

At Maple Freight Sheds

FIRST CLASS BREAD FLOUR
ALSO MONARCH PASTRY FLOUR

CAFETERIA LAYING MASH,
O.A.C. Formula
MILKMAKER. O.A.C. Formula

CAR LOAD OF SALT
Prices as follows:
FINE SALT, 100 lbs. 75c.
COARSE SALT, 100 lbs. 85c.
IODIZED SALT, 100 lbs. 90c.
BLOCKS, each 50c.
BLOCKS IODIZED, each 60c.
SALT LICKS, each 10c.

CAR MILL FEED
Priced as follows:
BRAN \$1.20 per cwt.
SHORTS \$1.20 per cwt.
MIDDINGS \$1.35 per cwt.

NUT AND STOVE COAL
No. 1 ANTHRACITE

COAL ORDERS
PHONE MAPLE 19W

I Solicit Your Continued Patronage
My Motto—Courtesy, Service and a
Fair Deal to All

C. E. SMITH

INSURANCE

LIFE, FIRE,
ACCIDENT, SICKNESS
PLATE GLASS, AUTOMOBILE
BURGLARY, GUARANTEE BONDS
SPECIAL RATES TO FARMERS
ON ALL CARS
TARIFF & NONTARIFF CO'S
A. G. Savage
Old Post Office
Richmond Hill

THE LIBERAL SHORT STORY

COMEDIANS SHOULDN'T MARRY

When Benny Bayle and Bill Madden appear in a picture, husbands throw down the evening paper, wives leave their dishes in the sink, Junior swears he has done tomorrow's lessons in study hall, Sister tells the boy friend exactly what she would like to do that night and all go to their neighborhood theatre for a good hearty laugh.

When Benny and Bill come on the radio, all household activities cease. The service garageman gives you eleven instead of ten gallons of gas. The bartender stands poised with a glass of beer halfway between the tap and the customer. The pool shark holds his shot while he and the sucker listen. Benny and Bill are on the air. Prepare to hold your sides.

And back in the old days when vaudeville was alive, they were one of its most dependable shots in the arm. At the Palace, they made their professional audiences roll in the aisles. For twenty years now, they have been dishing out humor, most of it slapstick, some of it refined, all of it sure fire.

That persistent rumor that they have split up isn't true. It isn't true any more. It was true for about five weeks. In that period, either would have told you that each had said and done things unforgivable. The breach thus opened up never could be healed. Benny and Bill had definitely parted. They would never work together again. Benny, at that time, announced that he was working out a refined comedy act with Miss Nina Melchor. Bill was doing the same with slapstick. Miss Betty Day was his foil, just as she had been his inspiration. Both publicly wished the other "all the luck in the world" with the raucous sentimentalism which features the theatre. Each privately was sure that the other would be a flop. Each knew that he was the particular one who had furnished the spark which set audiences alight. If he ever had any doubts of it, he

was always being reassured by Miss Nina Melchor and Miss Betty Day, his partner. What Nina and Betty thought of each other cannot be discussed here. Each explained fully in language fit to be heard only in a beauty parlor.

Twenty years together is a long time. Benny Bayle and Bill Madden met in a flea ridden movie theatre out in Jephtha, Indiana, a town of 3,000. Both were billed as comedians and both were terrible. Benny was a tall, stringy dignified young man with the face of a clergyman at a funeral. He spoke slowly and with plenty of dignity in a deep bass voice. He was a monologist. His lines and jokes had been dug up and written by himself. Listening awhile, any audience would have insisted that it would have been better if they had remained buried.

Bill was short and fat. He talked in a high voice which switched into falsetto in moments of pretended excitement and in a Jewish dialect, which had been changed from a German one to meet the prejudices engendered by the war. His rotund body had rubber characteristics. It gave the impression of bouncing when he did the pratt falls of which he was a master. His comedy was broad, so broad that it wasn't funny.

Both had been on the stage professionally for two years when they met. Both were well used to going through their act with no favorable acknowledgement from their audiences. Indeed they preferred no notice at all to the cat-calls and Bronx cheers to which they were often treated.

During that engagement they ate at Joe's restaurant near the tracks. It was known locally as "The Greasy Spoon." It would have been nearer the truth to call it "The Dirty Spoon." They met over a plate of eggs that had lingered too long between the hens and the customers. Bill had drawn it. Benny, sitting near him, had twisted his nose and rumbled.

"Them eggs would go better as an ointment than something to swallow."

"What," Billy agreed, "did I ever do to them hens?"

They looked at each other.

"I've been watching you act this week," Benny lied. "Your pratt falls can't be beat."

"Thanks," Bill said. "And I like your jokes. They're deep and refined. They're too good for these hay-shakers. They'd go swell on the Big Time."

Thus both were convinced that the other was an intelligent man.

They smoked a cigarette together. They got to talking between shows. That night Bill went up to Benny's room where they finished a pint of gin they had chipped in to buy.

"Mr. Madden," Benny declared, "I been thinking. I been thinking that a couple of guys like you and me might make good as a team. I'd play straight and feed you the lines. You will pardon me for saying so but I don't think you and me's very good alone. I mean we're good but the audiences are too dumb to appreciate us. But if we were to get together, then we'd ought to knock them cold. The public like comedy teams. Look at Harrigan and Hart, Montgomery and Stone in the old days. Look at Wheeler and Woolsey and Laurel and Hardy today. People like them combinations."

"Listen, Benny," Bill said, "to heck with that 'Mister' stuff. And I think you got an idea there. I think you and me could be pretty funny together. But where would we get our lines?"

"I been thinking that one out too," Benny admitted and right there he became the intellect of the team. "We'll get 'em out of 'Joe Miller's Joke Book.' That's where every other comedian gets them. That book has every joke that was ever made. Only, when you use them, you got to change them around a little and bring them up to date. For instance, you know that one about 'Who was that lady I saw you with last night?' That wasn't a lady. That was my wife." Well, you'd have to twist that some way, like 'I didn't know you was so near-sighted. That wasn't my wife, it was yours,' see?"

"I don't think that's so hot," Bill said frankly.

"I know it ain't," Benny explained quickly. "I'm just giving you an idea that you got to change the old Miller jokes. But another thing I found out. It ain't the lines you say alone that makes the comedy. It's the way they're said and the way the boys act about them. What say you and me try it out?"

They happened to be booked together along the eight-a-day circuit for three weeks and they got a "Joe Miller Joke Book" and worked out their routine. Looking back at it, they often laughed, because it was pretty bad. But it was good enough to send them steadily up the vaudeville ladder until eventually they reached the Palace, headlined as "Benny and Bill." They had arrived.

When vaudeville died they did not suffer much grief. They were already on the radio and wowing millions, when before they had exhilarated only hundreds. They were among the first seven comedy teams in the country. And then they went to Hollywood.

Looking back at their joint career now, both Benny and Bill will tell you that the total absence of women in their lives was the secret of their success. That may or may not be true. Certainly, women were absent.

Not that they didn't see plenty of them and form friendships with many. They "liked the ladies" as they often laughingly admitted, but not seriously. Women were diversions. They stirred them physically and emotionally. The lives of Benny and Bill would have been written as a serial featuring one woman after the other. For each would find himself smitten for a time. He would spend his spare moments and plenty of his money on a blonde, a brunette or a red-head who sympathized with him, laughed at him and told him how great he was.

But one after another these emotional friends bored them and were dismissed. Some, it is true, created trouble. One or two sued and one, at least, collected \$5,000 (she sued for \$50,000) for proven breach-of-promise from Benny. But women were not a factor in the team of Benny and Bill.

They were not in Hollywood a month however, before the long delayed lightning hit them both. Benny fell in love with Nina Melchor. She was one of the most beautiful extras on the Paramount lot, a girl with a driving ambition and a flare for dramatic acting. Nina was not like her name. She was tall, blonde and shapely. At the same moment, Bill went for a Miss Betty Day, an intelligent who ran a book-shop.

Neither thought anything of this new development. It was just another one of those things. More

intense, perhaps, but that was because they were getting older and more sensible. For the first time in their lives, each was thinking that it might be nice to have a wife to go home to instead of a hotel room or a bachelor's quarters.

They admitted this to each other on the occasion of Bill's suggesting that the four ought to go out more together, especially as the picture, "Take It or Leave It" on which they were working, was a pretty strenuous affair. That night, Nina and Betty met at the Trocadero. They did not like each other on sight or sound.

Even Bill and Benny became aware of this before ten minutes had elapsed and they glared at each other, subsequently blaming the other for choosing the kind of a dame who couldn't appreciate the woman he had picked.

They were noticeably cool to each other when they returned together to their hotel after taking the girls home. The coolness froze quickly into ice when Benny said, "Nina didn't seem to go for Betty, did she, Bill?" and Bill said, "No, and why should she? A flathead always dislikes another woman with brains."

From now on, they saw the girls alone. There were no more four-somes. And after a while, they accepted the fact that the two women they had chosen didn't like each other and they were a little apologetic. "You know how women are," they said. "We can't let it interfere with our work."

But it did interfere with their work. One day, Betty said she would like to look at the script of "Take It or Leave It," and Bill, after a great deal of trouble, got one from the assistant director. She read it over and sniffed. "I wondered," she said softly, "why that Bayle man got the same money as you. I see now. He arranges it so that he gets all the laughs."

This wasn't true, at all. Benny was very faithful about pointing the laughs for Bill. He was one of the best straight men in the business. But Bill, like many another good man before him, believed the woman he loved. He began to sulk about it.

The sulking grew into open warfare one day when Benny said:

"Bill, I don't want to seem like telling you your own business but I think you speak your lines too crude. You are more like a burlesque comedian than a top comedy man. Why don't you get more finesse into them?"

Bill knew right away that the suggestion was not Benny's but Nina's.

"I can't help it if a big blonde cluck don't get my comedy," he said. "Is it my fault if some people were born without a brain?"

From then on, they talked only on the set and only from the script. Finished, they departed their several ways. Benny in the third week of shooting, demanded that his dressing room be moved far away from Bill's. Bill countered by suggesting that they break up their act. The director, Jimmy Wells, told them

bitterly that they didn't have to break up their act, because the picture was doing it for them. They were lousy.

That gave them something to think about. Both issued statements that they were breaking up but both thought of the twenty years they had been together and the years before that. The difference was impressive. Before they were a couple of hams. After, when they were together, they were tops. Both reached the same conclusion at the same moment and they were on their way to find each other when they met in the lobby.

"Benny," Bill said, "you know what's the matter with us? It's those dames. We're taking them too serious."

"You are," Benny corrected. "I've canned mine already."

"I'll be right back," Bill said, turning and hurrying away.

That ended the split-up. They are back together again. Betty and Nina? They are both suing for breach of promise. They have good lawyers, too.

A BIT VAIN

Mistress (engaging maid) — Have you any references?

Maid—Yes, ma'am. A lot of them. (Mistress—Then why didn't you bring them with you?)

Maid—Well, they're like my photographs, ma'am. None of them do me justice.

MEAN OF DAD

It was a great occasion, and father looked on with an amused smile while his eldest son, aged 16, had his first shave.

After a great deal of lathering he picked up his new patent razor and began to scrape. Finally he rinsed the soap from his face and caressed his chin with his hand. "That's better," he murmured proudly.

His father handed the boy a blade. "You've forgotten to use this," he said, blandly.

EYES EXAMINED

— AND —

GLASSES FITTED

— by —

DR. P. P. SMYTH

— at —

GLENN'S DRUG STORE
EVERY FRIDAY 2 to 5 P.M.

J. FOX

ALL KINDS OF SHEET METAL WORK

Furnaces, Eave Troughs, Metal Carages, Roofing;
Jobbing Promptly Attended to
Established 1880

SHEPPARD & GILL LUMBER CO.

RICHMOND HILL

Dealers in
Lumber, Lath, Shingles
Asphalt Roofing, Gypsum
Telephone 27

THIS IS "Printing Time"

Don't wait until you need a "Rush Job." Check your printing needs now. The odds are in our favor that you need letterheads, envelopes, statements or one or more of the other items listed here. Call 9 today. A representative will be delighted to call on you.

Check This List

For Your Printing Needs

- | | |
|-----------------|------------------|
| LETTERHEADS | ORDER BLANKS |
| ENVELOPES | SHIPPING TAGS |
| STATEMENTS | BUSINESS CARDS |
| BILLHEADS | FILING CARDS |
| SHIPPING LABELS | CIRCULARS |
| BOOKLETS | TICKETS |
| WINDOW CARDS | HANDBILLS |
| POST CARDS | CIRCULAR LETTERS |
| POSTERS | OFFICE FORMS |

THE LIBERAL

Telephone 9

... and Now I do my
Weekly Washing
in only **58 Minutes**
with my new
Apex



Enjoy cleaner clothes than ever before, in less time, with less work... that's what the attractive new Apex does for you because of its new scientific Spiral Dasher. Washes a big tubful of clothes cleaner than any other washer in 6½ minutes! And no need for bothersome soaking of clothes.

Exclusive
"NEW APEX
SPIRAL DASHER"

Try this already-famous New Apex, and save clothes and time. It costs no more than ordinary washers.

G. Yerex
MARKHAM ROAD
RICHMOND HILL

SATURDAY SPECIAL
\$79.95
\$5.00 down
\$1.50 a week

OVER 2½ MILLION APEX APPLIANCES IN USE