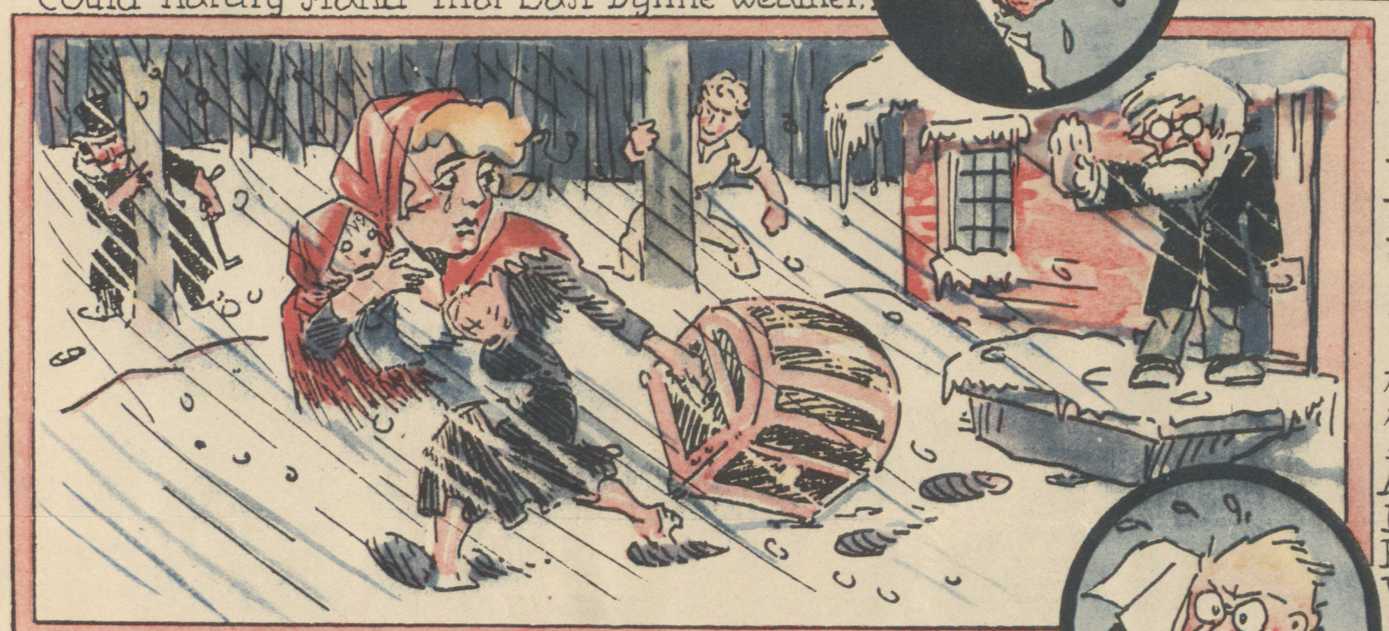
WE HAVE WITH US TODAY

THE THEATRE

By GRANTLAND RICE AND J.N. DING.

In other days, now somewhat dim
We saw the villain start in clover,
Well knowing what they'd hand to him
Before the final act was over;
And while the hero was a blur
In early acts we knew for certain
That he would save and marry HER
Before they dropped the closing curtain.

Those were the days of festive thrills
When East Lynne held our close attention,
Where howling snowstorms brought their chills
And few undressed to shock convention;
Yes, few undressed, for winds and snows
And night gowns do not go together,
And bedroom scenes from modern shows
Could hardly stand that East Lynne weather.

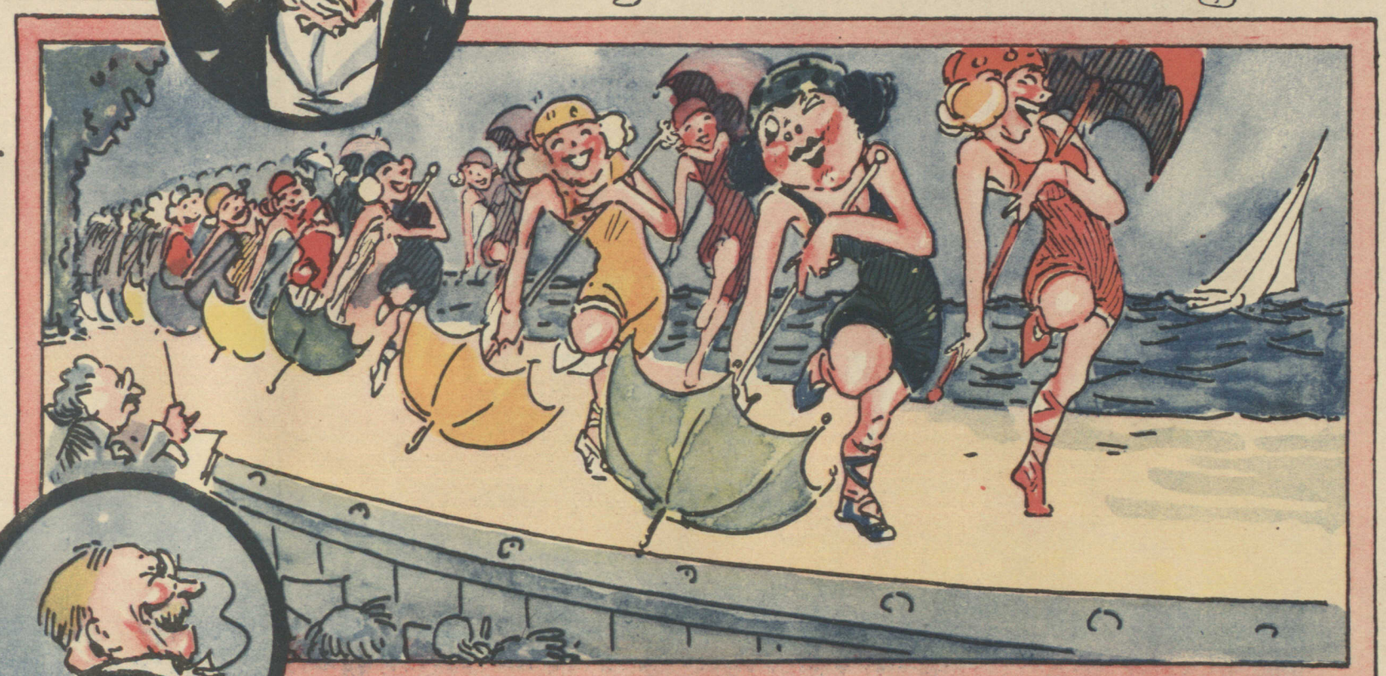


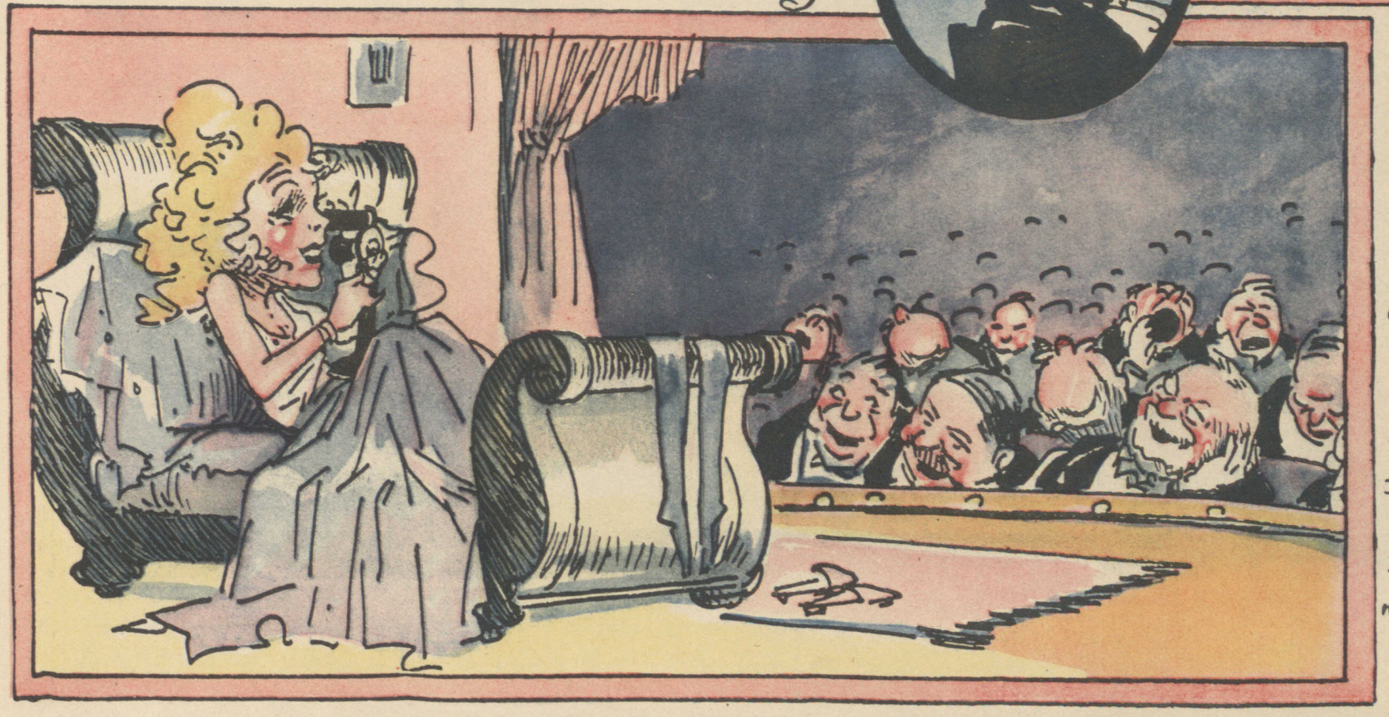
Where are those melodramas now
Wherin the hero struts and capers?
Or where the Villain makes his vow
And roughly says "Give me the papers"!
And where the child soon disappears
And leaves us cold and almost clammy,
Until the end of act three steers
Her safely back to Pa and Mammy.

Alas- it seems in trouble mired
Through turns that grew more complicated,
The business man at last grew tired
And had to be resuscitated;
He wanted frivol, fun and joy,
Between the fluffy and the shady,
Where he could murmur "Attaboy"—
Although She was a Perfect Lady.

The chorus swirls in dizzy blend,
And you can see his pulses quicken-
He pipes "The second from the end"
And gurgles to himself- "Some Chicken".
The plot? who wants a plot, old dear,
When dashing maidens gaily gather?
Don't you prefer light hearted cheer
To Ibsen's moody pen? well, rather.

They fed him "shimmys" on the wing
And jazzed him with a flock of linners,
Where some one felt impelled to sing
About each six or seven minutes.
Then tracking down his weary spoor
(Far be it from me to disparage)
They Introduced the Ostermoor
And very seldom spoke of marriage.





Act One presents a bed room scene;
Act Two unfolds a pair of couches;
Act Three a bed of purple sheen
In back of which some female crouches.
And as these varied beds drift past
And one can sense the languor stealing
The tired business man at last
Can gather in that restful feeling

Some zip? You said it in a phrase,
And yet I hold an ancient passion,
A craving for forgotten days
Where night gowns did not sway the fashion
To have the playwright say again
Where howling winds proclaim December;
"Sir, rags are royal raiment when
They're worn for virtue's sake"- remember?