

Life

Radio Number

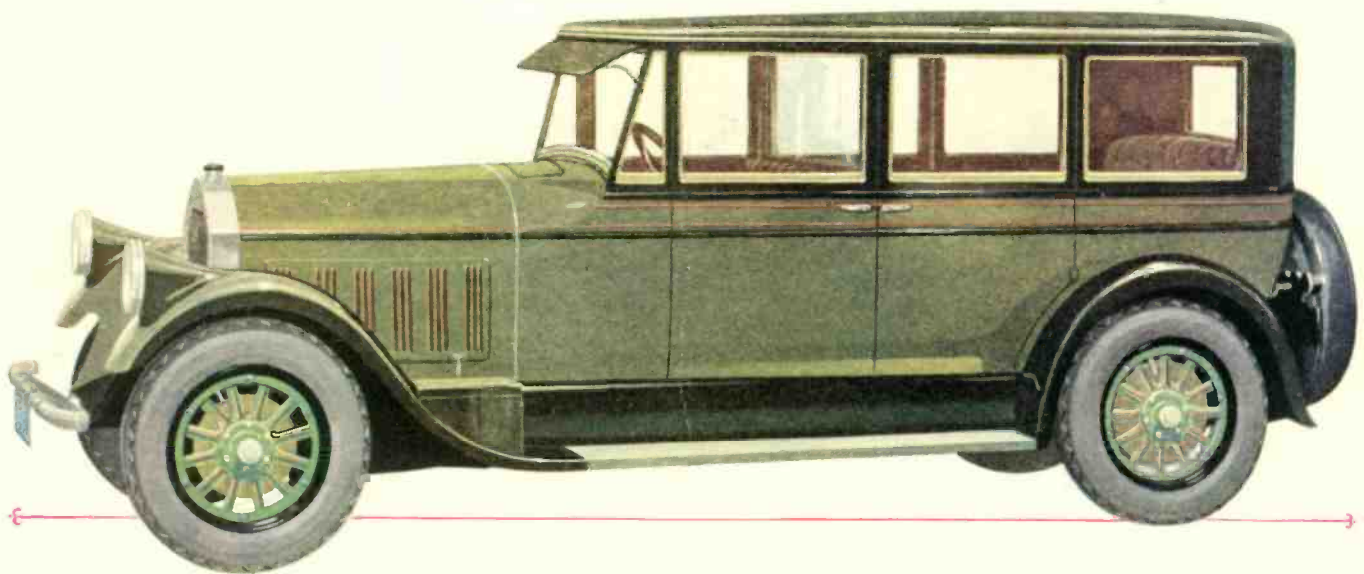


NOVEMBER 25, 1926

A SIMPLE HOOK-UP

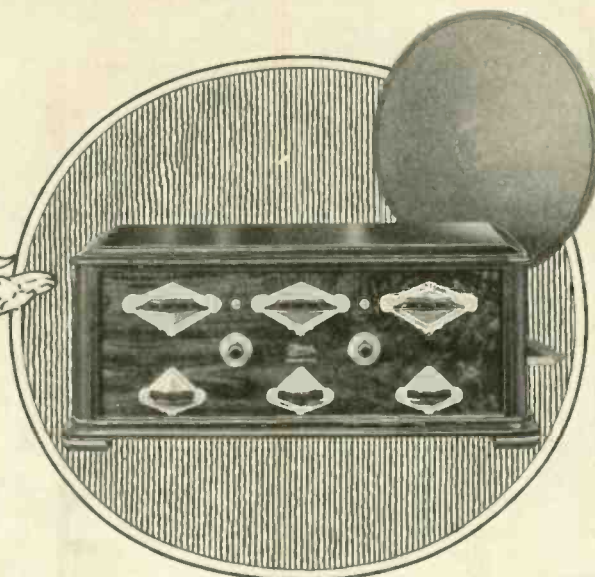
PRICE 15 CENTS

A NEW
DUAL VALVE SIX
SERIES 36
PIERCE
ARROW



"Here, I believe, is the finest of all motor cars. This unreserved statement is made with profound respect for Pierce-Arrow's esteemed contemporaries and with full cognizance of Pierce-Arrow's past achievements. All the pleasure, comfort, economy, safety and pride of ownership that money can buy are embodied in this new car. Pierce-Arrow dealers are offering demonstrations" . . . MYRON E. FORBES, President

A NEW PRICE



Satisfying the Radio Bug

HE'S a very exacting chap; ordinary results don't go. He'll pick on every little thing that isn't 100 percent and show you where it's all wrong. Any set he okays must—

1. Tune any station broadcasting on a wave length within a fraction of a meter of some other, and there must not be a trace of sound from the other station.
2. Bring in distant stations with volume through loud local broadcasting.
3. Have no trace of "radio accent" in its voice—no squeaks, howls, grating, stuttering, ad-enoidal sounds; but sound as clear, true and natural as Scotti to the third row orchestra.
4. Not be limited as to number of stations covered; be easy to tune accurately, simple of control and built to maintain all these qualities under long service.
5. That's what he calls a "real radio set". Only the Synchronphase satisfies him.

Booklet L explains all about this set so the layman can understand. Send for it.

A. H. Grebe & Co., Inc., 109 W. 57th St., New York
 Factory: Richmond Hill, N. Y.
 Western Branch: 443 So. San Pedro St., Los Angeles, Cal.

The GREBE SYNCHROPHASE

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

This Company owns and operates stations WAHG and WBOQ.

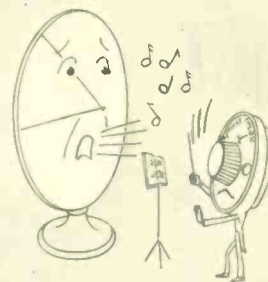


All Grebe apparatus is covered by patents granted and pending.



Binocular Coils
 Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

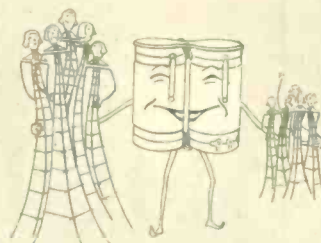
bring in the desired station; prevent others from interfering.



Colortone

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

gives you control of tone quality, independent of the loud speaker.



Low-Wave Extension Circuits

bring in all stations—over 100 more than other sets.



S-L-F Condensers

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. pick the station you want right out of the crowd; make unnecessary "microscopic" tuning.



Doctor M...



The Royal Mounted man gave him a pipeful

—how the world's finest pipe tobacco
started to tour the world

IMAGINE being a constant and fastidious pipe smoker, stranded in the deep Canadian woods without your own favorite tobacco, and your tobacconist thousands of miles away.

But the Royal Mounted man—as usual—came to the rescue. He filled the empty pipe—and the empty void—and then. . . —“he got his man!”—a new enthusiast for this fine old tobacco.

Incidents like that sent Hudson's Bay tobacco on long voyages to everywhere. Sportsmen traveling deep into Canada found this tobacco so superior to any they had smoked before that they brought back tens of pounds at a time—and then wrote back for more. It tasted as good at their hearthfires as at their campfires—geography made no difference. They took the North Woods home with them—captured in the mellow brown-gold shreds.

But now the bother is over—Hudson's Bay tobaccos are as near to you as your nearest good tobacconist. They cost a bit more—the best always does—and is always worth it!

Hudson's Bay Company. INCORPORATED. 2ND MAY 1870.

HUDSON'S BAY Tobacco

Cut Plug—sweet and mild. Imperial Mixture—rich and mellow
Fort Garry—full flavored and cool.



Domestic Problems Simplified

(Suggestions for Removing Milk
Bottle Tops)

1. NOTIFY tailor to call for suit.
2. Plunge fork into cardboard top.
3. Slip on raincoat. Thrust index finger vigorously into neck of bottle.
4. Let the bottle stand for a day in a warm place. The necessity of removing cap will be eliminated.
5. Expose bottle to zero weather. Cap will rise of own accord.
6. Knock bottom out of bottle.
7. Use condensed milk.
8. Buy a cow.

Letters of a Modern Father

MY DEAR DAUGHTER:

Your letter telling your mother and me that you and Cyril have decided to buy a home of your own was good news. And we enjoyed the touch of humor when you said that you didn't want us to think you expected us to help you finance it. As we grow older we relish things that make us laugh.

You ask me if I think fifty thousand is too much to pay for a house. That depends. It is too much for me to pay, if that is what you mean. But if Cyril can manage it, I'm sure it must be all right.

In answer to your question about the best place to borrow money for a home venture, I should say a bank. If you can convince a bank cashier that the house is a buy at your price you can be assured it is. Bankers make mistakes but they never overestimate the value of a piece of real estate, especially if they are to make a loan on it.

I appreciate what you say about Cyril's desire to be independent. I share that desire. In fact, nobody wishes Cyril to be independent more than I. If Cyril ever should become independent I should be the first to touch off red fire. Let me know if he ever does.

YOUR AFFECTIONATE FATHER.

McCready Huston.

Cinematically Speaking

ISADORE: I'm having an awful time marrying off my daughter Rebecca.

HIS BROTHER FROM HOLLYWOOD: No wonder. Her title isn't good box office. Change her name to Edythe.

NEXT week—absolutely the biggest and best issue that LIFE has ever produced—the CHRISTMAS NUMBER—with a cover by COLES PHILLIPS!

Versailles

Fairfax

Etruscan

Cinderella

King Albert

Colfax

Paris

Old London

Chatham

Edgeworth

Lansdowne

Portsmouth

Madam Jumel

Lady Baltimore

Plymouth

Covington (PLAIN)

Old French

Essex

Clermont

Victorian

Mothers

Florentine

Chantilly

St. Dunstan

Covington (HAMMERED)

Covington (ENGRAVED)

Mythologique



EDWIN FROST JOHNSON, FOR 39 YEARS
A GORHAM MASTER CRAFTSMAN

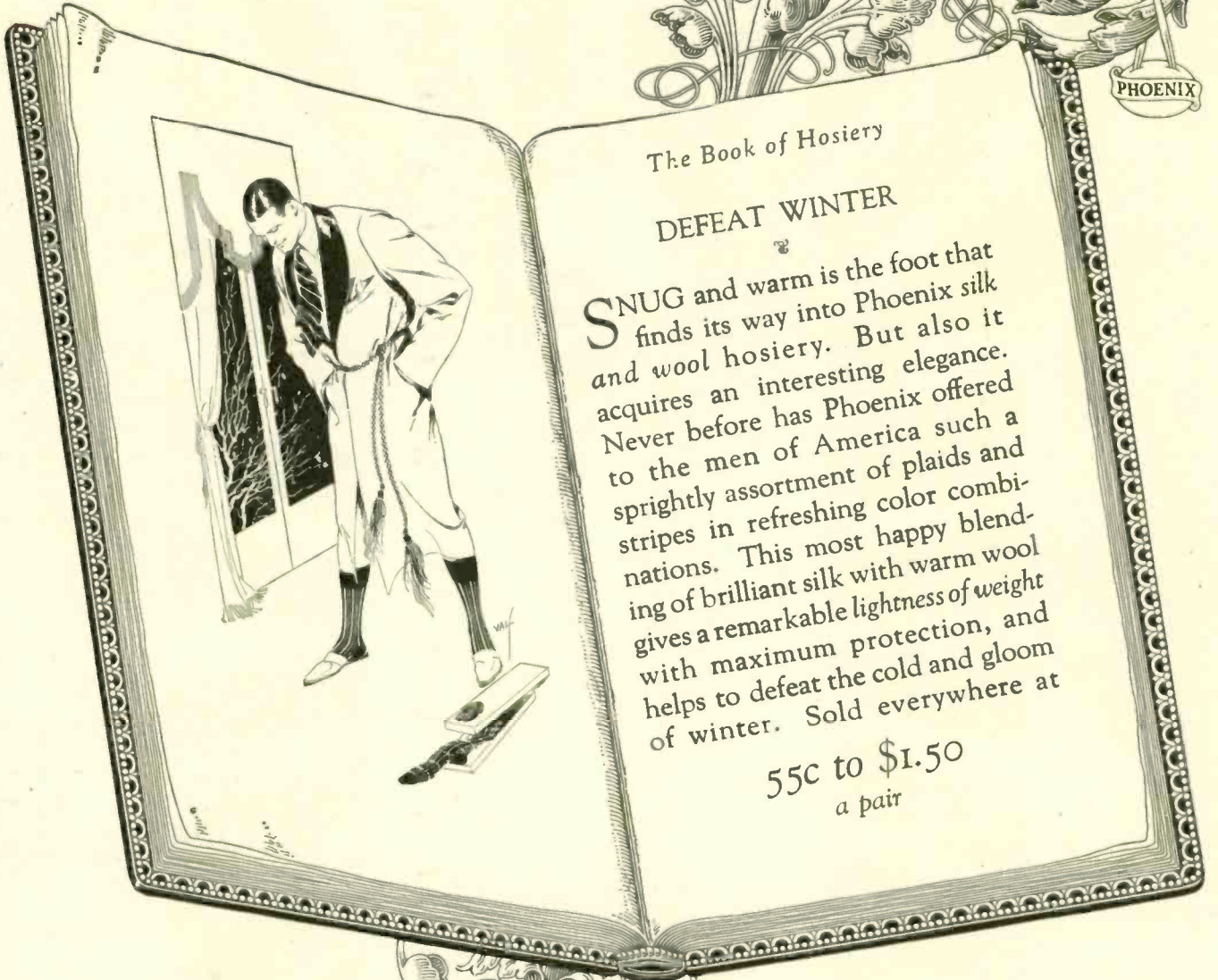
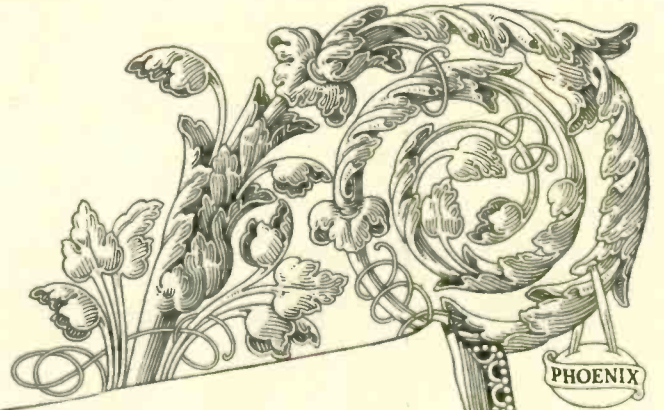
THE DEFT SKILL of the Gorham Master Craftsmen is quickly evidenced by this array of Gorham Sterling flatware. It embraces all appropriate forms of ornament, each worthy of its silver; each an investment in fine art and precious metal.

Your jeweler will gladly show you any of these patterns.

GORHAM

PROVIDENCE, R. I. NEW YORK, N. Y.

AMERICA'S
LEADING SILVERSMITHS
FOR OVER 90 YEARS



The Book of Hosiery

DEFEAT WINTER

SNUG and warm is the foot that finds its way into Phoenix silk and wool hosiery. But also it acquires an interesting elegance. Never before has Phoenix offered to the men of America such a sprightly assortment of plaids and stripes in refreshing color combinations. This most happy blending of brilliant silk with warm wool gives a remarkable lightness of weight with maximum protection, and helps to defeat the cold and gloom of winter. Sold everywhere at

55c to \$1.50
a pair



PHOENIX
SILK AND WOOL SOCKS
MILWAUKEE



The Loudspeaker (cheerily): HELLO, FOLKS!

The Radio Announcer Goes Crazy

“THROUGH the courtesy of the Apfelbaum Trip-hammer Company all the wee little tots will hear build your house on Watercress Knolls where God’s sunshine Miss Josie Glotz the sweetest songbird for a small initial down-payment and the rest in convenient monthly instalments ‘Valencia’ accompanied by the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra have come to Fuddledale the modern Garden of Eden by courtesy of the Excelsior Suspender and Truss Corporation with xylophone obligato it is essential for the preservation of the Union that we eat more shredded pineapple station W H A M the voice of Loppheim Tennessee and now Mme. Galli-Curci will entertain you with a talk on what to do with the kiddies’ adenoids remember a little buys a lot up in the Cocklebur Hill subdivision Brahms’ Third Symphony arranged for cornet and trombone by courtesy of P. Henry Smuggins president of the Smuggins Aromatic Fertilizer Company you need no money only a little courage to own a four-acre peanut ranch and as an encore ‘Mother Machree.’”

Robert Lord.

Distinction

WIG: Betty and Lou are both grafters, don’t you think?

WAG: Yes, but at least Betty makes you feel she’s taking lunch with you instead of from you.

“THE title of my next book,” said Bruce Barton, after his interview with the White House Spokesman, “will be, ‘The Man Nobody Votes For.’”

Announcers I’d Like to Meet *

“NOW, folkses.”

“I’m going to spell this name for you—it sounds like a sneeze to me.”

“Now this is for the kiddies, and all you big people—”

“If you liked this program, just write in and tell us. We aren’t mind-readers, you know.”

“She sure can tickle the ivories, if you know what I mean.”

“Nightie-night.”

*Marquis of Queensberry rules. Weighing in at 160 pounds.

R. H. F.

He Was Just His Natural Self

THE traffic cop was head usher at his best friend’s church wedding.

“This is a one-way aisle,” he said to the bride’s great-aunt, who had started out for a drink of water. “Back up!”

“What do you mean, running past the signal?” he snapped at the bridegroom’s cousin.

“Keep in line there,” he growled to the woman who had made the match. “You may be a lady but your mudguards don’t show it.”

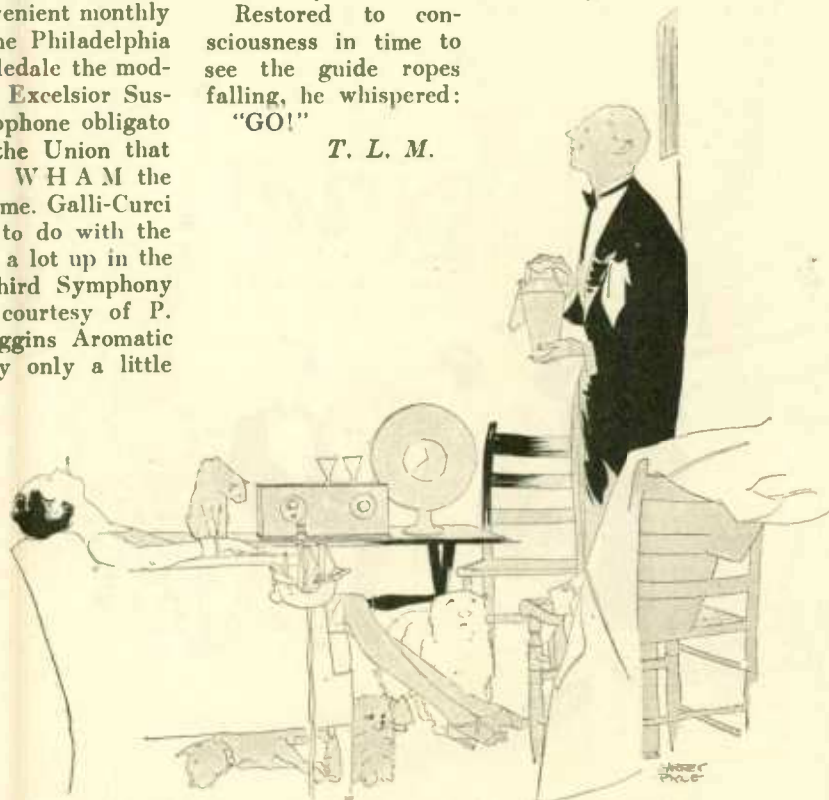
When the bride entered on her father’s arm, he growled:

“Show your license or I’ll run you both in.”

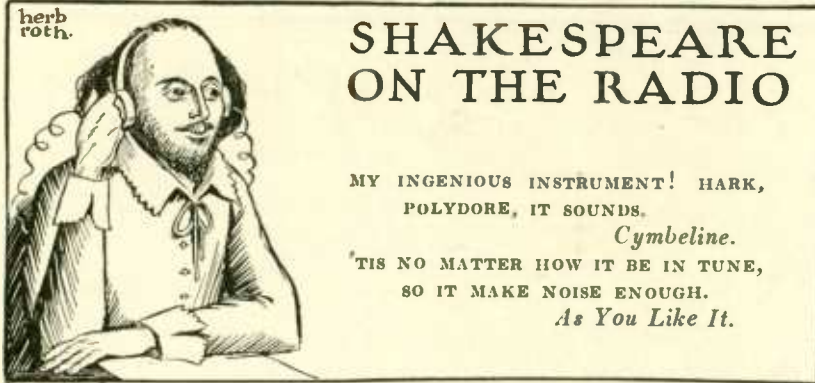
Restored to consciousness in time to see the guide ropes falling, he whispered:

“GO!”

T. L. M.



She: THERE’S JUST ONE THING I DON’T LIKE ABOUT THE RADIO—IT HAS ABSOLUTELY NO SEX APPEAL!



SHAKESPEARE ON THE RADIO

MY INGENIOUS INSTRUMENT! HARK,
POLYDORE, IT SOUNDS.

Cymbeline.

'TIS NO MATTER HOW IT BE IN TUNE,
SO IT MAKE NOISE ENOUGH.

As You Like It.

If Ladies Exhibited Their Husbands as They Do Their Dogs and Children

(Mrs. Smith and her very best friend, Mrs. Jones, are finishing their tea. The door opens and in romps Mr. Smith like a breath of fresh air. He has a pile of ledgers and check books under his arm which he slings in the corner, closely following with his derby and stick.)

MRS. SMITH: Here's James now. Mrs. Jones, this is my little man. James, shake hands with Mrs. Jones. Was he a great, big clever husband to-day? And was he the very nicest man in the office?

MRS. JONES: What a cunning husband! And such a large fellow, too. Does he know any tricks?

MRS. SMITH: And how! Why, only the other day his boss, Mr. Murchison, told me he was showing marked improvement in his work and his deportment is simply marvelous. James, show Mrs. Jones how you can blow rings.

MRS. JONES (with a big hug): What a dear! You must come over some night and play with my husband, James. I'm sure you boys would just love each other.

MRS. SMITH: How nice! You see, I don't let him play with any of the husbands around here. They make him wild. Now, James, sing for Mrs. Jones and then you may go in the kitchen and Mary will give you your whisky and soda.

(Mr. Smith pouts and kicks the chair from under Mrs. Jones. He is dragged, screaming and kicking, from the room.)

Phyllis Ryan.

The Automobile Salesman Chooses a Wife

SPEEDY.

Latest model.

Smart, stylish new body lines.

Brilliant color finish.

Quiet, free from squeaks and chatter.

Low maintenance cost.

Dependable.

Easy to handle in traffic.

Small monthly payments.

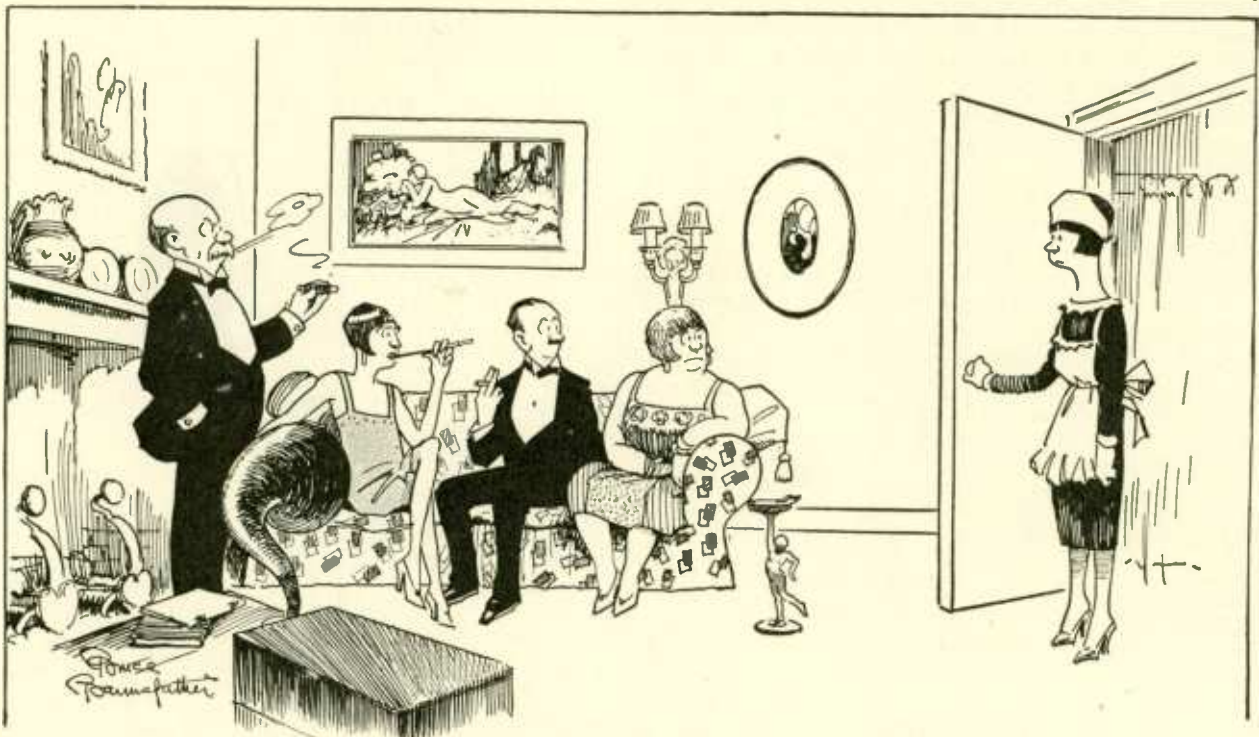
Call for a demonstration.

W. W. Scott.

Symbolic

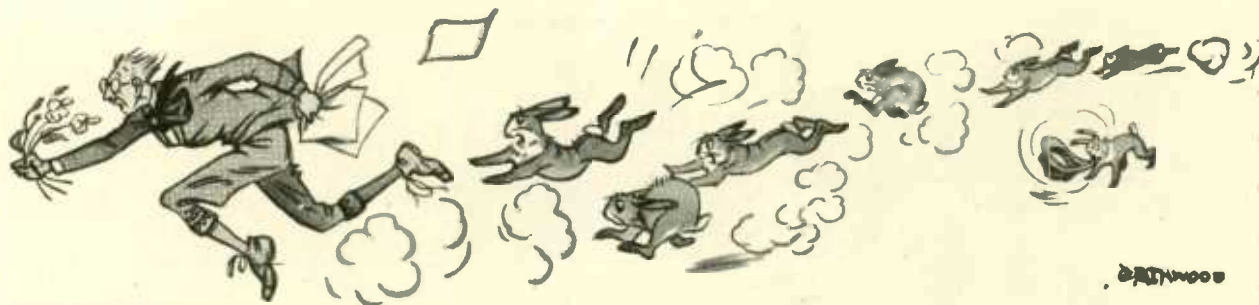
"THE Prince looks pleased."

"Yes, the Mayor just presented him with the corkscrew to the city."



Host (grandly): YES, THERE'S NO DOUBT THAT THE RADIO HAS COME TO STAY. . . . WHAT IS IT, HORTENSE?

Hortense: IT'S A COLLECTOR, SIR. HE SAYS IF YOU DON'T PAY UP THE INSTALLMENTS, HE'LL HAVE TO TAKE YOUR RADIO SET BACK.



THE RABBITS FIND THE CHAP THAT DRAGGED LITTLE WILLIE RABBIT INTO THE BEDTIME STORIES.

A Football Fan Peers into the Past

2205 B. C.—Cheer-leading almost becomes an art when Yu founds Hia Dynasty and inebriated spectator shouts, "Yu, Yu, Hia."

1188—Troy in ruins on Sunday morning after Troy Tech. students celebrate victory with a little clean fun.

1000—Homer, unable to foresee "Homeric struggle" used to describe gridiron contests, fails to destroy his poems.

732—Greeks, after 258 years without a winning army, harbor suspicion that Arabs, Bulgarians, Russians, and Turks have been hiring "ringers."

598—"It was an ideal day with an autumnal tang in the air when Nebuchadnezzar kicked off to the Sidonian thirty-yard line...."

585—"The evening shadows were lengthening as Nebuchadnezzar plunged through left tackle and carried the ball across the Sidonian goal line...."

183—Hannibal, unable to win for twenty-two years, poisons himself but dies in vain, as Harvard men fail to take the hint.

A. D. 1590—Unable to determine whether twenty-two objects on field are flies or humans, irritable Dutchman named Jansen leaves stadium seat 5902, section ZZB, and rushes home to invent telescope.

1492—Cristoforo Colombo, who never heard of C. C. Pyle, is astonished when he finds berries.

1777—King George hears predictions of disaster, but

mistakes them for Knute Rockne's annual statement on football outlook at Notre Dame, and lets American Revolution go on.

1788—The United States ratify the Constitution without noticing that its framers failed to insert an article limiting the cost of sleeping on pool tables during Homecomings.

1825—Drummond invents lime-

light to give husky farmer boys something to be in every fall.

1848—Gold discovered in California.

1925—Gold discovered in stadium at Urbana, Ill.

1926—Oswald Mortimer Gyppes, Yakima, '30, almost dies of mortification when he learns that distinguished-looking gentleman whom he saluted courteously last night was president, not football coach.

Gerald Cosgrove.



Olga: SO YOU WERE HELD UP LAST NIGHT? DID YOU LOSE ANYTHING?

Fred: NO; LUCKILY, I HAD JUST COME FROM A NIGHT CLUB.

A Child of the Wild

I JUST love winter.

There is something about the crackling logs and the smoking fireplace which stirs my primordial instincts.

The song of the wind as it whistles through my first and second mortgages takes me back to some remote Norse incarnation.

The sight of the drifts, high as the window sills, makes my blood tingle with the spell of the trackless subdivision.

The bitter cold reminds me that, in spite of the casual innuendo of my relatives, I am a man.

I just love winter.

I leave for San Diego next week. McC. H.

Rival Attractions

FIRST ACTOR: I can't seem to get a capable publicity agent nowadays.

SECOND ACTOR: I know. All the good advertising men are going to work for the churches.



Ship's Captain: AHoy, THERE! DO YOU NEED ANYTHING?

Radio Terms Defined

LOUDSPEAKER—The man that claims he got France on a crystal set.

Distant Station—Anything west (or east) of Schenectady.

Program—See static.

Ground—What you have for divorce when your husband keeps the loudspeaker going until 3 A.M.

Novice—One who listens to a pro-

gram without getting the name of the station.

Expert—One who gets the name of the station without listening to the program.

Transformer—The man that talked you into buying a set.

Static—Hear program.

Tube—For ages the cause of much discussion. Illustration: "Tube B or not tube B."

Selectivity—The ability to tune out a program after a minute and a half.

Oscillator—One who deliberates between a five-tube neutrodyne and an eight-tube superhet.

DX Hound—The only known type of canine that runs to horns.

Aerial—Chief method of attack in modern football.

Parke Cummings.

Rather Flat

JIMSON: On the level, now, can your car really go anywhere in high gear?

WEED: On the level, yes.

Thankfulness

IT was Thanksgiving Day and the citizens of the great city almost to a man were assembled in a huge open-air meeting to give praise and thanks. It had been a very successful year and the citizenry were showing their appreciation. For almost two hours they had stood, many with their heads bare, and now the gray of the chill November sky was closing in upon them. For a moment there was silence. Then a shrill whistle sounded. Whereupon, 54,000 hoarse voices broke forth with cheers of praise and shouts of thanks because the home team had won.

R. W.

A GIRL often speaks without thinking but never thinks without speaking.



**SHAKESPEARE
ON THE RADIO**

HIS LECTURE WILL BE
DONE ERE YOU HAVE
TUNED.

Taming of the Shrew.



Margaret: WHEN I HAVE MY HOUSE I AM GOING TO HAVE A LEVER THAT TURNS ON THE FURNACE, PUTS UP THE SHADES, LOWERS THE WINDOW, STOPS THE ALARM, AND—

Marjory: DID YOU SAY "LEVER" OR "LOVER"?



Robinson Crusoe (after seventeen years): YES, I'VE GOT TO HAVE MY B BATTERIES RENEWED.

What the Old Folks Missed

RADIO VOICE: Ladies and gentlemen of the radio audience, to-night through the courtesy of the Manna Breakfast Food Co. we are broadcasting the main bout at the Babylon Hanging Garden—by many prophets considered the Bout of the Era. The stations linked up in this great event are WAIL Jerusalem, WTIN Canaan, WALL Jericho, TSMY Babylon, NONO Nineveh, WSN Gomorrah, and WWUS Tyre. The next voice will be the voice of our announcer, Ben Yochid, at the ringside.

BEN YOCHID: Your announcer is Ben Yochid of the *Daily Tablet*, ready to give you a report of the fight straight from the Garden. I wish you could be here with me and see the enormous crowd. What a colorful crowd!! What a turnout! Only high up among the fifteen-shekel seats are there any empty spaces.

While we're waiting for the principals to come on, let me tell you something about this great scrap. After a lapse of three years Battling Goliath is again defending his title. His opponent is Young David, the pride of the East Side. Because of his youth—David is still in the seventies, while Goly is well past the century mark—and because of his literary leanings, Young David is undoubtedly the popular favorite. But the major and minor prophets of fistiana, Jeremiah, Isaiah, Micah and the others in the know, look for Goliath to win without any difficulty inside four rounds via the knockout route. Goliath is a six-to-one favorite in the betting, and there are few takers. (*Noise of shouting.*)

Young David has just jumped into the ring! What an ovation the crowd is giving him! I wish you

could see the crowd up on their feet and yelling their heads off. I'll see whether I can get David to talk to you. Oh, Dave! Say, Nehemiah, call Davy, will ye? Oh, David, say something to the radio audience, will ye?

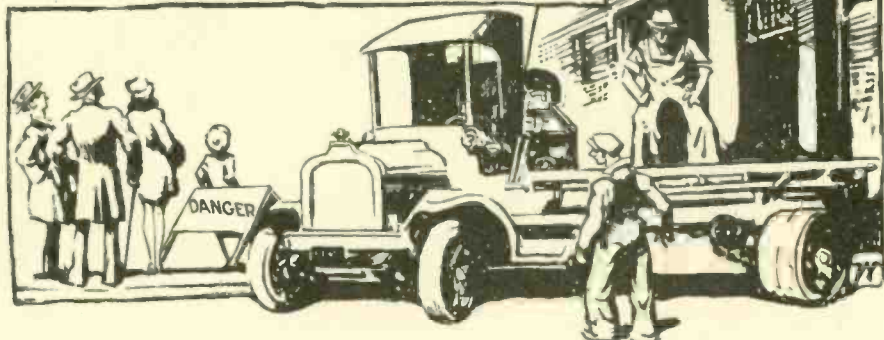
DAVID'S VOICE: Hello, folks: I'm gonna bring home the bacon! I'm gonna sock the big stiff so hard he'll think some one threw the Pyramids at him.

BEN YOCHID: You just heard Young David say he was coming home with the bacon. The kid certainly has got his sense of humor with him. Ha, ha, ha! (*Noise of shouting.*) Battling Goliath just stepped into the ring. The crowd gave him a big hand. Now I'll let you listen to the official announcer.

SMALL, SHRILL VOICE: In this corner the champeen... Battling Goliath... t h r e e hundred an' thutty pound. In this corner... Y o u n g David... wanna hundred an' t e n pound... Ten rounds for the... champeenship... of the woild.

BEN YOCHID: The photographers have left the ring. They're all set. (*Gong sounds.*) The great scrap's on! Young David comes dancing out of his corner to meet Goly. He jabs lightly to Goly's left knee and crosses with a left uppercut to Goly's right kneecap! Goly is standing flatfooted! Davy lets loose one! two! three! hard jabs to Goly's calf without a return. It's easy to see it isn't the old Goly, the Goly of Sodom when he flattened the big Hittite in one round.

(Continued on page 37)



First Safe-Lifter: LOOK AT THAT, JUST A HANDFUL O' PEOPLE WATCHING US. AN' I CAN REMEMBER WHEN WE'D DRAW A CROWD O' HUNDREDS WITH ONE SAFE.

Second Safe-Lifter: YES, SIR! THE RADIO'S CERTAINLY RUINED THE SHOW BUSINESS.

JUST BETWEEN US GIRLS



"IT'S pale PINK, my dear; draped on the LEFT side with TWO large-sized LOOPS at an ANGLE to the SKIRT, and a SHORT train effect touching the FLOOR, my dear, and embROIDERED simply EX-quisitely with SILVER PAILLETES and I mean it's ACTually the most diVINE thing you've ever SEEN because it's so kind of SIMPlE and everything—do you know what I mean? And THEN, my dear, I got one of those perf'ly ALLURING circular CAPES in emerald GREEN satin lined with emerald SWANSdown, my dear, with a simply HUGE collar of WHITE swans-down and two or three of those Bolero gown effects which have the SKIRT hanging STRAIGHT and quite FULL under a WIDE swathed BELT effect, my dear, and I mean they're ACTually the MOST exquisite things you've ever KNOWN, my dear—I mean they ACTually ARE! And then I got one of those simply HEAVenly NAVY crêpe full SKIRT effects edged with kind of NARrow RED and GOLD galLOON with the WAIST edged with galLOON where it BLOUSES over red STRIP, my dear, and I mean it's ACTually the MOST fascinating thing you've ever SEEN, but I mean I think those PATCH-work gown effects with HARNess trimming are kind of POISonous-looking, my dear, because I mean the embROIDery kind of ROMPS around the NECK and down the SHOULders which kind of gives the EFFECT of one of these wooden YOKES which those FOUL water carriers in kind of barBARic countries wear! But I mean I think MOST of the new fashions are simply seRAPHic, my dear—I mean I ACTually DO!" *Lloyd Mayer.*

Contrasted

YAP: My wife doesn't know what she wants.

SAP: You're lucky. My wife does!

Experience

THE voice of love was honey-sweet
When I was very youthful,
And I, unpracticed in deceit,
Thought it was also truthful.
My lover's frenzies racked my heart—
He was so mad about me!
He tore my feelings all apart;
He could not live without me.

Through him I know all lovers bold
And estimate them rightly;
I vow men do not find me cold,
But oh! I love them lightly!
I love to start in them a blaze
By every smile fanned higher,
With glee absorb each ardent phrase,
And think: "You — — — liar!"

Beatrice Barry.

Classified

JUNKMAN (*at back door*): Any old junk you want to get rid of, lady?

LADY: Yes, come in; my husband will be here in a minute.

The Goal

"WELL, Grace completed her college course in just a little over two years and a half!"

"Smart girl—who'd she marry?"

WAYNE B. WHEELER must be a ventriloquist. Every time he moves his lips a couple of hundred Congressmen commence talking.



"AN' HOW LONG WOULD IT TAKE BEFORE A GUY'D GIT TO BE AN ADMIRAL?"



SHAKESPEARE ON THE RADIO

AND THOSE MUSICIANS THAT SHALL
PLAY TO YOU
HANG IN THE AIR A THOUSAND
LEAGUES FROM HENCE.

Henry IV.

YET NOW—NO MATTER. AH, STAND BY.

Antony and Cleopatra.

Mrs. Pep's Diary

November 3rd This morning the public prints black with headlines proclaiming the great victory of Governor Smith and Justice Wagner at the polls, which did seem a strange, strange thing to me, who was born in a district where little children would point at a tall man passing in the street and say, There goes Judge Tilton; he's a Democrat! as though an eighth wonder of the world were in their midst. In fact, in looking back over my life I must set down that one of its most sorrowful moments was when I did learn that Uncle Joe Cannon had been deposed from the Speakership of the House, even though my being a fellow-townsmen of his had caused Professor Everett Kimball of Smith College to address most of the questions in Civil Government to me. But Lord! what comprehensible difference will it make to me which party be in power? Republicans or Democrats, Monsieur le Clairville will still avoid my gaze and say Forty dollars, or Thirty-five, when I ask the price of a hat, and I doubt if the greengrocers take much note of what political sparrows fall. I am amused, too, by the different photographs which the rival journals publish of the victors, the Democratic press presenting men of noble mien and courageous profile, who seem, in similar reproductions in the Republican dailies, to be stamped with lines of felony and dissipation, and sadly in need of dental attention... Off before noon to get my hair trimmed and waved, being strongly minded to have it shaved off entirely that I might wear a wig

throughout the season, for I am bored with the color of my own locks, and should thoroughly enjoy flaunting a flame-colored mop, but I did forbear the innovation forasmuch as my husband had threatened me with divorce should I perpetrate it. He does not alarm me in that connection as much as he did formerly, however, for I have recently encountered several persons who are anxious to sever their matrimonial bonds and find the project exceeding hard on both their emotions and pocketbooks, so that they do not understand how divorce is considered
(Continued on page 30)



A Radio Fan's Cycle

Buys crystal set and earphones, and gets very pleasant results from stations WABC and WDEF.

Buys two-tube set and loudspeaker. Stations WABC and WDEF come in fine (on the earphones).

Buys five-tube set for the sake of the loudspeaker. Gets several more local stations, including WABC and WDEF.

Buys eight-tube superheterodyne. Gets a whole lot of stations, all at once. Gets all the static. Gets desperate.

Moves out the living-room couch and the table and buys a ten-tube super-everything, operated directly from the house current, and the last word in radio. Gets all there is—and what of it?

The landlord raises the rent. Wife decides to move.

Pays off movers with the ten-tube set. Buys new crystal set and blows the dust off the earphones. WABC and WDEF broadcast about all the stuff worth listening to, anyway.
H. W. H.

Origins

JILL: Her father kept a saloon.
JACK: Is her family as old as that?

GOOD EVENING, EVERYBODY!
YOU ARE NOW GLIDING TO YOUR VARIOUS DESTINATIONS ON ONE OF THE FASTEST AND MOST PALATIAL TRAINS RUN BY THE B. U. & D. L. RAILROAD COMPANY. IF YOU ARE PLEASED WITH THE SERVICE A NOTE TO THAT EFFECT WOULD BE APPRECIATED BY THE COMPANY, WHICH MAY BE ADDRESSED IN CARE OF YOUR LOCAL STATION. THE NEXT STOP IS NORTH COBOCONK—NORTH COBOCONK!
GEORGE DEWEY LINKLATER ANNOUNCING. PLEASE STAND BY FOR THE CANDY BUTCHER.



THE TRAIN ANNOUNCER AND THE RADIO ANNOUNCER CHANGE PLACES



The Gay Nineties

BACK IN THE THROW-AWAY-THE-KEY NINETIES MR. RAINES PUT OVER THE BRIGHT IDEA IN NEW YORK THAT MEALS ON SUNDAY SHOULD HAVE THE SAME LIQUID STIMULUS AS THOSE DURING THE WEEK. WHEREUPON, PROMPTLY AT MIDNIGHT SATURDAY, AN ALLEGED SANDWICH APPEARED UPON EACH LITTLE TABLE OF THE COZY ROOM BEHIND THE BARS, WHICH WAS SUPPOSED TO DO VALIANT DUTY AS THE "MEAL" UNTIL MONDAY MORNING. AND MANY A DULL SUNDAY WAS BRIGHTENED FOR THE SERIOUS DRINKERS BY SOME OUT-OF-TOWNER WHO MISINTERPRETED THIS SOP-TO-THE-LAW AND TOOK THE PROPERTY SANDWICH AT ITS FACE VALUE.

Modernizing the First Reader

(A Suggestion for Writers of High-School Textbooks)

1. THE powderpuff of my sister is on the table with the hip-flask of my brother.
2. Where is the cigarette of the beautiful flapper?
3. The handsome student has a blind date with my uncle's comely daughter.
4. The tall sheik and the happy dumbbell are not relatives. They are not even friends.
5. Give me the large and beautiful saxophone.
6. The bob of my little sister is more beautiful than the bob of my aged mother.
7. Who has put the hooch in the punch-bowl on the table?
8. Are not my uncle's brother and your aunt's sister petters?
9. No, but my father's cousin and your mother's gardener are great neckers.
10. The roadster of my kind father is at the small house of the lovable friend of my brother Charles.

Edmund J. Kiefer.

As One Fan to Another

WELL, old timer, if I had ambitions for a literary career and was a young man, I know no better way I could forward my aspirations than by becoming a professional ath-

only dictated the story of the combat, but performed the amazing feat of dictating it in English, a language with which, at the time, he had no acquaintance at all.



AT LAST WE KNOW WHAT THE THINKER THOUGHT ABOUT.

lete. It is an axiom of literature today that a hard-running back makes easy reading; and another is that a home run in the pinch is worth three best sellers.

The amazing thing about this condition is the fidelity with which busy prizefighters, World Series players and home-run kings attend to their literary duties.

You remember the time when Babe Ruth was stricken and had to be rushed from a Southern training tour to a hospital? There was that sturdy soul, in the fell clutch of painful circumstance, scarcely able to draw breath; but do you think he failed his readers? Not at all. Even as he lay on the operating table, he pushed the ether cone aside long enough to dictate his daily story.

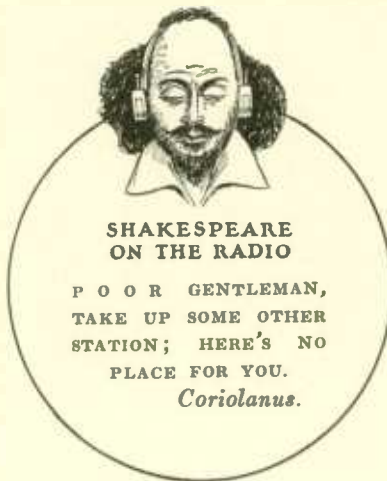
Even greater triumph of mind over matter was accomplished by Luis Angel Firpo. You will recall, old timer, how frequently the Wild Bull was sent to the canvas by Jack Dempsey; and how forceful was his final fall. Yet, while his handlers were applying the restorative salts to his gaping nostrils, he remembered his duty. He struggled out of the haze that shrouded his brain and not

The world seldom has seen a greater mastery of self than this. And surely you do not doubt the truth of his achievement? Dozens of papers were on the streets of the land, within an hour after the fight's finish, with an account of the proceedings signed, "By Luis Angel Firpo." You could ask no greater proof than this; well, maybe you could, but you shouldn't.

Beside the Wild Bull's magnificent effort, all others seem tame. Yet they are not without merit. Football players, between plunges into the line and making ferocious

tackles, somehow manage to put running stories of their doings on the wires. Tennis stars, clipping the lines with service aces, still can detach themselves long enough to pass impartial and witty comment on their present games. Golfers, during important tournaments, devotedly keep newspaper offices advised of their success or failure, even before they are quite sure themselves whether they are successful or not.

On second thought, old timer, I'm not so sure that I have the equip-



SHAKESPEARE ON THE RADIO

POOR GENTLEMAN, TAKE UP SOME OTHER STATION; HERE'S NO PLACE FOR YOU.

Coriolanus.



"TILLIE, WE WON'T NEED YOU ANY MORE. YOU CAN PACK YOUR THINGS AND GO!"



RADIO TO THE RESCUE!

ment for a literary career to-day. It would bother me no little to try to kick a goal from placement and to write a story while I was doing so.

Maybe I haven't the genius for it; and genius is needed for the modern school of quick-lunch reporting of sports, while engaged in them.

James Kevin McGuinness.

With the Engine Running

MARCIA: Honestly, I was all a-quiver when the fellow I was out with last night proposed.

MAUDE: He must have had you out in a Ford.

Useless Information

IT has been quite some time since a well-informed author has had his heroine stop a train with her red flannel petticoat!



Sunday Afternoon

"HERE, HERE, YOU BEHAVE YOURSELVES OR I'LL TURN ON ONE OF THOSE SERMONS!"

In the Wings

MUSICAL COMEDY PRODUCER: We've lost the manuscript! All we've got is the music.

DIRECTOR: 'S all right. I remember both the jokes.



Easy Money

Life



Lines

THERE'S one good thing about a liquor referendum. It's the only contest devised by man in which everybody concerned always wins a decisive victory.

⌋

According to the Alibi King, WAYNE B. WHEELER, the prohibitionists in this country are too proud to vote.

⌋

It is expected, however, that the dry vote will be much larger when a few hundred thousand of our bootleggers have had a chance to take out their final citizenship papers.

⌋

We are assured by Mr. HOOVER that the curve of the "business cycle" has been flattened. Even industry, it would appear, has gone in for the straight-line silhouette.

⌋

Prison officials in New York and Chicago complain that too many inmates are escaping. However, there are plenty more where they came from.

⌋

It now develops that the speed of sunlight is twenty miles a second slower than it was supposed to be, which may account for the fact that so many up-to-date apartments have not yet received their full quota.

⌋

Telephone service between the United States and Europe will be established within a few months, promises President ABBOTT of the Illinois Bell Company. And when the monthly toll bill comes in many a wife will be saying: "Ah, ha! Who do *you* know in Prague that you've been calling up that week-end I was at the Smiths' in New Rochelle?"

⌋

As to those radio messages to Mars, it would be no laughing matter if the Martians should reply collect.

⌋

The British people spent a billion and a half for liquor last year. Well, anyway, they got liquor.

Fluent

"IS he a talented linguist?"
"I should say so—he can speak Yiddish with one hand."

THERE'S a limit to everything—except the number of persons a college boy can get into an automobile.

New Cartoons for Old

1916

FRANCE and Germany at each other's throats.

The American Farmer contentedly puffing a fat cigar as the prices of farm products soar.

Woman emerging from the home to inform a startled world that henceforth she intends to enjoy the same rights and privileges as Man.

The Democratic donkey braying triumphantly, while the Republican elephant, swathed in 1912 bandages, sorrowfully contemplates the successful effort of bad boy Johnson, of California, to spill the liniment which Dr. Hughes, of New York, has tried so earnestly to apply.

The Younger Generation headed straight for hell in a high-powered automobile.



Audrey: I'D LIKE TO SHOOT THAT HAROLD DU BOIS.

Jane: WELL, HE'S A FAST WORKER, ALL RIGHT. YOU'VE ONLY KNOWN HIM A WEEK.

1926

France and Germany holding hands.

The American Farmer loudly calling for help as the prices of farm products drop.

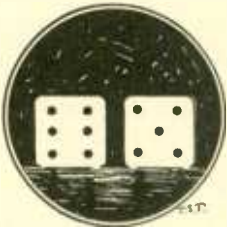
Man preparing to crawl into his hole as he observes Woman enjoying more rights and privileges than he has ever hoped to possess.

The Republican elephant trumpeting hopefully, while the Democratic donkey, swathed in 1924 bandages, sorrowfully contemplates the obvious preparations being made by bad boy McAdoo,

of California, to spill the liniment which Dr. Smith, of New York, is so anxious to apply.

The Younger Generation exploring hell and demanding to know when the party is going to start.

Harry L. Roberts.



AMERICA'S ONLY UN-DEFEATED ELEVEN

Safe Now

FATHER: I won't let you go to that roadhouse this evening! Why, it's a terrible place!

DAUGHTER: Nonsense, Dad. It'll be all right to-night. They raided it a couple of times this week.

The Horrors of Antiquity

EGWOLD sat on his tin throne, frowning and picking at a patch of woad that had flaked on one horny knee. Things had been altogether too quiet in his little realm. For the past two weeks the Druids had been minding their own business. Ethelbert to the North was amicably disposed—even genial. To the East, Raedwald busied himself with preparations against the Romans. Quiet had descended upon Egwold, an ominous, unwonted quiet that presaged no great good.

Suddenly a runner burst through the thicket and, gasping for breath, hurled himself at the foot of the throne. He had come from Egwold's

chief general, Ceawlin, who watched the river front five miles away.

"How now, fellow, speak!" said Egwold to the wretch crumbled at his feet.

"They're coming!" gasped the runner. "They're coming!"

"Who's coming?" Egwold inquired, testily.

"Norses, Norses, Norses..." croaked the hind in terror.

Henry William Hanemann.

Out of Scotch

OFFICE BOY: The boss is out.
BOOTLEGGER: Fine! Tell him I'm here.



SHAKESPEARE ON THE RADIO

KEEP NOT TOO LONG IN ONE TUNE, BUT A SNIP AND AWAY.

Love's Labour Lost.

THIS UNION SHALL DO MORE THAN BATTERY CAN.

King John.



"EXPLAIN THIS BLACK BOTTOM DANCE."
"YOU DON'T LET YOUR RIGHT HIP KNOW WHAT YOUR LEFT HIP IS DOING."

The Radio Announcer
Broadcasts a Wedding

"STATION WVVA...stand by, folks, for a pew-to-pew description of the McAllister-De Pinney nuptials, the greatest batt—excuse me, society event of the season...the cathedral is jammed...I'm sitting here, right up under the altar...there's Mr. and Mrs. William Mongle, Miss Bessie Huntington and the Van Zorn twins...how are you, Agnes?...my, my, my, I wish you could see Agnes Van Zorn, folks...she's got on a coat that looks like real sable...it is real, Aggie?...ha! ha! ha! she says if it isn't her old

man got stuck for six thousand berries...hello. Marcia...hello, Mrs. Mazuma—my, you look sweet in that purple ostrich feather...Mrs. Mazuma is wearing a very beautiful ostrich feather, folks...there's Spud Onderdonk and Lettice Winterberry, all the way from Tuxedo...yes, yes, yes...everybody is certainly here... Sophie Tucker just came in with Otto Kahn



A WOMAN OF FEW WORDS

on one arm and a German police dog on the other...she's going to sing a little song, folks...no, too bad, she didn't bring her music...this is station WVVA, broadcasting the McAllister-De Pinney nuptials and a pretty affair it is, all flowers and palms and society people...stand by, folks, it looks as if something were going to happen...yes, they're roping us in the stalls—excuse me, pews...here comes the groom, Mr. James Morton Thursby McAllister...he looks pretty good in his cut-away and his white spats...he has a gardenia in his buttonhole, but he looks a little green around the gills...he's weaving a little, but I guess he'll last...the best man is a little boiled...he stumbles over the groom's foot but recovers...take it



WHY DOESN'T SOMEBODY PUT OUT AN ALL-NIGHT PROTECTIVE RADIO SERVICE FOR TIMID PEOPLE?

easy, boys...there! hear that cheering, folks?...here comes the bride...my, my, my, white satin and real lace all over and orange blossoms...must be about twelve hundred yards of real lace...little Alice Fitzhugh De Pinney, the blushing bride...as pretty as a picture and as cool as a cucumber from the Kantslip Wartless Cucumber Company, through whose courtesy we are able to make this nation-wide broadcast of the McAllister-De Pinney nuptials...the crowd is going wild...there she goes down the aisle...she looks like a knockout...she is a knockout...she's getting her final instructions from old man De Pinney...here they come down the aisle...get that tune, folks...her handlers—excuse me, bridesmaids are closing in...the maid of honor has on too much paint...now!...the bride and groom meet in the center of the altar...old Reverend Billy Marchmont, the ref-

eree, is telling them the old boloney...they nod their heads...she says 'I do'...he says 'I do'...there's the ring...look out!...look out, Annie, it's your last chance...there it goes over her finger...she's down on her knees...he's down on his knees...we're all down on our knees...Sophie Tucker is crying...almost over, folks...there, they're all up again...there goes the decision...the minister exchanges a right with the bride...he exchanges another right with the groom...man and wife till death do 'em part, folks...the bride and groom go into a clinch... AND THE FIGHT IS ON!!!!"

Henry William Hanemann.

After Dinner

JIM: Have you a cigarette, old bean?

JOE: No—let's join the ladies!



SHAKESPEARE ON THE RADIO

IF I BEGIN THE BATTERY ONCE AGAIN, I WILL NOT LEAVE.

Henry V.

THEN MY DIAL GOES NOT TRUE.

All's Well That Ends Well.

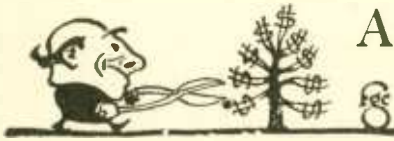


NOVEMBER 25, 1926

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"While there is Life there's Hope"

Published by

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY
598 Madison Avenue, New YorkCHARLES DANA GIBSON, *President*R. E. SHERWOOD, *Editor*
F. D. CASEY, *Art Editor*CLAIR MAXWELL, *Vice-President*
LANGHORNE GIBSON, *Secretary and Treasurer*

AS a kind of dividend and by way of thanking some of the voters for going to the polls the other day, Mr. Coolidge would like to hand back to payers of income taxes a rebate on what they paid. The tax produced about three hundred millions more than was needed and Mr. Coolidge thinks it would be nice for the taxpayers to have that back.

It is a little as though one had had an operation and the surgeon had taken out a few tonsils, adenoids, kidneys or whatever it was, and presently reported that he could have done with less and offered to put back some of them. Now would you like that done, or would you say—"No! let the tail go with the hide! Let us not have another operation for a mere detail of restitution!"

Of course the distribution of money is always welcome, but this return of excess income tax would not do good to the right people. How much would it help the farmers? Not nearly so much as one could wish. It would help the people that are most prosperous, and best pleased already with Mr. Coolidge, and not many of them are likely to care whether they get it or not. If it could be used to reduce the payments made to us by England or our other debtors, that would be something, but since that does not look feasible, why not blow it in on Liberty bonds and reduce the debt?

THE chief matters left for consideration by the election are the Volstead Act and the farmers. Really Volstead was considerably jolted. More people than formerly think our present Prohibition law is fatally de-

fective and are willing to be counted as of that opinion. Congress, as is well known, is still nominally Dry by a large majority and nominally in favor of Dry legislation as it stands, but in so far as opinion behind Congress changes, opinion in Congress will follow suit. In many States now it no longer hurts a candidate to be Wet. Indeed it is apt to do him good. In so far as he stands for modification of present liquor laws he is a forward-looking person and not by any means a reactionary.



OF course the conspicuous figure that emerged from the election was Alfred Emanuel Smith of New York. More people than heretofore think our Governor will be the next Democratic candidate for President. He may be and still miss election. Who can tell as to that? One notices, however, that on Irish Day (November 7) at the Sesqui, in a parade of forty thousand men and women from all parts of Pennsylvania, the orange and the green ran side by side through the procession and the Grand Master of Orangemen in the United States stood with the Catholics to review the parade. What did the Ku Klux think of that?

Governor Smith had earned reëlection by being a first-rate Governor. On that ground he got many votes of Republicans. He is a man of the people, of the sort that can attract the voters to support sound policies and honest service. That is a very valuable talent and much needed in this present world.

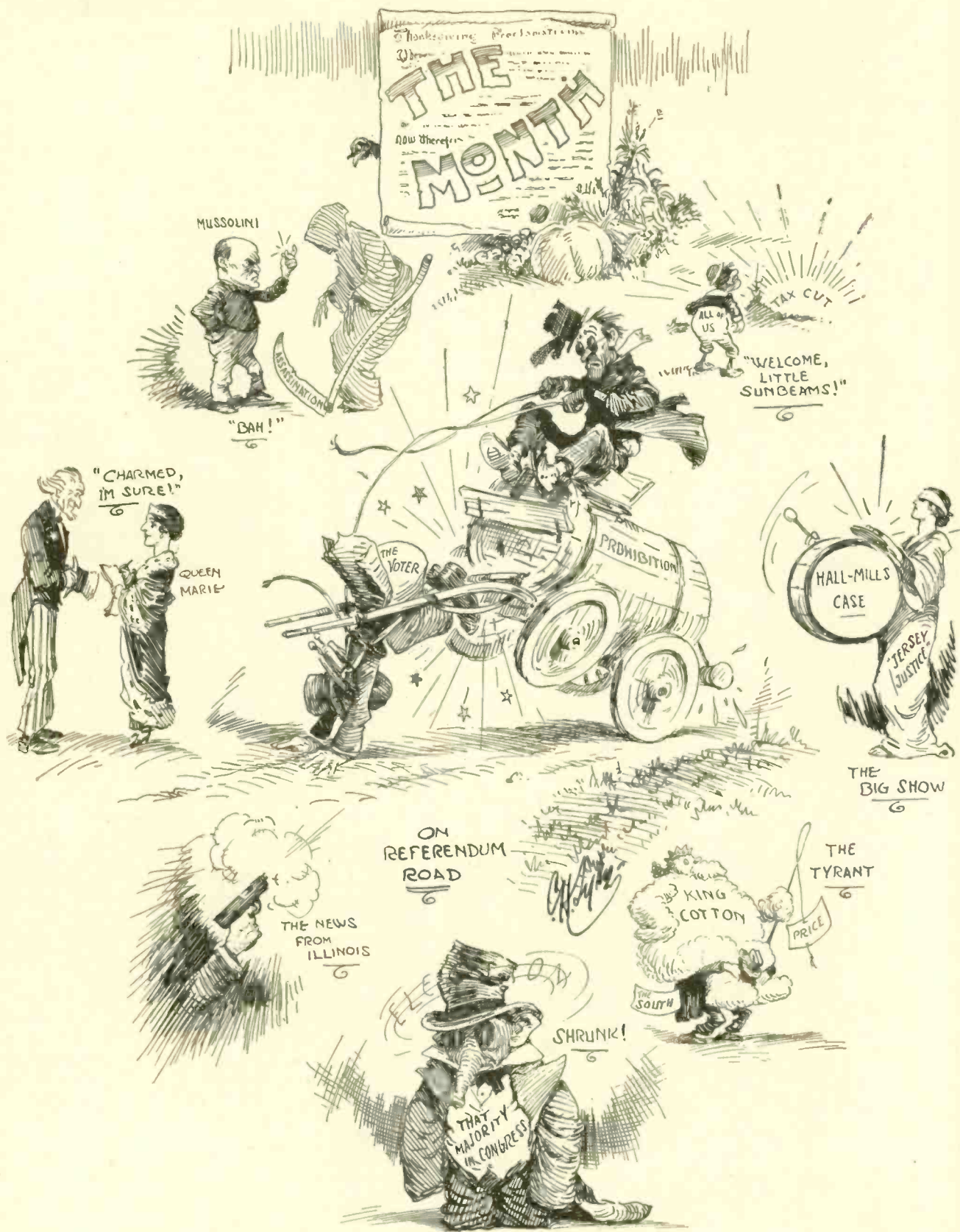


HOUDINI was very remarkable. The papers have been full of him, and his exploits, character and attitude of mind. He seems to have been everybody's friend; that is, everybody's except the mediums'. He did not like mediums and since his great errand in life had been, properly enough, to deceive, he was convinced that their errand was just the same, and that they did it; but not so well as he did, nor yet so honestly. If a medium was faking, there was nobody better to show him up than Houdini, but if he was honest, Houdini lacked the facilities to detect his honesty. His concern was almost altogether about physical demonstrations. He said he could do slate-writing, which is a form of communication, but one would say, subject to correction, that he never took hold of the main part of the Spiritist activity, which is supposed communication of ideas and information from the departed. These communications have to be judged by their substance and their quality, and Houdini seems never to have gone in very much for that.

The son of a Rabbi, Jewish-born and bred, he must have been brought up duly on the Old Testament, and can hardly have escaped seeing how full it is of such communications with the Invisible and demonstrations of power over matter as he spent a good part of his latter years in deriding and denying. He did himself extremely curious stunts by means as little understood as some of the means employed by the Spiritists.

The quarrel between the authentic miracle man and the magician is as old as history. You read about it in the story of Aaron and the magicians of Pharaoh, and again in the story of Elijah and the Prophets of Baal, and so on along down to and through the New Testament. People who believe in reincarnation may easily believe that Houdini's former self performed for Pharaoh, and derided the priestess of Delphi, and so on down. We do not know yet the whole story of that man. An affectionate, friendly creature who loved his mother, loved his wife and particularly loved publicity of every sort, yet no Columbus, for no Columbus ever sailed to prove there was nothing beyond the seas.

E. S. Martin.



MUSSOLINI

"BAH!"

"CHARMED, I'M SURE!"

QUEEN MARIE

ON REFERENDUM ROAD

THE NEWS FROM ILLINOIS

SHRUNK!

THAT MAJORITY IN CONGRESS

KING COTTON

THE SOUTH

THE TYRANT

PRICE

HALL-MILLS CASE

JERSEY JUSTICE

THE BIG SHOW

"WELCOME, LITTLE SUNGEMS!"

ALL OF US

TAX CUT

Thanksgiving Proclamations
THE MONTH
Now therefore



C. Wilson



Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

More or Less Serious

An American Tragedy. *Longacre*—Just like the book, if you know what we mean.

Caponsacchi. *Hampden's*—Walter Hampden in a play made from "The Ring and the Book."

The Captive. *Empire*—A highly dramatic handling of the Lesbian question, entirely without offense. Helen Menken and Basil Rathbone head an excellent cast.

Civic Repertory Theatre. (14th St.)—Eva Le Gallienne and her company. This week "La Locandiera."

The Donovan Affair. *Fulton*—Considerable cross-questioning in the matter of who stabbed somebody.

Just Life. *Morosco*—Marjorie Rambeau in a bad one.

Loose Ends. *Ritz*—To be reviewed next week.

Lulu Belle. *Belasco*—Lenore Ulric in a vivid account of how a colored dancer got to Paris, Henry Hull seeing to it that she never got back.

Mozart. *Music Box*—With Irene Bordoni. To be reviewed later.

Naked. *Princess*—A Pirandello play. To be reviewed next week.

The Noose. *Hudson*—Fairly conventional melodrama, with its moments.

The Pearl of Great Price. *Century*—A great big allegory showing how hard it is for a girl to go straight.

Pygmalion. *Guild*—To be reviewed next week.
Seed of the Brute. *Little*—Pretty potent stuff, with a good second act. Robert Ames as the Miracle Man.

Sex. *Daly's*—Not worth the trip uptown.
The Shanghai Gesture. *Forty-Sixth St.*—Florence Reed as the Chinese madame who shifted the color line.

The Squall. *Forty-Eighth St.*—To be reviewed next week.

The Witch. *Greenwich Village*—With Alice Brady. To be reviewed next week.

The Woman Disputed. *Forrest*—Lowell Sherman and Ann Harding in a war play revolving around a lady's good name.

Yellow. *National*—One of those melodramas.

Comedy and Things Like That

Abie's Irish Rose. *Republic*—Thanksgiving! Hah!

Broadway. *Broadhurst*—To all intents and purposes a perfect play of back-stage Broadway.

Daisy Mayme. *Playhouse*—George Kelly continues to put America intact on the stage in an uncannily accurate character sketch.

First Love. *Booth*—Reviewed in this issue.

Gentlemen Prefer Blondes. *Times Square*—A perfect stage version of the book, with June Walker, Edna Hibbard and G. P. Huntley.

Gertie. *Bayes*—To be reviewed next week.

Head or Tail. *Waldorf*—To be reviewed next week.

If I Was Rich. *Eltinge*—Joe Laurie, Jr., in a play made for him.

The Judge's Husband. *Forty-Ninth St.*—William Hodge in his regular line.

Lily Sue. *Lyceum*—To be reviewed later.

The Lion Tamer. *Neighborhood*—Alternating with "The Little Clay Cart." Both worth seeing.

The Little Spitfire. *Cort*—Nahl!

Loose Ankles. *Garrick*—Some amusing comments by professional hoofers.

Old Bill. *M.P. Billmore*—To be reviewed next week.

On Approval. *Gaiety*—Light and amusing bickering, from an expert cast headed by Wallace Eddinger.

The Play's the Thing. *Henry Miller's*—Reviewed in this issue.

Sure Fire. *Comedy*—A trick play with considerable entertainment attached to it.

This Was a Man. *Klaw*—To be reviewed later.

Two Girls Wanted. *John Golden*—Nice.

What Every Woman Knows. *Bijou*—Helen Hayes bringing the Barrie opus back to life.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Americana. *Belmont*—Good for those who don't like the average revue.

Castles in the Air. *Selwyns*—Good staple stuff, with Vivienne Segal and Bernard Granville.

Countess Maritza. *Shubert*—Highly superior score from Vienna, with what usually goes with those highly superior scores from Vienna. Also Yvonne D'Arle, Walter Woolfe and George Hassell.

Criss-Cross. *Globe*—Fred Stone at his funniest, which, if you ask us, isn't funny at all. Millions think otherwise, however.

Gay Paree. *Winter Garden*—A new revue, containing chiefly Chic Sale. To be reviewed later.

The Girl Friend. *Vanderbilt*—Puck and White in an old favorite.

Honeymoon Lane. *Knickerbocker*—Eddie Dowling in a regulation show with good dancing.

Katja. *Forty-Fourth St.*—Nice music.

Oh, Kay! *Imperial*—With Gertrude Lawrence and Gershwin music. To be reviewed later.

Queen High. *Ambassador*—Luella Gear, Frank McIntyre and Charles Ruggles in a tuneful show.

The Ramblers. *Lyric*—That infallible pair, Clark and McCullough, in a production replete with comedy.

Scandals of 1926. *Apollo*—A revue de luxe, Mr. George White's best.

Sunny. *New Amsterdam*—Still good.

Twinkle, Twinkle. *Liberty*—To be reviewed later.

Vanities of 1926. *Earl Carroll*—A large number of young ladies, with comedy furnished by Julius Tannen, Moran and Mack, and part of the old Avon Comedy Four.

The Wild Rose. *Martin Beck*—Highly respectable musical comedy, with William Collier, Joseph Santley and Desirée Ellinger.



She: I THINK IT WAS VERY RUDE OF THOSE PRINCETON BOYS TO TEAR DOWN THE HARVARD GOAL POSTS.

Harvard Graduate: OH, WELL—WHAT OF IT? WE NEVER USE THEM, ANYWAY.



Further Disgrace

SIGNS of mental collapse continue to haunt this department. The sturdy old fabric is wearing through. Now we find ourself liking Fay Bainter when she is cute. . . One lump of sugar in our hemlock, please.

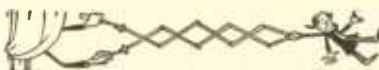
When we think of what we should have done to a play like "First Love" in the old days when our blood ran like acid, we turn away and walk over to the window to hide our tears. Full of lovers' badinage (that most revolting of stage twitterings), pert sayings by a heroine in a garret, wide-eyed innocence in sex matters with which the audience is supposed to be fully conversant—everything is there which five years ago would have plunged us into a nausea. Yet there we sat at the Booth, with the spirit of "White Wings" still hovering in the orchestra pit, and found ourself not only tolerant but actually giggling at times. The first thing you know we'll be sneaking back to see the rest of "The Little Spitfire."



PERHAPS some of the justification for "First Love" lies in the presence of Miss Bainter, Mr. Geoffrey Kerr and Mr. Bruce McRae. We fought Miss Bainter's cuteness as long as we could, repeating over and over to ourself such names as "Landru," "Nietzsche" and "Dorothy Parker," but it was no use. Miss Bainter's skill was too much for us, and we ended by giving ourself over to the disgusting business of glowing at her twinklings with the rest of the old ladies. It's too bad.

And if there is any one other than Geoffrey Kerr who could turtle-dove with Miss Bainter as those two are called upon to do and still maintain not only his manhood but a great deal of charm, then our office list of juveniles is incomplete.

We still have enough balance left to know that "First Love" is a very sappy play and much too long. As for the rest, a good stiff work-out up at Muldoon's Health Farm will probably put us back in shape again.



NOBODY is cute in "The Play's the Thing"; so there is no particular disgrace attached to enjoying it, yet it really shouldn't be as amusing as it is. Molnar has written a very phony little comedy, shot full of the old play-within-a-play hop to keep it on its feet, with another of those wise old butlers making cryptic remarks about life, and he ought, by all rights, to have nothing at all to show for it. Yet, thanks to the lines (many of them obviously Mr. P. G. Wodehouse's) and to the

delicious playing of a delicious rôle by Reginald Owen, the whole thing amounts to a highly amusing session.



WE say that some of the lines are obviously those of the adapter, Mr. Wodehouse. Certainly he wrote the following:

MR. BLINN (to Mr. Nairn, the butler): What made you so late?

MR. NAIRN: I fell downstairs, sir.

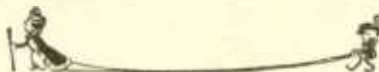
MR. BLINN: That oughtn't to have taken you long.

It will probably be pointed out to us to-morrow that Mr. Wodehouse had nothing to do with these lines and that they are the ones that Molnar is proudest of having written. Well, they sound like Wodehouse, anyway.

And, having mentioned Mr. Blinn and Mr. Nairn, we may say that they are excellent. We always expect this of Mr. Blinn, but we should never have thought that another of those dialectic philosophers in livery could be made bearable. Mr. Nairn does even more than this—he makes him a delight, aided again by *somebody's* lines. Young Mr. Crandall, whom we shall always remember as saying good-by to Young *Woodley* in the doorway, also aids in the general work of making a very nice evening out of nothing.

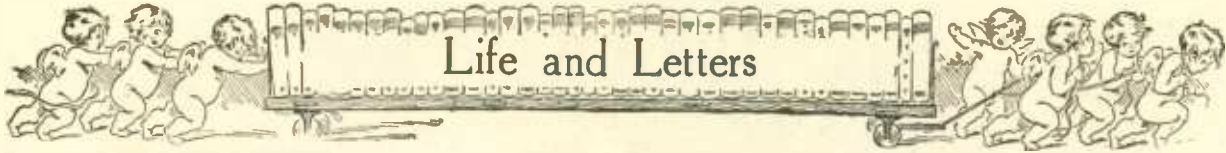


IN an age when so many old-fashioned stage tricks are in the discard and even Shakespearean actors now and again suggest human beings, why do so many comedians strive for their effects by hopping into a falsetto on the penultimate word of a line? Lady comedians are especially prone to this form of verbal mugging, which is one reason why we have so few funny lady comedians. Among the gentlemen it is pretty well confined to those who have, in their day, played *Launcelot Gobbo*, or who would like to.



THE above remarks apply only to the crack-in-the-voice method and not to the mellifluous cadenza which Miss Beatrice Lillie employs to top off a sentence, accompanied by the warning gesture of the forefinger. Incidentally, since Miss Lillie introduced this voice trick to America, it has practically revolutionized conversational methods among young ladies in private life in the metropolitan area. Such is the power of the stage.

Robert Benchley.



Life and Letters

INTRODUCTION TO **SALLY**," by "Elizabeth" (Doubleday, Page), while passably readable, is a disappointment because it falls so far below the standard of its author's past performances. I had supposed that it was impossible for the Countess Russell to write a negligible book, but she has come very close to so doing, and my feelings are much the same as those of the baseball fans who couldn't bear for Christy Mathewson to be sent to the mound in those later days when opposing batters occasionally scored off him. My principal reaction is "Shades of 'The Enchanted April'!" There was a book for you!

The main point in this new story's disfavor is the sheer improbability of its heroine. *Sally* was so beautiful that she could not go out without collecting a crowd, and she hadn't a single "h" to her conversation. Her parents, small shopkeepers, had been

forced to hide her during her adolescence, and unfortunately the first young man to discover her and obtain a monopoly by means of a marriage certificate is a smug and stupid Cambridge student who does not project any liveliness into the business. Neither does his mother, who is even smugger and stupider, and we could all do nicely without her suitor, the vulgar *Mr. Thorpe*. In fact, it is not until *Sally* gets accidentally mixed up with the nobility that the proceedings take on any of their creator's real flavor, and the reader begins to feel that at last he is treading on familiar ground. To judge from the title, we are to hear more of *Sally*. But not until she has disposed of her husband and mother-in-law, I hope. They are just as boring to me as they were to *Sally*.

WILLA CATHER has written another novel as short as "A Lost Lady," but not nearly so good.

The reason why "My Mortal Enemy" (*Knopf*) seems something of an anti-climax is that the woman who is its central character is not so interesting a type as was the vulnerable *Mrs. Forrester*. Perhaps there might not even be a comparison if Miss Cather had not followed the same narrative method. And *how!* This is as good a time as any to confess that the way Miss Cather writes positively thrills me. It all seems wasted on *Myra Henshawe*, who, in the crude and last analysis of the reviewer, was nothing but a selfish woman with a sharp tongue and a vile disposition whose occasional flashes of charm and generosity were the outcome of bad sportsmanship and to whom nobody but exactly the kind of little boob who is doing the reminiscing would have given a second thought. Her husband, when he learned that she had given his six new dress shirts to the janitor's son,

(Continued on page 36)



THE EMINENT RADIO ANNOUNCER IS GIVEN A TESTIMONIAL RECEPTION ON THE OCCASION OF HIS HAVING SAID "ER" A MILLION TIMES.

Paradox

"YOU are so charming," said Peter to me,

"You listen so wistfully;
There's a startled surprise
In your great, dark eyes
That goes to the heart of me."

"Thank you, dear Peter," I shyly replied,

"You really are too kind";
(Does he think I'm a fool...
To drol and drool?...
Why can't he admire my mind!)

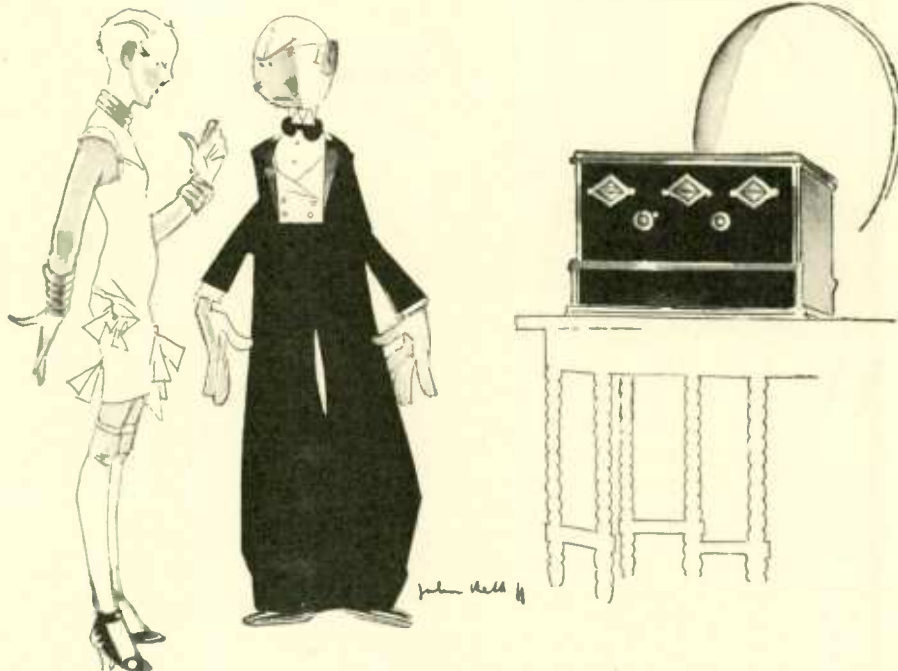
"You are so clever," said Paul to me;

"You've a wit most scintillating;
Such wisdom astute
And perception acute
Are really most captivating."

"Thank you, dear Paul," I gaily replied,

"I'm glad that you think me so wise";
(Did my voice have a break?...
What a queer little ache...
He never once noticed my eyes!)

Martha L. Wilchinski.



All the Comforts at Home

He: I'VE TUNED IN ON A GOOD ORCHESTRA. SHALL WE DANCE?
His Friend: NO—LET'S GO OUT TO THE GARAGE AND SIT THIS ONE OUT.

The Candor Kid

"MEET Mister Smith!"

"Sorry," said the Soul of Candor, "but I must decline to meet you, Mr. Smith. You are doubtless a worthy person, and I have nothing whatsoever against you. But I have far too many friends as it is. My social obligations are fast driving me to distraction. If I agreed to meet you now, the agreement would be a mere form, an empty sham, a hollow mockery. I would probably never say hello to you again. Not through any dislike of you, but rather for lack of time. It is such a hurried world we live in. Extremely sorry, Mr. Smith, not to be able to meet you, and I hope—cordially—never to see you again!"

Cyril B. Egan.

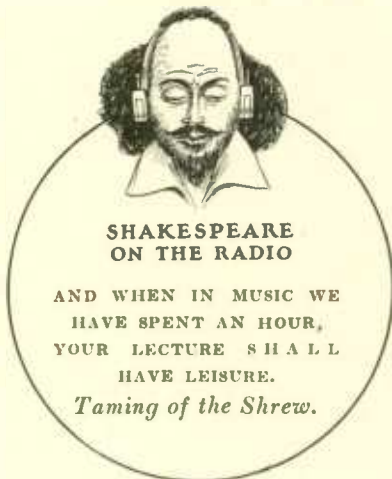
A Record Catch

"I THINK I've nabbed a Chicago gunman, Chief," said the New York policeman.

"What makes you think so?"

"Well, he insists that he's never been pinched before."

ONE that resisted the temptation to turn professional last summer was the Sesquicentennial.



SHAKESPEARE ON THE RADIO

AND WHEN IN MUSIC WE
HAVE SPENT AN HOUR,
YOUR LECTURE SHALL
HAVE LEISURE.

Taming of the Shrew.

Climax of a Career

SCENE: The interior of a theatre.

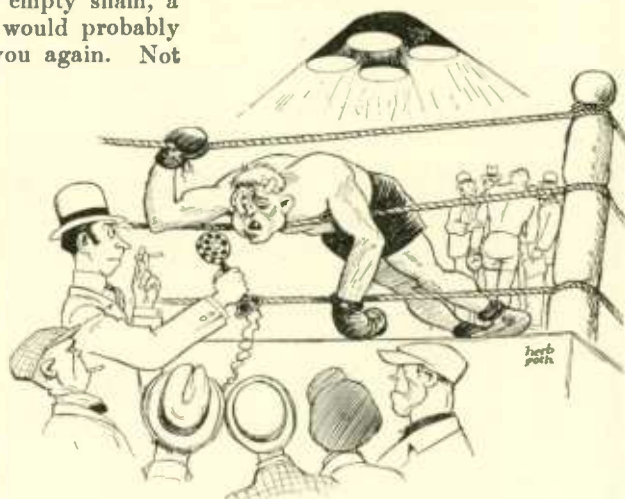
FIRST SCRUB-LADY: They say the new show's quite a hit.

SECOND SCRUB-LADY: A hit! Dearie, it's the biggest wow that ever I scrubbed for.

"THIS crime has that schoolgirl complexion," said the detective as he sorted out the clues, which consisted of an empty pint flask, twenty cigarette butts, one compact, a fancy garter, a pocket comb, and a copy of "Sparkling Mud."

Qualification

THE word "cheerfully" means cheerfully, except in the phrase, "money cheerfully refunded."



A Few Words After the Fight

"I KNOW DE DECISION WENT AGAINST ME, FOLKS, BUT IF YOU WAS ONLY HERE TO SEE WIT YER OWN EYES, YOU'D KNOW DAT MY OPPONENT NEVER HIT ME ONCET."



"The Sorrows of Satan"

WITHIN the ten or twelve reels of "The Sorrows of Satan," David Wark Griffith has managed to combine brilliance and dullness, art and hokum, genius and stupidity. He has made some of the most flagrantly bad scenes that it has ever been my ill luck to witness; he has made other scenes of startling power.

Thus, "The Sorrows of Satan" is not easy to classify. It is at once a terrible picture and a great one. Personally, I had rather dwell on the virtues than on the faults—for the latter are commonplace, and the former are rare.

MR. GRIFFITH starts out with an amazingly appealing description of the romance of two struggling writers, who starve and freeze in London's Latin Quarter. The details of their lives, the intricacies of their emotional activities, are set forth on the screen with the same direct simplicity that distinguished "The Last Laugh."

Here, in scenes in and about a humble lodging house, Mr. Griffith demonstrates the real genius that is his.

Then the shadow of Satan (and of Marie Corelli's ridiculous story) falls across the moving drama, and all the interest that Mr. Griffith has been at such pains to build up is dissipated in a series of pagan routs, with undraped young men throwing even

more undraped young ladies about as though they were so many tackling dummies. The grip upon the spectator is relaxed, and "The Sorrows of Satan" becomes a flabby, spineless mess.

Some of the early strength is regained at the finish, when Satan suddenly develops the traits of a Messiah, and passes the third floor back with an actual benediction.

SATAN, as played by Adolphe Menjou, is never a very terrifying figure at any stage of the proceedings. Mr. Menjou represents the devil as a thoroughly engaging, well-meaning, kind-hearted character, with all the fiendish, diabolical qualities of Santa Claus himself.

Ricardo Cortez appears as the young hero, and Carol Dempster as his neglected sweetheart. Both of them are far, far better than they have ever been before. Mr. Cortez' performance, indeed, is a positive revelation to those of us who have never held him in particularly high esteem.

THERE is one thing about "The Sorrows of Satan" that surprised me and afforded me great secret satisfaction. I have seen many pictures in which the heroes were Northwest Mounted Policemen, Rising Young District Attorneys, Rich Idlers, Cowboys, Quarterbacks, Buck Privates, Mayors and what not.

But this is the first picture, so far

as I know, in which the hero is a Critic.

"So's Your Old Man"

AFTER making a discouraging start as a movie star in "It's the Old Army Game," W. C. Fields has retrieved himself with a violently funny comedy called "So's Your Old Man." It is based, ostensibly, on a story by Julian Street, but it has traveled far from that basis, as Mr. Street will be the first to concede.

Its origin, however, doesn't matter. The net result is that Will Fields manages to keep his audience in a fairly continuous state of loud laughter, by means of the gags that he employs and, to a greater extent, by means of his own superb acting.

Passing Tribute

IF I were Will H. Hays (which, they tell me, I am not) I should pass the hat at the next general meeting of the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors' Association, and I should hand the resulting million dollars to Terry Ramsaye as a token of gratitude for all that he has done for the silent drama by his book, "A Million and One Nights."

As one who has read every word of this two-volume history, I am of the opinion that it is the finest, most intelligent and most interesting work that the movies have produced.

R. E. Sherwood.

Recent Developments

Bardelys the Magnificent. A fairly entertaining Sabatini cloak-and-sword melodrama, with John Gilbert as Douglas Fairbanks.

The Magician. The somewhat silly story of a sorcerer who tried to operate on Miss Alice Terry.

The Temptress. There may be something besides Greta Garbo in this picture, but I wasn't looking that way.

The Ice Flood. An Oxford graduate in a lumber camp, completely surrounded by studio ice.

The Prince of Tempters. Rich food for Ben Lyon fans.

Kid Boots. Eddie Cantor's broad humor screens well.

The Ace of Cads. Something that the children thought up on a rainy Saturday.

Gigolo. Cradle-snatching in Paris, with Rod La Rocque doing what he can.

The Waning Sex. I'm very partial to Norma Shearer—but there are limits.

It Must Be Love. The revolt of a delicatessen keeper's daughter, with Colleen Moore.

The Better 'Ole. Syd Chaplin in riotous shenanigans behind the British front.

You'd Be Surprised. Raymond Griffith, but not quite at his best.

The Strong Man. This Harry Langdon comedy is urgently recommended.

Don Juan. John Barrymore in a Hollywood rendition of a famous tale.

Ben-Hur. Haven't you seen this yet?

Beau Geste, The Scarlet Letter, The Big Parade, The Black Pirate and Variety. I'd like to get some new names for this required list.

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"HOW DO YOU TELL THOSE TWIN SISTERS APART?"
 "WHY, WHEN YOU KISS ONE OF THEM SHE ALWAYS THREATENS TO TELL MA,
 AND THE OTHER ONE ALWAYS SAYS SHE'LL TELL PA."
 —Passing Show (London).

Down to Work

THE young business woman came into her office wearing a silk mannish shirt beneath her smartly tailored suit.

"Where's your tie this morning?" questioned the chief from behind his mahogany desk.

"My brother got up first," was the laconic reply.—*Indianapolis News*.

At the Parish House

"DID the rummage sale make much money?"

"No, but we got enough hats to pay the minister's election bets for the next twenty years."—*Toronto Telegram*.

Few insults equal that of using all second-string men in the last quarter.

—*Columbia (S. C.) State*.



"SO YOU ATE ALL THE CANDY?"
 "YES, MAMA."

"AND NOW WHAT DO YOU THINK I OUGHT TO GIVE YOU?"

"A GLASS OF WATER, MAMA. I AM VERY THIRSTY."

—*Excelsior (Mexico City)*.



I WENT TO EYE-SPECIALIST PRATT,
 WHO SHOWED ME AN OPTICAL MAT.
 "WHAT LETTER?" HE SAID.
 I REPLIED: "IT IS ZED!"
 AND HE NEVER RECOVERED FROM
 THAT.

—*Washington Columns*.

Stet!

PERHAPS the most felicitous linotypical slip of the month is lifted from the *Times*. "There was a ruffle of drums," says the clipping, "and the band swung into the Rumanian national anthem and then the 'Tsar-Spangled Banner.'"

—*New York Herald Tribune*.

After the Quarrel

MADGE: Of course you speak to Helen when you pass her?

MABEL: Indeed I do not! Why, I don't even notice what she has on.

—*Boston Transcript*.

BIGGEST LIE OF ALL TIMES—Once there was a man who could eat one salted peanut and then stop.—*Louisville Times*.

Consolatory

AN artist who gave an exhibition of his works got a very bad notice from one of the critics. He resented this, and complained to a friend about it.

"Oh, that man?" said his friend. "I shouldn't take any notice of him. He doesn't think for himself. He merely repeats what everybody else is saying."
 —*London Daily Express*.



A MAP OF
 AFRICA

—*Penn State Froth*.

The Wreck

My bonny ship I freighted
 With wines in every chink,
 Such wines as were created
 For friendly men to drink.
 Now give a glass in charity to this
 old salt, for he
 Through stormy winds and evil chance
 has lost his all at sea!

We loved what we transported,
 We were a jolly crew,
 And, while the fresh winds sported,
 We drank a cup or two.

But while, still cheerily drinking
 We sailed toward the shore,
 We found the ship was sinking,
 And saved ourselves—no more!

'Twas better down our gullet,
 This wine, than in the sea.
 Within your belly's hull it
 Is from all danger free.
 Now give a glass in charity to this old
 salt, for he
 Through stormy winds and evil chance
 has lost his all at sea!

—*G. K.'s Weekly (London)*.

Her Campus Standing

"WHAT kind of a girl is Helen?"

"Well, she broke a date with me last night."

"Oh, I see; a nice girl...by default."
Virginia Reel.

"WHAT would you do," asks a household writer, "if you upset the ink bottle on an expensive table cover?" Why, the average man, of course, would just listen.
 —*Detroit News*.



"AND HOW, SIR HUMORIST, DO YOU FIND SO MANY RIDICULOUS SUBJECTS?"

"I LISTEN AND I LOOK."

—*L'Illustration (Paris)*.

A Delivery Problem

A SPORTSMAN who was going to the Rockies to shoot went into a gunmaker's shop in London and ordered a large quantity of cartridges. "I usually deal with your head office," he said, "but I daresay you can send these for me all right."

"Oh, yes, sir, certainly," came the reply. "Well," proceeded the sportsman, "I shall want them sent out to Alberta."

The assistant looked blank. "Oh, look here," said the purchaser irritably, "perhaps I'd better give the order to the head office after all."

"Yes, sir," agreed the salesman, "perhaps it would be better. You see, we've only got a boy with a bicycle here."

—*Sporting and Dramatic News.*

Understandable

"You are charged with catching a four-inch fish out of season. Why didn't you throw it back?" said the Judge.

"I wanted to show it to my wife," the prisoner meekly replied.

—*Florida Times-Union.*

Add Similes: With the speed of a college fraternity disillusioning a pledge.

—*Penn State Froth.*



Assistant: WHAT SIZE SHIRT, SIR?
Retired Builder (absently): OH,
ABOUT TWO-FOOT FRONTAGE.
—*London Opinion.*

In the yellower and pinker journals murder will out and out and out.

—*New York Herald Tribune.*

Good Housekeeping

Mrs. GADSBY is broad-minded but economical—very economical, in fact.

The other morning she caught the ice-man kissing the cook.

"Did you fire her?" asked Mr. Gadsby, alarmed, when he heard about it.

"Oh, no," his wife replied. "But I gave her strict orders not to let it happen again till after he had put the ice into the box."

—*New Orleans Times-Picayune.*

No tonic better than Abbott's Bitters, sample by mail, 25 cts. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

Special from God's Footstool

THE Central Telegraph Office of London has accepted a radiogram for Mars at the regular long-distance rate of eighteenpence per word. Our idea of a cosmic jest would be to send Mars this message—collect: "This is the best of all possible worlds. Earth."

—*New Yorker.*

As With Us

THE elephant, we read, sleeps only four or five hours a night. No doubt this is due to the elephants in the flat overhead.

—*Everybody's Weekly (London).*

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Big Business

FIRST VOICE: Hello... Connect me with Mr. Jones, please.

SECOND VOICE: Who is it calling, dearie?

FIRST VOICE: Mr. Smith, of Smith, Smythe and Smith. He wants to talk to Mr. Jones.

SECOND VOICE: Well, hold the line—I'll connect you with his secretary... Hello, Mr. Blandsford?... Mr. Smith calling Mr. Jones.

THIRD VOICE: What is it he wishes, please?

FIRST VOICE: I don't know. Just a minute. I'll let you talk to his secretary... Hello, Mr. Hooper, talk to this party, please—wants to know what Mr. Smith wants.

FOURTH VOICE: Hello... Mr. Smith's secretary speaking. Will you connect me with Mr. Jones?

THIRD VOICE: Mr. Jones is in conference. Anything I can do for you? I'm his secretary.

FOURTH VOICE: No, it's personal.

THIRD VOICE: Well, hold the line... Hello... Marie, connect this party with Mr. Jones, in Room 8-B.

SECOND VOICE: Awright... Hold the line, party... Hello... Mr. Jones?

FIFTH VOICE: Yah.
SECOND VOICE: Just a minute—Mr. Smith calling... Here's Mr. Jones' party.

FOURTH VOICE: Hello, Mr. Jones—hold the line, please... Oh, Mr. Smith, here's Mr. Jones... .

SIXTH VOICE: Hello, Jones?
FIFTH VOICE: Yah.
SIXTH VOICE: This' Smith. Say, playin' golf t'-day?

FIFTH VOICE: Sure, any time.
SIXTH VOICE: Call f'r ya in ten minutes. Howzat?

FIFTH VOICE: O. K. here. S'long.
SIXTH VOICE: S'long.

L. C. Beutel.

Mrs. Pep's Diary

(Continued from page 11)

an easy matter in this country... To dinner this night at an inn with Mathilde and George White, and George did tell how he had called a railway guard's attention to a broken window in a Cologne train last summer, and had been made to pay for the damage himself.

November 4th Lay late, talking with Sam about this and that, and when I did beseech him to show a little more charity in his estimation of poor Hal Bassett, he replied that he might be able to tolerate Hal if he were a foreigner who spoke very little English. Then did I read over from my book the engagements I had made for us both, and he did announce his hope that we should encounter no more persons at dinner this winter who would make conversation about having been born on the present site of Altman's store, and forasmuch as Sam himself was born at about the Thirty-eighth Street entrance of Franklin Simon's, I did accuse him of jealousy in not having thought of it first as a table topic. We agreed, too, that nothing is more exasperating, when trying to keep a conversation afloat with a dull dinner party, than to hear somebody ejaculate across the board, It's not so! and then proceed with an out-of-earshot and apparently interesting argument. To luncheon with Mary Lytle, of Rochester, and she told me how her little girl, coming in from a stroll along Fifth Avenue, had said, Mother, *what* do you think I saw printed on the front of a church? and then shrieked, in gleeful incredibility, *Collegiate!* And when the ices which we ordered came steeped in a rich brown mixture, Mary lamented her husband's absence, saying that she could give him a chopped-up straw hat for dessert if only she covered it with chocolate sauce... At home all the evening, and when Fifi Fidler telephoned me with a tale of woe which caused her voice to choke with tears, I was at some pains to think of a means to cheer her up, so I did finally tell her my secret about the little shop which makes shoes to order for ten dollars and fifty cents, feeling like a girl scout whose deed of kindness for the day has far overshot the requisite mark.

Baird Leonard.

The Reason

"ALICE seems very reserved all of a sudden, doesn't she?"

"Certainly does; I wonder for whom."

The Classics Made Simple

As Shakespeare wrote it (Sonnet LXXXVII):

"Farewell! thou art too dear for my possessing."

Translated into American:

"L ISSUN, I says to this jane. Ritzin' me, hey? Givin' me the high hat, hey? Handin' me the run-around, hey? Slippin' me a stand-up, hey? Lissun, dearie, I says, there ain't no frail puttin' nothin' over on this guy! If you're so godalmighty like you set up to be, I says, here's where Papa steps out of the picture. Henry Ford or John D. Rockefeller is the boy friend for you, I says. I'm only an ordinary gallump, I says, but there ain't no skirt can tell me where she's puttin' on the nose-bag when I'm buyin' the oats. The Automat ain't good enough for you, hey? You gotta go to one of them gyp joints? Lissun, I says, I'm as loose with my jack as the next bimbo, but they'll be playin' me for a sucker just about the time they elect Wayne Wheeler Mayor of New York. Think you're tellin' me a fast one, don't you, I says, when you blows your horn about always feedin' at swell dives? A hot sketch you musta piped me off as, I says! Where you think I was born, in a nut factory? I got my ear uncurled while I was still teethin', I says, an' a swell chance you got! How big was the fish that got away? I knew you when, I says. Lissun, I says, if a waiter handed you a napkin you'd think he was expectin' you to take a bath. I'll blow my roll when I get damn good an' ready, I says, an' I don't mean maybe! You ain't the only shemale in the world, I says. Maybe I ain't no sheik, but at that I know more telephone numbers than Central. Yeah, I says, or Information, too. On your way, babe, I says. If I ain't good enough for you why'n't you call up the Prince of Wales an' see if he's dated up for the evenin'? It's the Automat or nothin', I says.

"Imagine! Her tryin' to get me to cart her to Childs."

Tip Bliss.

Very Likely

"DON'T you suppose she's exaggerating her bank account?"

"Yes, she's probably overdrawn it a good deal."

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A digestive aid that never works overtime!

THE next time you feel uncomfortable after eating, try a couple of Gastrogen Tablets. They will give you quick relief from your indigestion, heartburn or gas—without in the least interfering with your normal digestion.

For Gastrogen Tablets never go too far, as soda bicarbonate and preparations containing it are very apt to do. With alkalis of that kind, the least overdose leaves your stomach with an alkaline residue that is almost as unwelcome as the hyperacidity itself.

For normal, healthy digestion requires a slight acidity of the stomach—1-5 of 1 percent—and until nature restores this balance, proper digestion is out of the question.

Gastrogen Tablets stop when they correct acidity

Gastrogen Tablets have the happy faculty of overcoming hyperacidity quickly, then stopping their work. They cannot alkalize the stomach. You could eat them all day, and the excess would only pass through your system harmless and unchanged.

So, if you suffer from digestive distress, give Gastrogen Tablets a trial. Find out what it means to correct indigestion without hampering digestion!

Gastrogen Tablets are mild, safe and effective. They drive away the discomfort of indigestion, heartburn and gas in ten to fifteen minutes. They have a spicy, aromatic flavor that everybody likes, and as an agent for sweetening the breath they can hardly be excelled.

Your druggist has them in handy pocket tins of 15 tablets for 20c; also in cabinet-size bottles of 60 tablets for 60c. If you want to try them before you buy them, send the coupon for free introductory packet of 6 tablets.

GASTROGEN Tablets

© Bristol-Myers Co., 1926

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. F.1162
73 West Street, New York City

Without charge or obligation on my part,
send me your special introductory packet of
6 Gastrogen Tablets.

Name _____

Address _____

Rhymed Reviews

Her Son's Wife

By Dorothy Canfield. Harcourt, Brace & Co.

NO graceless kitten ever mewed
At Mary Bascom, widowed
teacher,
Whose dominating rectitude
Would anyhow have scared the
creature.

Oh, she could aid, correct and guide,
And solve your doubts, however
knotty,
Till Ralph, her son, brought home a
bride—
The brainless, shiftless, hopeless
Lottie.

While problems piled in pyramids,
The task eclipsing every other
Was saving Lottie's daughter, Dids,
From that demoralizing mother.

Now, Doctor Pell, a scheming quack,
Examined Lottie, looking solemn,
And artful Mary cried, "Alack!
You've hurt your poor, dear spinal
column!"

So Lottie went to bed, and stayed,
Well pleased with all the care
they gave her,
While Dids grew up, a lovely maid,
The pride of her who sinned to
save her.

Her sense of sin rebuked a too
Self-righteous pose of high sur-
render,
And that's why Mary Bascom grew
More helpful, tactful, wise and
tender.

A child should not be ruled too much
(Though maybe steered with skil-
ful touches);
A mother must not be a crutch,
But one to cure all need of
crutches.

Some writers toil at seeming smart,
Some rainbow-tint their world,
some flout it;
But here is one with brains and
heart
Who shows you what to do about
it.

Arthur Guiterman.

Too Close

"LOTS of pretty girls in New
York."
"Yes—but I never see them."
"What's your line?"
"I run a beauty shop."

WHAT to do for that run-down
feeling: Buy a car yourself!

COME TO HAVANA



Exquisite Isle of Delight

37

Set like a jewel
in a sea of
deepest indigo

GLAMOUR and beauty of the tropics—romance, tradition—background of an age-old history... gracious welcome of a charming people—cultured, fascinating, foreign... carefree, joyous life of a pleasure-loving city—wealthy, luxurious, progressive... new experiences—new sights—new conceptions of the joy of living await you in Cuba. Splendid hotels, theaters, the opera, cafes... dining, dancing, games of chance at the brilliant Casino... golf, tennis, hunting, horse racing, jai-alai... fishing, yachting, swimming... motoring on perfect roads... its comforts and attractions are endless. And the climate... eternal sunshine... cooled to perpetual springtime by the fragrant trade winds.

(In Cuba even the warmest summer day is made pleasant by the cool trade winds. The temperature during 1925 never rose above 93 nor fell below 66 degrees.)

Cuba is only 90 miles from America

For information apply to any Cuban Consul or to the National Tourist Commission, Havana, Cuba.



Educating Our Immigrants

SCENE: *A barber shop; possibly a club barber shop, possibly not.*

THE BARBER: Howsa da raz'? (*Which is traditional.*)

THE CUSTOMER (*which is also traditional*): Terrible! What did you do—excavate it at Pompeii?

THE BARBER: Ha! Alla time you maka da jokus. You da grea' fella, Meesta Feesh!

THE CUSTOMER (*a Mr. Fisher*): Sure.

THE BARBER: Meesta Feesh, hi likea haska da qesh. Hi wanna loin some-a-teeng.

THE CUSTOMER: Shoot!

THE BARBER: Whatsa da date, pleeze, da fois' Tanksageev'n? Da Puritan comeada Unitastates. Hitsa maka Tanksageev'n da foista yea'?

THE CUSTOMER: What the—I don't know. Get on with the shave, will you?

THE BARBER: Hexcusa, pleeze. Hi joos' wanna loin some-a-teeng. You no get so'?

THE CUSTOMER: Certainly not. Of course you want to learn something.

THE BARBER (*after an industrious pause*): Meesta Feesh, hi haska you some-a-teeng helse. Whosa shoot Meesta Goffiel'?

THE CUSTOMER: Who the—oh, Garfield. Oh, *that* Garfield. Er—er—he wasn't shot, he was stabbed.

THE BARBER: Fatha luvva Mike, Meesta Feesh, you alla time maka da jokus. Heetsa Meesta Boot', no?

THE CUSTOMER: Why, of course. Sure—Edwin Booth.

THE BARBER: Ho! Ho! You no foola me, Meesta Feesh. Meesta Wilkus Boot' he's shoot Meesta Lincol'. Heesa keel Meesta Goffiel', Meesta Chazz Guiteau. Eetsa becozz he's no getta da jobbus. Datsa right—no?

THE CUSTOMER (*faintly*): Oh, sure.

THE BARBER (*after another pause*): We tock verry nize toget', Meesta Feesh. Hi haska you wan mo' qesh. Da Prasideent from da Unitastates, he'sa got da pow' to changa da rat' from duty honna da himportis?

THE CUSTOMER (*mildly indignant*): Good Lord, Tommy, what do you think I am—the World Almanac?

THE BARBER: No—no—no! You no getta so', Meesta Feesh. Hi joos' wanna loin some-a-teeng. Hi haska you some-a-teeng helse. You titcha me, hi shave-a you. Hi loin some-a-teeng, you getta da good shave. Joos' wan more qesh, Meesta Feesh. We tock nize.

THE CUSTOMER: Well, what is it, then? (*He squirms in anticipation.*)

One Hundred Things to Do at VENICE



No. 37

LOAF ACTIVELY. As in a golden mirror you can watch the world drift by at Venice. The surf of the Florida West Coast's only mainland beach will come to meet you. Its most famous fishing grounds will offer you hours of thrilling sport. The beautiful hotels, with patios open to the tropic sunshine, will serve you with fruit, vegetables, milk, and cream from Venice Farms. Golf, tennis, quoits are available with the amount of leisure too often lacking. The lovely Myakka River will unfold enchantments—while you dream along through a fine hunting and fishing country. Hotel rates fixed at \$5 to \$15. Plenty of rooms at \$5. Booklet.

THE
VENICE COMPANY
103 Venice Blvd.,
Venice, Florida

VENICE FLORIDA

THE ONLY WEST COAST CITY ON A MAINLAND BEACH

THE BARBER: Whosa, pleeze, da fois' commissiona da Halaska Boun-day Delimitash Commish'?

THE CUSTOMER (*with justifiable annoyance*): Say, what are you trying to do, kid me?

THE BARBER: No! No! *Per tutti gli santi*, no! No keed, Meesta Feesh. Datsa verry serious! (*He rushes to a closet and brings forth "A Short Constitutional History of the United States" and "Office Seekers' Manual."*) Hi reada bookus. Hi study hod. Hi haska da qesh....

THE CUSTOMER: Very commendable. Splendid, Tommy. *Buono ragazzi!*

THE BARBER: Shoo! Shoo! Hi wanna loin some-a-teeng. Han' some-a-day, Meesta Feesh, some-a-day Hi'm gonna be good wan hunner pacent 'Mercano citizen—joos' likea youself! (*He slaps a hot towel over the customer's face, which may account for the rosy hue that shortly transfuses it.*)

CURTAIN

Henry William Hanemann.

*E*IGHTY pages of the best that LIFE can offer—the CHRISTMAS NUMBER—out next week!

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 This remarkable brochure of 32 pages reveals the truth about Lincoln's religious beliefs. There is also reproduced the original draft of Lincoln's immortal Gettysburg address which do, only in words the price of this pamphlet, but in unanswerable testimony of his religious faith. **LINCOLN'S RELIGION**
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 can be yours by proper cleansing. The right soap to ask for is
Resinol

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 If Legs Bend In or Out. Self Adjustable.
 Free Booklet—Plain Sewed Envelope
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A TRIUMPH! Illinois "Sportsman"—the 2-in-1 Strap-Watch—For Dress-Wear, for Sports-Wear. Has remarkable SHOCK-PROOF movement, double strength mainspring, steel wheels, plates, escapement, secret process tempered. Genuine Ruby Jewels—**not 7 or 15—but 17 jewels for PRECISION!** Made by ILLINOIS WATCH CO., Springfield, Illinois. The U. S. Government, during the World War, requested their entire output of Military Watches, as they were conceded best.

SPLENDID XMAS GIFT

BUSINESS MEN, Professional Men, Executives, Sportsmen are ANTOUNDED at its Splendid Performance under action! Terrific drives down the fairway, smashes on the tennis courts, office use; motorling, hunting, winter sports, intense heat or cold, do not affect its time-keeping! **IT'S SHOCK-PROOF! WEATHER-PROOF!** Enthusiastic owners praise its **ACCURACY and RICH BEAUTY!** Case is **DUST-PROOF! MOISTURE-PROOF!** Green or White Gold Filled. **RADIUM dial GLOWS time BRIGHTLY in Darkness.** For ill-blooded Men! **\$50-List.** Our Price for **LIMITED 33⁹⁵** TIME to advertise our Direct-to-User values, . . .

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 We ask for **NO MONEY in advance!** **NOTHING on Delivery!** Sent absolutely **FREE** to responsible persons for 10-Days trial.

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Gentlemen—Please send me Illinois "Sportsman" watch for 10 Days' FREE Trial on the above plan
 Green Gold Case. White Gold Case. (Check color.)

Name.....

Address.....

Clip and mail this Ad. NOW to insure Christmas delivery! Please tell us something about yourself. Trade References Preferred. We will appreciate and respect the information. **THANK YOU!** Life-11-25-26

From a Chicago Kid's Garden of Verses

HOW would it suit you to stick up and rob

A Federal bank or two?

Oh, but I think it the niftiest job
 Ever a child could do!

If the cashiers are too obstinate,
 then—

Bang! goes my trusty gat.

In my career I have bumped only
 ten;

I'd never swing for that!

Fly with the jack in a high-powered
 Flint,

Just as we've always done;

They'll make some more in the U. S.
 mint—

Gosh! It's a lot of fun!

A. R. B.

It Isn't a Pleasure Car

THOUGH I have been fearing for some time that I have the wrong kind of car I have been putting up with it, thinking I might be too hard to please; but now I have decided to trade it in. Lots of drivers might think I have no cause for complaint; they are the fortunate ones who never had a machine like mine.

For instance, my car goes almost twice as far as any other automobile on a gallon of any kind of fuel. It consumes almost no oil. It never seems to need water. The tires lose no air. So I am deprived of all conversational pleasures with filling-station attendants. Where other car owners look forward to an agreeable ten minutes at the tanks, I merely stop, pay my money, and drive on. There is nothing for me to discuss.

But the worst thing about the machine is its quick starting in cold weather. No matter how low the mercury and no matter how long the motor has been standing, it starts instantly. It seems to start more readily in winter than in summer. So you see, when I am in conversation at the club or when friends drop in, I have nothing to complain about.

When a man pays as much as I did for an automobile he has a right to service, so I'm going to give the dealer a chance to make good. If he can make this a conversation car I'll keep it; otherwise I'm going to change over to a make that acts normally and gives the owner a little pleasure.

McCready Huston.

REVISED Simile—The room was emptied as quick as a flask.

The dread Pyorrhea begins with bleeding gums



JUST as the strength of a building is dependent upon its foundations, so are healthy teeth dependent upon healthy gums.

Permit the gums to become inflamed or tender and you weaken the foundation of the teeth. This condition is called Pyorrhea. Loosening of teeth is a direct result. And spongy, receding gums invite painful tooth-base decay. They act, too, as so many doorways for disease germs to enter the system—infected the joints or tonsils—or causing other ailments.

Pyorrhea attacks **four out of five** people who are over forty. And many under that age, also. Its first symptom is tender gums. So you should look to your gums! Use Forhan's, which positively prevents Pyorrhea if used in time and used consistently. It also scientifically cleans the teeth—keeps them white and clean. Brush your teeth with it.

If gum-shrinkage has already set in, start using Forhan's and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

35c and 60c tubes
 All Druggists

Formula of
 R. J. Forhan, D.D.S.

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MR. Paul Tomlinson, Financial Editor of Harper's Magazine, has compiled a list of questions for you to have answered by the Securities Salesman that will help to

Eliminate the Loss In Investments

A safe-guard that may save you from the loss of thousands of dollars.

A copy of this Questionnaire may be had for the asking—it is free.

The Financial Article appearing in the December issue of Harper's Magazine will also help solve your investment problems.

Harper's
MAGAZINE

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Under the Moon of the Caribbean

A French Line Winter Cruise in Tropic Waters From February 5th to March 6th

GIRDLING the Spanish Main—where Henry Morgan raked the seas . . . freebooters and treasure ships. Days of gold—like doubloons poured from a ravished chest. Spangled nights—drifting tropic fragrances. Strange ports that enchant—strange flowers—riotous, warm, vivid—this is the path of romance on this cruise to the Caribbean.

The S. S. Lafayette

swift—and smooth—and luxurious. Decks gay with games or parties—music and dancing under glowing lanterns. Trips ashore at Bermuda, Nassau and Kingston—smart winter playgrounds—brilliant with British soldiery. . . Havana, La Guaira, Curacao, Colon—all foreign lands and no passports required.

Sailing from Philadelphia
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You live on board throughout the trip surrounded with every attention—incomparable French cuisine—gracious service—no changing to hotels—the bother of shifting luggage. Thirty colorful days. Fares \$325 to \$1200 including shore excursions.

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19 State Street, New York City

Write us or any French Line Agent or recognized Tourist Office for brochure

The Big Game

...**B**UT the Purple Avalanche was not to be denied. Fighting like Titans these youthful supermen tore through the Scarlet's line for terrific gains as the sod trembled beneath their feet. Eighty yards down the field the Violet Wave rolled relentlessly as the twenty-two combatants fought like the Greeks and Trojans on the plains of Troy. Eighty yards and a touchdown while the air reverberated with the shrieks of the victory-crazed onlookers.

But goaded into a fury the Scarlet Tempest lashed out at last and spread destruction in its wake. Gain after gain was torn off as this and that Cardinal greyhound swept around the ends with the speed of Diana or hurtled through tackle like the hammer of great Thor himself. The Purple Juggernaut was fighting tooth and nail now, fighting as the Spartans fought at Thermopylae to defend their homes against the ravages of Xerxes' army. But it was of no avail. With the crash of some gigantic ocean liner running full speed into an iceberg in the storm-lashed waters of the Frozen North, a mighty-limbed Scarlet back hit the Purple Terror in the middle of the line and ricocheted through for a score as bedlam broke loose on the sidelines.

But the Violet Earthquake gathered its forces and battled with renewed fury. Like the darts of Apollo the skillfully planned Purple passes hummed over the heads of the befuddled Scarlet Battalion as the Violet ends snared the twirling oval and raced with the speed of a Man-o'-War to irresistible gains. And then Fate, which has decided so many of the world's great battles, took a hand. As the twenty-two young Siegfrieds lined up in the middle of the battle-scarred gridiron there echoed through the storm-plagued air a voice which struck terror into their hearts as the voice of the snaky-locked Medusa struck terror into the heart of Perseus:

"Clarence Jones, you come here this minute and fill up the kitchen wood-box!"

And so Troop Number Three of the Hacksville Boy Scouts, being without the services of its star half-back, was out of luck for the rest of the afternoon.

Parke Cummings.

Son of a Politician

BAA, baa, black sheep,
Have you any pull?
Yes, sir; yes, sir,
But all the jobs are full!



Foot-Joy

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
The Shoe that's Different!

ATHLETES know everything fails when the feet fail. So they wear walking shoes as well as sport shoes of proper construction. Men in business are taking a leaf from the athlete's book. They too are looking for shoes to keep them young and active. Their search ends at Foot-Joy, Often Spoken Of As "The Smartest, Comfortable Shoe."

Send for the Foot-Joy book. It contains information every man who wants to retain his youthful stride should have, and latest shoe styles for all occasions.

FIELD & FLINT CO., Brockton, Mass.

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Name.....

Address..... LMF

Don't you think?

It is by no means strange that men who want "something better" in cigarettes turn to Fatima. All things considered: tobaccos, aroma, subtle delicacy, it would be extraordinary if they didn't



What a whale of a difference just a few cents make

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

LIFE in the Future

TOM: What's the matter with Kelly? He looks worried.

DICK: Probably he is going to get married.

HARRY: No, his garter has lost its stretch.

* * *

(You have just read a joke by Hank Yaphank, a frequent contributor to LIFE. Whether or not you have enjoyed his offering, he would appreciate letters or cards from his army of unseen readers. Kindly address your communications to him in care of this publication. . . . We shall now go on with our next feature, which you will find by turning the page.)

Bill Sykes.

How to Get a Bug Out of a Rug

DESCRIBE bug as young intellectual. Bug will be flattered. Will rush out. Raise money. Start new magazine.

Have agitators make speeches to bug. Bug will demand rights. Try to get them. Leave town.

Inform bug this is free country. Bug will believe statement. Will speak freely. Go to jail.

Place drop of beer on bug. Bug will feel craving. Will pawn watch. Go to speak-easy. Spend night in gutter.

Introduce evil companions to bug. Bug will be dragged down. End in pauper's grave.

Purchase vacuum cleaner. Pass over bug. Bug will go by air route.

W. W. Scott.

Life and Letters

(Continued from page 24)

should have beaten her. If he had, Miss Cather would have had another—and, I believe, a better—story. There should be great copy in a wife-beater whose agony from the thrashings was greater than that of his victim.

The local color of New York in the early part of the century is remarkably good, and there is an atmospheric tensity throughout the story which must have been super-induced by magic. By all means read "My Mortal Enemy," even though you will long to step into its pages and slap *Myra*. Which, after all, may be the very reaction which Miss Cather meant you to have.

TO quote one of the authors on the jacket of "Tides," by Ada and Julian Street (*Doubleday, Page*): "I hope 'Tides' will be enjoyed by the men who as boys rode high bicycles, read nickel-novels, collected cigarette pictures, knew the mile record of Maud S., and had among their heroes John L. Sullivan and Pop Anson, and by the men and women who remember when ice-cream sodas and chewing gum were first heard of, who danced the polka on canvas-covered parlor floors, remember the two-step and coon-song as innovations, played casino, cinch and tiddly-winks when those games were new, and recall the Chicago World's Fair, 'Down Went McGinty,' Joseph Jefferson, Della Fox, Lottie Collins and 'Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay,' the White Squadron, the first electric lights, the Eden Musée, bloomers, minstrels and *Lord Fauntleroy*." That gives a fair idea of the book's background. The scene is Chicago, and the story that of three generations. The Gay Nineties are now the fashion, and the Streets have added a worthy contribution to their literature.

Baird Leonard.

Among the New Books

A Million and One Nights. By Terry Ramsaye (*Simon & Schuster*). A complete chronicle, in two large volumes, of the motion picture as art and industry. To be reviewed later.

The Fiddler in Barly. By Robert Nathan (*McBride*). The story of an old fiddler and his dancing dog.

The Sun Also Rises. By Ernest Hemingway (*Scribner*). The beauty and cruelty of life as revealed to the English and American expatriates who frequent the Latin Quarter of Paris.

So This Is Jazz. By Henry O.sgood (*Little, Brown*). Variations on a popular theme, with discussions of its principal interpreters.

Sweet and Low. By Liggett Reynolds (*Simon & Schuster*). Nonsense fiction provocative of audible laughter at not too infrequent intervals. *B. L.*

What the Old Folks Missed

(Continued from page 9)

He's only the shell of his former self. There he goes! He uncorks a left to David's head but there doesn't seem to be any steam behind his blows. Davy has him puffing and dazed (*gong sounds*) as the bell rings for the end of the round.

Oh! oh! Goly is so dazed he walks off into Davy's corner and slumps down into Davy's chair. (*Noise of shouting.*) The chair broke under his weight and the crowd is booing him. Davy is all smiles and fresh as a lily. (*Gong sounds.*)

Here they come for the second round, folks. Again Davy dances up to Goliath and sends one! two! three! four! blows to the pit of the stomach. Goly comes down with one to Davy's back, but Davy, undisturbed, rocks him with a stiff jab to the left instep. Oh, what a woeful exhibition! Goly's merely the shell of his former self. He's not the Goly we saw at Sodom. (*Tremendous noise.*) Oh! oh! I almost missed that, it came so fast. Goly's down! Davy backed off against the ropes, and getting a spring hurled himself fully four feet into the air and caught Goliath square between the eyes. What a sock! All of Davy's hundred and ten pounds was behind that blow. That was psalm sock! The referee is counting Goly out. The crowd is wild. On its feet! Yarmelkas and sheitels are flying in the air. Men are hysterical and pounding each other into insensibility. What an upset! I'll try to let you hear the final count.

FAR-AWAY VOICE: Gimmel!!

BEN YOCHID: Another champion has passed. There's something sad in that, but somehow the crowd can't see it. The official is having a hard time. Listen to him....

SMALL, SHRILL VOICE: The winner...and the new champen... Young David. (*Shouts, etc.*)

BEN YOCHID: Davy is in tears; he wanted to knock him out in the first. Goliath is still on the ground. Here comes Davy now. Give him a hand, folks. Tell the folks what you attribute your success to, Davy.

DAVID'S VOICE: I attribute my success to kosher food and clean living. I never felt better in my life.

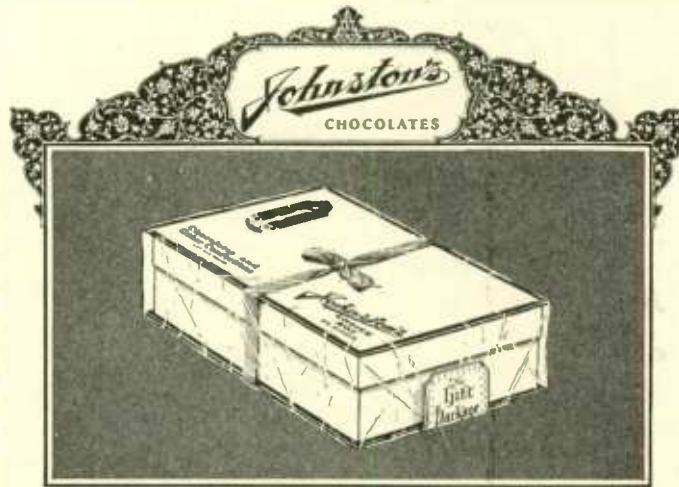
BEN YOCHID: Stand by for your local announcer. Good night!

Courtenay Akt.

More Important

SHE: Young people nowadays don't need chaperons on parties.

HE: No, indeed; what they need is referees to break the clinches.



The Distinction of a Gift

of Johnston's Chocolates

THE sophisticated giver well knows the value of Johnston's for paying social "debts,"—for Johnston's is always correct.

The secret of its good-ness is one of a generation's standing. Today... because of it, Johnston's has won a pinnacle place among the finethings that have become part of our daily lives.

You will find a special agency for Johnston's Chocolates in one of the better class stores in your neighbourhood.

ROBERT A. JOHNSTON COMPANY
NEW YORK . CHICAGO . MILWAUKEE . MINNEAPOLIS . OAKLAND

A Frank Acceptance

DEAR MRS. McTAVISH:

Your invitation to dinner received and contents noted. The "to meet Miss Gladys Whiffen" has me baffled, however, because that will be no new experience for me and I thought practically everybody else knew her. On the chance of a good meal, however, I'd just as leave go through it again if I have to, only please don't have oysters. I always break out on oysters. I am very fond of lima beans and champagne, however, while roast pork is one of my favorite dishes. If you could manage to seat me next to some one who is a light drinker, so much the better, as nothing will be wasted in that event. Trusting that you will soon find it convenient to mail me a copy of the proposed menu, and looking forward to a swell feed,

Yours with a hearty appetite,

Lloyd Mayer.

P. S. I like a thick soup.

IT will be here next week—the
CHRISTMAS NUMBER.
Don't miss it!



Meet Dusty—

The Friend, Counselor and Spokesman of all dogs. His mission is to keep dogs well and happy.



Dusty Says:

Christmas will soon be here. Show your dog there IS a Santa Claus—Buy him a copy of the Christmas Issue of the American Kennel Gazette, the *De Luxe Edition* of the World's Greatest Dog Magazine.

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Then by all means read this book.
BLOOD PRESSURE—HIGH AND LOW
By Chester Tilton Stone, M. D.
Giving the causes (Salt is only one) of this serious condition, its effects, approved methods of prevention and curative measures.

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62 days, \$600 to \$1700

MEDITERRANEAN

8 s "Transylvania" sailing Jan. 29

23rd cruise, including Madeira, Lisbon, Spain (Madrid—Cordova—Granada), Algiers, Tunis, Carthage, Athens, Constantinople, 15 days Palestine and Egypt, Italy, the Riviera. Europe stop-overs.

7th Round the World Cruise;

Jan. 19; 121 days, \$1250 to \$2900.

3rd Norway-Mediterranean Cruise;

July 2; 52 days, \$600 to \$1300.

FRANK C. CLARK, Times Bldg., N. Y.



Dear "Lifers":—

You will be flattered to learn that we are going to use **Life** to tell you about **DAYTONA BEACH** this Winter. We know it is the sort of place the sort of folks who read **Life** will appreciate.

In the Dec. 9th issue we start "doing our stuff."

If you really must have some knowledge before that about **DAYTONA BEACH** (on the level, its a wonderful place!) you may fire along the little "Kupe" at the foot of this — er — ad.

Room 78 Chamber of Com. Bldg
 Daytona Beach Florida—

I just cant wait 'til Dec. 9th to hear about your wonderful resort. Shoot me a bundle of facts "oot sweet!"

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

The Progress of Poesy

THE youthful poet, he twangs his lyre

In a minor key to a song of woe;
 He sings of agonies, deep and dire,
 And a tearful state is his *status quo*.

But humor arrives as the calf-loves go,

And Momus awakens as Homer nods;

He does light verses that ripple and flow—

But why does he always write ballades?

When the crackling flames of the sacred fire

Have settled down to a steady glow—

When Pegasus finally trots for hire,
 And the purse would reap what the pen must sow;

When wit with wisdom begins to grow,

The bard, released from the awkward squads,

Lines up with the Regulars' graceful row—

But why does he always write ballades?

Perhaps, as one of the elder choir,

My own opinion is apropos;

You can chop a verse, if you so desire,

From a common song, and it will not show.

But not from this one. The Editors owe

For twenty-eight lines, in spite of odds,

And they will not ask (for they sadly know)—

"But why does he always write ballades?"

L'ENVOI

Prince! This secret I here bestow

On you and the other Big Tin Gods

Who say, on viewing the name below:

"But why? Does he *always* write ballades?"

Ted Robinson.

Glad to Be Back

"YES," said the one-hundred-percent. American who had just returned from abroad, as he paid an eleven-dollar covert charge and a twenty-dollars-a-bottle "champagne" bill in a New York night club, "those robbers over in France certainly soak you every chance they get."

WHAT this country needs is a good radio soft-speaker.



"Each experiment with other shaving creams increased my enthusiasm for Mennen"

If you could go through my mail—I get literally thousands of letters—you'd be amazed at the way one thought bobs up over and over again: "I've tried so and so's shaving cream—but never again! I'm back to Mennen for life."

Here's part of a typical letter from W. H. Robinson, 463 Richmond Street, London, Ont., Canada.

"Mennen Shaving Cream in 1914 was recommended and presented by my druggist in exchange for a tube of another make which had become granulated. Since that day I have been a user and booster of Mennen.

Six times I have experimented with other creams and soaps but each experiment increased my enthusiasm for Mennen. I am through experimenting. With my stiff beard, tender skin and daily shave, I trust implicitly in Mennen."

Every experiment in other directions emphasizes the real value of Mennen Dermutation—the famous Mennen process of absolute beard-softening. This exclusive Mennen feature reduces even the wiriest and most pugnacious whiskers to complete docility.

No matter whether you've got the tenderest skin in seven counties—whether you're using hot, cold, hard or soft water—Mennen will give you the quickest, smoothest, cleanest shave you ever experienced.

With Mennen you can get five months' daily latherings out of one 50 cent tube, unless, of course, you're one of the many thousands of men who use Mennen for shampoo, too. 1/2 inch of cream—less than 1/2 cent a shave—does the trick to the King's taste.

Demonstration Tube Free

Would you rather try Mennen at my expense? Send me a post card for a Demonstration Tube, Free.

Now about after shaving. Mennen Skin Balm has the kick you're looking for to give a fine, fresh tingle. Tones up your skin. Gives a wonderful face-feel and a look you'll be proud of. Try a tube—only 50 cents. Warning: Hide it from the ladies. They know its complexion merits...but make them buy tubes of their own.

Mennen Talcum for Men—the finishing touch to the Mennen Shave—the "plus ultra." Absorbs superfluous moisture and doesn't show on your face. Fine for "all-over" use. 25c.

Jim Henry
 (Mennen Salesman)

THE MENNEN COMPANY
 385 Central Avenue, Newark, New Jersey
 The Mennen Company, Limited
 Montreal, Quebec

MENNEN SHAVING CREAM

Next Week—

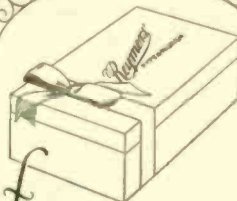
- COLES PHILLIPS
- ANITA LOOS
- MILT GROSS
- MONTAGUE GLASS
- GLUYAS WILLIAMS
- PERCY CROSBY
- ROBERT BENCHLEY
- OLIVER HERFORD
- JOHN HELD, JR.
- BAIRD LEONARD
- REA IRVIN
- MARC CONNELLY
- ART YOUNG
- RUSSELL PATTERSON
- FRANKLIN P. ADAMS
- ELLISON HOOVER
- CHARLES DANA GIBSON
- R. V. CULTER
- F. STROTHMANN
- GARRETT PRICE
- BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER
- FRANK SULLIVAN
- ALICE HARVEY
- F. G. COOPER
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- H. W. HANEMANN
- REGINALD BIRCH
- DON HEROLD
- C. BASKERVILLE
- R. L. DICKEY
- NEWMAN LEVY
- DOROTHY PARKER
- E. McNERNEY
- E. S. MARTIN
- C. H. SYKES
- TIP BLISS
- OSCAR FRED HOWARD
- C. F. PETERS
- BARON IRELAND
- A. H. FOLWELL
- HERB ROTH



ALL THESE —
and many others—
in the

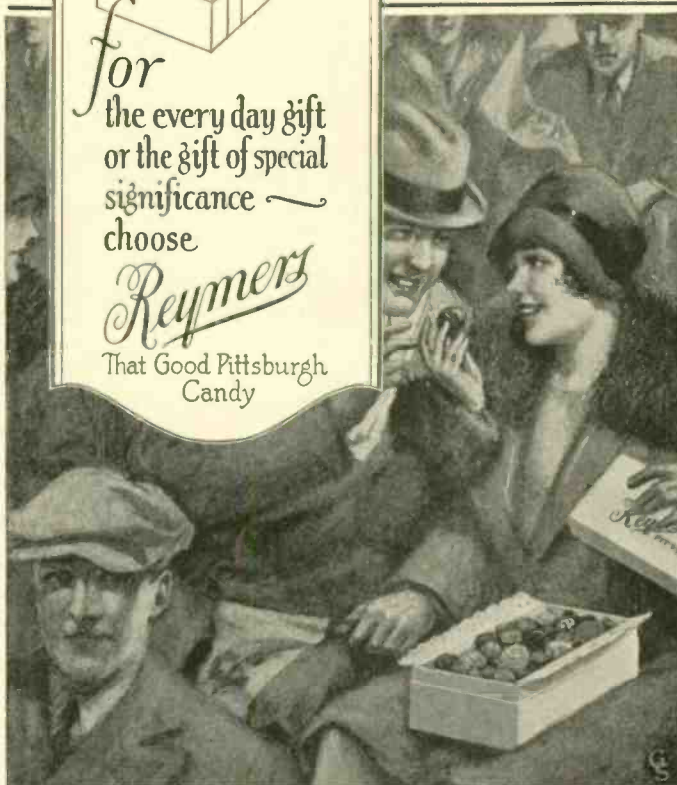
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Don't Miss It!



for
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or the gift of special
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That Good Pittsburgh
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Department LI

Experimenter Pub. Co., Inc., 53 Park Place, N.Y.

SEND THE COUPON
10-Day Tube Free



1000 men told what they most wanted in a shaving cream

Then we made this unique creation to their order—as a courtesy to us, please accept a full 10-day tube to try

GENTLEMEN:—

We went to great lengths to please you in a shaving cream. Then gained a great market as a result. From the beginning, men by the thousands flocked to its use.

We started by asking 1000 men their supreme desire in a shaving soap. They named four requirements. We met them one by one, then added a fifth they had forgotten.

We tried and discarded 130 formulas before we found the right one. It required all our expert knowledge as soapmakers—we're the makers of Palmolive Soap as you know—to meet those requirements.

To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After Shaving Talc—especially for men. Doesn't show. Leaves the skin smooth and fresh, and gives that well-groomed look. Try the sample we are sending free with the tube of Shaving Cream. There are new delights here for every man who shaves. Please let us prove them to you. Clip coupon now.

Now men tell us we have a creation superior in 5 important ways to any other known. The coupon below brings you a 10-shave tube postpaid. Please use it; let us show you what we have done.

Five Advantages

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
4. Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting.
5. Fine after-effects due to palm and olive oil content.

Just send coupon

Your present method may suit you well. But still there may be a better one. This test may mean much to you in comfort. Send the coupon before you forget.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY (Del. Corp.)
CHICAGO, ILL.

10 SHAVES FREE

and a can of Palmolive
After Shaving Talc

Simply insert your name and address and mail to Dept. B-1259,
The Palmolive Company (Del. Corp.), 3702 Iron Street, Chi-
cago, Ill.

Residents of Wisconsin should address The Palmolive Company
(Wis. Corp.), Milwaukee, Wis.

(Please print your name and address)



3391

BUSH TERMINAL PRINTING CORPORATION, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

An Adventure in Curiosity

DID you ever realize that according to American cartoonists the great English word for the Chinese is "Fliday"? Of course you didn't. But all Chinamen in cartoons are laundrymen and all of them are either blowing water on shirts or else receiving shabby bundles from seedy customers, and saying with great poise and equanimity: "Fliday."

Yes? Well, when this first occurred to me my naturally inquisitive nature was aroused. I thirsted for the musical note of "Fliday"; I developed a terrific passion to hear that one word spoken as only a Chinaman could speak it.

For many years we have had an excellent laundress. She never steals my cuff-links or rips off responsible buttons. I admire her, and so it was with considerable misgivings that I sneaked out of the house one morning with a small parcel of six nether garments in search of a bath. I entered a very respectable Chinese laundry, and said, in my most celestial manner:

"When can I have these back?"

A breathless interval.

"Satulday."

A rather severe blow, I thought; but then this is a world of disappointments. Another day, another bundle.

"When can I have these?"

"Wenday."

I banged the door as I went out, and I could hear the little bell attached to it jangling in an altogether irritating way. Subsequent tries were no better. I came early, I came late. Once I leaned over the counter in a confidential manner and talked to the spokesman while he fingered a Chinese lightning calculator.

"Look here." I said this tactfully, leading up to my point. "Thursday bad day for me to come for shirts." (I had considered saying "shirtee," but rejected it as over-familiar.) "How about later in week?"

"All light. Next day."

I fled.

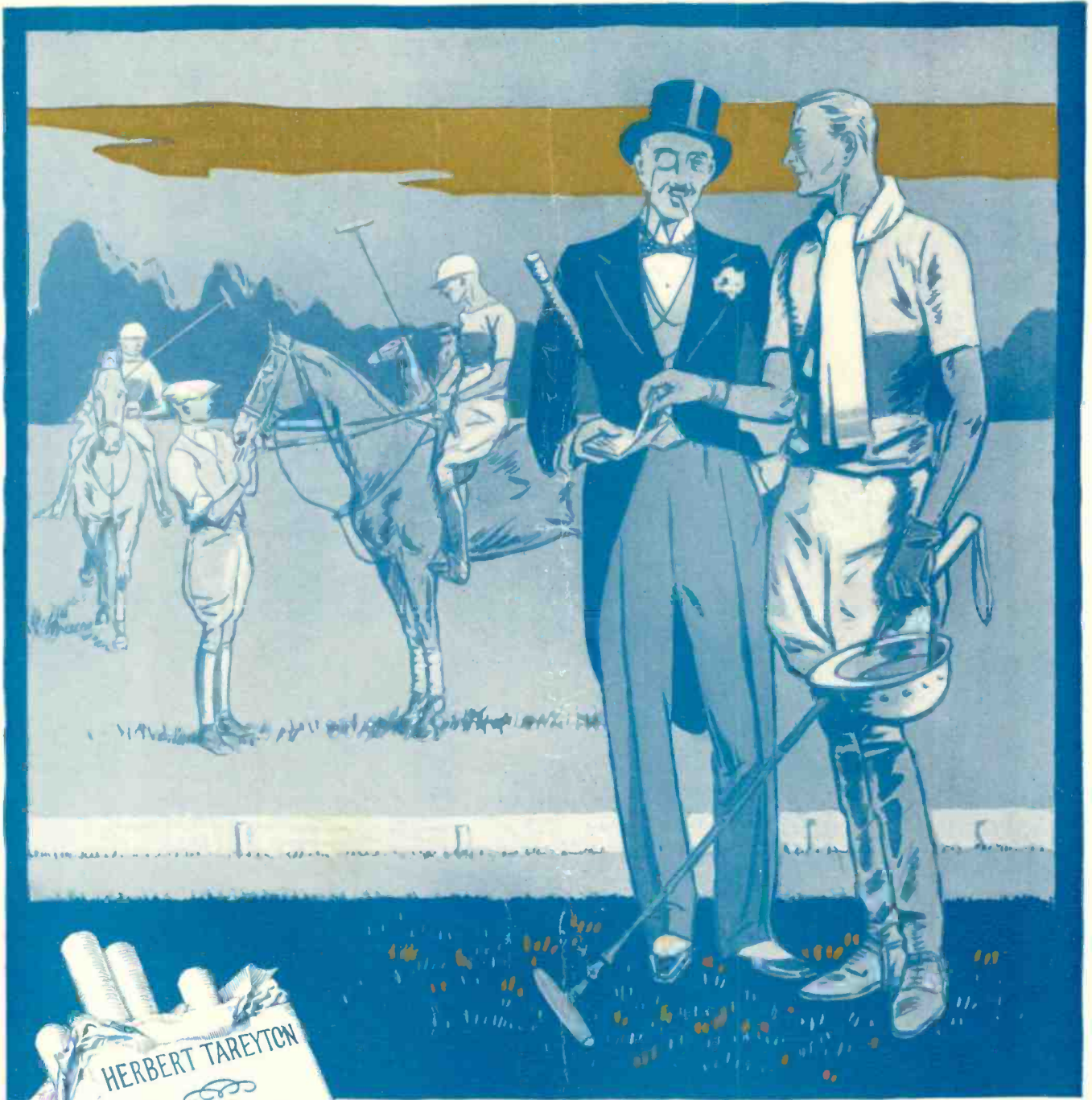
One morning a new gleam came into my eye. I beheld a sign, and it said: "Wah Lee. 24-Hour Laundry." I had now been bootlegging shirts for some weeks. Punctually at noon on Thursday I was there.

"When can I have?"

"Tomorrow."

I have decided to raise our laundress's wages. *David McCord.*

DON'T miss the CHRISTMAS
NUMBER of LIFE—out
next week!



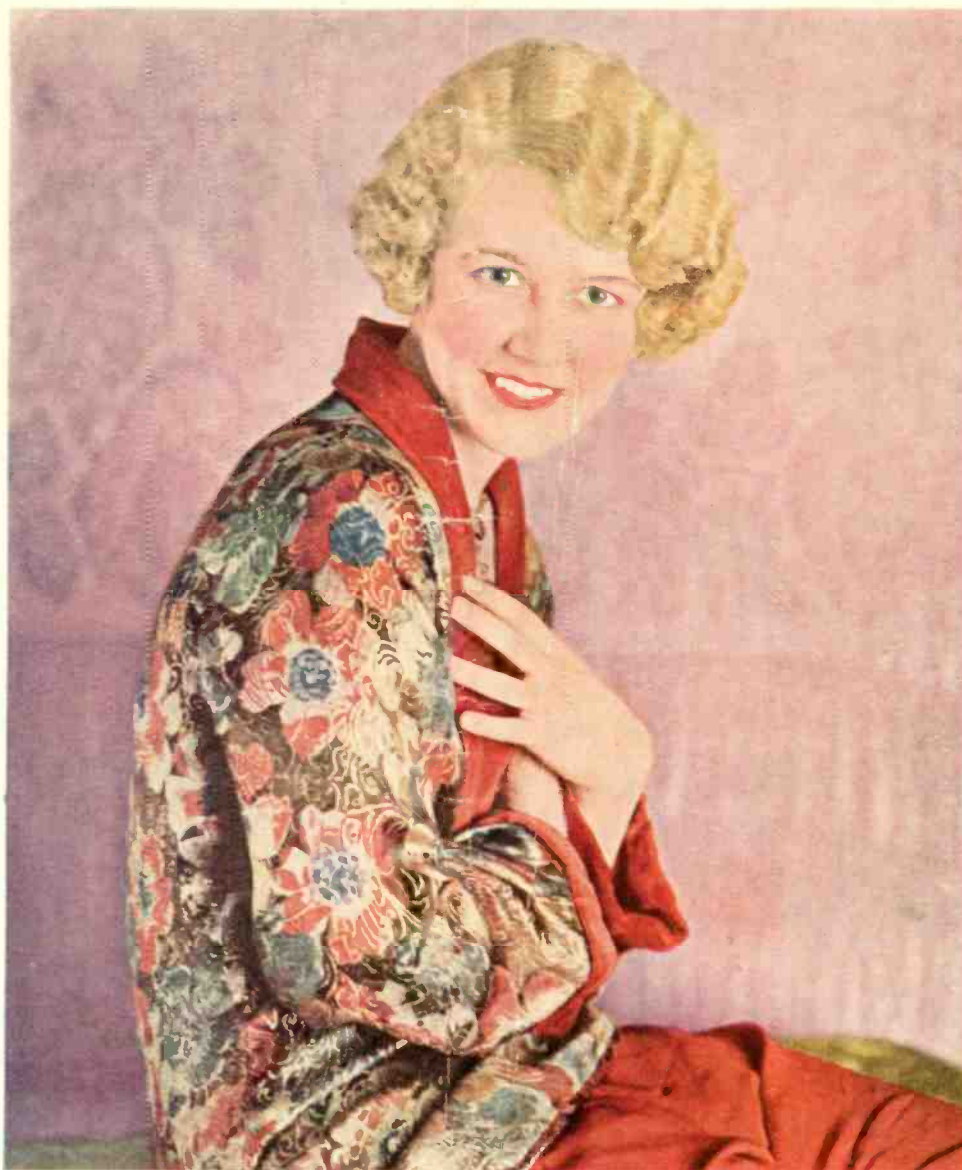
*Have you tried that
Extraordinary Cigarette*

**Herbert
Tareyton**

"There's something about them you'll like"

Life

DANDRUFF?



Here's good news for you—

IT'S a fact: Listerine, the safe antiseptic, and dandruff simply do not get along together. Many were incredulous when we first announced this. But the word is fast going around from the lips of those who have found how wonderfully it works.

As you probably know, dandruff is a germ disease and that annoying white shower on dark clothes is a warning of more serious scalp trouble—falling hair, possibly baldness.

Try Listerine for, say, one week, every night and learn for yourself how remarkably it works.

The use of Listerine for dandruff is not complicated. You simply douse it on your scalp, full strength, and massage thoroughly. The effect is wonderfully refreshing. And you will be amazed to see how this treatment, followed systematically, does the trick. Moreover, Listerine will not discolor the hair nor will it stain fabrics. And it is not greasy or smelly.

Many of the better barber shops are now prepared to give you this treatment. Try Listerine for dandruff. You'll be delighted with the results.—Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, U. S. A.

LISTERINE

—and dandruff simply do not get along together