



### My Song of The Nile

Vocal from the motion picture "Drag" The Melody Three 22028

### Am I Blue?

from the motion picture "On With The Show" Nat Shilkret and The Victor Orchestra 22004

### Baby-Oh Where Can You Be?

Fox Trot Rudy Vallée and His Connecticut Yankees 22034  
Vocal Johnny Marvin 22039



### Maybe! Who Knows?

Charles Dorfberger and His Orchestra 22051  
Gene Austin 22038

### Heigh Ho! Ev'rybody, Heigh Ho!

Fox Trot Rudy Vallée and His Connecticut Yankees 22039

### Louise

from the motion picture "Innocents of Paris" Vocal Maurice Chevalier 21918  
Fox Trot Ben Pollack and His Park Central Orchestra 21941  
Piano Solo Harry Thomas 21684

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## An Attic.... Salt-Shaker

CHATTY WEEKLY BUDGET OF STORIES ABOUT FAMOUS PEOPLE

— BY — W. ORTON TEWSON

When, years ago, Arthur Orton—no relation of mine—a Wapping butcher (Wapping being a Thames side resort fashionable with the great, unwashed) claimed to be the long lost Baronet, Sir George Tichborne, he had the entire world divided into two camps. Those who believed his story and those who didn't. And so it remained until Arthur was sent to prison for his impudence. Even then he had his champions and still has.

At the height of the sensation caused by his claim, a small dinner party was held, of persons who were interested in raising funds for the claimant's defense. Among the guests was a lady who had a strong opinion of the justice of his cause and who had contributed \$250 to the fund. "Sir Roger" took the head of the table, and before carving the roast sharpened his knife.

"I knew from that moment," the lady afterwards confided to John Le Sage, once noted editor of the London "Daily Telegraph"—who tells the story in his reminiscences—"that my money was gone. His handling of the knife and steel was so brilliant and daring that only a butcher with the practice of a lifetime could have done it in such a professional way."

Years later, after the claimant was released from prison, I had the dubious honor of shaking his hand and buying him a pint of ale. Happening to be in London I was passing a tavern in Leadenhall Market one day in the window of which was a sign reading: "Arthur Orton, the Tichborne Claimant, is inside." In I went. There he was, seated on his throne—a raised boothback chair—fat as a pig, guzzling beer, shaking hands and chatting with all who contributed to his happiness. He insisted on being addressed as "Sir Roger," for he still kept up his bluff. He is dead now.

During the visit of the King and Queen of the Belgians to Yosemite National Park, Ranger Billy Nelson, a seasoned old-timer if ever there was one, was detailed to accompany them as guide and guardian. The superintendent coached Billy on how to address the King and the Queen and what to say to be polite. Billy rehearsed it, scratched his old head, and allowed that he would rather fight a forest fire.

He met the King out under the giant sequoia of the Mariposa Grove, and this is about the conversation that ensued—recorded in "On, Ranger!"—a truly rural book about the National Parks, by Horace M. Albright, Superintendent of Yellowstone Park, and Frank J. Taylor:

"They told me what to say to you, King," blurted Billy, "but I've forgot it, so if it's agreeable to you, I wish you'd call me Billy and I'll call you King."

"All right," agreed the King, "I'll call you Billy."

"All right, King," said Billy. They got along famously on those terms and became fast friends for the visit.

Billy has the reputation for being about the best camp cook in the whole ranger service, and any time he wants a reference he can name Albert of Belgium. As camp cook by special appointment to His Majesty, Billy took full advantage of his rights and prerogatives. More than once other members of the royal party were horrified to hear Billy call out:

"Say, King, shoot me that side of bacon, will you? How about another cup of Java?"

Talking of Kings, a newspaper camera man received orders to ob-

tain by hook or crook an "exclusive" photograph of King George who was staying at the country home of a certain magnate. He went to the place, access to which was of course denied. But he learned that the King was walking alone in the grounds. The artist in him was aroused. He climbed a high wall and clambered into a tree. Scarcely had he settled himself on a bough when along came the King. "Click" went the camera and the deed was done.

But the click startled King George, who looked up. "What are you doing there?" he asked.

"Taking your photograph," replied the preoccupied artist. "Come down," commanded the King.

The photographer descended gingerly. The King asked him where he came from and how he got into the tree, examined his camera attentively, and listened gravely to his enthusiastic explanation.

And then, suddenly: "Have you had lunch?" "No, sir," said the artist.

"Then you had better come and have some," said the King decisively, and carried him off to the house talking photographic "shop" volubly all the way. Only the magnate's face clouded (declares Stuart Hodgson, telling the story in "Portraits and Reflections") when he found his carefully arranged table upset for so unexpected and surprising a guest.

Stuart Hodgson—he is editor of the London "Daily News," Dickens' old paper by the way—passes along what he calls "the most wonderful chess story in the world." It concerns the precocious chess infamy of Capablanca, famous Cuban chess master, who not yet five, was watching his father play. Capablanca himself is telling the story:

"As I looked on," he recalls, "my father, a very poor beginner, moved a knight from a white square to another white square. His opponent apparently not a better player, did not notice it.

"My father won, and I proceeded to call him a cheat and laugh. After a little wrangle, during which I was nearly turned out of the room, I showed my father what he had done. He asked me how and what I knew about chess? I answered that I could beat him. He said that was impossible considering that I could not even set the pieces correctly. We tried conclusions, and I won."

When William Jennings Bryan buttonholed John Baird, to talk to him about marrying his daughter, Mary Elizabeth, in his dilemma the young man sought refuge in the Scriptures, and began:

"Mr. Baird, I have been reading Proverbs a good deal lately, and find that Solomon says, 'Whoso findeth a wife, findeth a good thing and obtaineth favor of the Lord.'"

Mr. Baird, being something of a Biblical scholar himself, replied: "Yes, I believe Solomon did say that, but Paul suggests that while he that marryeth doeth well; he that marryeth not doeth better."

This was disheartening, chuckles Mrs. Bryan recalling the interview—it is reported in M. R. Werner's biography of her distinguished husband—but the young man saw his way through.

"Solomon would be the best authority upon this point," rejoined Mr. Bryan, "because Paul was never married, while Solomon had a number of wives."

After this friendly tilt the matter was satisfactorily arranged.

In his younger days, Jerome K. Jerome was a newspaper man. One of his regular assignments was to report the Sunday morning sermon of the famous preacher, Spurgeon, who was drawing all London to the Metropolitan Tabernacle.

"He was a good man to report," Jerome has recorded. "You could hear every word he said. I remember the Sunday morning when he began by knocking his brow and remarking that it was 'damned hot.'"

Startling as those words must have been to the congregation (and Spurgeon, like Henry Ward Beecher, did not believe in letting his hearers go to sleep for want of a job) surely they were capped by the utterance of a prominent dignitary of the church, who in the course of a sermon, heard by Squire Baneriot, noted actor, said: "Adam was a cad. Eva, I am afraid, was no better than she should be, and for my part, I have long since regarded the serpent as the most respectable of a disreputable trio."

once asked what was the best remedy for a somnolent congregation, he replied that at Plymouth Church (Brooklyn) they had a simple remedy.

"Whenever one of the ushers discovers anybody asleep," said the good doctor, "he has orders to go at once to the pulpit and wake up the preacher."

To go back to Jerome K. Jerome. He confesses in his memoirs, that his mirthful masterpiece, "Three Men in A Boat," was not intended to be a funny book but a straight history of the river Thames, and that his editor "alung out" the history!

Another Jerome revelation is that he wrote his very successful play, "Passing of the Third Floor Back," for David Warfield, who "turned it down," thus giving Forbes-Robertson the chance to clean up a fortune with it.

I have been told that Forbie made \$200,000 in the three years that he toured with it on this side of the water.

The word "boycott" was added to our vocabulary as the result of an happening in Ireland in the Land League days of 1880. A certain Captain. Boycott who occupied a large farm in County Mayo, was also agent for Lord Erne, owner of much land in Mayo. The Land League advised tenants to offer what they considered a fair rent for the land they worked, and if this was refused to pay nothing at all until the landlords came around to their way of thinking. Lord Erne's tenantry acted on this advice and Captain Boycott retorted by serving them with eviction notices.

The people determined to bring him to his senses by a system to which he afterwards gave his name—namely, the boycott. Not a man would work for him, not one would sow or reap or carry the trunks of his farm. The shopkeepers would not sell to him. The postboy would not deliver his letters, and so on and so forth. Finally, after two months of it, says T.P. (Tay Pay) O'Connor (in "Memoirs of an Old Parliamentarian"), Boycott and his family packed up, left for England and Mayo knew him no more.

"We have nowadays, too many statesmen resembling the chap who contemplated by the politician mentioned in a speech by Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University.

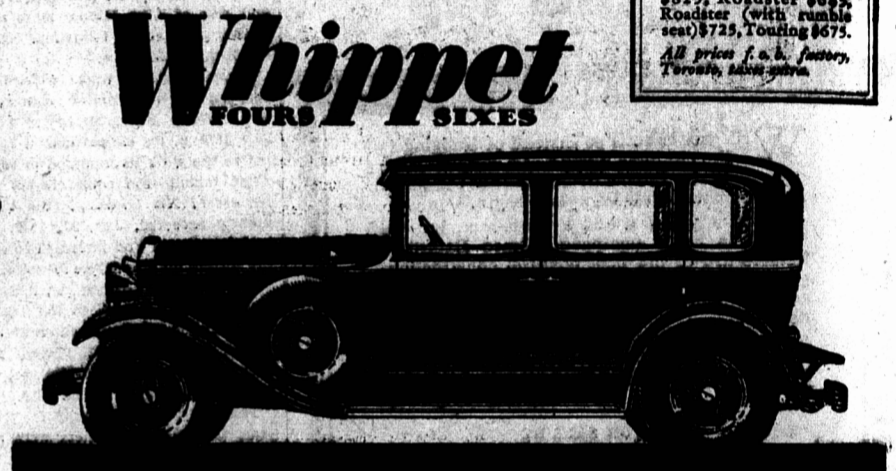
Which action was the reverse of that contemplated by the politician mentioned in a speech by Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University.

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