The Lecture Course

By W. E. Hill

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"My dear, I know just how you feel about going to a strange doctor. How can he tell, if you're looking terrible that day, whether you are very ill or whether you just look that way naturally?" Just a couple of jolly girls who have lost the thread of the argument, indulging in a friendly chat at a lecture on "Modern Indian Art."

The reader, Letitia Spray McGowan, is a dramatic reader. And very dramatic she can be at times, even going so far as to cause her audience to perspire freely during the more impassioned passages. This afternoon she is charming the members of the Tuesday club with a romance of the old south, all about Olga Mays, Dixie and slaves and voilets and things. You can almost smell the slave quarters.

The deep stuff. Prof. Grudge of the physics department at Cracker college is discussing on the subject, "Can Our Minds Accept Inducements?" The hall is very hot, which is just as well, maybe, seeing that many in the audience think Prof. Grudge is not so hot. Indeed, several ladies sitting well down front have decided not to follow the arguments pro and con any longer, and are just thinking beautiful thoughts on their own. Wondering why he ever picked that tin, and what his wife is like, etc.

The humorist. Hap Horvitz, the well known funny man and author of "Why I Have Fish," is offering the lucky natives of Copenhagen, Ind., his talk, entitled "Bits and Hits of American Humor." "Did I" wonders Hap, when halfway through his address, as what Mr. Woolcott said to Mr. Beechey, "or did I not spring this gag have last year? Or did I tell it in Arizona?"

The celebrity. Mason Mole, the famous literary biographer, has been outed by the lecture bureau to show himself before an eager public. He is speaking before the Tuesday club on his latest brain child, a life of Isabella of Spain, in which Mason proves that Isabella never progressed mentally beyond 4 years of age, and, therefore, was only interested in Columbus because she confused him with Santa Claus.

Refined melody. The Sweep sisters, Faith, Patience and Maud, are really concert artists, but now and then, when business is poor, on account of Kettler and Schumann-Heckl being so over-advertised, they grace the theater here with performances on the piano. Faith recites Bizet's "Ruber, non videbiti," Patience "A Peasant in the Alps," and Maud accompanies her on the harp and the zither. Sometimes, if you listen warms. Patience and Maud will join in the chorus and the walls ring to the sound of "Tiddley Whoo, and Away We Go." and like ditties.

The latest slides. Darwin C. Mudd, the explorer who glorifies the African girl, is lecturing to a breathless audience on the man-eating natives of the lower Siibah whoopsie jungle. "Many of the women," say Darwin, "while not conforming to western standards, are remarkably attractive in a strange, eerie, gruesome-like way!"

Noblest obliged. Lady Doris Cattanese is touring America and registering impressions right and left, which she sells at a good round sum to the lecture bureau. Lady Doris is very busy telling Americans what's the matter with them as a people, and her lecture on "Manners: Crabbing the Rabbitts" is proving very rejuvenative.

Happiness and health. Mrs. Rose Maymie Maud is delivering her snappy talk before the Tuesday club on how to be healthy, wealthy and full of fun. The science of health, Mrs. Maud has discovered, is based on our relation to the kinetic globules in the air about us. All we have to do is to rise gently on our toes, breathe in and out, in and out, and greatly affect "I am breathing with kinetic globules" over and over again.

The literary guide. Gracie has been listening to a perfectly thrilling talk on the latest books and is all set to ask a bookseller for "The Book on Bridge," by San Lewis Ray, which was highly recommended by the lecturer.