

Title: Andy Rice in society

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Resource Type:

Note(s): From the collections of the Rare Book and Special Collections Division.

Subject(s): monologue
humor -- Jewish
women -- young girls -- beauty
women -- education
courtship
athletics -- football -- college
college life
clothing
occupation -- domestic servants -- butler
wealth -- new
Goethe, Johann Wolfgang von
Van Dyck, Anthony
physical appearance -- body types
clothing -- corsets
humor -- puns
family relations

URL <http://lcweb2.loc.gov/diglib/ihas/loc.rbc.varsep.s44841>

Aug.17-16

ANDY RICE IN SOCIETY

Last night I was in Society. And I enjoyed myself something terrible. It was a coming out party. Sadie Cohn came out. I got one look at her face and I think she should have stayed in. The party was given in honor of her eighteenth birthday .. and it was a fine party ... only it was twelve years late. It's an open secret that Mr. and Mrs. Cohn gave this party with a purpose. They very seldom entertain ... at their own expense, but it had to come sooner or later... Sadie can't stay eighteen forever. She's been a big source of worry to her parents. She's given her mother almost as many grey hairs as she's got herself. And still Sadie has a wonderful disposition... she's so cheerful... and with a face like that she deserves a lot of credit. I feel sorry for Sadie. The big romance of her life ended up tragic. It started with love's young dream full of the warmth of youth's tempestuous... anyhow it turned out very punk. For two years she kept company with a fellow she never met. They made love by correspondence. The wedding was all arranged. He came to see her ... he saw her for the first time ... it was too much for him... right away he went so crazy over her... that they had to send him to a sanitarium. Since then her people have done everything to get for her a husband. They've sent her to Europe ...

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they've sent her to China.... even to Africa.... and no matter where they send her she always comes back -- alone. Just to get for her a sucker -- in the Spring they send her to the Springs.. in the fall they send her to Niagara Falls, ... in the Summer they send her to a Summer resort... in the winter they send her to a winter resort....and so finally they gave this party... as a last resort. And you'd really think that a girl like that would have lots of chances. She's highly educated. She speaks three live languages and a couple of dead ones. When she was in College she was always at the head of her class.. when they went to meals. Twice she got honorable mention in basketball. And she got the highest marks ... all around her neck. When she graduated she got ninety six in Geometry...94 in biology.. 97 in anatomy and a hundred in Polygamy. She's a smart girl. Even now she's got two tutors. One for Spanish and one on the automobile. I tell you her family was proud when she came home from college with her diploma. Why if she wanted to she could go out tomorrow and practice law. She's got her degree. Sadie Cohn. B.V.D. And such big words she uses. Each word is a whole conversation. Education is a good thing.. up to a certain extent.. but is it worth while to spend money on a girl to get her so educated that her own father and mother can't understand a word she says. (Or her own father and mother don't know what in the h--- she's talking about)

Before she went to college she had lots of admirers. Business men, manufacturers, real estaters. But they all got cold feet. They invited them to the house and dined them and wined 'em .. but none of 'em could get drunk enough. Now I'm afraid she will have to marry a lawyer. A lawyer is the only one who will be able to translate her. And the worst of it she's so conceited. Abrams...what's got a curio shep on eighth street... he was willing with the proper inducements to take her off their hands... his hobby is collecting antiques. But she wouldn't have him because he was homely....if she was Lillian Russell (or woman on the bill) she couldn't be more particular... (if she was the two Dolly Sisters rolled into one doll baby...) etc. and I told you how she looked...Fuy! She made up her mind she wouldn't marry anybody but a colleger. Right now she's desperately in love with a football player... in Ale College. He's a half back. I don't see how a smart girl like Sadie can fall in love with a cripple. All she's got on her mind is college...college societies - fraternities, she belongs to alpha Beta... Eata Meta.. Ypsilon capsicum...alpha Omega...Omeg a Oil...I don't know what kind of societies...it's all greek to me. Foreach society she wears a pin. She's full of pins. I hate them secret societies. At the party I sat with her in the conservatory... and I stuck myself three times. She's got her bedroom fixed up just like college. Full mit

flags, banners, mementos... the room is full of souvenirs of every place where she's been .. every place she goes she takes home a souvenir... ~~enue~~ she got arrested. But anyhall last night everybody agreed that she made a very successful debutante....considering her age. Her locks wasn't much.. but her conversation was brilliant... she didn't say nothing. She was dressed up enormous - the gown flattered her in the front.. and flattened her in the back.

It was cut low to show her neck... - and everybody admired her neck.. it was so clean. You couldn't say much for her gown except that it was neutral.It was designed. The dress was made in the Greek style, the color was London smoke, it was made of Italian silk, with a Russian collar, trimmed with Irish lace, and German spangles, it had a Turkish girdle with a Bulgarian tunic, the skirt was bolero with a Spanish effect, she wore Belgian Aigrettes, a Bulgarian Tunic, high French heels and she walked with a Swedish movement. It was a futurist gown.. the intention was to make her look twenty years ahead of the times.. and she did.. she looked every bit of fifty. And when the guests walked in and got a flash of Sadie.. as she stood in the main reception room.. under a big chandelier -- with the full light on her.. (bus).. well - it's a lucky thing they had a bar in the house.

In speaking of her gown it's hard for a mere man to do her justice.. but everybody agreed that she was guilty. Madame Frankel made that gown.. but it wasn't her fault... it was Sadie's own idea... Every woman at the party wanted to know who made that dress!-- Sadie felt highly complimented... but I was sorry for Madame Frankel.. it took her fifteen years to build up a good trade and in one night Sadie ruined it. But Sadie was delighted with herself. And her father thought she looked great... but Mrs. Cohn was on. That morning when the dress came and Sadie tried it on,.... she cried all day. But nobody was sorry for her. The Cohns are very unpopular. For rich people they're terribly stingy.

Selfish, close fisted. The whole family is that way. They can't help it. It's in the blood. I know because I'm his first cousin. To show you how everybody got it in for them, they sent out a hundred invitations for the supper.... and everybody came. And it's no wonder people ain't got no use for them. They're such snobs. Especially Mrs. Cohn. It's terrible the way she holds her nose way up in the air... still say.. that's inherited.. her father was a big cheese manufacturer. And Cohn is just as bad. On everything he's got a coat of arms.... and a family motto. "IN HOC SIGNO VINCESE". I don't know where he got that

last part -- that SIGNO VINCESE.. but the first part I can understand... before he married Mrs. Cohn his whole family was IN HOC. And now he's got three maids, a chauffeur and a swell headed butler. An Englishman... He came D'reck from London -- d'reck as soon as the war broke out. He worked over there for a Duke and Dukess.. and Mrs. Cohn hired him to teach Cohn how to eat in company. I ain't got no use for that fellow.. he may come from a good family.. but I like people to be democratic. Last night when I came in he wouldn't even shake hands with me. But you must admit that he's very refined. He had the best manners of anybody at the party.. up to the time he got drunk. I was glad when they carried him out. That fellow got my nannie. At the supper table he stands right over you and watchs the way you eat. And from the way he looks at you you can tell he don'tlike it. He makes you uncomfortable. You can't act natural. With a fellow like that around it's impossible to get more than two plates of soup. And the way Cohn has got him dressed is really ridiculous. To show you how foolish people can be when they try to show off . He's got the butler in a uniform. He's got on a wig like George Washington.. and with a hundred in the shade he wears a velvet coat ... and as old as he is... that man is an old man ... he's over fifty... Cohn has got him wearing knee pants. But everybody agreed that

Cohn's new home is the last word in splendour. The architecture is mediaeval.... you know what that is?... the middle ages....that's the period between the year 1200 and King Richard the one. It was built in imitation of an old Roman castle on the Rhine... and it looks every bit like the Tombs. In the front he's got a sunken garden.... only his creditors know how much he sunk. From there you walk up three flights of stairs to the house ... built on a bluff. On one side he's got a port cochere with a circular driveway -- for collectors to drive in -- and drive right out again.. On the other side is a conservatory ... full of plants and flowers.. the whole thing is made of glass... so the sun can come in early in the morning without waking up the rest of the family. In fact, every room in the house is sumptuous. The halls and stairways are filled up with beautiful statues of great men, Gould, Vanderbilt, Rockefeller, Morgan, Carnegiel, Jacob Schiff the Rothschilds....he didn't overlook any man in history... who had money. The reception is really, really gorgeous and everything in such good taste.. there's more furniture in that one room than you'll find on a whole floor... at Macy's. The library is wonderful. The four walls to the ceiling is nothing but show cases filled with books all bound in red to match the carpet. Next to the dining room the library is Cohn's favorite nook... when he ain't eating -- you'll always find him in the library -- smoking. He tells me he gets his greatest pleasure in life..

...when the cares and worries of the business day is done to sit in the library on a solid leather chair surrounded by hundreds and hundreds of his favorite books....I tell you he's got wonderful library taste.. for a man that can't read or write. His knowledge of books is phenomenal. He knows every book in the catalogue. Mention any author and right away he'll tell you the price. But he's a hard man to do business with... on books. I went with him once to a book store.. He had a terrible fight with the salesman. He couldn't see why he should pay twenty dollars for a set of Roosevelt when he can get the whole life of Columbus for a dollar and a quarter.. But the real treasures of the house is the art collection. The art room is really a treat to the eye. The lights are so artistically arranged you can hardly see anything. Very, very subdued. Mrs. Cohn says the lights were arranged that way by an expert for perspective. But I think they were arranged that way by Cohn to save electricity. But I didn't like the way the paintings was hung. They should have hung some of the painters. But I must admit that in the collection he's got some rare (remarkable) works of art. He has an original masterpiece of Michael Angelo.. painted by his cousin Julius.. one of the most artistic cap makers in Schenectady. One masterpiece he's got... I think they made a mistake. It was painted by a guy from Holland. His name is.. some kind of whiskers... let me see.. I think it was goatee.. No...Goethe was a German poet... No....it was painted by Van Dyke. I didn't think much of it that Van Dyke.

It wasn't true to life. The name of the picture was THE SOWERS.. it was two people standing on a vacant lot.. and not a sewing machine in sight. Two of the walls was filled up with nothing but oil paintings.. They must have cost him a fortune... with oil at twenty nine cents a gallon. But I must admit that the art gallery made a big hit with the guests. Well, they were cultured people. Among the guests was numbered some of the very top notch leaders of Society.. on the East Side. They appreciate good paintings.. Jacobs the Butcher.. he's an authority on paintings.. he's just had his house painted. Everybody agreed that there was quite a representative gathering at Sadie's coming out. Dr. Gilfinger Berkowitz was there, poor fellow.. He's a brand new doctor. He just get his certificate to kill people. He came out last week too. He's getting along fine. He opened up a nice office in the front room of his house. And just as soon as he gets a patient he's going to put in a telephone. His specialty is operations. His uncle gave him for a present a brand new set of tools and opened him up in business.. and the first thing he opened up was his uncle. His Uncle was convinced that he had appendicitis... Of course now everybody agrees that the doctor must have talked him into it just to get some practice. It was the doctor's first operation and the middle of it he lost his head... and his uncle nearly lost his life.

After he had him open in three or four places.. he

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didn't know how to put him together again. His uncle got terrible mad about it..he's so unreasonable. The boy tried hard.. you couldn't expect him to do it right the first time. Everybody likes Dr. Berkowitz. He's a nice fellow. But he's a hard man to talk to. He makes you sick. He's always talking about symptoms. As soon as you open your mouth.. he looks at your tongue...when he shakes hands with you...he feels your pulse... and no matter how good you feel, after you talk to him five minutes.. you have to walk away from him and send for a doctor. Nathan Tanowitz was there - of Tanowitz, Tanowitz and Tanowitz. There's a fellow that certainly made his money quick. He opened up a quick lunch room. He feeds three thousand people a day.. and some of 'em live. Mrs. Pincus was there... the wife of Pincus and Polander... Boots and shoes... I don't like that woman.. she's a terrible gossip.. everything she hears she repeats... you can't talk about anybody when she's around. Milton Rabiner was there. He's a great motor enthusiast. He has three cars... one Durus car and two delivery trucks. He's a nut on the subject of automobiles. He always smells like a garage. He wears eye glasses with demountable rims, a three carat headlight in his shirt, and Ingersell speedometer in his pocket and a big horn on his face. Mr.Isidor Fink,Senior was there of Fink and Sons,Furriers and they got a big reputation in their line. Wherefer skins are known, they head the list. Mrs.and Mrs.Epstein was there.Very rich people. He ~~was~~ his own yacht. I never saw a man who was so fond of the water. He just lives on it. He's in the milk business. But everybody was very much disappointed because Mrs. Jacobi couldn't come to the party.

She suffers terrible on account of the war in Europe. She's a very attractive woman. Fifty -- up to date....Stunning appearance. But she's changed lately. She had the most beautiful titian hair of any woman in the neighborhood..... until the war broke out and they couldn't get any more dyes from Germany. She touched it up with domestic dyes and her hair turned pink. Now she can't go out in public till the war is over. (Or until peace is declared) Miss Marjorie Lazarus was there. And she is there. She's there forty ways from the jack. Is she a pippink! Zaftie. She is the quintessence of Zaft. Strictly speaking she doesn't belong to that set. Her folks are plain honest people. She works for Baum the broker. He thinks a whole lot of her. She's his confidential secretary. She knows things that even his wife don't know.

Kleine the corset maker was there. Sam Kleine was there. Manufacturer of Ladies' Corsets. He's his own designer.

Such beautiful shapes he's turned out. And his wife is so fat....I don't see where he gets his ideas from. He's a great designer. He can take a skinny woman with no shape....and a fat woman with...too much....and he can make 'em look just like Weenies. My wife Jennie says that the Kleine corset is a blessing for women over forty. His special corset for fat women made his reputation. He can take a fat woman with a 44 bust and make her so skinny that you'd think she'll bust. He can put a shape to anything that walks on two feet....as long as it ain't too fat to walk.

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He does miracles with fat. Where it's too much he makes it...nearly nothing. Where it advances..he makes it retreat...where it's lumpy...he...distributes it.... I don't know how but he puts it where you can't find it. Each corset has got a patent device. His own invention. It doesn't tie up with strings...it's worked by a system of pulleys connecting with a block and tackle that you can attach to any door and once a fat woman starts to get in it....she'll get it on...or bust the door. Klein made a lot of money on that corset till big fat Mrs. Nathan tried to get in one and broke three ribs. Now her husband is suing Klein for Fifty thousand dollars for over-squeezing his wife. The case is still in litigation and Mrs. Nathan is in the hospital. I tell you when Mr. Klein walked into the reception room and ran plump into Mr. Nathan....it was a very awkward moment... the Butler had to pull 'em apart. I tell you there was a lot of money represented at that party. There was men seated around the supper table, take them all together, in the aggregate...I bet they owed over a million dollars. Some of 'em have made big money in war supplies. Aaronson in one week made Twelve thousand dollars furnishing the French Government with shells. He's in the egg business. Not to mention A Rhinelander Herskowitz. Since the war he's made \$50,000 in supplise....supplying garbage cans for the alleys. Among those who arrived just in time for the supper was F. Newton Winkelman and wife. She's very fashionable....

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in the true sense of the word. She's been divorced twice. She always moves in the very best circles. Her husband owns a merry-go-round. And at the supper table a big mistake was made in the arrangement of the guests. She was seated between her first and second husbands and right opposite her third. And you could see as soon as she sat down...that her position between the two ex-husbands was very painful...she suffered something terrible....I think they was both kicking her in the shins. But the party was a great success. Everybody agreed that the supper was the biggest social event of the season....there was enough for everybody. The only fault I found with the supper-- it was too formal. Mr. and Mrs. Cohn are such show-offs....newly rich people. Everything was done according to the strictest rules of polite society. Everybody was so polite it made you uncomfortable. It was a terrible strain. I had to use my fork all the way through the meal. It was like a funeral... everybody was so formal and stiff...but Cohn was the biggest stiff of all. You know he made his money in the horse business. He buys horses.... not thoroughbreds...only terrible-breds. He don't want horses that can run...he only wants horses that can hardly walk.

He wouldn't look at a horse unless it staggers.

When a horse is all in, down and out and nobody wants him--Cohn takes him. He goes all over the country looking for bum horses. He's a great judge of a horse when it's ready to die. He gives 'em one look and he can tell right

away just how much soap, candles and glue is in 'em. Cohn's horses gave Mrs. Cohn the inspiration for a very quaint idea in the arrangement of the supper tables. They was laid out in the shepe of a horse. Mrs. Cohn sat at the head, the guests of honor sat at the feet....and I sat at the tale. And some of the comments that was directed at my end was very uncalled for and in very bad taste. However...the table decorations were very beautiful....from one end to the other was bunches mit bunches of flowers...roses...lillies...dont-you-forget-mes...palms and in fact the whole room was a bower of palms and floral pieces and did credit to Mrs. Cohn's brother-in-law...the Undertaker. An orchestra was hidden behind the palms...Well such an orchestra they should hide. The table was set very elaborately. The snow white table cloth was pure Irish linen...and spotless...until we began to eat soup. , The china was exquisite...every plate was hand painted...with pictures of fruit and birds and fish and animals...and the food was so good...by the time the supper was over...half the painting was scraped off. It was a jolly party that sat down to the table...everybody was talking and laughing except Dr. Berkowitz...the young surgeon...he sat there quietly watching and waiting and hoping for somebody to get sick. The only time he brightened up was when, on account of his profession, they gave him the honor of carving the chicken. And he went at it like an expert. For a tough chicken he did a good job... it only fell in his lap twice. Under each plate was favors for the guests. Little gifts -- souvenirs of the occasion.

Under mine was a favor too. I picked up my plate and there was a note from Dr. Berkowitz...."Do me a favor...lend me five dollars." During the supper everybody had their eyes on Mrs. Percival Feldman. She has such elegant table manners. Recently she set a new style for our set. She eats pie with a fork. But me and Mrs. Margolis the dashing young widow...grass...was the gayest couple at the table. And she is nice....if I wasn't a married man...oi... I like 'em plump...and the plumper the better...and she's plumper....the women say she's too fat - she needs a diet - but when she puts on an evening gown -- cut low...like the one she had on last night....and walks into a parlor...all she needs is room. I took her in to dinner....and I was very gallent -- if I do say it mineself I did the honors in a way she'll never forget it....I was very attentive and polite... I helped her to everything on the table as soon as I got through with it. During the whole dinner I only made one bad break... and that was right at the beginning...she enjoyed the little neck clams so much that I insisted that she take one of mine...I don't like 'em...and in passing her a clam...one of my little necks slipped off the fork and fell down her big neck. After supper -- those that could walk....went upstairs to the music room where we had a little entertainment. To start the fun Mrs. Margolis slipped off a little gold chair... landed plump on the floor....broke an expensive vase.....and

everybody had a good laugh. After the laughing -- we had singing. Miss Vinnie Hurtsensteen went to the piano and rended William Tell. And she rended him from limb to limb. She ain't got such a sweet voice but she's got a wonderful pair of lungs. Well she should have...she's descended from a long line of fish peddlers. When she was a young baby....she showed an aptitude for music...scales came natural by her. Everybody around her said she had a wonderful range...but I don't know... I never was in her kitchen. She can reach C sharp and B natural. She can take the highest note and hold it as long as you can stand it. And when she attacked the obligato of William Tell...her voice was so powerful and penetrating that people came running for three blocks around to find out what's the trouble. When she opened her mouth you could tell with one ear...that she had studies in Europe....during the war. She was accompanied on the piano by poor Sol Menseisohn...he's lucky he's deaf. But anyhall...him you can tell he's a great musician. He needs a haircut something terrible. That boy has played Beethoven's symphony in five flats....and in every flat....they made him move. He's in great demand for private musicales. If he ever plays in public...they'll kill him. And besides playing at concerts...for nothing...he teaches. He's got quite a musical class...and she's very nice little girl. He gives private lessons too...and he's very expensive. He asks five dollars an hours...but he'll take a quarter. Next came Benjamin Apple...the wealthy haberdasher...he's very popular socially....he's so entertaining. FOR A HALF AN HOUR.... he

gave a lot of imitations....of sawmills...train whistles... opening a bottle of champagne...and that's the nearest he ever comes to opening a bottle is the imitation...then he gave imitations of a soda fountain in eruption, a seltzer bottle, a dog fight, cats making love, and other animals and birds. It was wonderful. He's got a whole menagerie in his throat. That boy can imitate anything from a mosquito to an ostrich. He's very clever...but he don't know when to stop. For fifteen minutes he imitated animals alone.....and then he started in on birds...and all the birds he can imitate... finally he imitated a cuckoo so natural that everybody woke up. Then came Miss Celestine Eisendrath. She did a classic dance....in her bare feet. When she came on they turned the lights down very low...so nobody could see the corn plaster on her big toe. The music was playing Mandel and Sons spring song (or) (the ballet Russe from Charlotte--from Caviare) and she was running, and jumping and springing, and bouncing...I don't know what kind of a dance she was doing...but she's a great runner...and all the time she had a little basket on her arm and she was throwing flowers at herself....finally she ran out of flowers and she threw the basket.....and hit Cohn in the eye. That dance came pretty near being a big artistic success only just at the finish....she stepped on a tack. But it turned out pretty good for one of the guests. Dr. Berkowitz took out the tack....took her home....and charged her two dollars. After that we had PROFESSIONAL talent. Big stars two. Caruso--

Tetrazinni-- and cheap too....all we had to do was to turn it on. But there was one big disappointment. Mrs. Heller from Syracuse...her husband owns a big department store...two departments -- five and ten. She's really phenomenal. She sings with two voices. Upstairs she sings like a woman and downstairs she sings like a man. She got up to sing a duet with herself. But the poor woman felt a little strange and she got so nervous she lost one of her voices. (The woman's voice). And she started to holler like a man. Of course everybody felt sorry that she lost one of her voices right in the middle of the song but if the voice she lost was anything like the one she had left...we got off lucky. But anyhow...when the entertainment was over...everybody was very happy...they announced refreshments. In the ball room the orchestra started to play a one step... some started to dance -- some strolled up to the punch bowl four or five times....one group gathered around the sandwiches...three deep...and everything was going along nice when out of a clear sky in walks Jake Wolff...looking like a tramp...he's a distant relative by marriage.

He was a sight....he'd a never have got in only the Butler left the door open. He had on a dress suit....1902 model. I think it was made the first year that Ford went in business. It needed overhauling very bad. It had a black body...in the front...trimmed with brown....I think it was gravy. The pants were underslung...but showed signs of wear and tear and needed a few new parts...and a brand new seat.....

because he had a bad puncture in the rear.

And by looking at the bottom of his pants you could see right away that he didn't have any mudguards.

And when he danced everybody had to take his dust.

