"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
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, adenoidal 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 Synchrophase satisfies him.

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

Factory: Richmond Hill, N. Y.
Western Branch: 443 S. San Pedro St., Los Angeles, Cal.
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 27th May 1870.

Domestic Problems Simplified
(Suggestions for Removing Milk Bottle Tops)

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

McCreary 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.
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
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 55¢ 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 WHAM 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 Cockleburr 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. James: 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."

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

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

188—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.

1403—Cristofo 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 ratifies 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, Yakiuna, '30, almost dies of mortification when he learns that distinguished-looking gentleman whom he saluted courteously last night was president, not football coach.

Gerald Coagrove.

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.

Olga: So you were held up last night? Did you lose anything?

Fred: No; luckily, I had just come from a night club.
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 program 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.

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 "leaver" or "lover"?

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.
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, WTN 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-shekels 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, Shriil I Voice: In this corner the champeen... Battling Goliath... the hundred an’ thutty pound. In this corner... Young David... winna hundred an’ ten pound... Ten rounds for the... champeenship... of the world.

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)
"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 emBROIndered simply EX- quisitely with SILver PAILLETTES 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 perfly 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 crépe 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 emBROIdered kInd of ROMPS around the NECK and down the SHOULders which kind of gives the ef- FECT of one of those 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?"
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 loud-speaker. 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 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 guiding to your various destinations on one of the fastest and most efficient trains run by the B. U. & E. 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 Cobocoon!

George Dewey Linklater Announcing. Please stand by for the candy butcher.

Mrs. Pep’s Diary

November 3rd

This morning the publisher 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-townswoman 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).
The Gay Nineties


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.
Life

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 athlete. 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 clutches 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 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.

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 equipment for a literary career today. 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!
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.

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.

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.

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.

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, Cewlin, 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 bat—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 Beissie 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 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 Onderson and Lettie Winterberry, all the way from Texas... yes, yes, every... everybody is certainly here... Sophie Tucker just came in with Otto Kahn 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 cutaway and his white spats... he has a gardenia in his buttonhole, but he looks a little green around the gills... he's wearing 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 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 Warless 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... 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 referee, 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 clinic... 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.
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.
More or Less Serious


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."


Loose Ends. Rita—To be reviewed next week.

Lake 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 Noise. Hudson—Fairly conventional melodrama, with its moments.

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

Pygmalion. Guild—To be reviewed next week.

The Shanghai Gesture. Forty-Ninth 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.

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 ourselves 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 ourselves 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 one of those dialectic philosophers in lively 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 waving 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.
"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 "hi" 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)
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 drivel 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.

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."

Life

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.

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 ONCE."
"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 brandish, 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


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.


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.
Perhaps it is not altogether fair to the older makes of fine cars to try to compare them with the Chrysler Imperial "80". Standards in everything improve, so it is not surprising that the fine car of yesterday is surpassed by the finer Chrysler of today. The Imperial "80" is the highest interpretation of Chrysler's unique and novel engineering and manufacturing plan of uncompromising Quality Standardization. And you need no one to tell you that Chrysler Standardized Quality has initiated something new and vital in motor-car manufacture, the effects of which are apparent everywhere in the industry. So it is inevitable that the Imperial "80" should be surely and steadily gaining preference not simply with those who demand the best that money can build—but with those who know the best when they find it.

The Supreme Interpretation of Chrysler Standardized Quality

The Chrysler plan of Quality Standardization differs from, and is superior to, ordinary manufacturing practice and methods, because it demands fixed and inflexible quality standards which enforce the same scrupulously close limits—the same rigid rule of engineering exactness—the same absolute accuracy and precision of alignment and assembly—in the measurement, the machining and the manufacturing of every part, practice and process in four lines of Chrysler cars—"50", "60", "70", and Imperial "80"—so that each individual car shall be the Supreme Value in its own class.

Eight body styles, priced from $2465 to $3565, f. o. b. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax.
Down to Work
The young business woman came into her office wearing a silk manish 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.

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 Hungarian national anthem and then the Tsar-Spangled Banner."—New York Herald Tribune.

After the Quarrel
MADE: 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.

The Wreck
My honny 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!

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.
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.

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

—Penn State Froth.


No returns will be accepted unless accompanied by stamped and addressed envelope. Life does not hold itself responsible for the loss or non-return of unsolicited contributions.

Notice of change of address should reach this office two weeks prior to the date of issue to be affected.

Good Housekeeping

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

The other morning she caught the iceman 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.

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).

La Jeunesse

The perfection of selection in assorted chocolates. Artistically decorated metal package.

1 lb. $1.75
2 lbs. $3.50

Maillard Products are sold at most of the better stores everywhere.

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.

Life is published every Thursday, simultaneously in the United States, Great Britain, Canada and British Possessions. Title registered in U. S. Patent Office. $5.00 a year in advance. Additional postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, $1.60 a year; to Canada, 80 cents. Back numbers cannot be supplied.

Mrs. Pep's Diary
(Continued from page 11)

an easy matter in this country....To
dinner this night at an inn with Ma-
thisle 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 sum-
mer, 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 be-
seech him to show a little more char-
ity in his estimation of poor Hal
Bassett, he replied that he might be
able to tolerate Hal if he were a for-
eigner 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 hav-
ing 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 exasperat-
ing, when trying to keep a conversa-
tion 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-carash
and apparently interesting argu-
ment. 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 incredi-
ability, Collegiate! And when the
ices which we ordered came steamed
in a rich brown mixture, Mary
lamented her husband’s absence, say-
ing 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 Fiji Fitter 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 overshoot the requisite
mark.

Baird Leonard.

The Reason

A LICE seems very reserved all
of a sudden, doesn’t she?”
“Certainly does; I wonder for
whom.”

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 con-
fERENCE. 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?
SIXTH VOICE: S’long.

L. C. Beutel.

ESSENTIAL TO COMFORT

MODERN conditions of motoring
as well as one’s natural desire for
comfort and ease make the com-
bination of light weight and real warmth
essential in any fine overcoat. Burberrys
have studied this problem for generations
until the Burberry overcoat of today is
famous on six continents for exactly this
quality of warmth without weight—and
also for the exceptionally free-and-easy
smartness of its design. It is designed and
tailored in England for the use of the well
dressed man of affairs everywhere.

Dealers Throughout the
United States and Canada

Burberrys LTD.
OF LONDON, ENGLAND
For the name of your local dealer, write to our
New York Wholesale Office—14 East 38th St.

By Appointment to
H. M. King George V
The Classics Made Simple

As Shakespeare wrote it (Sonnet LXXXVII):

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

Translated into American:

"LISSUN, 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 teetin', 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 don'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 overdrew it a good deal."

NEXT week—the big event of the year, the CHRISTMAS NUMBER, with a cover by COLES PHILLIPS. Order your copy NOW!
Gastrogen Tablets

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 alkalies 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 can 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.

Rhymed Reviews

Her Son's Wife
By Dorothy Canfield

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

Oh, she could sit, 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 surrender,
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 skillful 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!
Educating Our Immigrants

Scene: A barber shop; possibly a club barber shop, possibly not.

The Barber: How'sa da raz? (Which is traditional.)
The Customer (which is also traditional): Terrible! What did you do—excavate it at Pompei?
The Barber: Hi! Alla time you maka da jokus. You da gren' fella, Meesta Feesh!
The Customer (a Mr. Fisher): Sure.
The Barber: Meesta Feesh, hi likea haska da quesh. Hi wanna loan some-a-teeng.
The Customer: Shoot!
The Barber: What'sa da date, pleeze, da fois' Tanksagen v'n? Da Puritan come a Unitastates. Hittsa maka Tanksagen v'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 loan 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 Goffel?
The Customer: Who the—oh, Garfield. Oh, that Garfield. Er—er—he wasn't shot, he was stabbed.
The Barber: Fatha luvna Mike, Meesta Feesh, you alla time maka da jokus. Heesa Meesta Beeta', no?
The Barber: Ho! Ho! You no foola me, Meesta Feesh. Meesta Wilkus Boot' he's shoot Meesta Lincol' Heesa keel Meesta Goffel', Meesta Chazz Guiteau. Eetsa be- coza he's no getta da jobsus. Datsa right—no?
The Customer (faintly): Oh, sure.
The Barber (after another pause): We tock very nice toget', Meesta Feesh. Hi haska you wan mo' quesh. Da President from da Unitastates, he sa got da pow' to changa da rat' from duty honna da limportis?
The Customer (mildly indignant): Good Lord, Tommy, what do you think I am—the World Almanac?
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.

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 very serious! (He rushes to a closet and brings forth "A Short Constitutional History of the United States" and "Office Seekers Manual.") Hi reads bookus. Hi study hod. Hi haska da quesh....

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

Curtain
Henry William Hanemann.

Eighty pages of the best that LIFE can offer—the CHRISTMAS NUMBER—out next week!
**Lincoln's Religion Revealed! Only 25c**

This surprising chronicle of a famous truth about Lincoln's religious beliefs. There is also included the original draft of Lincoln's immortal Gettysburg address which he delivered with the speech that inspired generations of patriots.

THE FREEMOINT PRESS ASSN.
Dept. L-10
188 Broadway, New York City

---

**CLEAR VELVET SKIN**

Can be yours by proper cleansing. The right soap to ask for is

RESINOL BOW LEGS?


---

**SHOCKPROOF STRAP WATCH**

**DUST PROOF MOISTURE PROOF CASE**

**17 JEWELS**

**RADIUM DIAL**

SECURE HAND FOR TIMING PURPOSES

A TRIUMPH! Illini "Sportman"—the 2-1/2 Strap-Watch, for DRESS, WEAR, for SPORTS, WEAR. Has remarkable SHOCK-PROOF movement. Double strength of all others. Ideal for all sportsmen.

**SPLENDID XMAS GIFT**

DURING NEXT WEEK. Professional men, Executive, Sportsmen are ADOPTED as its Splendid Performance under any. Let us tell you something about yourself. Trade marks the finest. Office men, motorists, hanging, walking, sports, best. Do you ask the time? Testing. IT'S SHOCK-PROOF! WEATHER-PROOF! REST, TREAT, CAREFULLY PRISE PRAISE, ACCURACY AND HIGH BEAUTY. Case is SHOCK-PROOF! MOISTURE-PROOF! Green or White Gold Filled. RADIUM dial. GLOWS time BRIGHTLY in Darkness. (For Home, Office, Pocket Watch.) Only 60c. Our Price for Limited Time. To advertise our Direct-to-User Values.

**Our Plan Is Different!**

We ask for NO MONEY in Advance. NOTHING in Mail. Send 31c 25c and send Check or Money Order for $1.25. Otherwise return it. Same NO money. Pay NOTHING on Deliverable Order NOW on this Special Price.

SEAEWILLIAMS CO.
Importers, Retailers, National Mail-Order House
345 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

This DRESS, SHOCK-PROOF, "Sportsman" Gentlemen—Please send me Illinois "Sportman" Watch. I will pay the above price. Check or Money Order. (Cash Gold Case. 25c White Gold Case. (Check color.)

Name

Address

City and state this Ad. NOW to secure Christmas delivery. Remember shipping address. We will appreciate and respect the information. Trade References Preferred. We will appreciate and respect the information. Trade References Preferred.

---

**Life**

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 cashier is 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. 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 wish 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 tank, 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.

McCreary Huston.

---

**Forhan's**

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. Loss of teeth is a direct result. And spongy, receding gums invite painful tooth decay. They act, too, as so many doorways for disease germs to enter the system—infesting the joints or organs—or causing other ailments.

Pyorrhea attacks people of all ages. It can affect any person, regardless of age, sex, or occupation. It can occur in any race. It is not a disease to be feared by the young, or the rich, or the famous. It is a disease which everyone can contract; it is a disease which everyone can prevent; it is a disease which everyone can conquer.

Forhan's, for Sport of Life, protects gums and teeth. It makes spongy gums firm, receding gums to recede, and painful gums comfortable.

Forhan's is a definite treatment for Pyorrhea. It is easy to use. It can be used at home. It can be used on the go. It is pleasant to use.

Forhan's contains Pyrotherm, a new compound which attacks the germs in the gums. It is gentle and soothing to the mouth. It is not a mouthwash. It is not a gargle. It is a treatment. It is a cure.

Forhan's is a cure. It is a treatment. It is not a product. It is not a medicine. It is a cure. It is a treatment. It is a cure for Pyorrhea. It is a cure for life.

---

**Investigate Before You Invest**

Mr. Paul Tomlinson, Financial Editor of Harper's Magazine, has compiled a list of questions for you to have answered by the Securities Salesman who 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.
The Big Game

...But 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 Purple 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 halfback, 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!
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 were 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 tension throughout the story which must have been superinduced 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 dime-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, cince 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-rs 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 Sun Also Rises. By Ernest Hemingway ( Scribner). The beauty and cruelty of life as revealed to the English and American expatriates who frequented the Latin Quarter of Paris.

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

Sweet and Low. By Ligget 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, Shriil 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.

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 send 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.

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 fineties that have become part of our daily lives.

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 send 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.

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.

Fifty Cents Per Copy
(Yearly subscription, including Christmas issue, $4.00)

Everyone who loves dogs should read the Gazette

Order Your Copy Today
American Kennel Club
1200 R, 221 Fourth Ave., New York City

Eat Much Salt?

Then by all means read this book.

BLOOD PRESSURE—HIGH AND LOW
By Chester Titton Steege, M. D.

Glimpse the causes (Salt is only one) of this serious condition, its effects, approved methods of prevention and curative measures.

All stores, 60 cents. Postpaid, 65 cents.

Allen Ross & Co., 1133 Broadway, N. Y. C.

Johnston's CHOCOLATES

You will find a Special Agency for Johnston's Chocolates in one of the better class stores in your neighborhood.

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 send 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.
Clark’s Famous Cruises

By Cunard-Anchor new oil burners at rates including hotels, guides, drives and fees.

62 days, $600 to $1700

MEDITERRANEAN

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 stopovers.

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.

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 verse 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’ gracefull 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’Envoy

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-per cent. American who had just returned from abroad, as he paid an eleven-dollar couvert 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 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 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 Derrnation—the famous Mennen process of absolute beardsothing. This exclusive Mennen feature reduces even the wildest 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. ¼ inch of cream—less than ½ 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.

MENEN COMPANY
385 Central Avenue, Newark, New Jersey
The Mennen Company, Limited
Montréal, Quebec

MENEN 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
MARCI 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
R. E. SHERWOOD
H. T. WEBSTER
LEONARD HOLTON
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

Christmas Number

Don’t Miss It!
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.

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 bundle 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.
"Saturday."
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 trieves 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 "shirtie," 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!

SEND THE COUPON
10-Day Tube Free
Have you tried that Extraordinary Cigarette

Herbert Tareyton

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