

The Lecture Course

By W. E. Hill

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The reader. Letitia Spray McGowen 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 Ole Marse Bobby and young Miss Dixie and slaves and voodoos and things. You can almost smell the slave quarters.



"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 Islandic Art."



The celebrity. Maxon Mole, the famous literary biographer, has been sent out 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 Maxon 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.

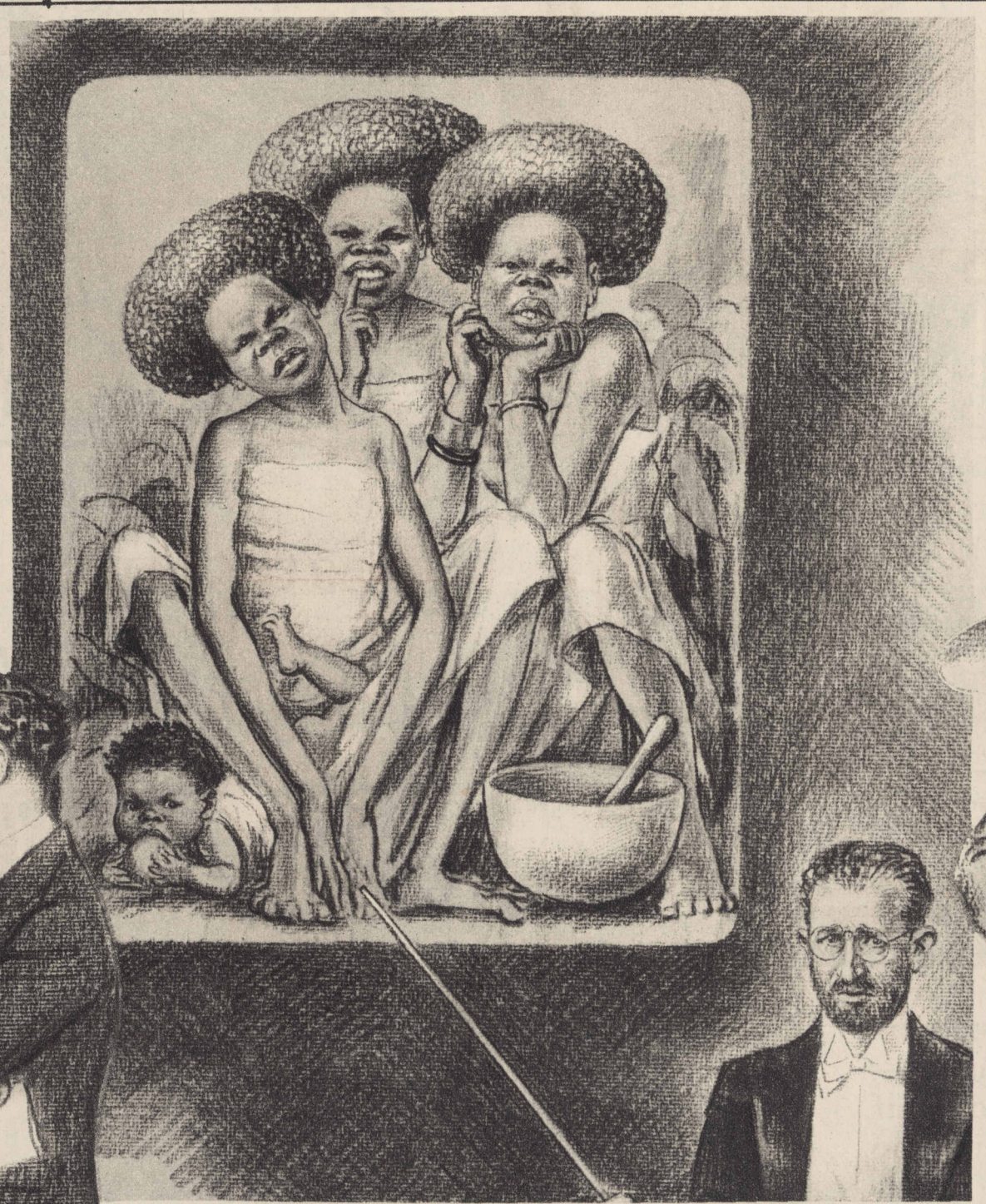


Refined melody. The Sweep sisters, Faith, Patience and Maud, are really concert artists, but now and then, when business is poor, on account of Kreisler and Schumann-Heink being so over-advertised, they grace a lecture platform with their act. Faith recites Browning (Robert, not Daddy) and old Druid folk songs, while Patience and Maud accompany her on the harp and the zithobar. Sometimes, if occasion warrants, Patience and Maud will join in the chorus and the walls will ring to the sound of "Tiddlee Hi, and Away We Go," and like ditties.



The deep stuff. Prof. Grudge of the physics department at Cracker college is discoursing on the subject, "Can Our Minds Accept Infinitude?" 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 tie, and what his wife is like, etc.

The humorist. Hap Hotwit, the well known funny man and author of "Why I Hate Fish," is offering the lucky natives of Crosspatch, Ind., his talk, entitled "Bits and Hits of American Humor." "Did I," ponders Hap, when halfway through his anecdote about what Mr. Woollcott said to Mr. Benchley, "or did I not spring this gag here last year? Or did I tell it in Altoona?"



The lantern 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 Snitchie-whoopsie jungle. "Many of the women," says Darwin, "while not conforming to western standards, are remarkably attractive in a strange, eerie, gnome-like way."



Noblesse oblige. Lady Doris Catsmeant 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 "Money Grubbing Babbitts" is proving very remunerative.



Happiness and health. Mrs. Rose Maymie Mead is delivering her snappy talk before the Tuesday club on how to be healthy, wealthy and full of fun. The science of health, Mrs. Mead 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 gently affirm, "I am bursting 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 Sam Lewis Ray, which was highly recommended by the lecturer.

