

Life

NOVEMBER 3, 1927

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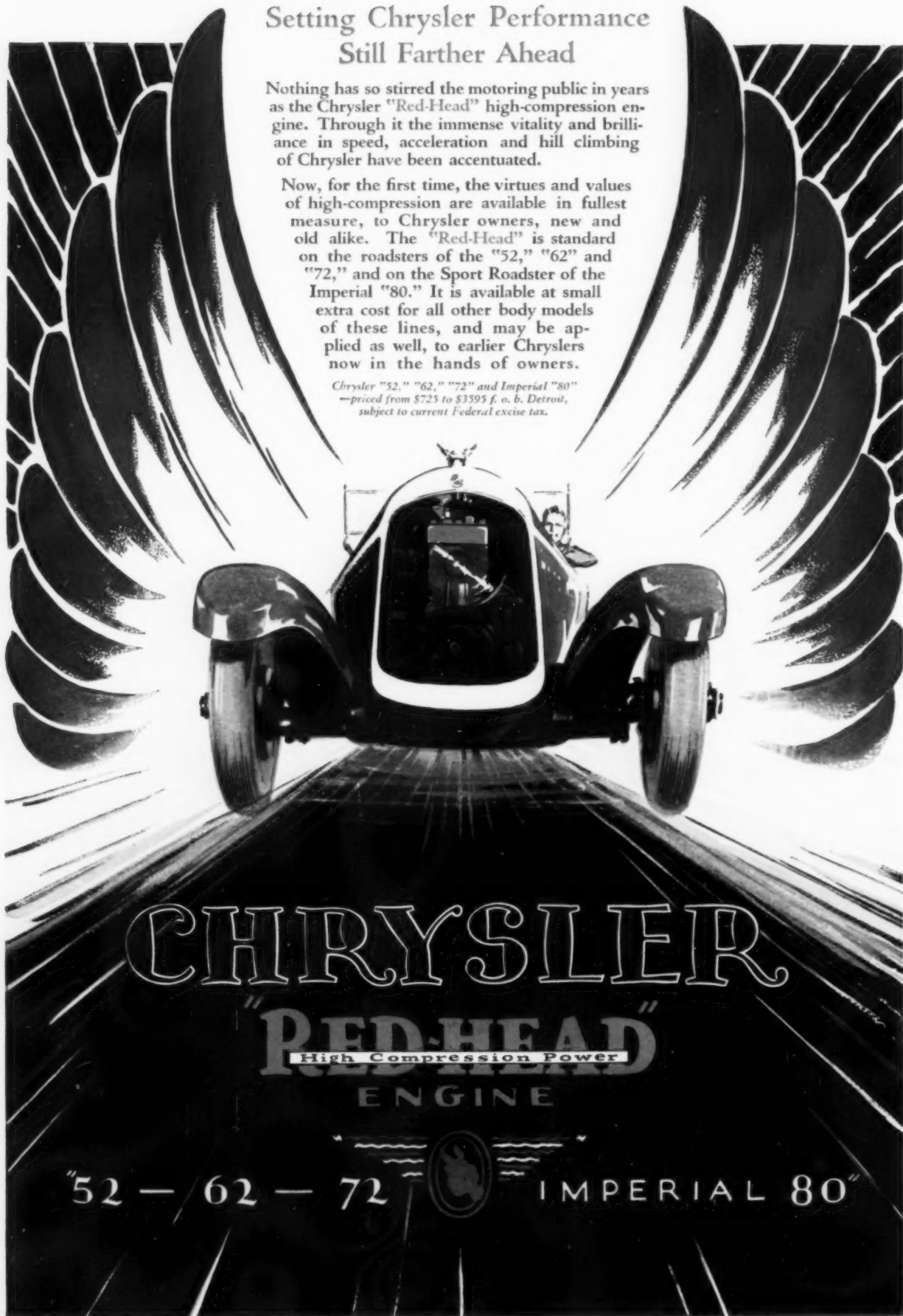
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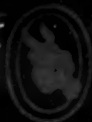
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High Compression Power

ENGINE

"52 — 62 — 72"



IMPERIAL 80"

The Good Things in Life

Among them—and well to the front of the list—is a good radio set.



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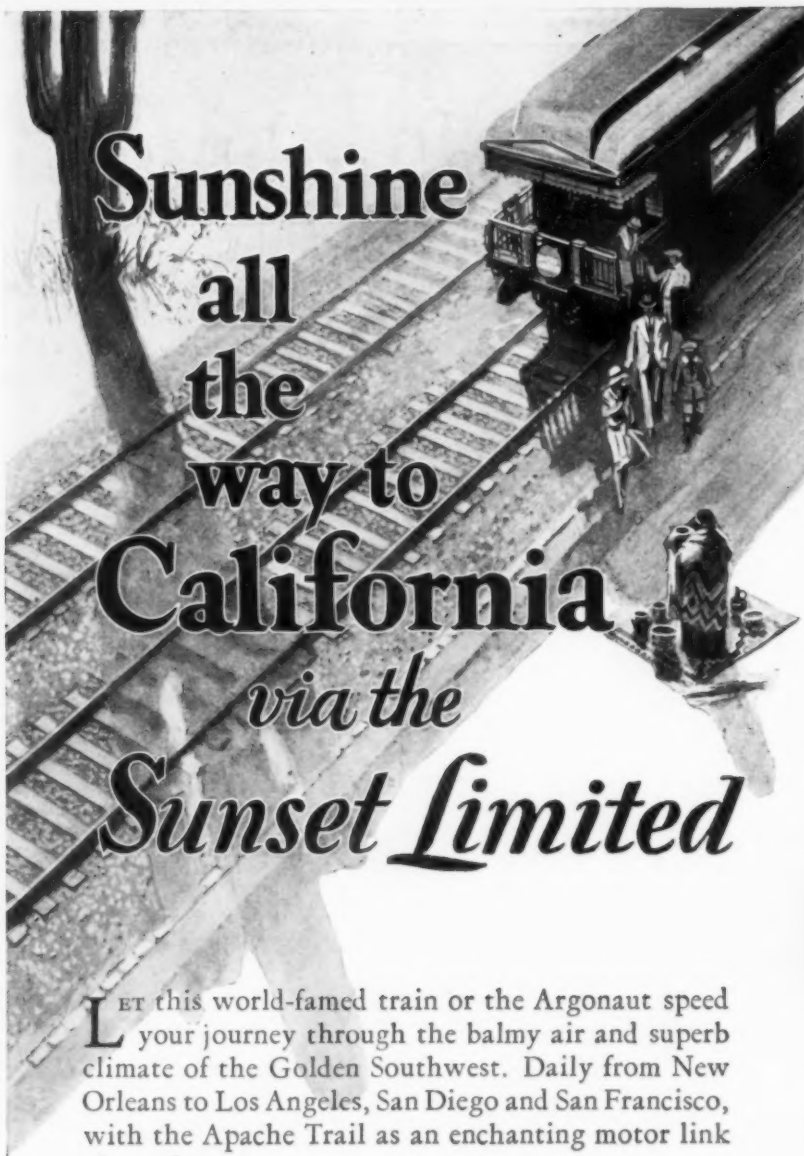
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The Phrase-Makers

THOUGH he brings tears of anguish to my eyes,
And makes me wish he rested 'neath the clover,
I do not crown the coot who coyly cries:
"You must come over!"

And though with rage he makes me leap and dance
And burst out into grim and gloomy song now,
I wreak no vengeance on the chump who chants,
"It won't be long now!"

Yet patience has its end, like other things:
In Charon's craft a humid, hot and muggy ride
Is what I wish the sap who sweetly sings,
"Thanks for the buggy ride!"
D'Annunzio Cohen.

Another Chicago Crime

Oh, this wicked world! A reader writes to the Chicago Tribune: "A few days ago I found it necessary to punish my little daughter for using the word 'bully.' Yesterday your moving picture critic used it in a review."
—Kansas City Star.

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E. Haldeman-Julius



THE people—millions of them—are actually demanding a great industrial change from mass production to quality production. They are showing this mood in the world of transportation—as proof I need merely call attention to the condition of the greatest automobile factories of the world.

In so many words the public has cried out to understand just this—

“We do not want to save to the point of sacrificing individuality. We are willing to pay more for what we get—provided it meets the artistic standards of quality production, style, personality, distinction, beauty, and a degree of exclusiveness.”

Regarding cold facts, we have decided to institute a vast publishing change. We shall close out our present stock of something like 1,000,000 Little Blue Books, and then we shall announce a new series of books—good books—but not to sell at 5 cents per copy. We shall bow to industrial evolution, and issue books at a higher price—books carefully selected for editorial content; books printed on very fine paper, bound in beautiful covers in many attractive colors. The type will be different. Expensive engravings will be used. The best artists will help us turn out a splendid article for the most discriminating readers.

How soon will we announce the new series? We cannot state this definitely, though it should be soon. We must first dispose of our stock of Little Blue Books.

The quicker they are distributed and turned into cash, the sooner will we be able to set our machines to work on our new publishing program. If we dispose of these 3,000,000 Little Blue Books within the next 30 days—and that is not impossible—we shall be able to begin our new program at that time.

So we say this to the reading public of America—buy Little Blue Books now, while they are obtainable. Pick out your favorites while we have a complete stock to select from. We can fill your order now, but we cannot guarantee how long our supply will last.

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Before we can begin to publish our new, larger, more expensive books we must clear our warehouses of stock on hand. Three million Little Blue Books won't last long among the millions of readers who know and love them. If you don't get your copy during this present sale you will have lost your last opportunity to buy masterpieces of the world's thought at 5c a book. Readers who know the educational value of these volumes will order liberally. To move them quickly, we mean no postage on these remaining Little Blue Books. Get them at 5c each, postage prepaid.

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THERE are more millionaires on Park Avenue, New York
Than any other thoroughfare or section
in the world

That's what the Income Tax men say.

Go there some morning or evening and
note the men who go into the \$45,000 a
year apartments—

And you'll see a Starched Collar crowd.
Or look at the
Aristocrats of Manhattan taking their
ease in the big chairs at the windows of the
Avenue Clubs—

All Starched Collars.

And look again at the men in the execu-
tive offices of the big banks—

Starched Collars again—

And Arrows at that.

So it only takes a few cents

To dress like a man that counts.

ARROW COLLARS

C 219

Conditions in Hollywood

According to the Public Prints

THE motion picture industry has never been in healthier condition and prospects are excellent except for the fact that all the large producing companies are on the verge of bankruptcy. A meeting of picture people proved conclusively last night that perfect harmony prevails throughout the entire industry. The meeting terminated in a riot which ended only with the arrival of Police Reserves. Every one in Hollywood is busy and prosperous with the exception of sixty thousand people who are starving to death. Wall Street reports that never before have motion picture stocks attained their present high level and Stupendous Pictures Corporation stock dropped from 109 to $2\frac{3}{4}$ in less than an hour. All the big studios are working night and day to complete their next year's programs. There will be no motion picture production in Hollywood for the next year because the studios are closing to save operating costs.

Robert Lord.

HE (at football game): Your eyes
are wells of mystery. Your—
SHE: Hold that line



IT is undoubtedly true that its ingratiating service and superlative cuisine are responsible in large measure for the popularity of THE ROOSEVELT among discerning folk.

It is equally true that THE ROOSEVELT dispenses such hospitality without the penalty of excessive cost.

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and his Roosevelt Orchestra

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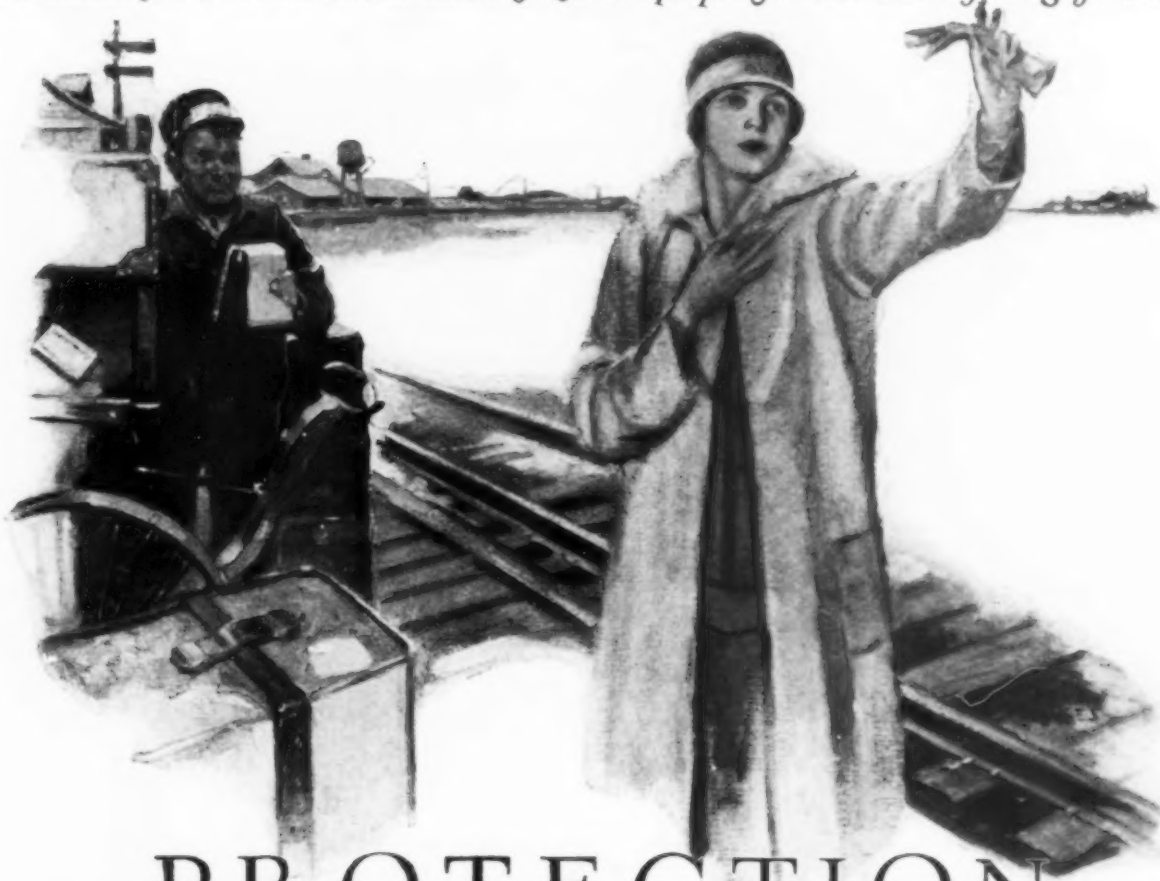
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EDWARD CLINTON FOGG
Managing Director



The revolver is an effective instrument in the promotion of law and order. It is an invaluable factor in the conservation of life and property and creates a feeling of security



PROTECTION

Protection for those who go . . . protection for those who stay—is it fair to yourself and your loved ones to leave it entirely in the hands of others?

How few among us are immune, upon being left alone in isolated places, to an inward feeling of dread? Fearful, apprehensive thoughts, too, for the one who has departed on a journey which may take him, alone, to unprotected and dangerous places before he returns.

A revolver of the modern super-safety type made by Smith &

Wesson—in which accidental discharge by adult or child is absolutely impossible—can be as readily and expertly handled by a woman as by a man.

With its possession comes a tranquil feeling of satisfaction. The feeling that, while the chances are you will not be molested, the *certainty* is that you are at least prepared for very vigorous self-protection in the event of frightful need.

Somewhere, every day, the things are happening which go into the newspapers the next day.

1. The revolver has a place in the hands of the law-abiding public.

2. A thug would rather attack an unarmed pedestrian, motorist or householder than an armed one.

3. To prohibit the manufacture and sale of revolvers in order to prevent crime would be equivalent to prohibiting the manufacture and sale of automobiles to put an end to automobile accidents.

4. The use of a revolver or any form of concealed weapon in committing a crime should demand an increased sentence, with no possibility of probation or suspended sentence.

5. A swift, sure punishment for crime is the only proper means for reducing crime.

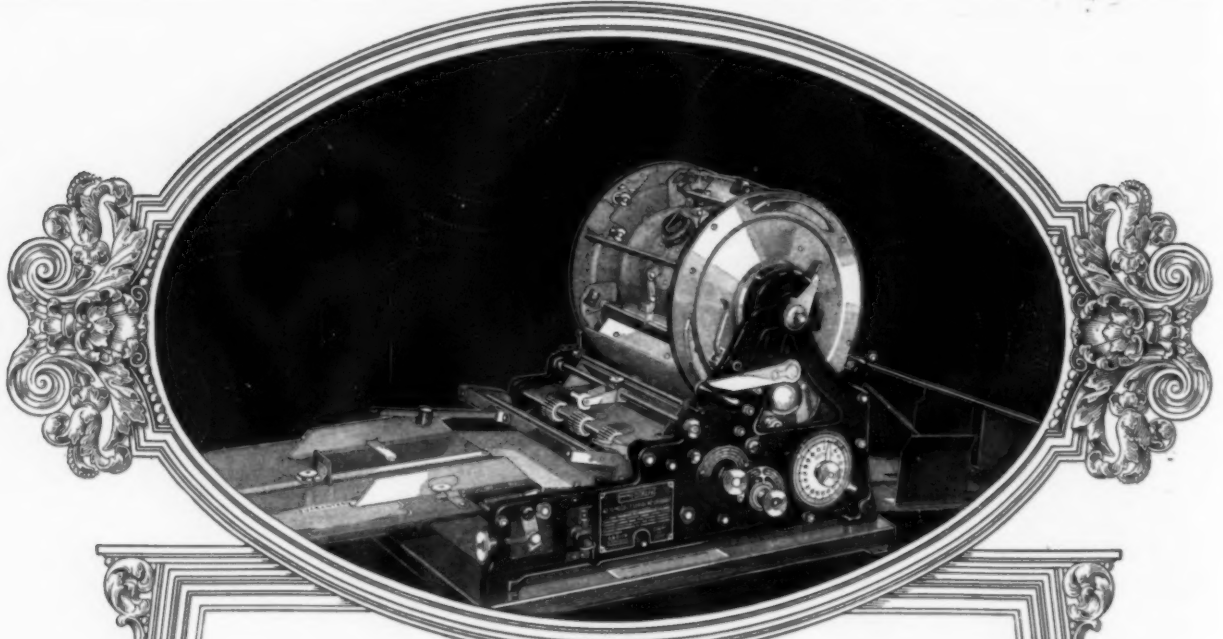
6. The 2nd Amendment to the Constitution of the United States means just what it says: "The right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed."

That is why we are proud of the high traditions of public service that have been handed down from generation to generation in this Company. In times of national danger it has enabled us to do our part in protecting the Nation as a whole, and in times of peace it has enabled us to protect the individual.

Our Descriptive Booklet S may interest you—it will be sent free upon request.

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 SPRINGFIELD, MASS., U. S. A.

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M I M E O G R A P H



Life



She "Made" the Team

A Movie Director Discovers Roget's Thesaurus

"**P**OUT!" cries the director. "Knit the brows! Frown! Scowl! Snarl! Growl! Gnarl! —a little more gnarling, Miss Del Amour: ho-o-old it!—Snap! Redden! Color! Well, try to! Look black! Look daggers!!! Bite the thumb! Show the teeth! Grind the teeth! Too bad, that 'bite the thumb' won't go in Pennsylvania.

"All right, Miss Del Amour! You've just learned that Boris is secretly your husband. You wonder—you marvel—you admire! You are surprised! You start — you stare! You open your eyes! You rub your eyes! You turn up your eyes! You gloat! Ah! Gloat again. You gape—enough, enough! You are all agog! You look blank — pe-erfect! — You cannot believe your eyes! You cannot believe your ears! You cannot believe your senses! You cannot account for it! You don't know whether you are standing on your head or your heels — no, stay on your heels!—You are astonished —you are amazed—you are

astounded! You are startled—you are dazzled—you are dazed! You are dumfounded! You are electrified! You are stunned! You are stupefied! You are petrified! You are confounded! You are bewildered! You are flabbergasted—not too much flabbergastion — you are

staggered! You are thrown on your beam end! The other end! Now up again! It turns your head! It strikes you dumb! It makes your tongue cleave to the roof of your mouth! Hold that cleave! You are aghast! You are breathless! You are open-mouthed—show your dimple. You are awe-struck! You are thunder-struck! You are moonstruck—planetstruck — spellbound! You are lo-o-ost in amazement! You are lo-o-ost in astonishment! You are struck all of a heap—abhh! That's wonderful—marvelous—miraculous—colossal—overwhelming—beggarly description—CUT!"

L. L. Laedlein.



Gladys: DO YOU KNOW THE FOURTH COMMANDMENT?
Beth: HUMOR THY FATHER AND MOTHER, ISN'T IT?

Typical

ONE COMMUTER (reading paper): Well, well, what do you know! It says here that Jack ("Gene") Cartilage, the heavyweight champion, was married last night.

RABID FIGHT FAN: Maybe—but I'll bet the wedding was "fixed."



The Flagpole Sitter's Manager: HEY, BILL! THE MAYOR OF THIS BURG IS GOING TO BE BURIED AT THREE O'CLOCK THIS AFTERNOON — YOU GOTTA HALFMAST YOURSELF DURING THE FUNERAL.

From the Rumanian

THE little king was trundling his scooter about a patch in the Royal Gardens.

"Hello, Mickey!" greeted an under-hedgeclipper.

"Here! Here!" stormed the king's equerry. "You will please to refer to our gracious sovereign as 'Your Majesty!'"

"Like fun I will," answered the hedgeclipper. "Why, I've known that kid since he was Mihai to a duck!" *H. W. H.*

Force of Habit

NEW ROOMER: I want to report a robbery. Last night a fellow came into my room, turned the place upside down, ransacked it, abused me and took thirty-seven dollars away from me.

LANDLORD: You mustn't mind that; it was only the customs inspector on the floor above you who walks in his sleep.

COACH: Win this game in a business-like manner to-day, men—there's a scout from a big New York bond house in the stands.

The Dentist Becomes Slightly Confused

WELL, I see that the fellow who tried to fly from Siam to Patagonia is open wider please and one of my patients gets it for me by the case genuine pre-war abscessed condition of the gums so when Coolidge refused to run again I don't think this will hurt you much but the Cadillac is a darn good car and you can always trade it in for a removable bridge between those two teeth I knew all the time she was married open wider please and the movies are getting so terrible that I never go any more this oughtn't to hurt very much when the Irishman saw the Englishman speaking to the girl about the middle of next month I'll send you the bill for the balance we tuned in and got Cuba just as clear as if it had been a local station and some orchestra was playing that wisdom tooth is impacted let's yank it out because I've changed my stance and corrected that slice by using Novocain to block the nerve."

Robert Lord.

BOSTONIAN SHE: Let's do something exciting.

BOSTONIAN HE: All right. Let's read a book.



The Driver: LEND ME YOUR CIGARETTE LIGHTER A MOMENT—I'VE RUN OUT OF GAS.

"Lovers, Loiterers, Etc."

or

Take That, Miss Oelrichs!

(The reading time of this article, in case you're interested, is 4 hours, 18 minutes, 32 seconds, which is equal to the time you will save by not reading this article.)

"WHAT'S the matter with American Men?"

What is the matter with American Men?

What, indeed?

This question was recently raised, in *Liberty*, by Miss Marjorie Oelrichs. Her article presented a soul-stirring struggle between two titanic forces—the Man of the Old World vs. the Man of the New World—in which the score at the end of the last period seemed to be about 81 to 0 in favor of the Old World. I am left, after reading it, torn and bleeding, every bone in my body broken, every atom of my conceit crushed, every spark of my pride extinguished—the pathetic remains of my former magnificent self. "The glory that was Rome." (Ah, yes! I, too, have been on the Continent.)

But, summoning my scattered energy as best I can, I am prepared to raise the cudgel (by the way, where can I get a nice new, shiny cudgel?) in defense of America's Manhood.



Pilot: HEY! THE WING'S BUSTED! OPEN YOUR PARACHUTE AND JUMP!

Passenger: B-B-BUT I DON'T KNOW HOW TO OPEN IT.

Pilot: ALL RIGHT—I'LL JUMP FIRST. YOU WATCH AND SEE HOW I DO IT.

Surely, surely, fellow Americans, we must not stand here idly twirling our thumbs, while this fair Flower of the New World (our New World!) slings this mud of insults in our very faces.

SOMETHING must be done about it! Off with our coats (and vests, too) and let's show these greasy foreigners what stuff we Yankees are made of!

"I approve of them as lovers, loiterers, dancing partners and sportsmen and because they are without ambition," announces Miss Oelrichs, referring to European men.

Come, come, my brethren! Are we to allow this statement to go uncontested?

LOVERS, huh? *Lovers?* And our very newspapers screaming at us every day (and especially on Sunday) such brilliant records of our Native Lovers as—"S l a y s S h e i k with Axe"—"Strangles Sweetie's Mate with Picture Wire"—"Jealous Hubby Traps Bride's Boy-friend in Love Nest." Can Europe boast of any Lovers like these? Name to me the foreign lover who has chopped the object of his affection into little pieces and then, with wistful and pathetic care, has wrapped each piece separately and, tears streaming down his rugged face, thrown the parcels into swamps and stuffed them in old drain pipes. Show me the foreign lover who, with amazing courage and fortitude, has eliminated his rival with a sashweight. Lovers, indeed!

LOITERERS. Ho, ho! Don't make me laugh. Why, I could name half a dozen prominent gentlemen ("I mean, of course, men of the aristocratic class, for I do not know any other kind."—Paragraph No. 3 of Miss Oelrichs' article), half a dozen gentlemen, I say, who could, and do, out-loiter the best loiterers Europe has to offer. Let France, or Spain, or any of those far-off lands, send over here the best all-around loiterer to be found in the entire realm, and let him try to compete with any of our home talent. He'd be out-loitered (Please turn to page 37)



TRYING IT ON THE DOG.

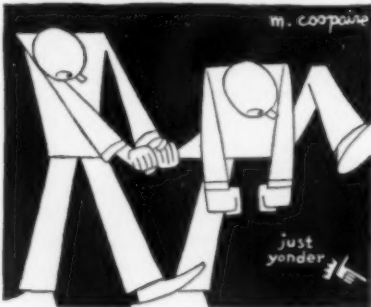


Mental Hazards

THE ROUGH.

Two Inspirational Writers Have a Little Chat

"HELLO, fellow human being. How are you?"
 "Well, I'm not so good just now. But the sun is sure to break through the clouds before long."



Spark: DON'T STEP ON THAT INSECT.
 Plug: WHY NOT?
 "IT MIGHT BE THE NEW FORD CAR."

"That's correct. A highly developed brain is what distinguishes man from the apes."

"Yes, and Prohibition would be a good thing; but it can't be enforced. We can all learn something from the birds and animals."

"Yes, and from the fish too. Let's go get a drink."
 W. W. Scott.

"Ah, you have stumbled upon a great truth. There is an opportunity for every man and woman in this country."

"Yes, and the slums are a bad environment."

"Yes, and war is bad for the race and should be abolished."

"And a prize-fight is but a test of brutestrength, after all."

JUST BETWEEN US GIRLS

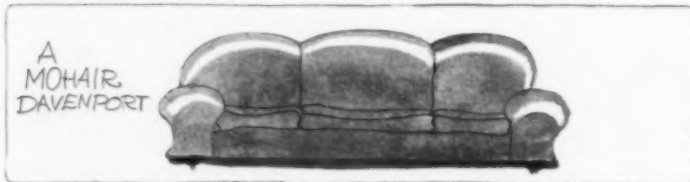


"MY dear, he's been CALLing me up and beSEECHing me to go OUT with him but I HONestly don't think I OUGHT to because I mean they say he's FRIGHTfully FAST and I mean HEAPS of boys simply LOATHE him because I mean they say he's SIMPLY VILE but I bet you ANYthing they are prob'ly just JEALous of him because he's so awfully good-LOOKing and all—you know the type! But I really think it's AWfully sort of ODD that he sort of igNORES practicably EV'ry girl in TOWN... YES, my dear, it's the FUNniest THING! I mean WHY should he just sort of CONSEcrate on ME when there are HEAPS of TERRIBly attractive girls round here who would prob'ly go OUT with him in a MINute if he asked them because, my dear, I KNOW Sylvia EARL is MAD about him and she's certainly NEVER been very PARTICULAR about who she lets BEAU her aROUND, do you know what I mean? But I bet you ANYthing the whole REASON that he has the rep for being terribly FAST and all is because he's been sort of SNOOTy to a lot of girls like SYLVia who are a bunch of HELL-cats and SCANDal mongrels because, ANYways, I KNOW SYLVia has been MAD about him for ages and he's NEVER given her a TUMBLE; so she's just turned aGAINST him, sort of, which is exactly LIKE her, my dear, and ANYways, I HONestly think the ONLY way to sort of form an oPINion of anybody is to sort of JUDGE them for yourSELF instead of b'LIEVing what a lot of poisonous GOSsips say aGAINST them—I mean I ACTually DO!"

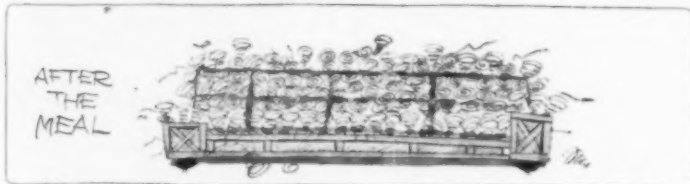
Lloyd Mayer.



A MOTH



A MOHAIR DAVENPORT



AFTER THE MEAL



THE MOTH

Don Herold

WHERE DOES A MOTH PUT IT ALL?

One Hundred Per Cent Plus

FROM the hall where the salesmen's convention was being held came roar after roar of applause.

"What's all the noise about?" asked a policeman of a man who had just stepped out.

"They've been making speeches," replied the latter, "and somebody just introduced the man who sold Mussolini a book on how to acquire self-confidence."



Minister: WHO GIVETH THIS WOMAN . . . ?

Bride's Father: I DO. AND NOW, FOLKS, I WISH TO REMIND YOU THAT TO-DAY'S PROGRAM IS COMING TO YOU THROUGH THE COURTESY OF WALTER Q. BLUBBLAH, FATHER OF THE LOVELY BRIDE AND PRESIDENT OF THE BLUBBLAH BUSHING AND WINCH CORP., MANUFACTURERS OF THE LITTLE WONDER WINCHES AND MILADY DAINTY BUSHINGS, AT ALL HARDWARE SHOPS OF THE BETTER SORT.

Such Language!

AS the truck came to a sudden stop a natty little roadster behind it, in spite of a violent application of brakes, ended up with its front bumper giving the rear end of the truck ever so slight a jolt.

"Well, blankety-blank blank it! Don'tcha know how to drive, ya so-and-so? What's the big idea, huh?"

I put my hands over my ears, but it did no good.

"Who in the this-and-that gave you a license, ya filthy something-or-other? For two cents I'd—"

What crass vulgarity, I thought, now slightly irritated. Is it any wonder that such people stay in the

same old rut? Imagine one of my profession using profanity like that!

"x—x—x***!—!!"—still the din kept up. Finally I lost what scant patience I still retained.

"Miss," I said with as much dignity as I could muster, "I'm sorry I had to stop so suddenly, but I had no desire to run over that three-year-old youngster who dashed across the street. Now go along to your tea or your bridge party—your car isn't damaged, and as I said before, I'm very, very sorry."

And with that I climbed into my truck and drove away.

Parke Cummings.

Novel-Reader Bares Pogrom Plans

YOU'LL find me tearing out the hair
And salting down the pelts
Of authors who say "otherwhere"
Instead of "somewhere else."

I'll fracture every slat of him,
I'll mash him like a rat,
The scribe who writes "the hat of him"
Instead of just "his hat."

To Hades I consign the crew
(May Satan keep it hot there)
Of writers who employ "won through,"
When all they mean is "got there."

And, last, I'll mix a flock of drinks
And stick some lethal herbs in them
For ev'ry fanniehurst who shrinks
From sentences with verbs in them!

A. M. S., Jr.

At the Sign Painters' Union

"I'M going to report Jake and Eddie to the committee, I am. I'm going to have them suspended."

"What they been doing now?"

"Me and Tom was painting a sign and we had a big crowd watching us, and pretty soon we looked around and the crowd had gone."

"Where'd it go?"

"They all went to watch Jake and Eddie paint a sign in the next block."

"So you're jealous, eh?"

"It was a dirty trick to take our crowd away from us."

"Take your crowd away from you! How in blazes can you blame them for that?"

"They misspelled a word on purpose so as to get the crowd to watch them."

"They ought to be lynched!"

Bill Sykes.

Titles in Moviedom

WHEN you think of Mae Murray you think of a tall prince.

When you think of Gloria Swanson you think of a tall marquis.

When you think of Estelle Taylor you think of a long count.

An Ad. Writer Buys a Garbage Can

AD. MAN: Just a little thing it is, but one which only the fortunate few may possess and yet it solves one of the world's oldest hygienic problems in a newer and better way. Consequently, it will enhance my prestige with the neighbors, make me the center of attraction at our country club and show the world that I understand the gentle art of living. Because it keeps away those foul minions of disease which prevent health from playing on my side, it is a great service to humanity, a boon to the tired housewife I married and something which my daughter should know about. I am looking for one in bright, nickel-chrome tin-plate with extra-heavy detachable "Swing-Shut" lid, guaranteed to keep off prowling animals for three years. Mounted upon a beautiful Renaissance base made of choicest woods from the Old World, this receptacle for kitchen refuse will harmonize with my Early Colonial backyard.

GARBAGE CAN SALESMAN: Oh, you want a garbage can!

AD. MAN: In a word, yes.

Snootch.

Sportsman's Luck

AUNT CLAIRE: Well, Helen, I see you've landed a man at last.

AMATEUR FISHERMAN'S DAUGHTER: Yes, Auntie, but you ought to see the ones that got away.



"WHAT'S THE TROUBLE, SANDY?"

"THE MECHANISM FAILED TO WORK AND I'M LEAVING MY NAME AND ADDRESS SO THEY CAN RETURN THE COIN."



Frantic Wife: I'VE GOT TO GET A DIVORCE! MY HUSBAND IS IN LOVE WITH ANOTHER WOMAN!

Lawyer: AND WHO, MAY I ASK, IS THE OTHER WOMAN?

F. W.: I DON'T KNOW WHO SHE IS, BUT HER NAME IS RUTH ELDER.

Choice of Desserts

"GIMME a cussed pic, wiya, Mae; minur awgone... Yuh, cussed... Onness, Mae, my fecta sa tied I ca drop, I onnessly could... Sa dog's life, issure is... I tole im ta gimme three cussed annee semmee up one cussed an two crambry mlangs; onnesta Gawd, he's tha dummess thing... He's sa dumm he otta be deffan bline... I tole im three cussed... Annye hadda woman jussa lil while ago that wanned cussed, anye sezz, 'I'm sorry, but I aigottenny,' I sezz. 'I got appul, minss, appereut, chocklutmoker, and crambry mlang,' I sezz, bushee sezz, 'Welliss very funny, alla other countersa got cussed,' anye sezz, 'Yessiss funny,' I sezz. 'I tole tha boy I wanned three cussed,' I sezz, 'annee brommee one cussed and two crambry mlangs, affer I tole im three cussed,' I sezz anshee sezz, 'Wellee muss be stoopid,' she sezz anye sezz, 'Stoopid aina wuyd,' I sezz. 'Heza dummess thing,' I sezz. 'He's sa dumm he otta be deffan bline,' I sezz... Laff?... Onnessly, Mae, I thawshee wuzz gonna fall offa tha stool! She sezz, 'Thass offal funny,' she sezz. 'Sa dumm he otta be deffan bline,' she sezz, anonness, ya shoulda seena laff!... Yorta rycfa

tha papuzz,' she sezz, annen she sezz, 'Nemmine tha cussed,' she sezz. 'I'll hava chocklutmoker,' she sezzan she gimme a fiffeen-cent tip... But onnessly he hant otta besa dumm... Yessum, we got appul, 'minss, appereut, chocklutmoker, crambry mlang and cussed.'

Heman Fay, Jr.



Teacher: AND NOW, JOHNNY, CAN YOU TELL ME WHAT AN ESSAY IS?

Johnny: ESSAY? ESSAY? OH, YES, MA'AM—SEX APPEAL.



The Gay Nineties

THE HEYDAY OF THE CURE-ALL MEDICINE MAN WHOSE CONCOCTION WAS GUARANTEED TO "FATTEN THE BABIES, BEAUTIFY THE LADIES AND MAKE THE MEN GROW TALL."

A Complete Sell-Out

FOR the fifty-sixth time the visiting Englishman was invited to a luncheon club.

The first speaker got up and said: "Gentlemen, we must sell our geographical location to the outside investor."

The second speaker got up and said: "We must sell our sunshine."

The third speaker said: "We must sell our pure water and milk supply."

The fourth speaker said: "We must sell our schools and churches."

The fifth speaker said: "We must sell ourselves. The United States has been sold to the world. It's now up to Chiggersville to sell herself to the United States."

"Whoop!" shouted the visitor, leaping wildly from

his chair. "Whoop! Whoop! Yew!" He seized his head in both hands and spun around like a top.

"What on earth's the matter?" asked the astonished Rotarians.

"All I've heard since I've been over here is, 'Sell, sell, sell.' My word! Don't you ever buy anything?"

Then the Rotarians, perceiving what was wrong with the poor man, gently led him away, and he was locked up in a quiet, cool room with padded walls.

Paul Cook.

She Would Be

PARKER: Who is that stunningly dressed lady?

BENDER: The fine-looking brunette? Oh, she's the wife of that worried-looking little man.

Advice to About 20,000,000 Lovesick Maidens

YOU to whom his protestations,
Though they are devotional,
Seem, well, rather grotesque rations,
Lacking the emotional
Element you think you're needing,
Listen to this simple pleading:

Think of him as one who'd *nearly*
Die for you ecstatically;
One who loves you *quite* sincerely
But not cinematically;
Then, unless you're off your filbert,
Marry him and *not* John Gilbert.

Carroll Carroll.

System

"I HEAR they collected five thousand in the charity drive."

"Yes, but the superintendent of the charity bureau gets three thousand a year, the assistant fifteen hundred, office supplies and bills for past supplies, together with expenses of the drive, amount to four hundred—so only a hundred dollars is left."

"What are they going to do with that?"

"Start another drive."



AN EMBARRASSING MOMENT—THE ELEPHANT WHO FORGOT.

A Business Man Views a Football Game

"YEAH, great crowd... Must be more than a hundred thousand people here... Let's see, at an av-

erage of, say, three-fifty a seat... Over three hundred thousand dollars... And it can't cost much to put on a game like this because they don't have to advertise it... Big chance for the boys, too... Heard of one who got a thousand-dollar-a-week offer in Hollywood... Wonderful organization in cheering... Not much overhead, ushers must serve for nothing and ticket-takers, too... Runs like clockwork... Must have taken a lot of conferences... Makes money for the merchants and the filling stations... And then the railroads... Why, these people must spend fifty dollars apiece... That's fine—million dollars just for one day... Wonderful organization... There ought to be an idea in this for my business... What? Somebody made a touchdown?... Oh!..."

Louis DeArmand.



Wess -

Mme. Thérèse (proprietor of Thérèse, Inc., Gowns): YOU WILL REMEMBER THAT THE EXCLUSIVE NATURE OF OUR CLIENTÈLE DICTATES THAT YOU SHALL WEAR THE FORMAL MORNING COAT WHEN ON DUTY.

The New Clerk: YES, MADAME, AND WILL THE FIRM FURNISH THE CUSTOMARY BOUTONNIÈRE, OR MUST I BUY MY OWN GARDENIAS?

Weather Report

RUB: There were eighty-seven serious motor accidents on Sunday.

DUB: My! What a beautiful day it must have been!

"I'M a joke writer of parts."

"Oh, I see; you write the Ford jokes."



"STEPPIN' OUT TO-NIGHT, GERT?"
 "YES—TO A CONCERT. ME AND ED-
 DIE ARE GOIN' TO STAND IN FRONT OF
 THE ELITE RADIO SHOPPE AND LIST-
 EN TO BEN BERNIE'S ORCHESTRA
 BROADCAST DINNER MUSIC."

Mrs. Pep's Diary

October 12th Another influx of letters by the first post from persons eager to tell me that I did attribute in my journal to *Il Penseroso* something which should have been credited to *Lycidas*, so that I am more glad than ever of the slip of the pen wherefrom so many have derived satisfaction, to say nought of my own pleasure in marking, amongst a nation which supports the Pelman method and sings "It Made You Happy When You Made Me Cry," such a goodly number of citizens who are Milton-conscious. Only one communication in an evil spirit, too, and that the only one without a signature. The circular mail at this season is truly astonishing, and I am amazed at the fatuousness of merchants who put any trust in it soever, my own custom being to toss most of it unopened into the waste basket with a silent prayer that I be not casting aside inquiries from the solicitors of the estate of a hitherto unheard-of uncle in New Zealand or Australia. In this connection I should set down that the appeals from laundries are far superior in style and substance to those of the merchants on Fifth Avenue, some conveying such a subtle desperation to do our linen that I am at some

pains to resist them, but I shall never quit the establishment which we patronize at present so long as it continues to put under Sam's shirt bosoms the kind of boards which are indispensable to me in piecing together jigsaw puzzles. To luncheon at a publick with Margot Wiltshire, and she did drive me near to distraction by conversing glibly on abstract subjects whilst we were *en route*, for I do find that my discourse cannot be so much as "Yea, yea" or "Nay, nay" when I am



Borgia: THAT'S GENUINE PRE-WAR STUFF.
 Victim: WHADDAYAMEAN? THE LABEL SAYS 1926!
 "I'M TALKING ABOUT THE NEXT WAR."

crossing a street or disembarking from a motor, but once we were seated at table and our order placed, I did find her diverting enough, and apropos of the literary criticism which she does write for various journals, she confided that she would leave D. H. Lawrence, Sherwood Anderson, James Cabell and such to those reviewers who could understand them, but that when Mary Roberts Rinehart made a hero out of a cowboy and deliberately gave him a gold tooth in the midst of the action, she knew it was time for her to step right in.

October 13th The telephone a-ringing early, Marge Boothby beseeching me to go out with her to look for a chauffeur who is a Seventh Day Adventist, she having more need of her car on Sunday than Saturday, and, greatly to my amazement, we did find, at the bureau to which she had been directed, a likely fellow who said that his religion was a great convenience to him, since he had liefer be free on Saturday, when more life is stirring, than on the Sabbath, and he did mind me of the girl in "The Return of the Native" who did never enjoy leisure unless other people were working. Thence to the shops, to search out material for a teagown, and greatly depressed because the only stuff (Please turn to page 38)

Love Sonnets of a Lap Dog

I'M sorry, Love, I bring so small a bone
To put here as a tribute at your feet.
'Twas buried by that collie down the
street;

I marked the spot and dug it up, alone.
He might have fought me for it, had he
known,

But thought of you made e'en that
danger sweet.

You'll note it still retains a shred of meat
Which I had thought of keeping for my own

My daily meals are cereal and cream
Which have no bones, and tend to make
me fat.

Often and often do I lie and dream
That I have snatched a drumstick from
the cat.

My heart is in this gift, though it may seem
So small a bone, and slightly soiled, at
that.

Burges Johnson.



Channel Cheating

"SHE WAS ASSISTED BY THE BOAT WHICH ACCOMPANIED HER."

The Wise Guy

THE Tunney fight? That bout wasn't
a surprise to me. Not at all. Why, I
picked Tunney to win three weeks before the fiasco.
Dempsey never had a look-in. I analyzed the boys'
chances and tipped off my friends. They cleaned up
on the match. Tilden? Well, I got it direct from a friend
of a friend of Bill's that he knew he was going to lose.
Anyhow, I doped it out several days in advance and
told the crowd to bet on the Frenchman. Remember
when General Motors hit the ceiling a few months
ago? I saw that coming too. Sure, I was on the inside
of that pool. It wasn't a surprise to me. . . .

"Yeh, I've made a lot of jack for my friends from
time to time. They always ask me
about fights and contests and the
market. Say, any time I get a
good hunch would you be interested
in cleaning up a few extra dollars on
it? Yeh? I'll be glad to tip you
off. Oh, that's all right. By the
way, just as a favor, could you let
me have five until Saturday,
when I expect to clean up on
a certain railroad stock that's
good for twenty points? It
ain't often I ask anybody
but I had two grand on a
horse out at Belmont yester-
day and the plug hasn't
come in yet."

Arthur L. Lippmann.

Off with the Old

THIS is your new father,
dear."

"But, mummy, we had
hardly used the last one!"



He: I SWEAR I'LL LOVE YOU ALWAYS!
She: HOW MONOTONOUS!

An Original Scenario Still Unsold

Synopsis

THE last period...Forty-eight seconds to play...
The score tied...The home team's ball...The
cheering section yells for a touchdown...The captain
of the team and hero of the day is to carry the ball...
The ball is snapped...The hero clutches it...He runs
...He dodges...He avoids a tackler...He slips...
He gains his feet...He straight-arms an opponent...
He reverses his field...He is tackled...He is thrown
for a twenty-yard loss...Not only that, he drops
the ball...A member of the other team scoops it
up and races six feet for a touchdown...The
whistle blows...The game is over...And
there's no girl in the stands to provide any love
interest!

Bill Sykes.

More Than
Brotherly Love

NOWHERE is the spirit
'of good will and im-
plicit faith so strong as it
is in Chicago. In no other
city do the people so rever-
ently keep their faith alive
and hold each other up.

COLLEGE DEAN
(winding up address to
freshmen): And now, are
there any questions?

VOICE: Yes. Who's the
best bootlegger in town?



NOVEMBER 3, 1927

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"While there is Life there's Hope"

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CHARLES DANA GIBSON, *President*CLAIR MAXWELL, *Vice-President*LANGHORNE GIBSON, *Secretary and Treasurer*R. E. SHERWOOD, *Editor*
F. D. CASEY, *Art Editor*

THE papers devote so large a share of their most conspicuous

spaces to sensational news of one sort and another, that the more important concerns of life are always in danger of escaping public notice. There was the flight of Ruth Elder and her man; something only important as a sensation; a flight apparently undertaken primarily for what there was in it for notoriety, for the tabloids and the headlines. Of course it was a daring adventure, and it was a relief that Miss Elder was not drowned, but there was a taint about it, as there was in the recent prizefight, of over-attention to advertisement and through advertisement to business. Whether it was promoted by agencies who wanted to sell papers or pictures on it does not appear, but since the Hall-Mills trial all great sensational proceedings are under suspicion. The great charm about Lindbergh was that he was so entirely free from that taint.

It is worth considering how far the organized agitation of the contemporary mind can proceed without upsetting it to a greater degree than contemporary life can afford. It will be recalled that about a dozen people who had had hearts died of the Tunney-Dempsey fight as reproduced by radio. That is not in itself so very scary, but it is interesting for what it shows about the physical effects of organized sensation on sensitive people. An enormous industry sustains itself nowadays by agitating the human mind. No doubt

that needs to be done, but there are limits to the extent to which it can be done profitably. One of the worst forms of it is the big electric, alternating-current signs that make a succession of pictures or of invitations to buy. Whether such signs are licensed or not is not within our knowledge, but they ought to be under that much restraint, and when they seem to be unwholesome, licenses should be denied them. The privilege of driving people crazy by noises or by violent and ceaseless assaults on their vision does not seem to be a necessary detail of human liberty.



THE Bishop of London, talking the other day to the American Legionaries, protested against teaching American children to hate Great Britain. He had heard of it as going on and he objected to it very strenuously.

In so far as it exists of course it is objectionable. It seems to exist in Chicago by instigation of that droll campaigner, Mayor Thompson, and that is probably what the Bishop has heard of. But that is not a very important case, and can pretty safely be left to be handled by publicity and ridicule. Certainly there is a movement in this country to promote amity between the people of the United States and the people of Great Britain that far exceeds any power and activity of any other movement of the sort. The British have not fully reinstated themselves in the affections of the Irish or of the Germans, two peoples

with whom they have had recent clashes. Some of the Yankees still hate them moderately but not nearly so large a proportion of them as did so sixty years ago. Language, literature, law, commerce and religion all operate to keep Great Britain and the United States in the same section of the international boat.

The Bishop of London need not worry. Organized and advertised effort to make the British and the Americans love one another may stir up so much suspicion as to fail of its end. Possibly as good a way is to let Nature take its course, but anyhow, Uncle Sam and Mr. Bull are not going to fall out. For one thing neither of them can afford to. Only politics of the most absurd and rascally sort finds a profit in playing Anti-English.



THERE seems to be proceeding in the Gulf States a really energetic anti-flogger campaign. With the waning of the Ku Klux the floggers have lost authority and apparently can no longer bully and terrorize the communities they live in. Witnesses dare to tell on them and juries to convict them, so their nasty brutalities seem by way of being cleaned up.

They represent one of the baser and more repulsive forms of the propensity, widespread in these States at this time, to shape one's neighbor's life according to one's own sense of fitness. That is one of the things that Constitutional Government is intended to prevent, but Bills of Rights go for nothing unless there is courage and strength enough in the populations they affect to enforce them. In various parts of this land such courage seems to be developing.

NEWSPAPER publishers have been discussing what has increased their sales. Mr. Pulitzer thinks it is the human interest stories that have made families take in more papers than they used to. Maybe so, but families also may have taken in more papers in hopes of finding one that did not spread its human interest stories all over its front page.

E. S. Martin.



*Chicago Cop: WHAT'VE YOU GOT IN THAT CAR?
Gangster: NOTHIN' BUT BOOZE, OFFICER.
Cop: I BEG YOUR PARDON—I THOUGHT IT MIGHT BE HISTORY BOOKS.*



O. G. Reiss



"Hey, Mister—do you want to join our team? We could use a good, fast quarterback."

Confidential Guide

More or Less Serious

The Arabian. *Eltine*—With Walker Whiteside, and, furthermore, by Walker Whiteside. To be reviewed later.

The Belt. *Playwrights'*—This is to be reviewed later, too, but don't go getting snooty about there being so many "to be reviewed later." They haven't even opened as we write this—so shut up.

Civic Repertory. *Fourteenth St.*—Eva Le Gallienne's company in repertory, including "The Good Hope," "Cradle Song" and "Three Sisters."

Dracula. *Fulton*—A horror-play a bit overcharged with creeps but effective enough in spots to spoil an afternoon for you.

An Enemy of the People. *Hampden's*—An excellent production of Ibsen, with Walter Hampden.

Escape. *Booth*—By Galsworthy. To be reviewed later.

Four Walls. *John Golden*—A drama about a gangster which somehow ought to be better than it is.

Hidden. *Lyceum*—This lady had desires which were so suppressed that even people going by in the street knew what she wanted. Philip Merivale and Beth Merrill head the cast.

The House of Women. *Maxine Elliott's*—A dramatization of "The Green Bay Tree" which gets a bit tiresome even though Elsie Ferguson and Nance O'Neil are in it.

If. *Little*—The Dunsany play revived by the erstwhile Neighborhood Players. To be reviewed later.

In Abraham's Bosom. *Provincetown*—A sincere attempt to state the Negro's problem.

Interference. *Empire*—To be reviewed next week.

Jacob Slovak. *Ambassador*—José Ruben in a drama of race prejudice which was good enough to move uptown.

The Letter. *Morosco*—Katharine Cornell in a dramatic sketch by Somerset Maugham. Not much one way or the other.

Porgy. *Guild*—The Theatre Guild's first production of the season and one to be proud of. The cast is practically all Negro.

The Spider. *Music Box*—Still struggling along with the most original mystery plot in town.

The Trial of Mary Dugan. *National*—A murder trial which, in spite of the fact that it takes place entirely in the court-room, is never for a moment dull. Ann Harding and Rex Cherryman head the cast.

Women Go On Forever. *Foremost*—Most of the crimes on the statute-books are committed in this play, but every once in a while you get a feeling that in it you are witnessing something fine.

Comedy and Things Like That

Abie's Irish Rose. *Republic*—There is a play by another name supposed to be at this theatre now, but you can't fool us. We know what it really is.

And So to Bed. *Comedy*—The Samuel Pepys play. To be reviewed next week.

The Baby Cyclone. *Henry Miller's*—Grant Mitchell in a farce by George M. Cohan which has revived our faith in farces.

Broadway. *Broadhurst*—Oh, you know about this.

Burlesque. *Plymouth*—A splendid second act makes this story of back-stage love worth seeing. Also Hal Skelly and Barbara Stanwyck.

The Command to Love. *Longacre*—Elementary sex behaving as if it were sophisticated. Mary Nash and Basil Rathbone are the little scamps.

Her First Affaire. *Bayes*—More sex in rompers.

The Ivory Door. *Charles Hopkins*—To be reviewed next week.

The Mulberry Bush. *Republic*—The show that is supposed to have replaced "Abie's Irish Rose." If the first act is about a Jewish boy who married an Irish girl, get up and leave.

The 19th Hole. *Cohan*—Frank Craven in a highly amusing golf play by himself.

Pickwick. *Selwyn*—A Christmas dream of Dickens characters.

The Road to Rome. *Playhouse*—Jane Cowl showing how Rome, or any other city, could have been saved by a gifted woman.

The Shannons. *Martin Beck*—Some of the best comedy in town, participated in by James Gleason and Lucille Webster.

The Springboard. *Mansfield*—A deft little comedy, with Madge Kennedy and Sidney Blackmer.

The Taming of the Shrew. *Garrick*—In modern dress. With Basil Sidney and Mary Ellis. To be reviewed later.

Weather Clear, Track Fast. *Hudson*—To be reviewed next week.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Allez-Oop! *Earl Carroll*—Cecil Lean and Cleo Mayfield have been added to this revue—which means less than nothing to this department.

Chauve-Souris. *Cosmopolitan*—A new Balieff show for those who liked the old.

The Five O'Clock Girl. *Forty-Fourth St.*—Reviewed in this issue.

Follies of 1937. *New Amsterdam*—Certainly better than some Follies, if not the best. Eddie Cantor is chief kiddier.

Good News. *Forty-Sixth St.*—A whirlwind of a show.

Hit the Deck. *Belasco*—The fact that people have heard this music all summer doesn't seem to interfere with the show's popularity.

Just Fancy. *Casino*—Reviewed in this issue.

Manhattan Mary. *Apollo*—Well, there's Ed Wynn—

The Merry Malones. *Erlanger's*—George M. Cohan in person in a musical comedy of the old school.

The Mikado. *Royale*—The third of Winthrop Ames' unrivalled revivals.

My Maryland. *Jolson's*—The Civil War in comic opera.

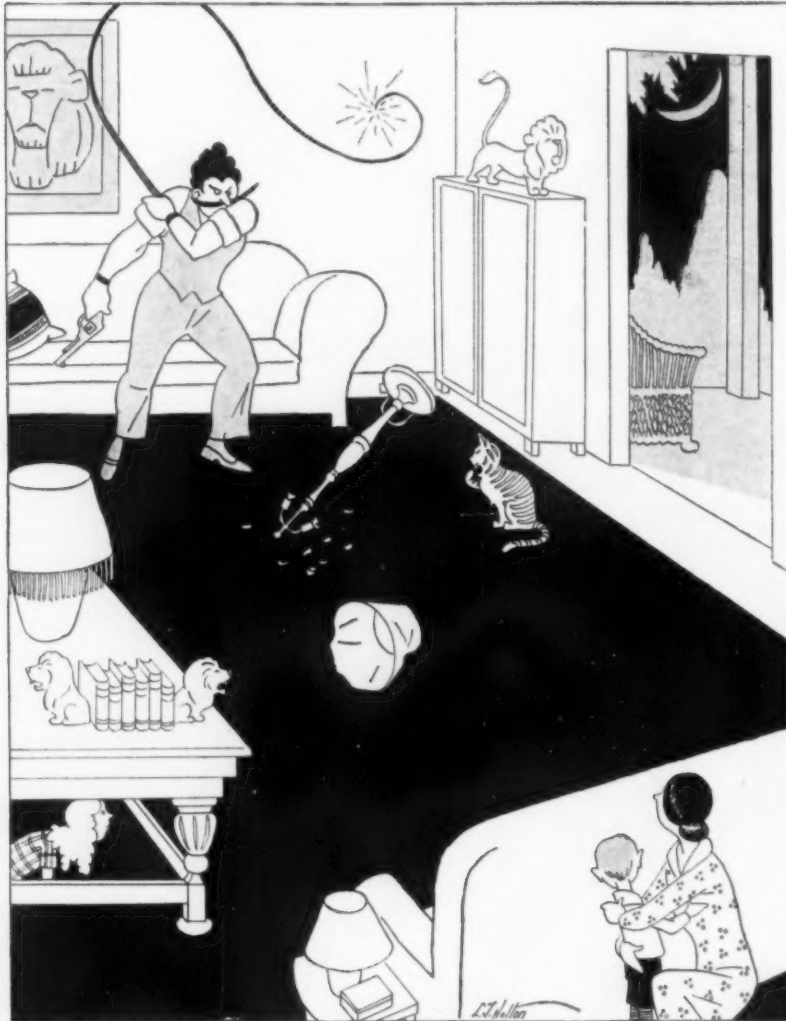
My Princess. *Shubert*—With Hope Hampton and Robert Woolsey. To be reviewed later.

A Night in Spain. *Winter Garden*—For general entertainment you can't beat the combination of Phil Baker, Marion Harris and Ted Healy.

Sidewalks of New York. *Knickerbocker*—Reviewed in this issue.

Rio Rita. *Ziegfeld*—Still one of the nicest sights in town. Walter Catlett, Ada May and Bert Wheeler furnish the comedy.

Yes, Yes, Yvette. *Sam H. Harris*—Regulation musical comedy, with Herbert Corthell as comedian.



Off-Stage with Famous Vaudevillians

THE LION TAMER PUTS THE CAT OUT.



Washed with Hyssop

A FEW months ago, in our youth, we wrote a piece in this column in which we wondered why it is that whenever one or two of the town's wise-crackers and wits write a show it turns out to be no better than the average. Now we know. We have been working on a musical comedy ourselves.

No one is going to believe this, but at that time we also wrote a paragraph, which had to be cut out on account of lack of space, in which we wondered if perhaps it might not be that somebody's idea of "what the public wants" had something to do with it. We would now give a million dollars, or at any rate ten dollars, if we had kept that paragraph in.



AFTER seeing our own show from the front, we have decided that, from now on, this department must of necessity be very, very lenient with all other musicals. There can be no more of this sitting back with a snooty sneer and saying, "Conventional musical comedy," or, "The cast did as well as they could with the material at hand." Guy Bolton, Otto Harbach and Harold Atteridge have become our heroes and we hereby apologize to them for any little nasty digs we may have taken at them in the past. Practically any musical show is going to get a great break in these columns from now on. Any line, no matter how old, which gets a laugh is going to send us into a paroxysm of huzzas. If the throwing of the first stone was made contingent on the presence of a spectator without sin, then readers of this page will have to wait until the Holland Vehicular Tunnel has crumbled to dust before we utter the slightest word of disparagement against any show listed under "Eye and Ear Entertainment." In fact, we may give up reviewing plays altogether. One can get just so self-conscious and then one must retire.



ONE of the things we have found out in our experience as a librettist is that funny lines are so scarce in musical shows because funny lines are very hard to write. This is so simple that we never thought of it before. And, if you can't think of a funny line, you have to get a line that isn't so funny. The actors have got to say something. (We should perhaps like to argue that last point.)

In this frame of mind, it might be well if we took up some of the other musical shows we have seen in town

since our Great Chastening. Practically every one of them looked great. While the mood is on us, here goes.



ONE of the biggest successes has been "The Five O'Clock Girl." The very fact that it is jamming the Forty-Fourth Street Theatre every night is, according to our present standards, enough to justify its being acclaimed herewith. In the old days we might have been just a wee bit bored at "The Five O'Clock Girl" but now—well, the sight of those standees applauding their hands off at Mary Eaton and Oscar Shaw and laughing heartily at Louis John Bartels and Shaw and Lee arouses the greatest reverence in us for Guy Bolton and Fred Thompson, to say nothing of Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby. They tell us that "The Five O'Clock Girl" does between \$40,000 and \$45,000 on the week. A great show. Don't miss it!

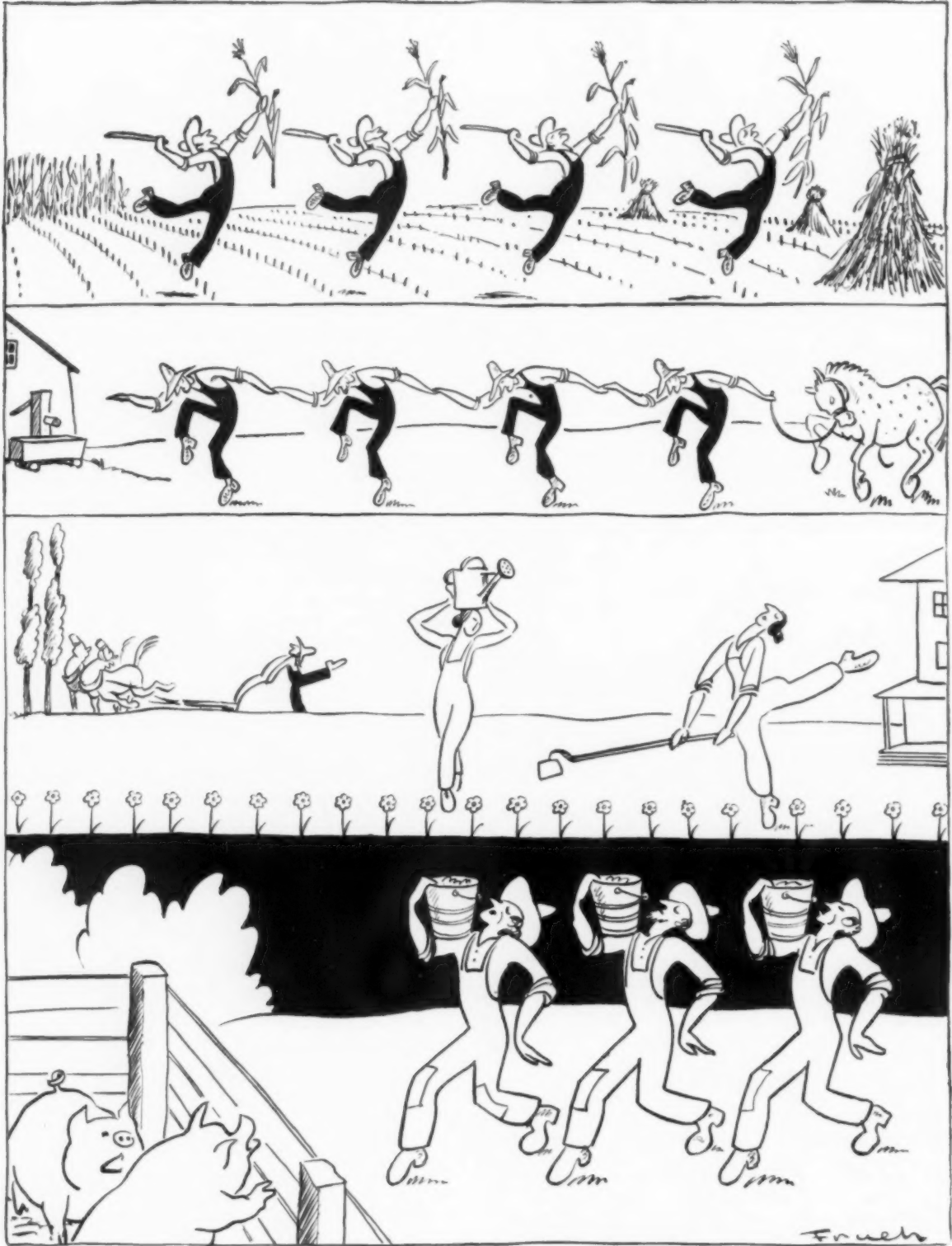


ANOTHER marvelous entertainment is "Sidewalks of New York," which is doing great business at the Knickerbocker. Hitherto we have been very indulgent with Mr. Eddie Dowling's opera, admitting that they were for the great American public but—well, just a trifle banal, shall we say? Banal me eye! Try to get in and see whether "Sidewalks of New York" is banal. When we saw little Ray Dooley, as the pathetic laundry worker in "Hop-o'-My-Thumb" of Maude Adams memory, and realized that she stood in a fair way to lose the man she loved, we cried like a baby. And when Dale and Smith came on and talked Jewish, with a lot of sure-fire gags that we'd have given ten years of our life to have written, we screamed with laughter. (As a matter of fact, we have always screamed with laughter at Dale and Smith. We will say that for ourself.)



WE can not close this mellow survey of the musical comedy field in New York without a word of praise for Mr. Joseph Santley's "Just Fancy," in which he himself and Ivy Sawyer, together with Raymond Hitchcock and Eric Blorc, make up an altogether charming evening. We have a feeling that, even if we had not been in this expansive mood, we should have liked Mr. Santley's show. In our present state, we beam with pleasure in contemplation of it.

And now all that we have to do is to think up some funny gags for our own show. Robert Benchley.



The Aesthetic Dancers Go "Back to the Farm"

How to Get a Ticket for the Big Game

DEMAND ticket from Athletic Association on ground you are great friend of the president.

Demand ticket from president on ground your contribution to Retirement Fund would have already reached him except for fact you were waiting until able to send double requested amount.

Demand ticket from football captain on ground you are professional football promoter.

Demand ticket from football coach on ground you are one of alumni who favor giving him ten-year contract.

Buy ticket from speculator. C. N. K.

And the Jury Voted Not Guilty!

"WILL you have some more meat, Mr. Zipser?"
 "No, thank you."
 "Oh, do have just a little bit more."
 "No, thanks. It's delicious. But I really couldn't."
 "Oh, now, Mr. Zipser. You had such a small helping. You *must* have just a bit more."
 "No. Really. It's awfully good. But I couldn't."
 "See. This nice, tender, brown little slice."
 "Please. No. I've eaten so much and—"
 "Didn't you like the meat?"
 "Yes! Oh, my, yes! But I had rather a late lunch and—"
 "Oh, come on, Mr. Zipser. Just another small piece."
 "No. Really. I couldn't. I really mustn't."
 "Please do have just a little bit—it's good for you."
 "I know, but really I—"
 "Here's a nice rare piece I'm sure you'll like."
 "No, really, I couldn't eat another mouthful."
 "Of course you can—just one. Pass your plate."
 "No. Really—

but if you'll be so kind as to pass me that carving knife, I'll..."

Robert Lord.

An Enthusiast

NORTH: Is Webster a wet?

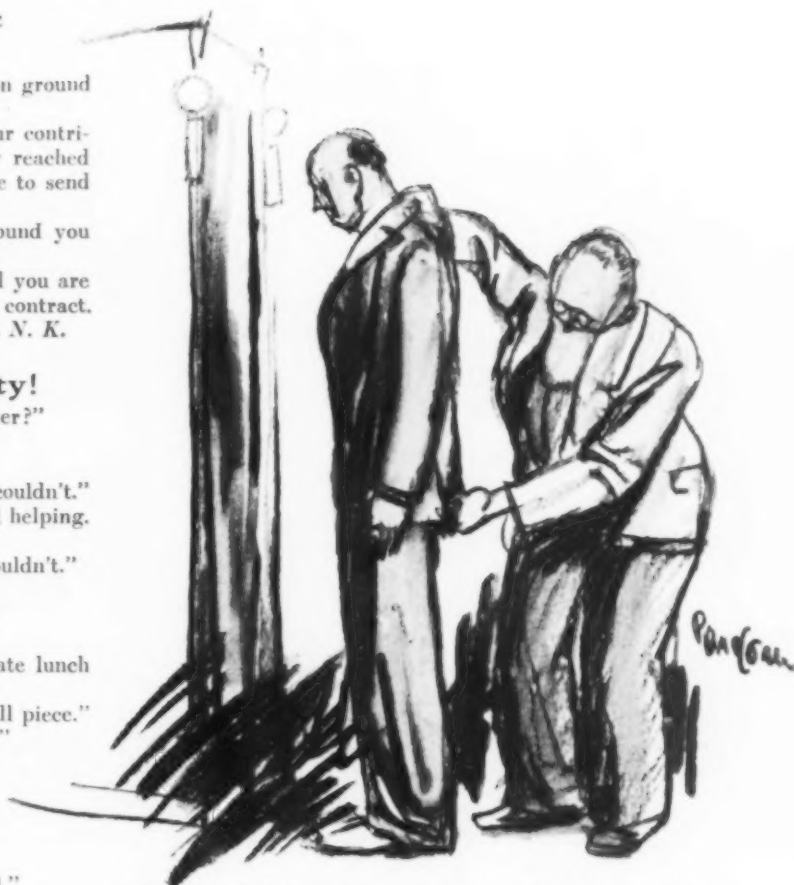
WEST: Why, he not only wants the Eighteenth Amendment repealed, but he wants the repeal made retroactive!

"WERE you personally conducted on your tour?"

"Yes, my wife went along."



He: MAY I HAVE THE NEXT DANCE?
 She: BUT I DON'T KNOW YOU.
 He: THEN MAYBE WE HAD BETTER SIT ONE OUT FIRST.



The Tactful Tailor: A PERFECT FIT! AN', Y'KNOW, IT'S A FUNNY THING, MR. BECKER—OUR CUTTER LOST THE MEASUREMENTS WE MADE OF YOU, SO HE CUT THIS SUIT FROM GENE TUNNEY'S MEASUREMENTS THAT HE GOT OUT OF THE NEWSPAPER.

Perfect Harmony

"DESPITE the prevailing opinion that we stage people are seldom matrimonially successful, I have never regretted my choice. I continually urge my wife to make me her confidant and aide, and to look to me for inspiration. In the little disputes that befall every couple I have cheerfully borne the heaviest burden of blame, and not one serious quarrel has ever marred our conjugal happiness. I have never attempted to shirk a task or take advantage of a man's privilege to rule. In the twenty years we have appeared before the public—don't omit that point in your interview, please—she has known me for her most loyal supporter and generous critic. That's her coming down the stairs now—come right in, dear. I take pleasure in introducing my wife—billed in all the better vaudeville houses as Miss Cloud Devere, woman champion weight-lifter and spike-driver of the world."

Harry Epstein.

POLICEMAN: How did the accident happen?
 MOTORIST: My wife fell asleep in the back seat.

**To Her Lover
Who Writes Her Poetry**

PARDON, pray, Sweet William,
my
Mentioning such a touchy sub-
ject, but there's no use deny-
ing that you deserve my rub-
bing it in about your vers-
es which you, alas, contin-
ue to pen despite my curs-
ing you out because you thin-
k that I'll be simply flat-
tered by this peculiar froz-
en pretentious sort of chat-
ter. *Why don't you write in prose!*
Ernest V. Heyn.

All Over the Country

"YES," said the Young Man,
"I've traveled over fifty thou-
sand miles and have never seen the
ocean."
"My goodness!" exclaimed the
Fat Drummer. "Is it possible?"
"Yes. I'm a Notre Dame foot-
ball player."



Him: NO, I'M NEVER GOING TO MARRY UNTIL THE PERFECT WOMAN IS MADE.
Her: OH, MR. MARCHBANKS, THIS IS SO SUDDEN!

In the Right Spirit

"King Albert of the Belgians is a Rotarian."—*News Item.*

SCENE: *A Rotary Club Lunch.*
MR. TWOOL (*entering suddenly with the King of Belgium*):

Boys—meet Al-
bert, Rex.

THE BOYS (*in chorus*):

How d'ye do,
Albert Rex,
how d'ye do;
How d'ye do,
Albert Rex,
how d'ye do;

How d'ye
do, Albert
Rex,

Don't take
any rub-
berchecks,

How d'ye do,
Albert Rex,
how do'ye do.

A MR. SMEEDY
(*coming up*):
Sit down here,
Mr. Rex. Glad
to meet you.
Smeedy's my
name. Shellac.

TWOOL: Al is
in the king game, himself. Hey, Al?
SMEEDY: The king game, eh?

Well, well. Always wanted to meet
a guy in the king game. Must be
interesting. How's business?

ALBERT (*mod-
estly*): Well, I
got a pretty
good order last
week from the
Emperor of
Japan. What
was it now...
the Order of the
Imperial Rice
Cakes with
Crossed Cherry
Blossoms.

SMEEDY: Fine!
They all help.
Say—I see they
got a five-year-
old kid at the
head of the firm
in Rumania.
That's a hot one!

TWOOL: You
said it. I'd like
to see a five-
year-old kid run
my business.
Why, a five-year-
old kid can't even play a decent
game of golf.

SMEEDY: Well, he isn't exactly
running things, is he? I figure,
now, a king is sort of like a bank
vice-president, these days... a sort
of a doo-dab on the letter head—no
offense to you, Al. You probably
make a pretty good thing out of it,
don't you?

ALBERT: I make out. That is, I
make out.

TWOOL: Still, it's a comic thing
about that five-year-old kid in Ru-
mania. Sort of like having Jackie
Coogan on your board of directors.

SMEEDY: Say—that isn't a bad
lunch, J. D. Mind if I use it?

TWOOL: Go ahead, D. J. Can't
see how you are going to tie up
Jackie Coogan with shellac.

SMEEDY: That's up to my execu-
tives. Tie anything up with shellac
if you have good executives. You
got good executives, Rex?

ALBERT: Best in the world. You
know my business is very peculiar.
Very individual. Fact is, we're all
just like one great big happy family.

SMEEDY: That's the stuff. Pro-
mote good (*Please turn to page 39*)



Gantry: DID YOU ENJOY EUROPE?
Babbitt: NO. SOME OF THOSE CON-
FOUNDED FOREIGNERS HAD THE NERVE
TO SAY "IF I DIDN'T LIKE THEIR COUN-
TRY WHY DIDN'T I GO BACK WHERE I
CAME FROM."



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"The Magic Flame"

THE strangely ill-assorted team of Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky has had its ups and downs (cf.—"The Dark Angel" and "The Night of Love"); their latest, "The Magic Flame," may be listed among the ups.

It is one of those pleasantly preposterous romances of a mythical kingdom, with a dual rôle thrown in to make things more complicated. There is a lecherous prince and a noble circus clown, both of whom are in love with a fair trapeze performer, and both of whom, by the oddest coincidence, look exactly like Ronald Colman.

Thus, Mr. Colman is called upon to be very versatile, but the demands of his two rôles don't seem to bother him much. Miss Banky, on the other hand, is called upon to be only her own sweet self—an easy assignment which is competently fulfilled.

HENRY KING has done an excellent job with the direction of "The Magic Flame"—giving the picture color, depth and imaginative beauty. It is the type of story that

requires lightness of touch in treatment and if Mr. King is occasionally a bit heavy-handed, it is because he

has tried to stress the glamorous romance at the expense of the potential comedy.

In other words, Mr. King has essayed to make "The Magic Flame" a good box-office picture, which it undoubtedly is.

"We're All Gamblers"

THE breaks seem to be against Thomas Meighan. In "We're All Gamblers," he has all the elements that make for a good picture, including a fine director (James Cruze) and a story that is rich in dramatic material.

Nevertheless, "We're All Gamblers" manages to be about as inconsequential an offering as the season has yet yielded. It seems incredible that Cruze and Meighan, between them could have countenanced, let alone participated in, such a thoroughly illogical, inconsistent and puny effort as this.

The title, by the way, has nothing to do with the story—and, if you take my advice, you'll have nothing to do with it either.

R. E. Sherwood.



Ethel: WHAT POSITION DO YOU PLAY ON THE TEAM?

Disgusted Sub: OH, I'M JUST ONE OF THE VICE-PRESIDENTS.

Recent Developments

The Jazz Singer. Al Jolson and the Vitaphone score a substantial hit. The picture itself isn't so much, but that deficiency is overlooked in the general excitement.

Three's a Crowd. A Harry Langdon comedy which is far more a matter of tears than of laughs.

The Woman on Trial. Pola Negri on the rampage in a courtroom melodrama.

The Drop Kick. Another football victory in the last reel, but a far from

thrilling one, though Richard Barthelmess tries hard.

Carmen. Dolores Del Rio and Victor McLaglen in a terribly strenuous and excessively amorous retelling of the celebrated story.

Soft Cushions. Wisecracks in old Bagdad, with Douglas MacLean prancing about and Sue Carol looking very alluring.

The Cat and the Canary. Laura La Plante in an effective spine-chiller.

Hula. There are many things that

Clara Bow does well, but dancing the Hula is not one of them.

Old San Francisco. Dolores Costello in a melodramatic mess.

Service for Ladies. A gay, flip-pant, well-bred comedy, in which Adolphe Menjou is superb.

Sunrise, The Student Prince, Wings, The Garden of Allah, Seventh Heaven, The King of Kings, What Price Glory, The Way of All Flesh, The Patent Leather Kid and Underworld are all good — especially **Sunrise.**



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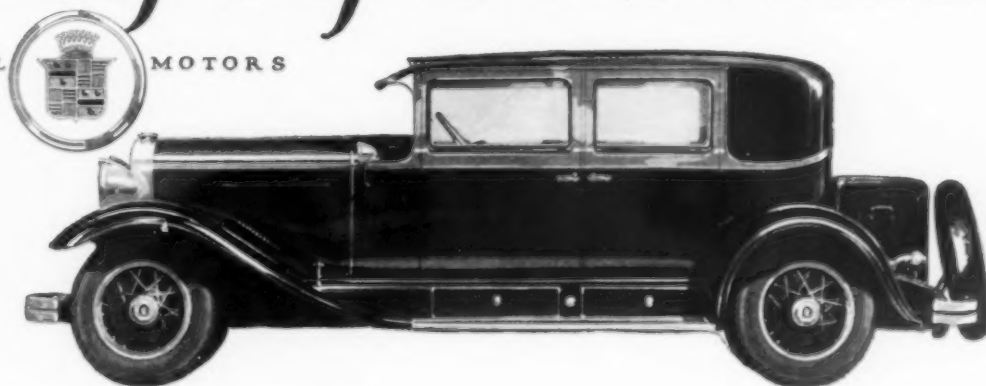
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Body by FISHER

GENERAL MOTORS



Our Foolish Contemporaries

"Aut Scissors aut Nullus"

Another Linguist

My friends looked at me pityingly as Hung Woo, the Chinese produce merchant, asked my order in his native tongue, but with an inscrutable Near-East-Side smile I shamed them when I calmly said:

"'Lo, John, me likee sloup veg'ble, clabbage, plawlsly, cellaly, tlamotto, platotto, sling bean, sklosh, klon, ladish, cluclumba and slawbelly."

—M. A. P., in *New York Sun*.



THE ABSENT-MINDED WAITER

Seen on the Highway

It was a little Ford car, and it was full of children, and it bore this sign on the stern: "Packed in tin and always fresh."—*Argus (Seattle)*.

STORIES about movie people getting married should end with a comma.

—*Arkansas Gazette*.

IMITATION is also the flattest form of sincerity.—*Detroit News*.



MOTHER MAKES THE FAUX PAS OF ASKING HER YOUNG DAUGHTER WHAT TIME HER FRIENDS WILL BRING HER HOME.

—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

The Nile Tabloid

ALL the notoriety that Cleopatra got Was a two-stick story with X marks the spot.

Tragically she moaned with her dying gasp,

"I'd have made front page if I'd bit that asp!"

—*Styz, in New York World*.

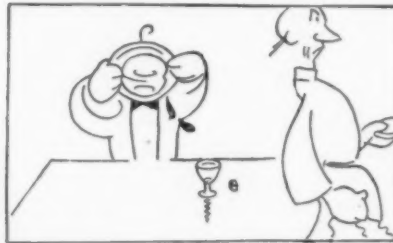
We Thought It Killed

"Twenty years ago, T—— was a frequenter of gambling dens and squandered a fortune with his more than doubtful companions. To-day, he is a Justice of the Peace."

—*Local Paper*.

WELL, he ought to know all there is to know about it.—*Humorist (London)*.

BECAUSE a girl refused to marry him a man in Essex has stayed at home for fifty years; but we've known a man to do that just because the girl did marry him.—*Punch*.

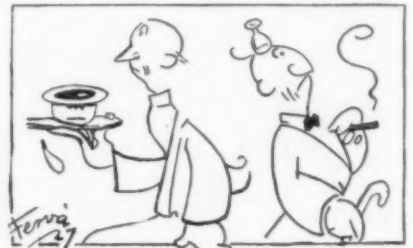


AND

On the Road

"IN my younger days," the old actor said, "I traveled from one end of the country to the other."

"Well, well," the young actor replied, "just think of that. And there were no rubber heels in those days, either." — *Youngstown Telegram*.



THE ABSENT-MINDED CUSTOMER.

—*Buen Humor (Madrid)*.



THE ICEMAN'S ELOPEMENT.

—*Söndaganisse-Strix (Stockholm)*.



COMBINING THE BEST FEATURES OF BOTH.

—*California Pelican*.

No Shock

"My wife says she is going to leave me."

"Distressing!"

"At least, she has broken the news gently. She hasn't been home three nights a week in the last month."

—*Washington Star*.

ONE of the famous Sitwells wrote a book on "All Summer in a Day," in spite of the fact that he had never spent a single afternoon at Coney Island.

—*Baltimore Sun*.

Viewed in Perspective

STANDING transfixed, a man watched intently the antics of two tiny toy wrestlers which a street fakir was operating by means of a black thread in a doorway.

"Come on!" his wife exclaimed. "Didn't you ever see those things before?"

"Wait a minute, Mary," the man replied. "They look to me just exactly the way Tunney and Dempsey did from where I sat in my six-dollar seat."

—*Youngstown Telegram.*

Cutting In

THE effect of the movies on church-going is shown in this Sunday morning conversation:

MOTHER: Hurry dressing, Ethel, dear. Services start at eight sharp.

ETHEL (age eight): I can't hurry, Mother. Let's go to a temple that is continuous.—*Chicago Daily News.*

A BURGLAR recently broke into a suburban bungalow and shaved himself with the householder's safety-razor. The owner has informed the police that the crime was committed with a blunt instrument.

—*Humorist (London).*



Mrs. Jones (to husband who has ventured to assert himself): NOW, GEORGE, UNDERSTAND — ONCE AND FOR ALL—JUST BECAUSE YOU'VE BEEN ON A TEN-DAYS' TOUR IN ITALY, DON'T GET THE IDEA YOU'RE A SECOND MUSSOLINI!

—*London Opinion.*

Price

EXPANSIVELY Mr. Elmer Davis, the writer, entered a bookstore the other day and picking up one of his own novels from a counter slyly wrote his name on the flyleaf. He thereupon called the saleslady and asked the price.

"That's a two-dollar book," said the saleslady.

"Only two dollars—with the author's autograph in it?" pursued the author.

"Ah, a damaged copy," said the clerk. "That will be a dollar-fifty."

—*New Yorker.*

Wine jelly when flavored with Abbott's Bitters is made more delightful and healthful. Sample Bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

Precautionary

SINCE reading that a young Southerner knocked a man down on Seventh Avenue the other day because he didn't like his looks we have decided to have our face boarded up for the winter.

—*New York Evening Post.*

Fortunes of War in China

THE widow of a Chinese general has married another Chinese general. Ordinarily, it's the Chinese generals who change sides.—*Detroit News.*

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Let us help you in the selection of the proper power plant for your craft. Our advice is free. Illustrated catalog will be sent on request.

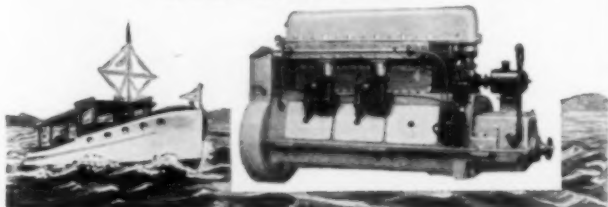
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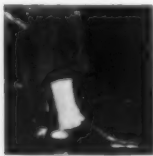
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Hosiery

Underwear

Munsingwear union suits, because of the correct manner in which they are designed, the satisfactory way in which they fit and cover the figure and the unusual service and comfort they give the wearer, are for sale by one or more of the leading merchants in practically every trading center of importance in the United States.



Munsingwear hosiery like Munsingwear underwear is a quality product made for every member of the family. If you want the utmost in underwear and hosiery value, ask for Munsingwear.

Munsingwear Quality Assures Comfort and Service

THE MUNSINGWEAR CORPORATION
 MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA

Oh, Henry!

A PERPLEXING phenomenon is noted in Baltimore, where at the public library branch nearest the home of H. L. Mencken, editor and critic, the greatest demand is for books on raising canaries!

Such is fame, such is influence! A man sends his voice thundering to the farthest corners of the land in praise of Lewis, Cabell and Nietzsche, and right in his own precinct people are reading how to mix bird seed and when to hang the cage in a sunny window. It would be easy to understand if the man had ever written a critical boost for canary raising, but a hopeful search of all the periodicals shows he has not.

No doubt the explanation is that Mencken pastes on a false mustache,

slips up to the library and draws these books out himself. It is recalled that his hero and model, Nietzsche, was in private life peculiarly mild and gentle. And while urging homo boobies to a diet of literary raw-meat, most likely this terror of Hollins Street in the secrecy of his den pores over endless volumes on how to make the wee birdies sing.

—Elmer C. Adams, in *Detroit News*.

A Good Trick If He Does It

"Armless though he is, Charles Vulak, 55 years of age, has made such a success of the begging profession that he has \$4,053 in five different banks where he readily can lay hands on it."—*Los Angeles Times*.

ARMLESS though he, etc.

—*New Yorker*.

Busy Days in Hollywood

(Special Dispatch to LIFE)

HOLLYWOOD, Calif.—Super-Sappy Features, Inc., will start work next week on "The Moriaritys and the Finkleheimers."

At the Blotz All-Star Studios work of titling "The O'Hannigans and the Horkowitzes" is being rushed.

Actual filming of "The Flannigans and the Feigelbaums" has been completed by Bigger and Better Films.

A cast is being assembled at the Blatz Studios for "The O'Rourke and the Rosenheimers."

"Nanook of the North" will be re-issued soon. A slight change is being made in the plot, and the new edition will be titled: "Izzy's Eskimo Mama." *Chet Johnson.*

NEIGHBOR: Now, what I'm tellin' yer, Mrs. Horan, is no gossip, because everybody's talking about it.

—*New York World.*



Just Try This

Wash your face to remove dust and dirt, apply MOLLÉ with finger tips, shave once-over and then dry your face.

It's a revelation in quick, easy shaving with perfect face comfort. One tube will convince you.

All Druggists

AUTOMATIC

*lights at the mere press of
a trigger*



IT IS not recorded how Sitting Bull lit his pipe. But the absence of matches and uncertainty of lighters in his time would indicate that this champion old rester either had to break training or sit close to the fire.

What brings up the subject is that bridge tables these nights sometimes look like an Indian camp—burned and smouldering matchsticks cluttering every ash tray. The present praiseworthy dislike for such sights has sent people hunting a dependable lighter. And finding it, too, in the Douglass.

The Douglass is not only dependable but entirely automatic. Press the trigger—there's your light!

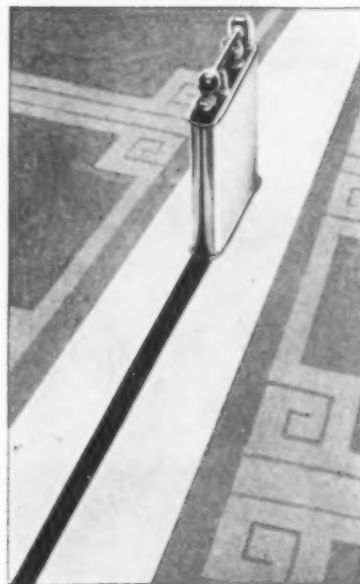
One displays a Douglass, therefore, with an air of assurance, makes it an accessory as important as a watch (or a compact).

Charming leathers, glowing metals encase Douglasses in many varied styles. Standard models are priced from \$5 upward, while Silhouette Douglasses range from \$10 to \$1000. You'll find one immensely pleasing to your pride and purse at some well placed jeweler's or tobacconist's.



There's a new Douglass now—the Silhouette model. It is thin and naturally so, for with Douglass straight line construction no working part was reduced to make this model slender. It fits your vest pocket without a bulge (or sidles gracefully into the smallest mesh bag)

Press the trigger—there's your light



Use Douglass Lighter Fluid or aviation gasoline
Ask to see the new windshield attachment
for Douglass Lighters; it's a wonder

The Douglass Lighter

SPONSORED BY HARGRAFT, Wrigley Bldg., Chicago

Canadian Distributor: A. W. W. KYLE Co. 3 St. Nicholas St., Montreal, Quebec



You men make too much work of shaving

Because you think it easier to take a new blade than to strop one, you make shaving just about twice as hard as it need be.

You forget about the time it takes to unwrap a new blade. You don't think about the bother of changing to another if the first one isn't keen. You ignore the time it takes to go to the store for new blades. You don't count the extra time it takes to shave with a dull blade.

Now consider the easy way. You start with one new blade. You spend 30 seconds a day Twinplex stropping its edge to shaving keenness. You get a marvelous shave in two minutes less time than you required the old hard way. Daily gain 90 seconds.

Keep using that one blade at least 30 days. Gain 45 minutes and 30 cents.

At the end of a year you will have saved four or five trips for new blades. 9 hours shaving time and about \$3.00 cash—more than enough to pay for a Twinplex, which costs only \$2.50. Other models \$3.50 and \$5.00.

If you want to shave the easy way, get a Twinplex Stropper.

NEW Stropped Blade FREE

Name your razor and we'll send you, free, a new blade Twinplexed. We would like to show you what real shaving is

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MONTREAL

CHICAGO
LONDON



Twinplex Stroppers

FOR SMOOTHER SHAVES

Ensemble

ALL the fair damsels in "Artists and Models" Have more in their stockings than is in their noodles; Though there's a considerable lack in their noodles— Of motors and jewels they've oodles and oodles.

W. F. B.

ALIBI CONTEST PRIZE WINNERS



ALIBI NUMBER FORTY-TWO

Stern Parent: WHAT! BACK FROM COLLEGE ALREADY?

Ex-Freshman: WELL, DAD, YOU SEE, IT'S THIS WAY... I went out to set the world on fire and I came back for more matches.

This Alibi, which wins the first prize of \$50.00, was submitted by

S. LUIS YOUNG,
1726 Taft Avenue,
Hollywood, California.

Five second prizes of \$10.00 each have been awarded to the following:

ERNEST M. BERRY, Lowell, Massachusetts, and LORIN KIBLY, Chickasha, Oklahoma, for variations of the Alibi: "I sustained a serious injury; I sprained my ukulele finger."

B. HARRISON WINFIELD, Woodcliff, New Jersey, for the Alibi: "I've joined the 'College-a-Month' Club."

BLAINE C. BIGLER, Scenery Hill, Pennsylvania, and WILLIAM M. WILEY, Santa Monica, California, for variations of the Alibi: "If I go to college you must make allowances for me."

Watch for the New
\$2,500.00
PRIZE CONTEST
which starts in two weeks

Pipe Smoker Enjoys Can of Tobacco Sixteen Years Old

Of course, all good tobacco is aged before it is packed, but here is a case of "aged in the can."

On the strength of Mr. McDonald's letter we certainly owe our packing department a vote of commendation. For no tobacco could retain its flavor and goodness lying in a dark musty corner for sixteen years unless it had been properly packed in an absolutely air-tight can.

So while someone was deprived of this particular can of tobacco for sixteen years, it did provide smoke enjoyment for an appreciative railroad cashier when it finally came to light.

Mr. McDonald's letter is reproduced below:

Waxahachie, Texas
May 18, 1926

Larus & Bro. Co.
Richmond, Va.

Gentlemen:

The agent while going through his plunder stored in our baggage room came across a can of your tobacco, and on account of his not using a pipe he made me a present of this tobacco.

You will note the revenue stamp and your memo which was inclosed. The tobacco was put up in 1910, sixteen years ago. But it was in good shape, of remarkable flavor, and was greatly enjoyed by me.

Thought you would be interested in knowing how your tobacco held out in these days of fast living.

Yours very truly,

(signed) Gordon McDonald.



To those who have never tried Edgeworth, we make this offer:

Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth where-ever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality.

Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 16 S. 21st Street,

Richmond, Va.

We'll be grateful for the name and address of your tobacco dealer, too, if you care to add them.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

[On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va. — the Edgeworth Station.]
[Wave length (254.1 meters) 1180 kilocycles.]

False Modesty

SHE: Gosh, I'm simply terrified this skirt of mine is too short!

HE: I don't think it is at all.

SHE: But, my dear, simply everybody seems to be staring at me!

HE: Oh, you're just self-conscious about it.

SHE: Well, I'm terribly afraid this skirt is too short.

HE: Well, you've got two good reasons for wearing a short skirt.

SHE: I think you're awfully fresh.

HE: No, but I really mean you have awfully good-looking legs.

SHE: Don't be absurd, my dear. You're just trying to flatter me.

HE: I'm not at all—I really think you have.

SHE: Well, anyways, I'm embarrassed to tears about this skirt—I really think it's terribly short.

HE: I don't think it is at all.

SHE: But just look at the way



Ask Them How They Reduced

How do you suppose the countless people you meet have come to normal weight? Excess fat is not nearly so common as it was. It is recognized as unnecessary. Some employed abnormal exercise or diet, but the results were hard and not enduring.

Others used Marmola Prescription Tablets. That is the scientific method, based on modern research. It has been used for 20 years. So many have used it and told the results to others, that people now are using a very large amount.

The user of Marmola simply takes four tablets daily. She watches the results. New vitality comes with reduction. She ceases Marmola when she reaches the desired weight.

You should learn the results, as millions already know them. They are rarely too rapid, and they mean that the cause is corrected.

We urge you to try this modern, scientific method, then tell the results to others. That is how so many have been relieved of excess fat. Go now and learn what this right method means.

Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at \$1 per box. If your druggist is out, he will get them at once from his jobber.

MARMOLA
Prescription Tablets
The Pleasant Way to Reduce

Where Winter is Confined to the Almanac

BALMY days and bracing days, flooded with sunshine—fall days and spring days—"winter" at the Broadmoor is out-of-doors weather. Horses, motors, golf and the Rocky Mountains! Distinctively metropolitan service. Open the year around.



The **BROADMOOR**

COLORADO SPRINGS

Try Breaking a Transcontinental Journey Here!

simply everybody stares at me, my dear! I mean they couldn't be ruder.

HE: Well, it's probably because you have such beautiful legs.

SHE: Honestly, my dear, you simply slay me!

HE: But you really have, you know.

SHE: My legs are awfully skinny, I think.

HE: They're not at all. You've got awfully well-shaped legs.

SHE: Don't be absurd, I haven't at all!

HE: But I really mean it. I think you've got swell legs.

SHE: I haven't at all, my dear—but it's awfully sweet of you to say so!

Lloyd Mayer.

The Fortunate Thing

THE young bride had promised to take care of Barbara, a neighbor's child, for the afternoon. When tea was served, Barbara was given her milk in the "company china" cup along with the other guests. A sudden crash, and the new set was minus a cup.

The child looked down at the wreck, and then up at the hostess. With her face wreathed in smiles and a little sigh of relief, she said: "Gracious, wasn't it lucky I drank all my milk before it happened!"—New York Sun.

Treat
sore
throat
-both
inside and
out

apply and
gargle DILUTED

Absorbine Jr.
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

At all DRUGGISTS \$1.25
Send for free trial bottle
W. F. YOUNG, Inc., Springfield, Mass.



How to Avoid a Family Row

BURNED matches dropped in the window boxes . . . under the clock . . . on the bathroom shelf may not cause a conflagration, but if they're discovered by one's eagle-eyed spouse, the result is apt to be no less fiery. Insurance against this sort of domestic disaster comes in the form of an Approved Golden Wheel Lighter—dependable—smooth—and smudgeless. In every way a better lighter. Almost any smart shop can supply you.

"SUREST
thing you know!"

\$7.50 and up

**GOLDIEN
WHEEL**
Approved Lighter

U. S. Patent 1637855

HENRY LEDERER & BRO., INC.
Providence, Rhode Island

Books Received

- Dimple Diggers.** By Robin Christopher (*Elm House*).
Mother Goose for Antique Collectors. By Carrick and Robinson (*Payson & Clarke, Ltd.*).
Your Growing Child. By H. Addington Bruce (*Funk & Wagnalls*).
Show Window. By Elmer Davis (*John Day*).
The Dividend. By Joseph Knox Stone (*Dorrance*).
Outside Eden. By Gertrude Nason Carver (*Dorrance*).
The Gypsy Trail. By Goldmark and Hopkins (*Mitchell Kennerley*).
High Snow. By M. L. A. Gompertz (*Doran*).
Man Possessed. By William Rose Benét (*Doran*).
Crude. By Robert Hyde (*Payson & Clarke, Ltd.*).
The Cannoneers Have Hairy Ears. Anonymous (*Scars*).
Selected Papers of Bertrand Russell. (*The Modern Library*).
The Gay Dreamers. By Roger Devigne (*Stokes*).
Dick Turpin's Ride. By Alfred Noyes (*Stokes*).
The Wages of Peril. By Jack Bechdolt (*Altemus*).
The Panther. By Gerald Bullett (*Doran*).
Julius. By "A Gentleman with a Duster" (*Doran*).
Camels! By Daniel W. Streeter (*Putnam*).
A Doctor Looks at Doctors. By Joseph Collins, M.D. (*Harpers*).
Lady, What of Life? By Lesley Storm (*Harpers*).
Avarice House. By Julian Green (*Harpers*).
Are They the Same at Home? By Beverley Nichols (*Doran*).
Plain Jane. By A. P. Herbert (*Double-day, Page*).



Movies

frequently strain Eyes.
Use Murine for relief

When you return from a picture show with strained, tired eyes, apply a few drops of soothing Murine. Almost instantly they will feel strong and rested . . . ready for anything! A month's supply of this harmless lotion costs but 60c.

MURINE
FOR YOUR
EYES

**Hello
Everybody!**
This is
Johnnie Walker
Speaking!



"I'm usually successful in securing a permanent customer just by persuading the smoker to buy one package!

Not everybody, but most everybody, says after trial that Johnnie Walkers are really remarkable. And they are only"

20 for 20c

Johnnie Walker
CIGARETTES
Extremely Mild

References Unnecessary

JANE: An' just because I sauced 'er, she threatened to sack me wivout a character.

ANNIE: An' wot did you say?

JANE: Told 'er I didn't want no character, seein' I was goin' ter be married.

—*Passing Show (London)*.

"Law or no law, it's gittin' t' be th' rule in this country that a feller is innocent unless he's tried by a good jury."

—*Abe Martin, in Indianapolis News*.

CANDID notice sent in to Society department: "During the ceremony a friend sang, O, promise me and others."

—*New York World*.



COMFORTABLE
and better looking

Here's a watch strap that, five years from now, will be just as comfortable, just as good-looking and just as new as it is the day you "discover" it.

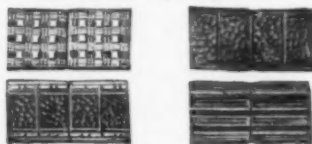
WRISTACRAT
FOR MEN

With the latest improvement—a center catch.

No need to drag it on and off over your hand. The patented center catch permits instant removal, and is doubly safe when locked.

Most good jewelers can show you Wristacrat For Men in these decidedly masculine designs. In 12 K Green, White and Yellow Gold Filled.

Literature upon request



LOUIS STERN CO., PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Bell-Ans Universally Used

Friend Tells Friend of Wonderful
SURE RELIEF for Indigestion
Samples on Request

For correcting over-acidity, normalizing indigestion and quickly relieving belching, gas, sourness, heartburn, nausea and other digestive disorders. The great value of BELL-ANS has been proved by over 30 years use. Doctors, Nurses and Dentists recommend this tested Safe, Pleasant, Sure Relief for Indigestion. Not a laxative. 25c and 75c packages sold everywhere. Send for free samples to: Bell & Co., Inc., Orangeburg, N. Y.

"Lovers, Loiterers, Etc."

(Continued from page 9)

at the very start and would probably go home crying (the big sissy!), complaining that the fight was fixed. Oh, no, Miss Oelrichs! We have you there.

AND dancing partners. Now, *really!* Just let Miss Oelrichs step into the nearest "Danceland" (or maybe it is known as "Charlie Crash and His Rarin' Redhot Ragamuffins' Palace of Jazz"), and let her tell us, if she can, where abroad she has seen such steps as ours. Where, please, in any part of Europe can she find a dancing partner who could even approach the intricacies of position which our modest music-mad youths master without even trying? Could she, anywhere but right here in America (God bless her! America, I mean), find a dancing partner who could dance the Black Bottom without moving a muscle above the hips? No, she could not!

Well, Miss Oelrichs, I guess you're feeling a little silly now. 'Fess up—you are, aren't you? Yes, I thought so. But don't go. We aren't through with you yet.

Now—as to sportsmen. Who won the polo? To what nation does the world's greatest golfer belong? How about tennis? No, we'll drop tennis. But after all, we can't have everything. And surely we would be the last people in the world to begrudge a splendid nation like La Belle France the possession of La Tasse Davis. Wouldn't we, boys? There! You see, Miss Oelrichs!

I SHOULD like very much to quote to you, gentle reader, some of the richer plums from the literary pudding under discussion. But space forbids. Perhaps the best thing to do is to read the article yourself.

In the meantime, if we could just all get together and talk this thing over. How about meeting at my house to-morrow night at nine o'clock? Well, that's fine! I knew I could depend on you in a crisis like this. We true-blue nephews of Uncle Sam will, I am sure, succeed in working out a plan to prove to the world that as Men, as Lovers, as Loiterers, as etc., you can't beat us.

Well, see you to-morrow night. Be sure to bring your American flags.

Thomas B. Wanamaker, Jr.

Salvaged

"WAS the operation successful?"
"Yes—the patient died, but the doctor recovered from the estate."

The
SUREFIT
Metal
Watch
Strap

smart, but really comfortable

\$4.50

in White or Green
Gold Filled
\$1.50 in White Metal
At your Jeweler's

THE SUREFIT Metal Watch Strap is a dainty, stylish bracelet made of this remarkable flexible material, in which no springs nor links are used. It holds the watch securely and is comfortable—always. Your jeweler will show you several models. Made for men's watches, too.

Safety Clasps Insure Security

Made by
Bliss Brothers Company
ATTLEBORO MASS.
UNDER EXCLUSIVE PATENTS OF
SEPT. 24, 1918 AND JULY 28, 1919

Morocco

The Garden of the East

Land of the Fairbest Sunset . . . Days of Enchantment . . . Nights of Mystery

At the other end of "the longest gangplank in the world" . . . North Africa . . . there . . . strung through all its wonders of exotic cities . . . of mirage-haunted desert and palm feathered oases . . . the forty-one famous Transatlantic hotels . . . every modern comfort and luxury . . . in the midst of primitive beauty . . . where all the smart cosmopolites of Europe gather for a gay winter season.

And the glorious adventure begins at the very moment you leave New York . . . on a French Liner . . . with all its radiant charm of atmosphere . . . the cuisine of Paris itself! A weekly express service . . . the de luxe liners, *Ile De France, Paris and France* . . . first to Plymouth, England . . . then Le Havre de Paris. Four One-Class Cabin Liners sailing direct to Havre . . . no transferring to tenders . . . simply another gangplank . . . a waiting boat train . . . Paris, in three hours. Overnight . . . the Riviera. One day across the Mediterranean . . . North Africa!



French Line

Information from any French Line Agent or Tourist Office, or write direct to 19 State Street, New York City

Mrs. Pep's Diary

(Continued from page 16)

suitable for sleeves was twenty-six dollars a yard, but I do mean to have it nevertheless, being determined to economize in some other direction, albeit God alone knows which one it shall be. Looking also for some new stays, I was minded, when the saleswoman departed with my measurements, of the injunction in Joseph Hergesheimer's "Linda Condon," "Always remember Mama telling you that the most expensive corsets are the cheapest in the end," and was thoroughly conscious that such advice does not apply when the garment in question is not likely to be worn more than once. To the playhouse this night to see "The Shannons of Broadway," a piece so blatantly of the candle-in-the-window school as almost to defy reception by an audience with any pretense to sophistication, yet the acting of Lucille Webster and James Gleason was so natural and diverting as to send me home in a pleasing glow, and somehow confident that the stock which I bought unbeknownst to Sam and which has dropped steadily since my purchase will eventually turn into sunken gardens and a yacht.

Baird Leonard.

A Rabbit Parable

IN Wildwood, a socially eminent Rabbit, Of dignity, substance and girth, Had chosen a suitable hole to inhabit— An excellent burrow or earth,

When up came a Woodchuck, a genuine groundhog, Who wanted the place for his lair; The Rabbit, impressed by a seventeen-pound hog, Abruptly departed from there.

But shortly thereafter a virtuous Badger Slid down from a neighboring shelf; The Woodchuck he slew as a robber and cadger, Bequeathing the hole to himself.

A Fox who believed in the law of requital Appeared through the bordering fern; He questioned the Badger's manorial title, Demanding the burrow in turn.

A battle ensued in a terrible smother, Affrighting the hardest soul; The Fox and the Badger abolished each other, The Rabbit returned to his hole.

So here is appended the mildest of morals, Accept it for what it is worth: "When all of the Haughty are killed in their quarrels The Meek shall inherit the earth." —Arthur Guiterman, in *New York Times*.



DEMAND
BAYER
ASPIRIN

Unless you see the "Bayer Cross" on package or on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians over twenty-seven years for

Colds	Headache
Neuritis	Lumbago
Toothache	Rheumatism
Neuralgia	Pain, Pain

DOES NOT AFFECT THE HEART

Each unbroken "Bayer" package contains proven directions. Handy boxes of twelve tablets cost few cents. Druggists also sell bottles of 24 and 100.

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monas.et.cac.de.ster.of.Salicylicacid

Disgusted

THE following was found pinned on the door of a deserted shanty in North Dakota: "Fore miles from a nabur; twenty-five miles from a post offis; twenty-five miles from a r. r.; 180 miles frum timber; have a mile frum water; God bless our home. We're going East to get a fresh start."

—Florida Times-Union.

FOUR useless things in the world are professional weightlifting, shoplifting, facelifting and uplifting.

—Louisville Times.

SIMILE: "Futile as subtle humor in the movies."—Youngstown Telegram.

INSIST UPON
KEMP'S BALSAM
FOR THAT COUGH!



For
139 Years
Carreras
have
supplied
tobaccos
to the
connoisseur

AND today wherever Englishmen meet over a pipe, CRAVEN MIXTURE will be found on the table. CRAVEN MIXTURE is the chosen pipe tobacco of discriminating smokers the world over. A pure and unadulterated tobacco cured in the old-fashioned natural way. For a liberal sample tin send 10c in stamps to American Office, Dept. 11, Carreras, Ltd., 220 Fifth Ave., New York City.



Craven
MIXTURE
Imported from London

GOLF ~ POLO



Good times are not hard to find if you know where to look for them. Now an easy 15½ hour trip from N. Y. City brings you to Pinehurst, N. C., the Golfer's Paradise, the Center of Outdoor Sports. Leave N. Y. at 6:40 P.M., arrive Pinehurst next morning.

There you'll find good-fellowship, health, climate and regal comfort at the Carolina Hotel. Write for illustrated booklet or reservations to General Office, Pinehurst, N. C.

Pinehurst
NORTH CAROLINA

SPORT CENTER

FOUR FAMOUS DONALD J. ROSS 18-HOLE COURSES

RIDING ~ TENNIS ~ ARCHERY ~ SHOOTING ~ RACING

In the Right Spirit

(Continued from page 26)

feeling. Crack jokes. But be serious. Your people respect you more. Your people respect you?

TWOOL: Respect him, hell! They love him!

ALBERT (blushing): Aw, now, J. D. . . . I tell you, all I want to do is to make Belgium the best little ole kingdom on the face of God's green footstool. And with every last one of us working together to that end, with co-operation and faith and loyalty and good hard work. . . and . . . and . . . every last one of us working together. . . why. . . why. . .

SMEEDY: Fine! Fine!

TWOOL: That's the old fight!

CHORUS OF MEMBERS:

Here's to you, Albert Rex, here's to you;

Here's to you, Albert Rex, here's to you;

We mean it when we sing,
You're every inch a king,
Hinky, Dinky, parlay-voo.

ALBERT: Well, thanks, boys. It's been a great treat. I'll have to go now. Miss Katz, my secretary, gives me the old dickens if I stay out for lunch more than an hour and a half. So long, boys, and God bless you! (He goes.)

TWOOL: Great fella, D. J. He's got vision. He's going to make good in a big way.

SMEEDY: Yes, sir! That little impromptu talk he gave was a great inspiration. He's a fella looks like he's got both feet on the ground. What did you say his name was?

CURTAIN.

Henry William Hanemann.

Quick Shave

A WELL-KNOWN magician, who wore a goatee and mustache, happened one day to see a man who was his perfect double. The magician expected to use the double in a substitution trick.

"When I jump into the trunk," he said, "you jump out of your chair in the audience and come up on the stage, and the people will think it's me."

That evening the magician jumped into the trunk and closed the lid, and at the same instant the double arose in his seat and yelled, "Here I am"—but the trick "fopped" miserably.

The new hired man had shaved off his whiskers.—Youngstown Telegram.

A Familiar Cry

"DADDY," called the doctor's small son, "I want a drink."

"Sorry," murmured his dad sleepily, "but I'm all out of prescription blanks."

—Cincinnati Enquirer.

PARASITE—The large, loutish-looking football player who piles on top of the other twenty-one for effect, after the play is complete.—Detroit News.



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