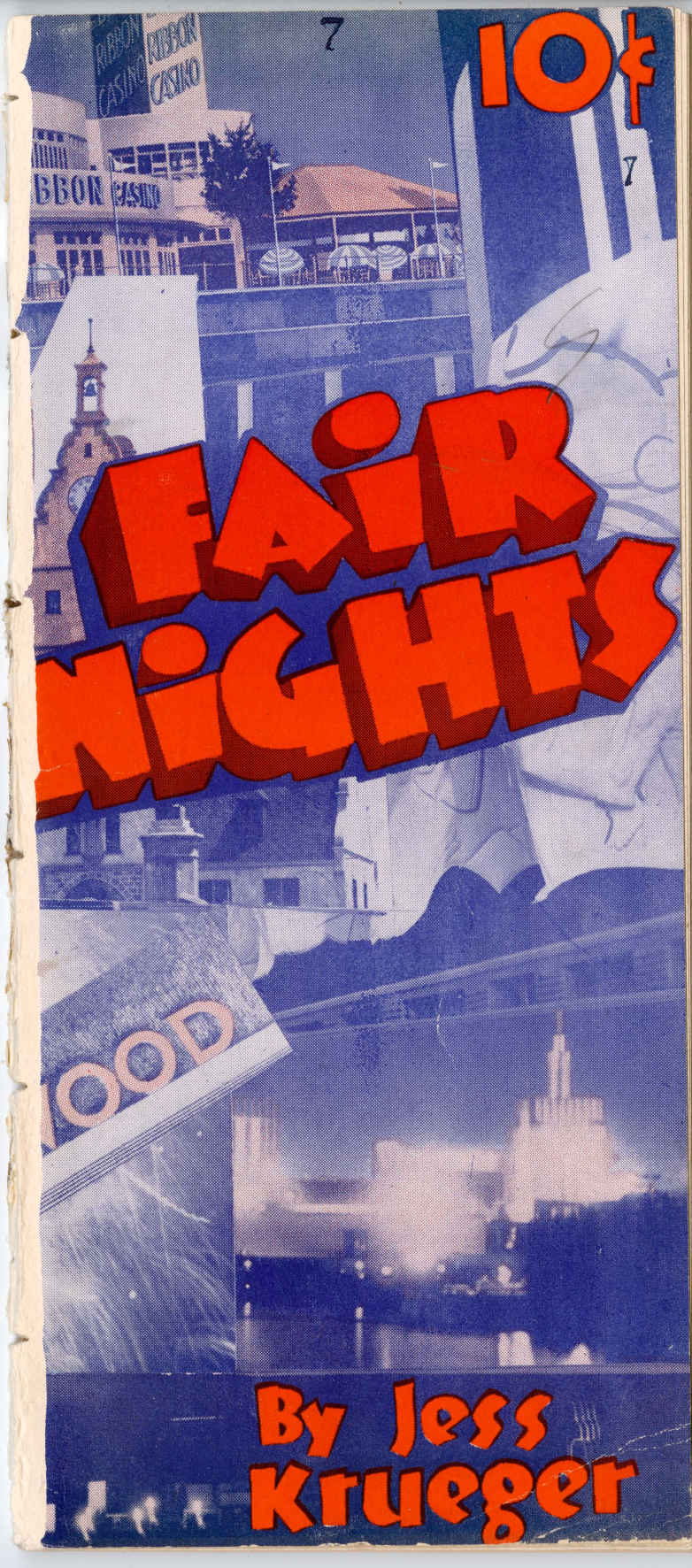
10¢
FAIR NIGHTS
By Jess Krueger

AMBASSADOR
With Portfolio

To A Century of Progress went Jess Krueger, the Chicago American's own ambassador with portfolio. Each evening his keen eye and sensitive ear searched out and discovered the comedy, romance and drama that played such a vital part in Chicago's great enterprise. Then his facile pen recorded what might best be termed the human history of the Fair.

Fair Nights is a happy selection from Jess Krueger's chronicle which was published each day in the Chicago American. Across its pages march the personalities, the unusual events of human interest, that give a lasting life to the memory of a magnificent spectacle and 160 glamorous nights.

CHICAGO AMERICAN
a good newspaper

"To the Editor of 'Fair Nights':

"Only once A Century of Progress!

"Only once has a 'Columnist' had the opportunity of writing 'Fair Nights.'

"The spectacle, the opportunity and Jess Krueger have been a trio of a century; for some 160 odd days, we have had a column of human interest, satire, philosophy, news and humor to be remembered until the 2d C. P.

"I envy you, Mr. Editor of 'Fair Nights'!

"Millions have come to the fair.

"Hundreds of thousands have come time and again!

"Thousands have met here celebrities of note and notoriety!

"Hundreds have sought publicity—and how!

"But you, Mr. Editor of 'Fair Nights,' have been the ONE at all times in on the 'know'.

"From Old Mexico to the Temple of Regimentation, from the east coast of the island to the 23d st. gate, along the Midway, by the Hall of Religion, it has been your opportunity to picture a review of fetes and fans (Fans)!

"What a privilege it must have been to have had favors curried by the much publicized Sally Rand, as well as by the emperor (self-appointed) of the vigilance group. Only to get a mention in your column has been the ambition of 'A Century' for a stream of vendors, barkers, actors (apology), escorts, censors, showmen, etc.

"To be daily buttonholed and have had whispered in your ear that you must be sure to meet and mention Mr. or Mrs. or Miss So-and-So; and to have withstood the prerogative that your professional pursuit permits in deciding what to say, how to say it, and for whom, surely demanded a 'Colonel.'

"I understand Yale University is gathering material of the fair for recreation by those yet unborn; if this be so, may I suggest for them a bound volume of 'Fair Nights.'

"I envy you, Mr. Editor; you have really seen the fair—and you have made it much more interesting for others to see!

"ROY HALL,
"A Fair Nights' Fan."

FAIR NIGHTS

By Jess Krueger

May 27

A CENTURY OF PROGRESS opens . . . an incomparable sight at night . . . a thousand rainbows come to rest on Chicago's old lake front . . . they seem to blend with the sounds and modernistic panorama . . . hundreds of thousands milling around the grounds . . . amazed and delighted . . . where are the skeptics who said "it couldn't be done"? . . .

Every eatery crowded . . . munch your hamburger sandwiches and drink your pop on the promenades . . . have a good time along the Midway and take in the wonders of science and trade . . . something for everybody. . . .

"Paris" jammed to the gangplank . . . atmosphere and peep-shows . . . the world is growing more broadminded . . . if this is the start, what will happen before Oct. 31! . . . "Little Egypt" of the '93 Fair was a well dressed and decorous young lady compared to the "model" in the "Life Class". . . shocking—but how they love it! . . . and, as Ben Bernie, the old maestro over at the Casino might have said, "There's a bit of drinking, ah yes, a bit of drinking, being done.". . .

Why mention names? . . . everybody is present—with their relatives . . . the Blue Book and the city directory are bumping shoulders with the happiest carnival spirit Chicago has ever seen. . . .

Hail to A Century of Progress!

★ ★ ★

May 29

COL. HORATIO K. HACKETT, famous soldier, football referee and man-about-town, is seated at a table of the revolving bar in "Montparnasse". He is wearing dinner clothes—and apologizes. He says:

"You see, I joined the party of Leon Mandel last night and lost all track of

time. I am going to visit the Belgian village as soon as this bar stops revolving."

★ ★ ★

EARLIER IN THE EVENING Will Rogers ordered a hamburger sandwich at the Casino. When informed that all the beauties who parade in late fashions had left for home, he shouted after the waiter: "Hey, boy, you can put on some chopped onions."

★ ★ ★

AL PLAMONDON, president of the Lincoln Park commission, came in a golf outfit. He told Bill Collins, the restaurant man, that he had just returned from Bob-O-Link Club and his first impression was "What a marvelous drive a first-class golfer could make from the top of the Sky Ride." (There's an idea for the press agent.)

★ ★ ★

JIM HANNA, member of the national championship polo team from Chicago, was seen in Exhibit No. 4 admiring a rug. He said:

"Just the thing to have as a background for my polo cups. How much?"

The dealer explained that this rug was the one which had been ordered by Mrs. Edith Rockefeller McCormick just before her death—and that the price was $100,000. Hanna's face turned the color of his hair—red.

★ ★ ★

PITY THE POOR FATHER who, after strolling for miles with his wife and six children and spending all his cash with the exception of carfare home, suddenly learns that nearly all the rest rooms in the Fair are of the drop-a-nickel-in-the-turnstile variety.

★ ★ ★

IF ANY ONE IS INTERESTED in what a packer eats on Sunday night, T. G. Lee, president of Armour & Co., accompanied by his wife and daughter, had dinner in the Casino and ordered fish.

BERT (EX-PALM OLIVE) MASSEY was one of the first to visit the "Art Class" in Paris. One glance at the "model" and he left, saying:

"It wasn't even terrific."

★ ★ ★

CARL LEIGH, millionaire banana crate manufacturer, attired in full evening clothes, walked into the Heidelberg Cafe for a stein of beer—and was immediately bawled out by a customer for "slow service." Without a change of expression, Leigh replied:

"Yes sir, yes sir. I'll take care of you myself. What will it be?"

"Two beers," was the reply.

And Leigh, going to the bar, purchased the drinks and deposited them at the gent's table, saying:

"Hope everything is all right now, sir."

★ ★ ★

May 30

"TEX" GUINAN walked through the Twenty-third st. entrance shortly after midnight. She didn't mind the rain. She announced that she was on her way to "Paris" to find Lady Godiva's white horse.

"But I won't ride the steed," she said. "I know better than to place everything I've got on the back of a horse."

★ ★ ★

INCIDENTALLY, the mystery of who was Lady Godiva at the opening of "Paris" has been solved. It was Sally Rand, a young lady who had the same role in previous affairs.

★ ★ ★

UNITED STATES Senator William Dieterich told his guide, Tom Hoyne, noted financial writer, that the first place he wanted to visit was the Hall of Science Building. That was 3 p. m. Four hours later the senator and Mr. Hoyne, who were joined by Brig. Gen. A. F. Lorenzen, were seated in the Casino watching the beautiful models parade.

Asked whether he had visited the scientific display, the senator said:

"No-o-o. But, blame Hoyne. He insisted I should delay the visit until next week, when I'm taking my son, who is graduating from high school at Beardstown, to Chicago and Washington for a visit."

★ ★ ★

TALKING ABOUT CAFES, a patron of one rushed up to the manager and declared he had tendered a hundred dollar bill to a waiter in payment of his check—two hours before. The waiter did not bother to stop for his street clothes.

★ ★ ★

May 31

THE SIDNEY GARDNERS treated a group of guests to the "Third Dimension" movies. On emerging, Mrs. Gardner remarked that the pictures were interesting, and all that, but she failed to feel any "third dimension thrill". Which prompted Peter Arno, the chap who sketches, to wisecrax:

"But wait. It may take time to become fully effective."

★ ★ ★

June 1

BEFUDDLED, the writer sought a person who, above all others, should know what's what — and when — about clothes—Mrs. Frederick McLaughlin. She said:

"If you're going to a STRICTLY social affair here, you should dress formal. If you intend to stay a while at the party and then go riding or taking in some of the shows, you must use your own judgment. And, in my opinion, there'll be very few functions at the Fair which will hold one an entire evening."

★ ★ ★

ALL OF WHICH was of great comfort to the writer when invited to dine with the formally dressed party of the charming Mrs. Cecille Benedict. (Gosh! A night life reporter writing like a society editor!)

June 2

IT WAS SEETHING! It was thunderous! The "Mighty Niagara" was all that the ballyhoo men said it would be. But, when William James Lawlor Jr. and his bride—the former Mary Katherine Fortune —emerged from the show, Mrs. Lawlor was heard to whisper to her husband:

"Darling, I STILL don't understand why so many couples insist upon going to Niagara Falls on their honeymoon."

★ ★ ★

HERE'S THE FIRST "RESCUE AT SEA." Herman Fabry, the photo man, made a mistake when he tried to change seats in one of the lagoon sight-seeing boats. Pulled out, his first remark was that the huge thermometer, which showed 68 degrees, was "all wrong."

★ ★ ★

June 3

MIDNIGHT IMPRESSIONS of a Man-About-the-Fair: Uniformed guards strolling with their girl chums . . . and the sweet young things twirling the guides' swagger sticks . . . tired parents carrying more tired youngsters in their arms . . . it's a long, long walk to the street cars or buses . . . spooners in the shadow of the prehistoric beasts from the "Million Years Ago" show . . . well, it was probably the same a million years ago . . . "recruit" employes being drilled, with the uniformed corporal in charge showing all the self-confidence of a British sergeant-major during the war . . . soldiers rolling dice with Indians by candle light in the rear of a tepee and an ancient chief pleading, in Harvard English, **"C'mon, eighter! Baby needs new moccasins!"** . . . and a bus collector announcing **"On your right is King Solomon's Temple. I think it has something to do with the bathing beach, but for further information, I refer you to the information desk."** . . . yes, things are becoming routine at the Fair.

★ ★ ★

A GLANCE in the Century Club:

Merrill C. ("Babe") Meigs, wearing a red carnation in his button hole, in con-

versation with Paul Glore, banker, and Maj. Fred MacLaughlin . . . Lieut. Col. Larry Regan, the nation's only "ghost" parade marshal, chatting with Maj. James U. Sammins, who WON'T "fix" things in the event you get in trouble at Lincoln Park for speeding.

★ ★ ★

June 7

MIDNIGHT SIGHTS from a wheel chair: Indian squaws strolling . . . eating crackerjack and one carrying a book under her arm—"The Well of Loneliness" . . . a brave, minus his feathers and war paint (this is after working hours), and smoking an inverted bowl pipe . . . three bearded members of the House of David with a blond flapper entering the roller coaster . . . soldiers off duty chatting with girls in the "red hot" stands . . . a father carrying two children and asking wearily how far it was to the Thirty-ninth st. exit . . . this was at Twenty-ninth st. . . . and did my conscience hurt me! . . . music from the auto exhibit buildings . . . red-coated policemen hoping for something, anything, to happen . . . flower girls offering bargains in somewhat faded gardenias . . . did you buy out of pity or because of the smile? . . . Cowboys from the 101 Ranch . . . a cowgirl outdoing Marlene Dietrich in the matter of attire . . . Harold Strotz and George Lytton entering Ripley's "Believe It or Not". . . folks leaving the Sky-Ride, sweltering . . . it was ten degrees warmer on top.

★ ★ ★

June 8

FUNNY HOW these husbands become "lost" in the fair after dark. In the event that Jimmie Winterbotham, the chap who sells automobiles, hasn't yet reached his home at the Glen Oak Golf Club, this is to notify him not to worry.

His wife got home safely, after saying:

"The poor dear. He does get lost so easily when there are a lot of other automobile men around."

★ ★ ★

SOPHIE TUCKER, spending her last night of ease at the fair, was found examining the relics of forgotten ages in the Hall of Social Science. She looked carefully at the ancient bones, tools and weapons of men who lived thousands of years ago in Africa and elsewhere. But there was a puzzled look on her face and when asked by an attendant if there was anything he could inform her, answered:

"Yes. With all these ancient things, there must be some trace of some of the gags and wise cracks now appearing in newspaper columns."

Ouch!

★ ★ ★

June 9

AT THE Hollywood preview:

Girls in chorus rehearsal togs mixing with those who will do folk dances in picturesque native costume . . . John Porter, brother of polo-playing Prentiss Porter, being mistaken for Ben Lyons . . . and giving autographs . . . and Mrs. Porter saying determinedly that women should—and had better—accompany their hubbys to the Fair . . .

Two girls, just turned down for places in the chorus, watching the practice dances disdainfully. One said:

"I hope they work the pants off of them."

Hearing the remark a workman, about to leave, said, hopefully to a fellow laborer:

"Let's stick around a while."

★ ★ ★

June 10

LA GUINAN has finally signed up for the Fair. She will appear, together with her gang, at the "Dance Boat" probably next Friday. Now there's only one thing lacking in making the pageant complete—a barber shop.

★ ★ ★

June 12

AN AUTOGRAPH huntress rushed up to Ben Bernie handing him a book and pleading for his signature. The old maestro, as usual, accommodated. Grasping him gratefully by the hand, she simpered:

"Oh, I've seen all your pictures and wanted to meet you for such a long time, Mr. ROGERS."

★ ★ ★

A VISIT to the newly opened Spanish Pavilion. Spanish waiters, Spanish food, a Spanish press agent and Ernest J. Stevens, Jr., formerly head of the largest hotel in the world, helping his son—one of the owners—greet patrons.

★ ★ ★

June 15

I DANCED the mazurka. Yes, sir! And Elvira, belle of the Pigeon Cafe in the Belgium Village, danced with me.

Elvira is not a "Miss America" in figure or feature. In fact, she is short and plump and wears wooden shoes. But how she can step!

If you've never danced the mazurka you've . . . well, you really haven't danced anything yet. You bow, pivot, keep time with the music both with head and feet and your partner never complains if you step on her tootsies as they are snugly encased in wooden shoes. (Which was, perhaps, a break for Elvira.)

★ ★ ★

June 16

SHRINKING from the crowd and recognized by but a few, Jean Harlow paid a visit to Hollywood. She proudly displayed an autograph received from George Gershwin, famed composer, on which was illustrated a music score and inscribed with the words:

"To a Rhapsody in Platinum."

Miss Harlow explained that Gershwin was one of the two men she ADMIRED most in the world. The other, she said, was Mussolini.

★ ★ ★

June 17

A TRIP TO THE FAR SOUTH end of the grounds for a peek at the show in Old Mexico. I sat with Carlo Calacios Roji, Mexican consul here, and Senors Barrios, consul from Guatemala, and Chivarri, from Peru, and admired the

way "Rosali" performed the fan dance. Yes, the fans are even smaller than those used by Sally Rand, and are red.

★ ★ ★

SIGHTS OF "PARIS." Howard Willett, the contractor, being sued for divorce by his wife, who wants a million or so, forgetting his troubles by dancing in the Lido with a beautiful brunette in brown . . .

Bill Scudder, vice president of the American Radiator Company, taking a ringside seat for the "fan" dance . . .

Harry Sinclair, with Sheldon Clark, talking about the "better times coming." . . .

MISS EMILY LARNED, president of the American Opera Society, listening to the strains of "Shuffle Off to Buffalo" from Harry's New York Bar—and evidently finding them tuneful . . .

And the gondolas, where lovers listened to dreamy songs, had their biggest night.

★ ★ ★

June 19

DINED IN "CHINA." Pretty I-oui girls—if you don't know your Chinese, this means "waitresses"—in blue who curtsy and bow prettily while taking your order. This writer was particularly fortunate in being served by an extremely demure appearing Oriental girl, and, curious as to whether or not she could understand English, said:

"Pretty hot working on a day like this, isn't it?"

To which the maiden promptly replied:

"I'll say it is. And, gee whiz, how my 'dogs' hurt!"

★ ★ ★

THE SADDEST MAN IN "PARIS" was the stout and somewhat elderly chap in dinner clothes who, after watching the "shadow dancers" doing their act in the Folies Bergeres—in silhouette—remarked, mournfully:

"All my life has been like that."

June 20

PETER VROOM of the Pullman Company was approached by a charming seller of flowers who inquired sweetly:

"Aren't you Mr. Lytton?"

Vroom asked if she meant "the young Mr. Lytton," and she replied:

"No, the one who plays the bass viol."

And Mr. Vroom hurried away muttering something to the effect that the merchant "was years older than I."

★ ★ ★

"TEX" GUINAN, in flowered chiffon and diamonds, swapping experiences with Belle Livingston . . . what a story that would be if someone recorded the remarks of these two well-known ladies in shorthand . . .

Mrs. Howard Linn, cooly attired in black satin and white crepe, greeting Andy Rebori with a kiss . . . and Alexander Kirkland dining with them on the balcony of the Paris Club, saying that he was considering going back to the legitimate stage . . .

Mrs. Kenneth Carpenter eating an ice cream cone with her little daughter Jo Jo—and leaving "Paris" before dark . . .

James Simpson, Sr., with his son, Jack, salading in the Century Club . . . Lawrence Tibbett, the "Emperor Jones", telling four youngsters in his care that he was going to take them to the "Enchanted Village" and one retorting:

"Aw, that's for sissies. We want to go on the Skyride."

★ ★ ★

June 21

EDWARD J. LEHMANN, JR., and his wife, together with Mr. and Mrs. Walter Aagaard were strolling down the Midway. Mrs. Aagaard directed her husband's attention to a sign above a concession which read:

DANCING TONIGHT.

Fifteen cents for one or two for a quarter.

Which inspired Aagaard to wisecrax:

"Who in hell wants to dance by himself?"

June 22

PEGGY HOPKINS JOYCE was shocked.

And Percival, the snake, is responsible.

Miss Joyce, escorted by Grant Withers and with the writer trailing along, visited "The Snake House" early in the evening. Percival was the star performer. Taken from its cage, with a lightning-like dart of its head, Percival bit into its caretaker's arm.

It was no light bite, either. Percival was at his best, thereby showing characteristics of males in general when performing before Miss Joyce.

It took the manager and several attendants quite a while to assure Miss Joyce that the biting was part of the performance—and had been going on for years.

★ ★ ★

MRS. WALTER LEIMERT of New York and California, famous not so many years ago on the musical comedy stage as Lucille Cavanagh, was guest of Mrs. Roy D. Keehn at the Century Club. She had been at the fair since 7:30 a.m. Here's the reason:

"I wanted to take it all in. So I started at the Hall of States. The caretaker asked me where I wanted to go. Loyally, I said to California. He replied: 'Sorry, lady, California's all wet and we've closed it up till it dries. We just cleaned it. How about some other state? Iowa, Illinois, and Indiana are dry and clean.' I chose Indiana."

★ ★ ★

June 23

A WOMAN SHRIEKED, in hysterical gayety, a song in French . . . a staid business man ogled a lightly clad flower girl and urged her to have a drink . . . a ballyhoo man extolled the shapeliness of the nude models "and only a quarter, ladies and gentlemen, for the biggest show on earth" . . . it was midnight in the "Streets of Paris."

And a few feet away, sweat-covered men labored to save the life of James G. Fisher.

An orchestra blared out the "Hop Hop Blues" . . . a fashionably dressed girl jumped into the swimming pool when her boy companion bet $10 she wouldn't . . . the steamship whistle blew loudly an invitation to passersby to enter the gangplank.

And on the narrow wharf near the Rue de la Paix the grim battle to bring back heart action to James G. Fisher continued.

Swells with top hats, debutantes, folks famous in city life and visitors from points near and far milled back and forth along the crooked rues, seeking thrills.

And they passed, without knowing it, the biggest thrill of all—modern science desperately trying to restore life to a man.

Girls in striped sweaters locked arms with tipsy men in the Cafe du Dome . . . a speedboat sped out into the lake with happy couples cuddled on the deck and singing sentimental songs . . . the hurdy-gurdy music sounded from the revolving bar.

And, had they listened, they were almost close enough to hear the whispers of the little group trying to coax breath back into a body.

2 A. M. . . . closing time . . . beer-drinking couples reluctant to go home . . . a drunk seated on a bench in front of Au Lapin Agile and a woman of about 60 playfully tying a pink ribbon around his forehead.

Twenty feet away the police gathered up the body of James G. Fisher and took it to the morgue.

The police report states that James G. Fisher, 28, formerly of Anderson, Ind., and now of 7662 South Shore drive, "leaped or fell" into the lagoon from the dock at "The Streets of Paris" and drowned, despite the efforts of Alvin Culver, former Notre Dame All-American football star and now a fair guide, to save him.

★ ★ ★

June 30

SHIP AHOY! VAST AWAY! Every sucker for himself!

"Admiral" Tex Guinan's "Pirate Ship" was "sunk" in the storm.

But the "Admiral" herself stayed on deck until the last.

Yes sir! The deluge simply ruined Tex' grand opening, which had been scheduled for last night.

And, after serving notice to those who did show up that the "Pirate Ship" would be thoroughly repaired and in good shape for a "bigger and better opening" tonight, Tex commented on her bad luck thus:

"They shoot me, they raid me, they bar me—and now they rain me out."

★ ★ ★

July 3

HE WAS A TALL, blond ricksha pilot.

Depositing his passenger, a rather stout and fussy lady from Oshkosh, at the gangplank of the "Pirate Ship" he collected the fare of 40 cents and expressed effusive thanks for the 10-cent tip.

"Tex" Guinan spied him as he was about to roll his carriage away, and exclaimed:

" 'Hamm' Williams, of all men! What's happened to you?"

Grinning sheepishly, the rickshaist replied:

"Yup. It's me. Off the gay life forever and earning an honest living. Come and take a ride with me some time—at regular rates."

★ ★ ★

LA GUINAN revealed that Williams —Hamilton Williams to Broadway and Paris—is the scion of the Reynolds to-

bacco family and a cousin of Smith Reynolds, whose tragic death following marriage to Libby Holman was first page news not so very long ago.

"Hamm" inherited more than a million dollars from his mother, but tossed it away in mad fashion along Broadway.

★ ★ ★

July 5

HERE'S A CASE of where Missouri's "show me" reputation is taken a bit too literally.

Governor Guy B. Peck of that state was seated, together with members of his family, at a ringside table of Cafe de la Paix in "Paris." Sally ("Lady Godiva") Rand had been introduced, previous to her Balinese dance, to the state executive and after informing him that her home was originally in St. Louis, promised to do her best for the distinguished guest.

She did. In the midst of her twists and turns, something broke and her fringed skirt fell from its moorings. Quickly—but not TOO quickly—gathering up the costume, Sally finished her dance.

The governor stayed for another show.

★ ★ ★

WIRT MORTON was passing Byrd's South Pole ship when he noticed a party of three couples, all past middle age and evidently from Oklahoma or thereabouts. They were debating as to whether a view of the inside of the ship was worth the admission price. The oldest woman in the group was heard to remark:

"Well, you ain't goin' to git no education without a-spending some money for it."

★ ★ ★

OVERHEARD IN TONY SARG'S "Mademoiselle from Armentieres":

CUSTOMER: "Don't you think it would be better if the refraction was removed?"

ATTENDANT: "Wait a minute—she takes that off, too."

PAUL BLOCK, the publisher, received the salaam of Ben Bernie and his orchestra while dining in the Casino. And, proving that at least one good newspaper man appreciates a courteous gesture, Mr. Block sent a box of expensive cigars to the maestro and his cohorts which even Ben admitted was "a bit rich for my blood." Among those in the famous publisher's party were his son, Billy, M. F. Hanson, Dan Nicoll, Joe Jordan and Ralph Parsons, all associated with the Block newspapers.

★ ★ ★

July 6

A SENSE OF HUMOR and unlimited patience are necessary qualifications for holding the job of "information girl" at the Fair.

Last night the writer chatted with Margaret Stokes, the young lady in charge of the booth at the Twenty-third st. bridge. There are few lulls during her working hours. Folks ask questions of every nature, such as "What sort of plants do they show at the planetarian?" and "Are the animals exhibited in 'A Million Years Ago' dead yet?" The payoff came when a middle-aged woman inquired the direction to the nearest ladies' rest room. Miss Stokes responded:

"Directly to your right and behind that clump of trees is . . ."

And the visitor interrupted hurriedly, exclaiming:

"My goodness! Isn't everything finished yet?"

★ ★ ★

AN IMPRESSIVE OVATION was accorded in the "Pirate Ship" to Amy Leslie, beloved stage critic. When she entered "Tex" Guinan's lively spot every person in the place arose as a tribute and her little speech was quite in contrast to the usual chatter of the "ship". There were also a lot of folks, termed by "Tex" as "highbrows", present. Defining just what she considered a "highbrow", La Guinan said:

"A highbrow is a lowbrow who is able to fool every one but his wife."

"PARIS" AFTER DARK. MAX BAER, the next heavyweight champ—according to his host, George Lytton—chatting with Sally Rand before, during and after her "fan" dance . . . Mike Cantwell, old-time baseball player and fight manager, with his son, Dick, on the club veranda . . . J. L. McKee, executive of the N. Y. Central lines, doing an impromptu dance near the pool at the suggestion of Ralph Newman, national secretary of the Crusaders, and Tom Hannon . . . and McKee weighs 216 pounds.

★ ★ ★

July 8

MAJ. ROBERT WIGGLESWORTH, chief of guides, received a telephone call, a man's voice asking:

"What is the best way to get an elephant in the fair grounds?"

Thinking some one was spoofing him, the major replied:

"Just slip it under your coat and come in at any gate."

Hearing the caller disgustedly exclaim "Aw nerts!" Wigglesworth hung up the receiver.

A few moments later a guide rushed into the major's office excitedly stating that a man, leading a huge elephant, was trying to "crash" the Twelfth st. gate. He was seeking a circus, hoping to rent his "pet".

★ ★ ★

July 11

A "RAID" at "Tex" Guinan's "Pirate Ship"! But it wasn't anything very serious. Three of the "gang," Mary Lucean, Kitty O'Reilly and Esther Lloyd were swimming in the lake just behind the "ship"—without even a fan for covering. The number of search lights which were leveled in their direction attracted the fair police who warned the gals of all sorts of penalties if they again did nude bathing in the moonlight. When notified of the incident, Tex said:

"So THAT'S where all my waiters have been hanging out!"

MEMBERS OF THE CENTURY Club gave credit to Mrs. Frank R. Schwengel, wife of the brigadier general, for the best story of the night. Mrs. Schwengel told of how she gave a party in her summer home at Lakeside, Mich., a few nights ago and a young lady guest "passed out" and was placed in one of the upstairs bedrooms. Soon after, Lee Block, son of P. D. Block, executive of the Inland Steel Company arrived with Mrs. Block. They asked for the young woman and were informed of her condition. Block announced he was going to wake her.

A few moments after going upstairs he returned and nervously asked Mrs. Schwengel:

"Have you, by any chance, a colored serving girl?"

"Why, yes, didn't you know that?"

"No, not until she said, 'Who am you, man?' after I kissed her. I suppose I entered the wrong room in the dark."

★ ★ ★

July 14

OBSERVATIONS OF A REPORTER while wandering about the Fair in search of news:

Women and girls wearing low, sensible, walking shoes . . . where are the high heels of yesteryear? . . . and how the visitors to the Fair are learning that they CAN walk a few blocks without breaking down! . . . the old-time rounder who previously would gasp at the prospect of hiking a few blocks to his train or theater, is now sneering at the "sissies" who hired wheel chairs while en route to and fro along the pageant's white lights.

Even Harry Hollingshead now walks . . . and last night he was discovered in the corner of Tex Guinan's "Pirate Ship" telling Ross Woodhull, the handsome county commissioner, that not only does this sort of exercise serve as a preventive for pneumonia, but it reduces the figure . . . and, according to Harry, a good "figure" should be the hope, pride and joy of every man . . . yessah.

Then, there's the accents which are being developed, due to brushing up against visitors from Dixieland, New

Yawk and elsewhere . . . sit in any bus, or stand at a corner of the Fair for five minutes and you'll hear plenty of "C'mon, you-all," "honey-darlin'" and "W'are you-all goin', boy?"

★ ★ ★

July 16

FIRST INTIMATION that the yacht "Venetia," officially credited with having sunk the German submarine U-20—the underseas boat which sank the Lusitania—was docked at the foot of Monroe st. came with the visit of the owner and passengers to "Paris." The boat is now owned by Commodore James P. Mayfair, of Midland, Can. Among his guests at the Fair were D. L. White, B. G. McMillan, S. B. Playfair, and J. W. Benson. Tracy B. Langdon, general manager of D. A. Stuart & Co., was guide.

★ ★ ★

Seen emerging from the show called "Life," their heads bowed, tears rolling down their cheeks, and their jaws quivering with emotion—the Piccard brothers.

★ ★ ★

HE WAS A TALL, lanky, ricksha pilot. The name of a big western university was sewed on the front of his track shirt. His carriage contained a lady of middle age and, in the heavy traffic, he accidentally brushed the shafts against a burly individual who turned and angrily exclaimed:

"Watch where you're goin', you hungry lookin' worm."

The boy, as calmly as he would recite a thesis, replied:

"I may be hungry looking and there are more detestable objects in the world than worms, but I at least am man enough to work for my education and food. And I try to be a gentleman in the presence of ladies."

Said the bully:

"Meaning I'm not, I suppose."

Then he aimed a haymaker at the youth.

The ricksha driver, without hurry, laid

the shafts of his carriage on the ground and delivered a Max Baer punch in his assailant's stomach. The fight ended there. As the ricksha-ist was pulling away, his passenger was heard to say:

"If you hadn't done it, I would."

★ ★ ★

July 20

CHARLIE BIDWELL, millionaire sportsman, probably thought he was taking members of the bankers' association aboard his yacht at home when he anchored to the rocks directly back of the Manhattan Gardens. The financiers had to clamber over the rocks to reach shore. One (name withheld for obvious reasons), remarked:

"I've been pretty close in the past few years, but this is the first time I've actually been 'on the rocks.'"

★ ★ ★

The "Pirate Ship" is scuttled! "Tex" Guinan, blaming the curfew law, walked out with all her gang after Tuesday's performance. Last night, while the "ship" was open and the orchestra, waiters and cooks reported for work, the total receipts were $9.35, tax included. "Tex" was a visitor. It is said that Ernie Young will supply a new show for next Saturday's grand-opening.

★ ★ ★

July 21

THE HAPPIEST MAN on the grounds last night was Frank Bering. A few hours previous his wife had given birth to a nine-pound girl, it being Frank's first experience in fatherhood.

★ ★ ★

IT'S JUST LIKE a camel to pull a stunt of this sort. The humped beast which at regular intervals carries a "Lady Godiva" in the Oriental Village, stumbled and fell during its act, catapulting

the unclad rider DIRECTLY IN FRONT OF A TABLE AT WHICH WERE SEATED TWENTY-SIX MEMBERS OF THE EASTERN STAR! And did the ladies blush? They did not. They were loudest in their applause, thinking it a regular part of the act.

★ ★ ★

July 22

ONE OF MRS. FORD CARTER'S models was asked what she would like to drink. Remembering she was from New York, she drawled:

"I'd rawther have a high-ball, with hawf gingerale and hawf white rock, and if the gingerale is chilled, never mind the ice."

At which a typical Chicagoan said:

"Give her beer."

★ ★ ★

July 24

THEY'VE JUST ABOUT figured out a chart of night attendance at the Fair.

From Monday to Thursday, inclusive, the hearts of the owners of gay places are filled with joy. The out-of-towners are present in full force—and how the dollars, quarters and half-dollars flow in!

On Friday visitors bring their children to see the sights during the day. By night they are well fagged out and wearily plod their way to the exit gates by sunset. Of course, there are many thousands left in the grounds, but you'll have no trouble in hiring a rolling chair on "fish nights."

The Saturday crowd is large, day and night. Chicagoans, with their half-day holiday from work, are present in full force, together with thousands of "week-end" visitors from cities and towns within a few hours' auto jaunt from Chicago. They stay late, too, and the midway at midnight is as heavily thronged as State st. during the Xmas shopping season.

Supper time attendance on Sunday is always low. This may be explained as due to the fact that Chicagoans have, generally speaking, reverted back to their favorite pastimes on the Sabbath—golf,

baseball, bridge and auto rides into the country. Last night was one of the poorest, from the standpoint of receipts, experienced by cafe, exhibition and show concessionaires since the start of the Fair—and the rain was not held entirely responsible.

★ ★ ★

July 26

HE WAS A BIT LIKKERED. During the intermission of MRS. FORD CARTER'S style show at the Blue Ribbon Casino, he was the life of the party. Would he mind if one of the pretty models took some pictures with her little movie camera? He would not.

But the next day he saw matters in another light. He began to worry about those moments he put his arms around some of the gals—purely in a fatherly fashion, of course—which might be misunderstood if seen by his wife.

The more he thought about it, the more fretful he became.

Deciding to eliminate the chance of any complications, he again visited the Casino "back stage." He approached the picture-taking mannikin with an offer:

"I've taken a fancy to your movie camera, and will give you a hundred dollars for machine and the pictures you took yesterday."

But this beauty wasn't dumb. She responded:

"My goodness, no. I just love my little camera, and I know those last pictures were just too ducky for anything. If I sold this, I'd have to get another, which would cost, let's see, just exactly $200."

The gent winced. But he knew when he was beaten. He paid the $200. (The camera cost, originally, $19.50.)

Hurrying to a photographer, he had the recent film developed. Receiving it a day later, he locked himself up in his office and projected the pictures on a screen.

And the only picture of him in the reel was a tiny shot of the back of his head, which even his own mother wouldn't recognize!

His name? For the sake of continued

marital happiness let it simply be said that he is a well-known insurance man in this town.

★ ★ ★

I MET JUDGE LANDIS as he was leaving the Twenty-third st. entrance and asked for his impressions of the night life, curfew, censorship, etc., etc. He replied:

"Let's talk about golf. You know, I now either hit the ball 200 yards down the fairway, or split it in half. I'm a young fellow who's finally struck his stride."

★ ★ ★

July 28

IRENE RICH, who has taken her place as star of Hollywood-at-the-Fair, was being told of a number of celebrities invited to join her at dinner. When the name of Vincent Lopez was reached she gasped and said:

"Vincent is a swell fellow, but we haven't talked to each other ever since our reported 'romance' a few years ago. My press agent should have warned me. But he didn't and when reporters met me coming back from Europe and asked about my 'engagement' with Lopez, I replied:

" 'And who is this Vincent Lopez?' "

★ ★ ★

STRANGE SIGHTS. An Arabian sheik, in full regalia, contentedly eating an ice cream cone . . . the two elderly ladies, about to enter the "Slave Mart" in the Oriental Village and one whispering, "We'd better first see if there's anyone we know" . . . the clergyman coming up the "Paris" gangplank with his coat collar turned up to hide his clerical shirt-collar . . . the pretty girl in evening gown, standing in front of a live spot and, without cracking a smile, "thumbing" for a ride in a ricksha.

★ ★ ★

August 4

JIMMIE MATTERN — that great American ace who has the admiration of the world at his feet—was the guest of

one of those bright spots last night. And all the world was with him. . . . Among those prominent among the many—in fact, too many guests—were Judith Wood, Constance Collier, Chick Johnson, Crane Wilbur, Betty Starbuck, Joseph Santley, Willie and Eugene Howard, Pat Kennedy, Kay Ross, Charlie Correll of Amos 'n' Andy renown, and the sweetheart of a nation—Mrs. Caroline Mattern—the noble and proud mother of Jimmy.

★ ★ ★

August 8

NEWS SEEMED TO BE POPPING under the clouded skies at A Century of Progress last night. . . .

First of importance, of course, is Sally's collapse as she was spreading that can of powder o'er her lithesome body.

But let it not worry you . . . doctors pronounced it just gastric neurosis . . . which in ordinary English means upset nerves . . . and it is possible that too much fanning may have caused the disturbance.

★ ★ ★

CHARLES SCOTT of the Scott Steel Company was still boiling yesterday because of his police escort. Scott had a business deal at Mexico that forced him to enter the grounds after the closing hours. He was to meet his associates before 1 a. m. but fair officials would not permit him entrance without a bodyguard and he had to transact his business in the presence of two red coats and a delegation of guides, and what have you. . . .

★ ★ ★

August 10

ANDY REBORI quotes a card he read at JOHN Corby's alleged Merry-Go-Round Bar in Paris.

The card read in part:

The Guy who said,
Ain't Nature Grand
Would Change His Mind
If he saw Sally Rand.

KING LEVINSKY getting a pass for a concession . . . and asking another for his blond companion . . . **"What's her name?"** asked the owner . . . **"Mabel,"** replies the Personality Kid . . . **"Mabel what?"** . . . questions the pass-giver, to which the King says: **"I dunno, call her Mabel Syrup."**

★ ★ ★

August 15

Life is just one newspaper yarn after another to Sally Rand.

The blond dancer-of-the-fans is fast earning a place with Peggy Hopkins Joyce, Aimee Semple McPherson-Hutton and other much exploited ladies of these United States.

Last night at midnight Sally swirled her fans for the last time in the "Streets of Paris." Whether she quit or was fired is a matter of argument. Folding her fans, she wafted a good-by kiss in the general direction of Andy Rebori, director of "Paris", and boarded the motor boat of Melvin Sheldon bound for the night club on the near North Side where she makes early morning appearances.

At high speed the boat swung around the corner of the coast guard station entering the Chicago River. For some reason, yet unexplained, Sally stood up. A moment later she was thrown into the chilly waters.

Lookout George Arnold of the life saving crew heard her cry. He shouted for a mate, Albert Borgstrom, who plunged in after Sally and found her struggling in the water. A few minutes later he had her on dry land and Mrs. John Anderson, wife of the captain of the station, was forcing hot coffee down her throat.

Sally said it was an accident.

★ ★ ★

YOUTHFUL TOM CANNON, who danced with Infanta Eulalia at the World's Fair of '93—he's 85—sought to dance with Sally earlier in the evening, and probably would have succeeded if that young lady hadn't just quit . . . it might have saved Sally that cold plunge.

As the Balbo aviator, who couldn't talk English, said as he was requested to talk on the radio.

"Okay—Bay-Bee!"

★ ★ ★

I "FAIRED" LAST NIGHT with Leon Errol.

Paul Ash was with Leon when I met him in the loop. And Errol's comedian's conversation ran something like this:

"In Paris and Berlin everybody was speaking about Chicago's exposition. It was the main topic of conversation on the boat coming over. So I made up my mind to stay over in this city for a day and see it. And what happens! I get lost in the Hall of Science, wander, by accident, into the Hall of Religion, and am refused admission in the Casino because it was overcrowded."

So I took him along with me.

★ ★ ★

HOLLYWOOD WAS THE FIRST STOP. Yes, sir. Here was the star of three movies just taken in Europe and on his way to the coast for three more.

But when he walked through the doors of the "Movieland-at-the-Fair" no one gave him a tumble. They were too busy watching the antics of the young man who imitates Charlie Chaplin and listening to the ballyhoo of the barker for the handwriting expert. Maybe a real star wasn't expected.

★ ★ ★

HERE'S AN INSULT. Of course we stopped at Paris (not quite the same without Sally). Louis Stoddard, president of the United States Polo Association, brought up the subject of polo. He told Errol that the highest form of insult was for one malleteer to call another "an old cribber who eats his bedding".

Then to see the "African" dancers. And Errol had the honor of meeting, in-the-flesh, for the first time the inimitable King Levinsky. The King showed his liking for Errol by playfully jabbing him

in the stomach and then twitching his ear. And the ex-fish dealer volunteered to interpret the symbolic contortions of the wild tribe. Very enlightening.

★ ★ ★

August 19

I ASKED GLENN FRANK, president of the University of Wisconsin, about nudity at the Fair—and he told me about science.

The chat took place during the midnight supper hour at the Casino. President Frank was accompanied by Mrs. Frank and their son. The conversation ran as follows:

"Mr. Frank, how about the peep shows, fan dances and night life in general? Do you think the attractions are unmoral?"

"What has impressed me most at the Fair is the combined dramatization of scientific progress with a carnival spirit."

"But, haven't you heard of the censorship being placed in effect on nudity and questionable dances?"

"It is marvelous how the serious purposes of the exposition have been floated in a stream of gaiety."

"Have you visited 'Paris,' the 'Midway,' 'Old Mexico' . . . ?"

"Up to the present my visit has been confined to the north end of the Fair. I may take in some other places, but it all depends upon where my family wants to go."

★ ★ ★

SPIRIT OF THE TIMES? This happened in front of the "Thrill House". The barker, finishing his ballyhoo, orated:

"This show, ladies and gentlemen, is not a lowlife, filthy, nude, exhibition, but a clean and legitimate performance. . . ."

And a rather elderly gent, about to buy a ticket, disappointedly replaced the money in his wallet, remarking:

"Why didn't he say so in the first place!"

★ ★ ★

August 21

WILL ROGERS, who, by his own admission, is an inveterate fair-goer, says that the '93 exposition in Chicago was

more civilized in one respect than the current Century of Progress.

Forty years ago, he points out, there were no such things as autograph fiends.

His troubles started last night even before he entered the Twelfth st. gates following his impressive part—as an announcer and broadcaster—in the East-West polo game. The right team won, or Will would have carried out his threat to feed his bran' new straw hat to the "hungriest looking pony on the field".

On reaching the Fair the taxi driver produced his Fair book for Rogers to sign. Then came the policeman stationed at one of the entrances, the ticket taker and several persons of assorted ages, sex and color. The humorist signed for all—and then bandaged his right hand.

As though that would do any good! A doctor asked to see the hurt, the bus driver offered to direct Will to the hospital and each and every one of them said that if he autographed their books, papers, etc., with his left hand, "it would be all right".

★ ★ ★

Will wrapped two handkerchiefs over his hands when Frank Bering led him into the Blue Ribbon Casino. All went well until the Mexellos called for a "stooge" for their acrobatic act—and Rogers volunteered. The handkerchiefs fell over while he was being tossed around—and he gave up the fight.

While eating his onion-smothered steak, Rogers told about the time he flew from Cairo to Alexandria and across to Athens—a water hop of 600 miles—in a land plane. He questioned the Dutch pilot as to what would happen if he was forced down on the water, and received the following answer:

"I don't know. It hasn't happened yet."

★ ★ ★

MISS MARTHA McLEAN, one of the fairest daughters of Covington, Ky., leaving the Casino a bit peeved following the Old Maestro's wisecracks, "The sun shines bright in my old Kentucky home

because there's a hole in the roof". . . . And Governor Talmadge of Georgia, getting a huge kick out of Bernie's "Yassah" and promising to introduce it to certain of his people back home.

★ ★ ★

August 23

FOOD AND SEX!

Take your pick, ladies and gentlemen. They're the hottest things in the Fair grounds.

They are the chief big money-maker—as has been found out by scores of showmen, many of whom hoped otherwise at the start of the big exposition.

Among the biggest flops since June 1 were the 101 Ranch, the flea circus, Fort Dearborn massacre, Spoor's Spectaculum, the bridge keno game, Magic Show, Temple of Phrenology, and Plantation Show. Tex Guinan was a terrific bust, due largely to a general fear among customers of the famed lady's "sucker" reputation.

Money-makers which have sprung up are the Havana rhumba, the Hawaiian show, and a few other assorted exhibitions which specialize in anatomy rather than education and art. The appeal of the lions garnered the dimes and quarters while the majority of shows which offered to develop the intellect have either died dismally or are on the edge.

★ ★ ★

August 24

NERTS, JUST NERTS!

The latest "show" at the Fair (whereabout purposely withheld) is named "The Wishing Well".

It is in the form of an "East Lynn" well, water bucket, pulleys and other appropriate "props". You pay your dime and mount a few steps and the announcer drawls this sort of a line:

"Ladies and gentlemen, some of you still think Hoover was right. We have had woman suffrage for years and are about to repeal the prohibition law. The world is better, folks, and the average life is longer. And now I am going to

exhibit a picture which will live in your mind forever. . . ."

And, turning on a light from the bottom of the "old oaken bucket", a reclining somewhat plump girl is revealed—with not enough clothing to supply a meal for a moth.

At least, the title "The Wishing Well" is appropriately selected. There's not a customer who doesn't wish he had his dime back.

★ ★ ★

August 26

Paddy Bauler, the city father, just back from Europe, made a call last night on the pretty Princess Ahi of the Streets of Paris, whom he met in France. Know him? Immediately! She said:

"You're the man who taught me how to eat corned beef and cabbage."

And Paddy modestly admitted she was right.

★ ★ ★

STRANGE SIGHT: Two deb-like gals, in evening gowns, changing places with their ricksha boys, and the grateful pilots lolling back in their seats smoking cigarets while the damsels whooped their way joyously through the throngs.

★ ★ ★

September 1

AMY JOHNSON MOLLISON, lovely English aviatrix toured the Fair last night with Paul Ryan of St. Louis and Art B. Heiberg, the latter having shared a crack-up with Maj. Jimmie Doolittle. Passing in front of one of the speedy rides, she was invited "aboard", but declined, saying she was afraid. Flying across the ocean, it seems, is much less fearsome to Capt. Mollison's wife. But she did take in the peep-shows of "Paris" and the Midway, being quite distinguishable in her white and black evening gown, crystal earrings and her huge diamond ring.

★ ★ ★

Bebe Shepkowski, one of the beauteous Ford Carter's manikins, is very, very

fond of Grant Withers, the movie man. But, she sighs, the friendship will never develop into anything deeper. Bebe's father is an undertaker, and her mother a florist. Grant, of course, is neither an M. D. or a dealer in tombstones—and in these days the gals have gotta be practical.

★ ★ ★

September 2

I'LL KNOW BETTER NEXT TIME. Serving as one of the judges in the selection of A Century of Progress "Queen" for Automotive Week, I recklessly requested a masked and robed "mystery contestant" to remove her face covering. Instead, she opened the folds of her cape—and oh! oh! ho!! . . . For a moment I thought I was in John McMahon's "Life Class" before Censor Moriarity began making his rounds.

There were close to 10,000 persons who watched the judging. (For once, at least, a bathing beauty contest had a proper locale—the Hall of Science.)

Selection of blond Catherine Palmer, restaurant cashier in the Administration Building, seemed popular, none of the eight "expert" selectors being stoned.

★ ★ ★

NOBILITY WAS WELL REPRESented in the peep-show sections. Sir Herbert Samuels, member of the British cabinet for twenty years, was present in "Paris" with his secretary, the Hon. J. S. Maclay, M. P., as guests of the Arthur Meekers. He liked the sights shown him, thereby living up to to his reputation as a Liberal.

Simultaneously, Sir Julian Cahn and Lady Cahn were dining the visiting Cambride cricketeers in the Malibu Club at Hollywood, but they wouldn't go into the latest of the concession's "peepery" —the "Black Box"—even though Censor Moriarity okayed the act after wisecraxing that Chic Sale should get a royalty on the gate.

September 8

ELDERLY LADY, being urged to buy ticket to the great war picture:

"Pantheon? Pantheon? I don't care if it is 402 feet long. A quarter is too much to pay to see a snake."

★ ★ ★

ADMIRAL DICK BYRD had no time for "frivolities" during his visit at the Fair. His first stop was naturally, the ship upon which he made his South Pole dash, which is now on exhibition. It was hours before he could be persuaded to leave. Then he went to the Hall of Science. He intends seeing more of the Fair during his stay here and doesn't mind becoming tired out, explaining:

"I will have plenty of time to rest and relax during my two years at the South Pole."

And he didn't seem to mind the heat.

★ ★ ★

A MOTHER, emerging with her young son from the baby incubator, asked the lad how he enjoyed the sight of the infants. He replied:

"Aw, they were punk. They didn't do any tricks and nothin' but sleep in cages. I wanna see a fan dance."

★ ★ ★

September 11

AN EVERCHANGING, picturesque and unique "city" of visiting motorists whose autos are their "homes" is located just adjacent to the south entrance of the Fair.

It extends almost half a mile south of the gates on the east side of the outer drive and for another mile on the west side.

Hundreds of cars are parked in this section every night, representing every state in the country. Whole families are to be seen in many of these machines. Grownups sleep on the running boards; children are placed in hammocks in the interior of the cars and, on threatening nights several cases were

found where the visitors crawled beneath their autos for protection in case of rain.

Many came prepared for camping in this manner, bringing canvas tents which they attach to their machines, affording privacy. Pillows, blankets and cushions afford comfort. Awakening in the morning the majority slip on their bathing suits—donned in the privacy of their cars—and go for a plunge in the lake. A few are thoughtful enough to bring utensils for making breakfast. Economical and satisfying.

★ ★ ★

ALMOST ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN, but this is nearly the limit. A big party in an automobile bearing a Nebraska license plate appeared at the Twelfth Street gate after 1 a. m. today and asked to be admitted. The guards refused and asked why they did not come sooner. The driver of the car replied:

"Come sooner? We've been searching for this fair ever since 6 o'clock this evening and only found it because a janitor in the place you call the Sanitary District finally gave us the right direction."

★ ★ ★

September 12

BUR-R-R-R . . . CHILLIEST NIGHT AT THE FAIR . . . slim attendance . . . looks like the night crowd can't take it . . . plenty of white, blue and pink rubber capes . . . also some of the ladies wearing woolen ones . . . top coats for the men . . . waiters in the outdoor restaurants swinging their arms . . . few boats in the Fair's "ports" . . . imagine the discomfiture of a customer in "Hollywood's" automat peep-show who, after depositing his nickel, beheld the beau-u-u-tiful model attired in a raccoon coat! . . . Tough night for the "lures" in the various nudist exhibits . . . with good luck, the majority may escape pneumonia.

Beer sales suffer . . . the usual twenty barrels served over the bars in "Paris" were decreased by about half . . . hot dog and hamburger stands got the break . . .

and the "speaks" dealing with the hard stuff (yes, there are some) showed an upward trend.

★ ★ ★

GENT FROM FLORIDA WEARING EAR MUFFS . . . when told that yesterday was the first day when the sun did not shine at the fair, he ha-haed, and said that even Miami had abandoned that kind of stuff years ago . . . he also displayed a bit of red flannel underwear—causing no end of envy among some of the daintily-clad guests of the Century Club . . . and one of the scantily attired peanut girls remarking that she would be willing to bear up with the chill, if it would only have the effect of making ogling men buyers wear mittens.

Gibbs Hall arriving in "Paris" from a North Side dinner party to bring a bathrobe for the gal who wears a nightie in front of La Belle Au Bois Dormant . . . and catching a cold himself. . . .

★ ★ ★

September 15

Sad tale, this. One of the Hollywood peep shows was doing a miserable business. Try as he might the barker couldn't lure the crowd to listen to his spiel because of the cool breezes from the lake. One chap finally halted in front of him. The ballyhooist gave him the works. He promised every thrill "on the inside." He pleaded, harassed and scolded. Finally, after twenty minutes of eloquence which should have melted a heart of stone, the prospective customer gave in, saying:

"Well, I'll try it once."

AND HE PRESENTED A PASS!

★ ★ ★

JOSEPH ("ONE-EYED") CONNOLLY boasting of the biggest accomplishment in his gate-crashing career . . .

that of getting by the guards the north entrance of the fair . . . how? . . . it's a professional secret.

★ ★ ★

September 16

It may have been all in fun. But then again it may not. Regardless, the handsome young woman who last night leaped, fully clothed into the swimming pool of "Paris" while thousands of spectators were watching a diving act, narrowly escaped fatal results.

Spectators near where she was seated asserted she broke away from members of her party and climbed the walls of the pool. She plunged into the water before attendants could reach her. Bob Braiden, one of the pool crew, pulled her out. He was just in time, as her clothing was interfering with efforts she was apparently making to save herself.

The party immediately left, refusing to divulge the woman's name. She is said, however, to be the wife of an executive in one of the biggest concessions at the fair.

★ ★ ★

September 20

SAM BLYTHE, NATIONALLY FAMED WRITER, seeing as much of the fair as may be viewed from the balcony of the Century Club, yarned this one about his fellow Californian, Harry Leon Wilson, the author:

Wilson received from some friends in the wilds of Canada the following wire:

"Will you join us on a moose hunt?"

And Wilson telegraphed back:

"I don't recall having lost any moose."

★ ★ ★

September 21

After-midnight events (unscheduled) at the fair:

Two young and well dressed women in fist-and-nail battle outside "Streets of Paris" . . . taken to police station on the grounds, one charged the other with "stealing my husband" and asked for warrant . . . sent to S. State st. station . . . "Rusty" Nixon, red-haired and

pretty cigar girl in Oriental Village, in St. Luke's Hospital as result of an argument with one of the employes . . . the man was arrested and charged with assault and battery . . . a former federal official strikes at a guard because he didn't like the color of his uniform . . . escorted from the grounds . . . two youths evicted from "Paris" after trying to break into dressing room of "peepshow" . . . as though they could see any more there than on the outside . . . oh, well, it was a cold night and maybe the lads and lassies had to do something to warm up.

★ ★ ★

Mayor E. M. Hoad of SEATTLE entered the Casino with a party. After being introduced to the Westerner I asked if he didn't want to express himself about the fair for publication. He replied:

"If you don't mind, I'd rather not. You see, I am here on a pleasure trip . . ."

Just at that moment one of the mayor's party dropped a big package—and the odor from the crushed glass was strangely similar to that which will be legally in evidence in November. Hoad continued:

". . . and there goes much of my pleasure."

★ ★ ★

September 23

"JAKE" KERN, with the charming lady who was his bride at the opening of the first World's Fair in '93. "Jake" Kern, hale and hearty, and over 70, telling of those days when he was state's attorney of Cook county, how he rode on a white horse from the site of the Public Library to the fair grounds—wearing a high hat and a swallow tail coat—on his first horseback ride.

"The horse was owned by Mrs. Charles Cave, whose husband now owns a dry goods store in South Chicago.

"Lad, that was a ride. I stood for four days afterward, but I hung on."

September 25

IT WAS SCOTS DAY AND NIGHT among other things. All the Campbells were coming and going until the wee small hours at Hollywood, Paris, etc., to say nothing of the Hagertys (Ed and Jessie of New Jersey, to be exact), Epsteins, Hackenschmidts, Pulaskis, Johnsons and other clans.

Long toward morning it got almost as cold as a landlord's heart, or am I getting anemic? Anyway, everybody seemed to have fun on Scots Day, especially at the bars.

★ ★ ★

PARIS AND PATHOS.

The old man of 27, mumbling of failure and his dad's letter, swallowing poison, amidst the gaiety in the Cafe de la Paix. All around him happy crowds raising glasses in a medley of cheers and laughter while he gulps the death potion. But he will recover, fortunately.

★ ★ ★

September 26

Life is never totally stilled at the fair. After 2 a. m. when the sight-seers and merry-makers stagger home, serious work begins. Trucks rumble in the gates and through the grounds carrying supplies for the following day. Silent sweepers, working steadily, brush away the day's debris. Scrubbers are busy in the concessions. Painters and repair men work on the many structures already showing signs of wear and tear. Electricians inspect the hundreds of dynamos and converters. Busses run from one end of the island to the other at regular schedules. Cashiers walk and ride to the central station to "check in". And, if you care to see Rudolph Hofmeister, said to be the world's fastest wood carver, at

work, you'll have to come after 4 a. m.—the time he starts his expert cutting in the "World a Million Years Ago", and remains until Joseph Damon, his boss, arrives at 8 a. m. Not one in a hundred of these laborers has even seen the wonders of the fair in the afternoon or early evening, though most have been employed since the opening.

★ ★ ★

September 27

IT WAS QUITE A PLEASURE to meet the first child "checked" in the World's Fair—of '93. She is Mrs. George E. Leach, wife of Maj. Gen. Leach, head of the national guard bureau of the United States Army. As an infant, Mrs. Leach, then Anita Churcher, was taken by her parents who lived in Evanston, to the Columbian Exposition on the first day. The "checking" of a child to permit mothers and fathers to visit "Little Egypt" and other shows caused no little comment at the time—some of the adverse sort. After looking over a few of the shows in this fair's Midway, Mrs. Leach gently suggested that too-susceptible husbands be "checked".

★ ★ ★

September 28

Kilties and Campbells! Back doing a reportorial boots, boots, boots last night over the hard pavements of the fair after a "leave" for a few days in the East, I thought, for a few moments, that the ricksha pilots had changed into Fall costumes or that the South Park police were dolled up in another type of British uniform to replace their red jackets.

There were kilties to the right and kilties to the left, bag-pipers and scores of solidly built chaps wearing high black feathery hats.

The Essex Scottish Regiment, from Windsor, had taken over the fair for the night.

An electric razor shop has been opened directly next door to the House of David on the Twenty-third st. bridge!

★ ★ ★

September 29

A LITTLE RAID. Not much. Seeing that most of the gal fan-ists, sleeveists, rhumba-ists and other assorted ists are wearing the required covering, fore and aft, the activity of the fair's moralists last night took the form of confiscating a highly popular 25-cent slot machine from the exclusive Sponsors' Club in "Paris".

Officers forcing their way in and pushing aside John Corboy, one of the prominent backers of the concession, dragged out the machine and loaded it into a truck. It probably won't be seen again.

★ ★ ★

September 30

ANOTHER WARNING FROM ROBERT ISHAM RANDOLPH, director of operations at the fair, that "lewd and indecent gestures and obscene language of barkers and lecturers along the Midway must be discontinued" or else . . .

The action follows an investigation by Miss Jessie F. Binford, executive director of the Juvenile Protective Association, who found:

"Crowds of gray-bearded men, women, boys of high school age, children in arms, young girls, drunken men and a sprinkling of humanity of all ages and social conditions, listen to the raucous, often vulgar speech of barkers (who rival the Hall of Science for free entertainment) as follows:

" 'Ten cents—no pants!'

" 'They wear nothing but a smile.'

" 'Have your batteries charged. If you don't get a thrill out of this, there's something wrong with you.' "

October 2

Where are those wild, woolly and whoopy Legionnaires night-life business men of the fair have been so "fearful" of?

The walls of "Paris" are still intact. There were no visible inclinations to seize Sally Rand, fans and all, from the Oriental Village, and carry her down the Midway. True, there was plenty of hilarity last night and the strains of "Hinky Dinky Parley Voo", "Madam 'o'zell From Armentierres", and even a few verses of "Lydia Pinkham", but the spicy words were generally omitted.

Whatever happened elsewhere in Chicago, the fair "front" was as peaceful as any other busy night since the opening.

★ ★ ★

MAYBE THEY DON'T READ THE NEWSPAPERS BACK IN THE OZARK HILLS. Anyway, a tall, lean legionnaire from that section accosted a distinguished gentleman walking down the Midway with—

"William Jennings Bryan, I declar'!"

The gentleman thanked the hill-billy for the "compliment", explaining that, due to a facial resemblance and the fact that he habitually wore a frock coat and wide brimmed hat, he was frequently mistaken for the Great Commoner.

He told the legionnaire his name—John Hammill, three-time governor of Iowa.

★ ★ ★

October 3

I KNEW HIM WHEN he carried the reputation of being the toughest, cussingest, crap shootin' "gold bricker" ever to keep out of the guard house of the old signal battalion of the Thirty-third Division, A. E. F.

He was the nightmare of "bevo" lieutenants and even the older and more experienced officers passed the job of rep-

rimanding him to their husky sergeants. Hard? Why, in comparison, "Machine Gun" Kelly was a sissy.

Last night I saw him again. A youngster lay asleep in his right arm. Another tugged at his coat tails. I scarcely recognized him. His chest had "fallen" and the old reckless look was gone from his eyes. There was no swagger in his walk. He extended a rather listless hand. Undiplomatically, I asked him:

"Jim, what's come over you? Where's the old pep of the sort you showed the time we went A. W. O. L. from our camp at Eu and . . ."

He interrupted with a hunted expression. And taking me by the arm, he led me to a prim little lady, with a Legionnaire cap resting jauntily on her head and about half his weight, who was gazing in the window of a food shop, saying:

"Meet the wife."

Then, without another word of explanation, he turned to his Missus and said:

"All right, Ann, if you insist upon seeing the exhibition of a fireless cooker, let's go."

Even a bachelor could understand.

★ ★ ★

MAYBE THE PRETTY BLONDE who asked me to light her cigar, which she puffed with evident contentment while beer-ing in the Cafe de la Paix in "Paris", would be a bit uneasy today if I followed instructions to tell all her friends that she "liked a good strong cigar after meals". Yet she warned her husband to "lay off likker", as he had to drive the car home. He obeyed. A good tip on how to attain marital happiness. Be broad-minded, men.

★ ★ ★

October 4

A FARMER LEGIONNAIRE from Northwest Minnesota arrived for the big

show early last week. He motored here and secured lodging on Lawrence Ave. Knowing little of Chicago, and being bashful as to asking questions, he took a street car for the fair. Passing the amusement park at Western Ave. and Belmont, he noticed all the "World's Fair" signs (relating to auto parking and rooms) and, leaving the car, entered. He visited the park for three successive days and nights.

Last night, for the first time, he learned that he had not been at A Century of Progress.

★ ★ ★

Helen, one of the little cigaret girls in Club Casanova, was all smiles last night. She told this story:

"A big feller, he had on a lot of medals and a blue uniform, says to me:

" 'I'd certainly like to take a punch at you, you beautiful blond!'

"I said, 'Why don't you?'

"And he did. He was just GRAND!"

★ ★ ★

There's a new Hawaiian (?) hula show in "Hollywood". And, oh, so naughty! When a group of Chicago city coppers went in to see the show, they were informed it was being moderated because Censor Moriarity was prowling around. One had an inspiration. They divided forces and half went in the theater while the other half stood guard. Then they reversed places. It would have been interesting to have had Joe appear at the time.

★ ★ ★

October 6

FOR SEVERAL CHILLY HOURS last night a crowd in and around the Oriental Village chanted more or less sorrowfully:

"What's become of our Sally?"

The answer was soon forthcoming from Ernie Young, impresario-manager of the tented night club, who, in Rialtoese language, bitterly explained that Sally Rand fan-ist had taken a "runout powder".

Sally was scheduled to do her final feather-twirling last night. All the "last appearance" signs had been printed. The barkers had bought extra bottles of throat spray to lure in the cash customers. Sally's "private" risksha boy had ironed out his spare pair of shorts and polished up his carriage. It was all going to be pretty swell and there were hopes of outdoing Ben Bernie's farewell of the night before.

Then came the bad news. One of Sally's numerous managers phoned. Sally was due in New York. She just couldn't get out to the fair. So sorry, etc.

★ ★ ★

A BESPECTACLED, gray-haired gentleman, of benevolent appearance and gestures, gave a party last night at the Casino. He was Harry K. Thaw, who figured in a lot of first page "copy" before the present-day younger set was born. Thaw was attended personally by Alfred Levey, head waiter at the eating spot, who had served as a food carrier to Thaw in the Madison Square Garden roof restaurant the day before the shooting of Stanford White. **(Maybe you've heard the story credited to Thaw who, after taking a first glance at the modernistic character of A Century of Progress buildings, remarked that he had "shot the wrong architect".)**

★ ★ ★

October 7

Arthur Meeker, host of a party which included "Dick" Greer, who flies the mail over the Rockies from Salt Lake to San Francisco . . . **and Meyer Glassford, handball champion of the New York City fire department, beaming when a dive (water) was dedicated to him by Frank Snary.**

Jane Allen, blond beauty from Hollywood on the west coast, being enthusiastically greeted by Grant Withers . . . he knows 'em all, the lucky stiff . . . Major Robert Wigglesworth, chief of the fair guides, carrying two empty beer bottles . . . he explained to friends that they are to be part of his "collection" . . . he said he never takes home FULL ones . . . but neither do a lot of other husbands.

★ ★ ★

"Conscience money", the first on record for the fair. Joe Cornell, treasurer of "Hollywood", yesterday received an anonymous letter postmarked Berrien Springs, Mich., as follows:

"In payment for one admission to your show."

It contained 25 cents in stamps.

Mr. Cornell believes someone "crashed" the gates and is now bothered about it. If this person will make another trip to the fair, he will be the honored guest of "Hollywood" management for twenty-four hours.

★ ★ ★

Marguerite Pluckebaum, an ad expert from Cincinnati, remarking to her friend, Miss Genevieve Pechiney, that the glass houses on exhibit had at least one good quality, to-wit:

"Your neighbors can SEE what you are doing. They nearly always imagine WORSE."

And Miss Pechiney replying:

"Yes, but a person living in one of the places would have a difficult time trying to get away with a 'not at home' dodge to an undesirable caller."

October 10

Lady who reported the loss of two children, but said she wasn't alarmed. With foresight she had pinned a one-dollar bill on the stocking of each, together with a note containing their names and the fact that they were stopping at the Hotel Sherman. Both children eventually turned up at the hotel, having followed her instructions given "in the event of becoming lost", and presenting the address and money to a taxicab driver. A worthy suggestion for folks who take young ones to the fair—and have dollars.

★ ★ ★

Bonfires in the rear of night-life places . . . and entertainers cuddled within the warmth of the blaze . . . there is no place quite so cold as a heatless dressing room . . . Indian squaws wearing bearskin furs . . . and a few braves with ear muffs and gloves . . . almost nude models donning raccoon coats between "exhibitions" . . . electric heater salesmen reaping a harvest. . . . Open-air cafes practically empty . . . little music after midnight and hardly any hilarity . . . it was that cold at the fair last night.

Ahmet Muhtar Bey, Turkish ambassador to the United States, wheel-chairing down the Midway . . . Paul Bachelor, actor, hurrying into the gates for a visit to Buddy Rogers at the Casino, but stopping for a "red hot" at one of the stands . . . Fred Hobschied, former U. of C. football star, and his brother, Paul, many times decorated war hero, chatting with some of the ricksha lads who are delaying their return to school.

Jimmy Murphy, creator of "Toots and

Casper" (daily in the comic section of A GOOD newspaper), came all the way from Beverly Hills, Cal., to see the fair.

★ ★ ★

October 13

Princess Ahi "walked out" on the orchestra and crowd during her "Sophisticated Lady" dance in Paris last night.

She claimed that members of the band got their music scores mixed; that the saxophonist was playing "The Star Spangled Banner", or some other patriotic tune, while the remainder were rendering "Good Night Sweetheart". The bandsmen say it was "Chinese temperament". Take your choice.

★ ★ ★

October 16

Frank Chance, red-haired man-about-the-Fair, stood gazing at his reflection in the glass of one of the doors leading to the Rendezvous Club. After a moment or two of contemplation he drew back his fist and crashed it through the pane.

Looking ruefully at his scratched hand, he remarked: "He was staring at me!"

★ ★ ★

Mayor Kelly, accompanied by Mrs. Kelly and James B. McCahey, president of the school board, saw much of the fair's bright lights last night. Stopping for a brief while in "Paris" and taking a tour through the "rues" with John McMahon as their guide, they finished the evening at the Casino with King Levinsky the chief laugh getter.

After volunteering to "stooge" for the Maxellos, acrobats, "The King" was prevailed upon by Buddy Rogers to croon. Levinsky announced he was dedicating

to "My pal, the mayor", the following song:

"When the blue of the night meets the gold of the day, some one wa-wa-wa-wa-waits for me-e-e-e-e."

The mayor turned a bit red at the "distinction", but joined the applause.

★ ★ ★

October 17

Life swung to the far south end of the fair last night. Probably the most unique party of this exposition was celebrated in "Old Mexico". It was "South-End Concessionnaires' Night". Midgets danced with ladies of the "Beef Trust" ballet; high booted cowboys tangoed with peep-show nudists; champion log-rollers were tete-a-tete-ing with Spanish (?) dime-a-dance girls and, from the antics of several Indian "braves", they must have given their squaws (sleeping peacefully in the village not far away) an equivalent to the white man's got-to-stay-and-work-on-the-books-tonight alibi.

It was quite a social affair and most of the shows south of Thirty-first St. closed early out of consideration. They had to. No one was left to do the work.

★ ★ ★

October 19

Last night I enjoyed a different atmosphere than any I had encountered since being given the assignment of "covering" night life at the fair.

I "messed" with officers of Camp Whistler, and, incidentally, learned the secret of the exemplary conduct of the 500 soldiers who have been detailed here for the past five months.

Lieut. Col. O. L. Brunzell, the commanding officer, said that he gave his men but one conduct regulation. It was:

"You are exhibition troops and will conduct yourselves accordingly."

GOLIATH GETS A MEAL. Another yarn about food, but not quite so pleasant as some. Extension of the fair was quite a break for "Goliath", the twenty-six-foot python in the snake house. Owner Cliff Wilson fed "Goliath" last night—a nice 41-pound pig—and the reptile will spend most of the time intervening between now and the close of the exposition in digesting his meal. Directly after "Goliath" swallowed his first dinner in seven weeks, a dainty morsel, a live chicken, was offered "Faith", a slightly smaller python. "Faith" appeared to be undergoing a diet—and what ladies don't once in a while?—but "Hope", a sister, gobbled it with the appetite of an unemployed chorus girl. "Charity", another member of the family, will be remembered tomorrow.

★ ★ ★

October 21

A PERSISTENT INSURANCE AGENT had pestered Miss Marjorie Kemp in an effort to sell her a policy. This continued for several months. Finally, Miss Kemp invited the agent to visit her during working hours at the fair. He came. One look at Miss Kemp busy at her chosen profession, and he departed without the slightest hint of having her sign up.

She is "boss" of the lions at the Lion Motordrome on the Midway.

★ ★ ★

ROCKY PENN, the "Charlie Chaplin" of the "Hollywood" lot, was asked if his marriage, which occurred a few months ago, was turning out happy. He replied:

"Very much so. I'm about to be out of a job and she's working steady."

★ ★ ★

October 23

IT WAS A DULL NIGHT in the Oriental Village. Fred Ledgett, an old-time

circus man, gazed at the sides of the big tent, which formerly had sheltered a wild animal show, and said that they brought to his mind a story. He yarned:

"A chap was hunting game in Africa. Attracted by frequent distressed trumpeting, he came upon an elephant which was suffering from a big thorn in one of his feet. The kind hunter removed the cause of the pain and the pachyderm plunged into the brush.

"Ten years later this same hunter was attending a circus. The usual string of elephants was led in, each with its trunk holding the tail of the one in front. At the end of the line was the beast which the man had befriended.

"Recognizing the hunter immediately, the animal swung over his trunk and grasped him about the waist—lifting him from the 50-cent seats and placing him in the dollar section.

"Elephants never forget."

★ ★ ★

October 24

FRANK STEINHART, JR., son of the traction and power king of Cuba, flew here from Havana with a party of eight and saw "Paris" under the capable guideship of Leon Mandel, the merchant. Incidentally, Mr. Steinhart is a former Chicagoan, his grandfather having been a humble bill collector for the grandfather of his present host.

★ ★ ★

CREDIT LAST NIGHT'S BEST LAUGH at the fair to the lady who entered the Horticultural Building and inquired.

"Please tell me what time they feed the lagoons."

★ ★ ★

GEORGE LYTTON has proven himself endowed with other qualifications

than that of being a merchant prince and expert bass viol player. Meeting two somewhat tipsy rowdies in "Paris," Mr. Lytton admonished them for a vile remark to a passing lady. One of the toughs said:

"Say, guy, if you were twenty years younger and didn't wear glasses, I'd show you how I handle buttinskies."

Without hesitation, Mr. Lytton removed his glimmers and said, quietly:

"All right. I'll waive the age consideration and my glasses are off. Now start something."

But the tough, evidently thinking better than try and carry out the bluff, walked away without another word. Which, for them, is probably just as well. Mr. Lytton still retains no little of his youthful skill as an amateur boxer.

★ ★ ★

"TEX" AUSTIN, movie actor-lecturer-circus-man-ranch owner, breezed in the Twenty-third st. gate with Mrs. Austin after a 60-mile-an-hour motor trip from their home in Santa Fe, N. M. The first sight to meet his eyes was that of an Indian brave, heavily blanketed. Halting in his tracks, he exclaimed:

"Whoa! Think of coming 2,000 miles to see what I just left."

★ ★ ★

October 25

THIS INCIDENT OCCURRED on the visit of "Al" Smith to "Wings of a Century". One of the official fair photographers, maneuvering about trying to get some good "shots" of the noted New Yorker, became considerably annoyed at the way an amateur photographer got in his way. Finally, in good old photographers' language, he burst out:

"Say, you so-and-so such-a-such, get outta my way."

The individual addressed turned, grinned a bit, but said nothing. Later the photographer, on seeing him in conversation with Mr. Smith, became a bit nervous that he had offended a "big shot," asked a fellow cameraman if he knew him. And the reply:

"Know him? Of course, I know him. He's your boss—Maj. Lenox R. Lohr, general manager of the fair."

★ ★ ★

October 27

SEVERAL NEW SIGNS along the ground keeping one reminded that the end is near. "Liquidation" notices and "damaged goods" placards over many of the sidewalk novelty shops. Bargain rates in most of the shows.

And an enterprising chap who did a considerable cash business by selling little cards to the about-to-be-out-of-work employes which read:

IT IS WITH PROFOUND REGRET THAT I TELL YOU THERE WILL BE NO SANTA CLAUS THIS YEAR.

Most of the buyers asserted that they would be used in lieu of Xmas gifts and cards.

★ ★ ★

SMUGGLING! Yes, sir, right here in the fair. True, the guards who are searching all packages in the arms of existing visitors haven't found much yet, but they expect almost any time to uncover a rare rug, picture or perfume which may have been purchased at one of the foreign exhibits at the exposition and upon which no duty has been paid.

★ ★ ★

October 31

THAT GREAT ORATOR and former lieutenant governor of Indiana, F. Harold Van Orman, did a bit of high class orating at the fair last night and helped

bring certain concessionaires out of a deep gloom brought on by the slim attendance.

First, he emphasized the fact that the folks from the small cities and towns thoroughly enjoyed themselves while visiting during the Summer months. And he volunteered to tell what they liked best at the exposition, which should be a bit of surprise to fair nightlifers. Said he:

"You are probably under the impressions that the salacious exhibitions, peepshows and the like are those sights which are most remembered and discussed in the corner grocery store and at the church sewing circles. You're wrong. They may have gone to sights of that sort, but they don't care to advertise the fact that they had been bunked.

"What did they like? Remember that old song—I believe it was a song—'The best things in life are free'? There's your answer. They enjoyed and remember the free sights, science, agriculture, music, light and the crowds. And the less they spent, the more enthusiastic they were over their visit."

★ ★ ★

While taking movies at "Paris", a white horse was brought in for a "Lady Godiva", a role nudily taken by Miss Neville Norman. The steed, brought up in the atmosphere of a military camp, took one look at the lights and the prospective rider, and bolted. Later another animal was brought in for the purpose—one which had practically lost sight of both eyes.

November 2

A BEARDED GENTLEMAN, who bore remarkable resemblance to Gen. Balbo, gave the crowd of diners in the Italian restaurant a thrill when he entered and sat down to dine last evening. Waiters hurried back in the kitchen to glance at late editions of the newspapers to see whether or not the great aviator had suddenly returned to America. The autograph hunters got busy. And when the excitement died down the visitor identified himself as Andres Vivinos, famous portrait painter of Florence, Italy, who is here on a visit. Not so many years ago Vivinos studied in the Art Institute in Chicago and later struggled for a living in New York until he won a prize of $18,000 on a dollar ticket in the Irish Free State lottery.

★ ★ ★

November 3

THEN the odd stories of "gate crashers". A lady, leading a blind man, told one of the lieutenants that she could not leave her husband at home alone and wanted to "park" him in some quiet spot. Inasmuch as he could not see, she didn't see why he should pay the admission charge.

The above incident was similar to the one which occurred earlier in the Summer. A one-eyed gentleman from Minneapolis was of the opinion that, due to his affliction, he should be admitted for half price. He insisted that he could see only half of what the other visitors did. In a report made to the main office by the gateman, was the following remark:

"I could readily see that, if I telephoned the office for instructions at that time they would direct me to charge the man double on the ground that it would take him twice as long to see the fair."

No one will ever charge the doorman with being lethargic.

An ingenious chap last week hit upon a brilliant scheme to "crash" the Fourteenth st. gate. He procured a billhead from a local blue print concern and had written thereon:

"Deliver to Purchasing Agent, Administration Building, A. C. O. P., 10 sheets tracing cloth at 17 cents each—$1.70."

The cashier asked to see the package and began questioning the young man—who immediately turned on his heels and fled. On examining the bundle it was found to contain two ham sandwiches, an apple and a piece of pie.

★ ★ ★

November 6

Wondering while wandering through the fair on a chilly Sunday night:

Wonder how many Chicagoans haven't seen the fair—and why.

Wonder which will be remembered most forty years from now, Sally Rand or the sky ride. (As if there was any doubt!)

Wonder what the censors will do between now and the 1934 show. (And what of it?)

Wonder what will become of the fashionable "clubs" which flourished during the Summer, it now being a certainty that hard likker and wine may be drunk in the open long before June of next year.

Wonder how the modernistic architecture is going to withstand the icy blasts from the lake during the Winter.

Wonder if something is going to be done to provide a carnival atmosphere for the customers in next year's fair.

Wonder what would have happened to foot traffic along the Midway if the hoped-for million attendance day had been realized.

Wonder what frank description of the pale face will be expressed by the Indian tribesmen to their brethren on the return

from their fair tepees to the reservations in Montana, New Mexico and other sections of the Far West. (Ugh!)

★ ★ ★

Wonder why more than 50 per cent of the customers in peep-shows were women. (Was it for consolation or inspiration?)

★ ★ ★

EVERY OLD-TIME SHOWMAN at the fair is mourning "Tex" Guinan. Her last night club experiment in Chicago, that of the "Pirate Ship", in the heart of the Midway, is still fresh in their minds. She met with tough luck right from the start. As she herself expressed it, "I got all the breaks—and every one of them bad." At the sudden closing of the "ship"—the result of a combination of bad weather and scarcity of "good spenders"—"Tex" lost heavily. But her "gang" got paid in full.

"Tex" never cared for "sob stuff" about her. She wouldn't now. She, herself, has hidden many a tear with a wise-crack. Her final act now over, and with her lips having said their last jest and lightning-fast repartee, La Guinan would have liked best that those who knew her with deep admiration and affection gave her a final "great big hand."

★ ★ ★

November 9

WHILE VISITING the "Life" exhibition, a souvenir hunter—or he may have been just an ordinary petty thief—seized one of the big vials containing the alcoholized remains of reptiles and secreted it under his overcoat. He next visited the Ripley show and while watching a freak demonstration, dropped his prize and quickly left the place. The sound of the vessel shattering on the floor attracted a middle-aged gent who, up to

this time had evidently not only used up his free beer tickets, but also consumed other more potent mixtures. He started to laugh uproariously at what he considered the sad plight of a fellow drinker dropping his bottle, but, on seeing the nature of the vial's contents, now scattered in every direction, he turned a sickly green and ejaculated:

"Repeal, or no repeal, if that's the kind of stuff they're selling, I'm through drinking forever."

★ ★ ★

FIVE CENTS A PEEP.

Incidentally, while on the subject of "Paris", the 5-cent peep-show has at last made its appearance. Several of the better known have established "cold weather prices". It is true that the models wear fur coats and long woolen stockings—but, what can you expect for a nickel?

★ ★ ★

A FLICKER of Midsummer gayety at the fair last night. The Century Club dinner at the Casino. Everybody dressed up, even the hired help. If a precedent must be established for going to affairs within the exposition grounds in formal attire it is with rare good judgment that the big occasion be saved until the LAST few days. (I attended in "baggy" brown.)

Almost everybody was there who is worth writing about. Judge Phil Sullivan, the golfer; Leon Mandel, yachtist; Dr. Charles King Corsant, globe trotter, and Mrs. Corsant; Gerhard Foreman and his beautiful and brilliant wife, the former Mary Lasker; Wirt Morton and his bride; the Otto Lehmanns—but I stopped jotting down names on seeing the society

editors on the job and began looking for something more in my line.

I conducted a search to find what person of prominence who was NOT present.

And, after an hour's diligent study of the crowd, the only familiar face from Chicago's social circles and gay night life whom I could not find was King Levinsky. And he may have arrived late.

★ ★ ★

November 10

ANY CURIOSITY WHICH I MAY HAVE HAD AS TO JUST HOW THE FAIR WILL LOOK AFTER NOVEMBER 12 WAS SATISFIED LAST NIGHT.

"Paris" was closed, totally, at 6 p. m.

"Hollywood" turned out their lights a few moments later.

The Casino was open until 9 p. m.—due to a birthday party tendered the chef.

So I interviewed the first six chilly customers I met while walking from the "World a Million Years Ago" to the Sky Ride. I asked:

"What brings you to the fair on a chilly night such as this?"

In the order which they were given, the answers follow:

Bewhiskered gent wearing long bearskin coat: "By gosh, I came to see the fair, and the fair I'm goin' to see. Just arrived from Red Camp, Minnesota, this morning. Think this is cold? Say, you oughta see some of the Winters we have up home. I remember one . . .

But I didn't wait.

Two middle-aged ladies, each carrying numerous descriptive folders: "We got into the Hall of Science and it was so interesting that we forgot all about time until they asked us to leave. I think it's a shame. We haven't really seen anything yet. Wonder if we can't get a return ticket to come again tomorrow if we promise not to again visit the places we've seen?"

I told them to write to Maj. Lohr.

A shivering youth, coatless and unshaven: "A guy gave me a dime and a ticket. I used the dime to get here. Haven't had a bite in two days and no place else to go. Could you . . . ?"

I could—it being the first "touch" during the five months on the fair grounds. (I must make a memorandum for my expense account.)

Happy gentleman, with telltale bulge in coat pocket: "I'm here (hic) 'cause I like it. Grea' place. Lis'en to that beau'ful music. Shay (hic) where's that Olmpia? Have a drink with me. Be a sport."

Believe it or not, I refused to be a sport.

Good-looking young woman: "You may, or may not, be a newspaper man, but whoever you are, I don't mind telling you I'm looking for my husband who said he had to take his boss out here tonight. He said he was going to 'Paris' which has been closed four hours. I'll listen to his story and then he'll hear something."

Tsk! tsk! Those husbands!

That was sufficient interviewing for the night. It gives a general idea of why SOME folks risked pneumonia to visit the big show on the coldest of nights. Or, does it?

★ ★ ★

November 13

LO, THE POOR INDIANS have removed their war paint and feathers and taken their checkered suits and red neckties from their trunks and left for home.

★ ★ ★

A Century of Progress of 1933 is over.

★ ★ ★

With dust-filled but tearless eyes I am recording for posterity the final (for this year, at least) appearance of "Fair Nights," which for the past five months has tried to present a word picture of after-sunset frivolities and the lighter side of a grand exposition.

★ ★ ★

There wasn't much of the unusual about last night's au revoir. In fact, it was just about as exciting as when Mr. Schnizzlenotter locks up his delicatessen store to take mamma and der kinder to the annual Pilsen picnic.

Blame it on the weather.

★ ★ ★

JUST ABOUT THE TIME when things were beginning to take on the appearance of an "auld lang syne" party a terrific wind started blowing from the lake, raising huge clouds of dust. And how can even a would-be warbler sing with sticks, discarded paper bags, cardboard firemen's hats and other debris blowing directly into his open mouth? It can't be done—and wasn't.

True, there were some touching moments.

Those barkers, almost-nude models, and others of the peepshow clan, said farewell in a language all their own.

Listen with me to a bit of back-stage conversation from "Visions d'Art":

Delesia: **"Well, we're through, dearie, and wadda ya gonna do now?"**

Charlotte: **"Dunno. Guess it will be back to the factory for me. And, lissen, girl chum, how about that jar of cold cream you borrowed?"**

Delesia: **"Cold cream! Where's that brassiere I loaned you when that censor guy came in? Guess that makes us even. G'bye. I'll be seein' you next year—maybe."**

Charlotte: **"Goo' bye yourself. You'll see me next year—if I don't see you first."**

★ ★ ★

THE APPEARANCE of "Paris" was almost sad. While the attendance was greater than on opening days, the old spirit—and "spirits"—just weren't there. And an unromantic janitor was seen rubbing from the walls of the star's dressing room the scribbled note:

"My home address is 11 E. Division st.
SALLY RAND."

★ ★ ★

This being the final appearance of "FAIR NIGHTS," the writer is going to ease his conscience by a bit of confession. There were a few happenings which were purposely omitted from the nightly gist which might have proved interesting reading.

For example, there was the vivacious "deb," who, while thoroughly ginned, asked and received permission to take one of the regular models' place in the nudest of nude shows; the well-known society man who started a big concession "on a shoe string" and left, literally, without even his shoes—dropping $15,000 of credulous friends' capital; a well-known business man who collapsed and nearly died in one of the fashionable clubs in the fair—the cause was given as "heart trouble," but the real reason was that his wife had just left him and he

tried to carry out a threat to "drink myself to death"; the doctor from Milwaukee who fell in love with a flower girl, proposed marriage, was accepted, and gave her $200 for new clothes. He was to meet her the following evening—WAS to; the clergyman who "relaxed" so thoroughly that he had to be escorted out of the grounds, the prominent banker with a "failing" for peanut girls, and the southern statesman who had to be forcibly ejected from the dressing room of an Oriental dancer. But I didn't tell Am I going soft?

★ ★ ★

Farewell to a Century of Progress of '33

★ ★ ★

In Appreciation

AND there you have the little incidents, quips, humor, pathos and nonsense of the night life of A Century of Progress of 1933. They are the tidbits taken from the "Fair Nights" columns which appeared in the Chicago American over the five-month season of the exposition.

Among the many to whom I am indebted for the inspiration and aid which, I hope, afforded a few chuckles and served, in a humble way, of presenting a word picture of the nightly sights and happenings of the big show, are "Andy" Rebori, impresario and personality of "The Streets of Paris"; W. Rosenthal and Joe Cornell, genial "worriers" of "Hollywood"; President Rufus M. Dawes and General Manager Lenox R. Lohr; Frank Bering, guiding spirit of the "Blue Ribbon Casino"; Joe Dufore and Joe Rogers, who found few lulls during their management of "Darkest Africa" and "Life"; Dr. Couney, "father" of 30,000 incubator babies; John McMahon, who drew thousands with his "drawing" classes; Chet Foust, man-about-the-fair; Karl Eitel, rejuvenator of old German ballads in "Old Heidelberg"; Roy Topper, clever artist who prepared the cover for this booklet; Hazel Flynn, Charlie Blake, and Ed Gorey, who "pinch-hit" as column conductors occasionally—and many, many more whose names are to be found within.

As Ben Bernie, the Old Maestro, might say:

"I hope you like it."


PARIS
HOLLY