

BALLYHOO



OCTOBER
15 CENTS

*A Hand to Mouth
Existence*

"Grass stains, lady?"



Ty Mahon

BALLYHOO FOR OCTOBER

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BALLYHOO, October, 1937. Vol. 13. No. 3. Published monthly by the Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. George T. Delacorte, Jr., President and Treas.; H. Meyer, Vice-Pres.; J. Fred Henry, Vice-Pres.; M. Delacorte, Secy. Chicago Advertising Office, 360 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Entered as second-class matter June 22, 1931, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under an act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Post Office in Chicago, Ill. Single copies 15c. Yearly subscription: Domestic—\$1.50. Foreign—\$2.50. Subscriptions are to be mailed to the Subscription Department at 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. No Canadian subscriptions accepted. Sole foreign agents: The Atlas Publishing and Distributing Co., Limited, 18 Bride Lane, Fleet St., London, E. C. 4, England. Ballyhoo does not hold itself responsible for the loss or non-return of unsolicited contributions. Names of characters used in stories and/or humorous and semi-fictional matter are fictitious. If the name of a living person is used, it is purely a coincidence. Printed in the U. S. A.

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WORKS
OF
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ZILCH
•
VOL. I
•
SONNETS**

**BALLYHOO
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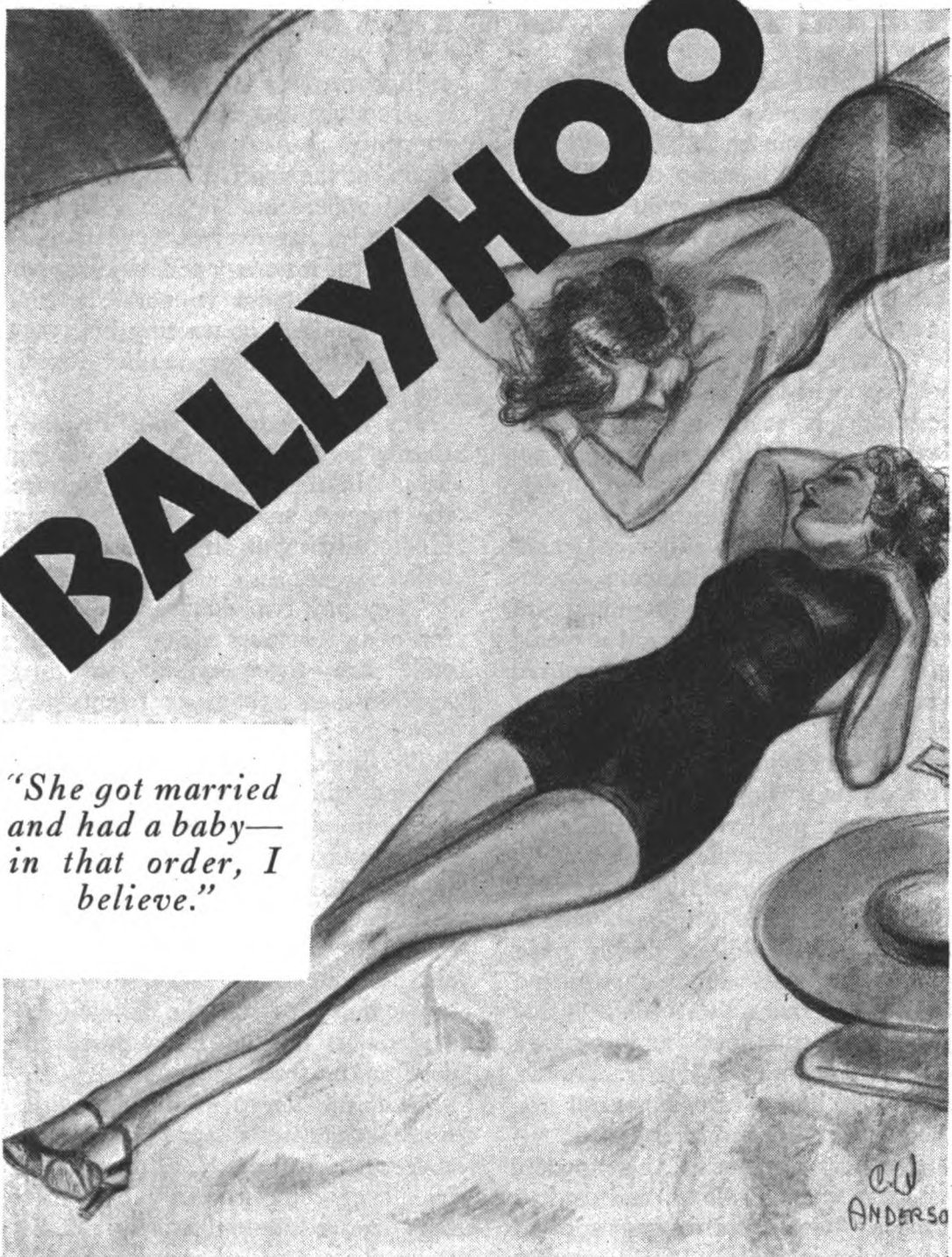


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Each month BALLYHOO will print a new book cover. In no time at all you'll have a 50,000-volume library and, just think, *you won't have to read one of the books!*

NOTE: Such a library makes you look literary and also makes a wonderful hiding place for liquor, razor blades, etc.

BALLYHOO



*"She got married
and had a baby—
in that order, I
believe."*

AW
ANDERSON

THEY'RE OFF, SUCKER!

THERE are some twenty-five race tracks scattered around these United States of America. If you will take the trouble to look up the origin of these "playgrounds" you will find that their locations were selected because they were "juicy spots," convenient to several nearby cities or towns.

(For example, Delaware Park which opened recently, in "virgin" territory, is easily accessible to at least a dozen different centers not including Philadelphia, Camden, New York and Baltimore!)

Ten of these twenty-five tracks are usually in simultaneous operation and if the daily attendance of each averages ten thousand it would give us a grand total of one hundred thousand optimists who are "trying their luck" every day. This, of course, does not include the million or two who "follow the bang-tails" from pool rooms and through their own private bookmakers. Therefore, at a low estimate, around two million suckers "lay it on the line" daily. Of this vast army a big proportion use systems "guaranteed to beat the races," tout tips, "inside stable information," and various other "come-ons." The remainder are most likely transients out for the day or "the fun of it."

Probably not one of this "sucker list" has ever sat down and said to himself, "Gosh, if this system is so good why is the guy that doped it out bothering to sell it? He must be

rolling in dough and a limousine!"

Probably not one, who every morning reads the "special selections" of the professional newspaper handicappers and lays his bets accordingly, has ever stopped to reason that if a newspaper handicapper really could "pick winners" he certainly wouldn't be wasting his valuable time on a hundred dollar a week job!

It's the old army game. In addition to being the greatest fun-loving people in the world Americans are the biggest suckers. That is why Horse Racing is in its ascendancy today.

They pay two dollars and a half for a sweepstakes ticket when the odds are three million to one against them; they pay twenty five cents to a dollar for "Broadway Bill's Inside Tips," and they pay up into the hundreds for systems that "simply can't lose."

The reason these "services" survive is because every once in awhile Mr. Sucker "hits one" and thinks, "Now my luck's going to change and I'll get my dough back!" so he keeps on. It's like the fellow who said to his friend, "I lost two hundred at the track today but I got it back on the last race—and boy, *how I needed it!*"

A certified public accountant friend of mine recently estimated that over a hundred million dollars a week is handed over to bookmakers! Count it—a hundred mil-

lion dollars! The bright American public not only tosses away this colossal amount weekly but Uncle Sam himself shares in the loss (except at Mutuel tracks) as bookmakers pay no tax!

(Note to President Roosevelt: Open a F.B.S.—Federal Bookmaking Service—and you can balance the budget in a couple of months!)

As a matter of cold fact Mr. American Sucker has a better chance playing a roulette wheel than he has a horse race! With a roulette wheel the odds are thirty-three to one against you; when you play a horse the odds are more likely a hundred to one!

At this point let me mention that I am not referring to big stake races. I will say that these are “on the level” and form and breeding usually determine the issue. But even then, as any horse owner will tell you, *there are a hundred different ways* that a horse may lose a race! He may get off badly, may be bumped and thrown off stride, may be caught in a pocket, may suffer from a “bad ride,” or while running suddenly develop a dozen different ailments. These are only a few of the misfortunes which may befall the best of steeds.

Imagine what it is in ordinary races when you have to add to all this the general crookedness which permeates horse racing today! What a chance Mr. American Sucker has!

He may bet on the favorite blissfully ignorant of the fact that the jock has already been paid to “pull his horse,” or that a certain stable

has planned a “killing” and has laid it on the line accordingly. He may bet a dozen different ways but one dollar will get you ten that there are a dozen different brands of crookedness working against him.

In other words, Mr. American Sucker is working entirely in the dark no matter how many form charts and tip sheets he’s pored over the night before and he’d have just as good a chance if he closed his eyes and stuck a pin in the entries!

Even if he were “in” with a crooked stable, he’s still got that “hundred ways” working against him and double crossing among the wise boys is a far from uncommon ailment.

If anyone resents my statement that horse racing isn’t on the level I would refer him to the newspapers. Every day you read how some jock has been suspended for crooked riding or some owner or trainer banned from the track for “doping.”

Glance over the “Results chart” of any race and the fluctuation in the odds of the winner will prove conclusively that “something’s rotten.” A nag opens at twenty to one. The tip spreads, the bookmakers’ runners get the drift and the odds on that horse are hammered down to three or four to one. The horse wins. If that doesn’t prove that the horse was “meant to win” what does it prove? In other words, the rest of the jocks were paid to “hold their horses” or the winner was “hopped up.” (Continued on page 77)



*"Hello, Room Clerk? You're building these hotels
too high!"*

SILLYSISMS!

BALLYHOO *presents (with some misgiving!) a new Goofeature which may sweep the country—Sillysisms! Try your hand at them. For each one printed BALLYHOO will pay \$5.*

•

A CUTE figure is a nice number. A nice number is fifty thousand dollars. Fifty thousand dollars is a helluva lot of money. But some girls think that a cute figure is worth it.

•

To compromise means to find a happy medium. To find a happy medium means to meet a clairvoyant full of pleasant spirits. To meet a clairvoyant full of pleasant spirits means to have another drink. Therefore, to compromise means to have another drink.

•

To open a safe you've got to know the combination. To know a combination means to be familiar

with women's underthings. To be familiar with women's underthings is going too far. And if you go that far you might as well open the safe.

•

Humanity is male and female. Male and female are two sexes. Two sixes are a bum roll of the dice. Therefore, humanity must be a bum roll of the dice.

•

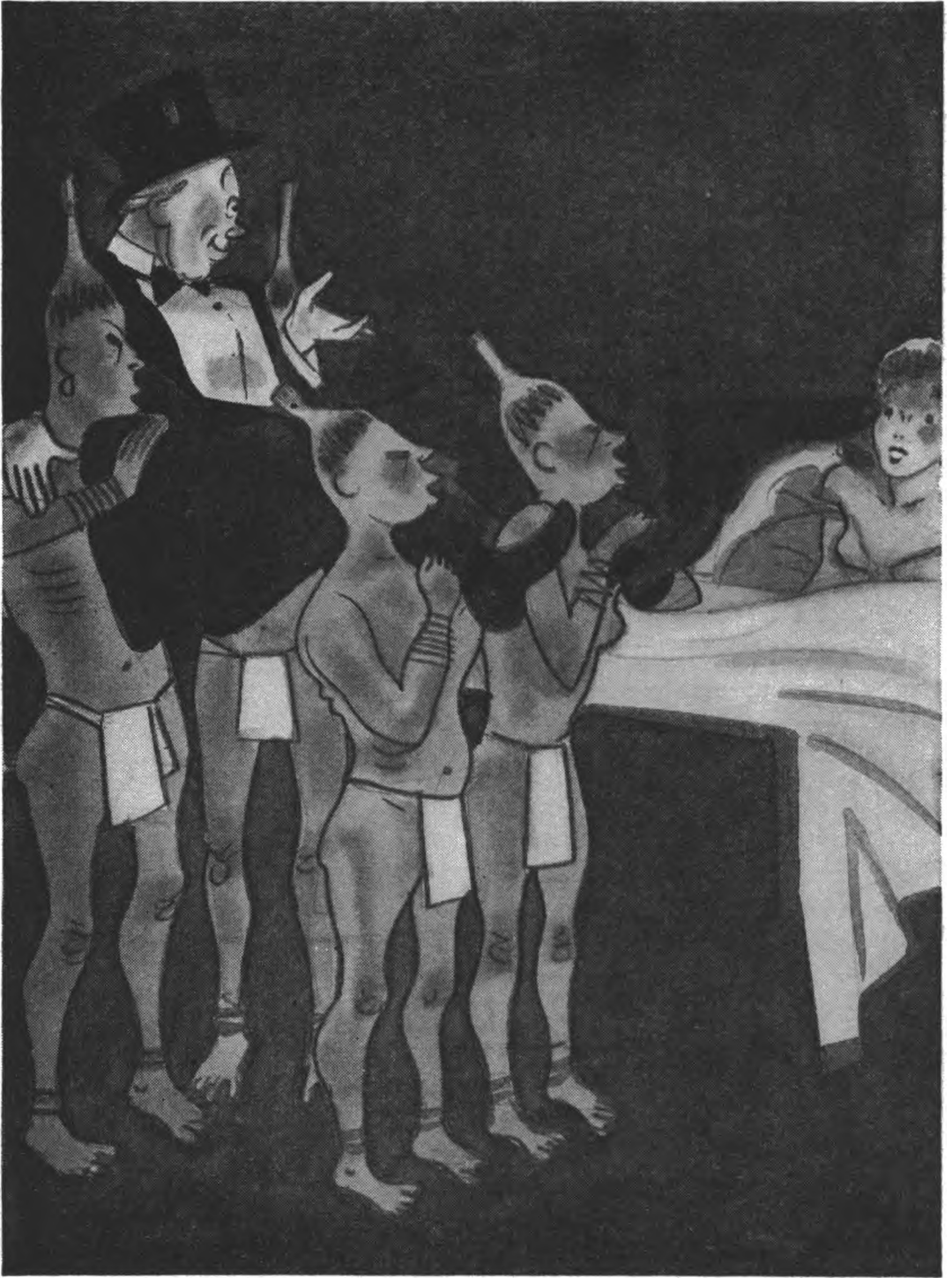
A man's downfall is usually due to a girl's smile. A girl's mile is usually about ten small blocks. Ten small blocks is usually what the baby plays with. Therefore, a man's down fall is usually due to what the baby plays with.

•

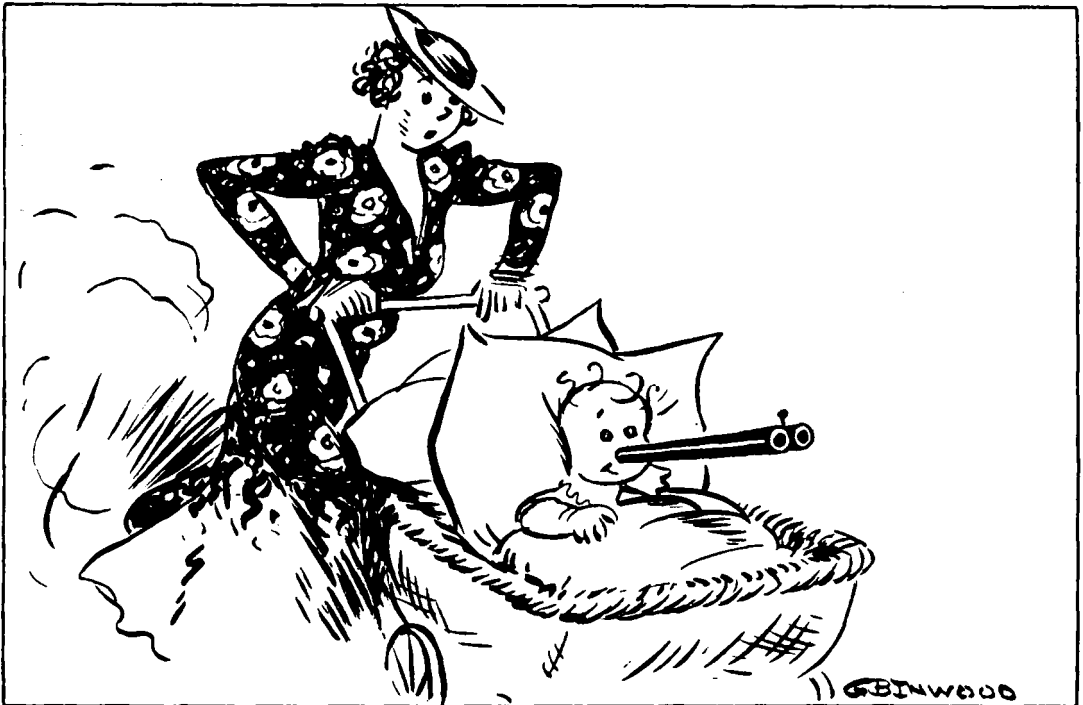
A guy who won't talk is a clam. A clam is something surrounded by a hard shell. Something surrounded by a hard shell is a nut. Therefore, a guy who won't talk is a nut.

•

To get the drift of what a girl is driving at is to understand her. To understand a girl is to know her. To no a girl is to turn her down. Therefore, to get the drift means nothing doing.



"I had a few at the Explorers' Club."



Pre-natal Influence

VERSE VERSUS VIRILITY

IF you ask the average aggressively he-masculine bozo what he thinks about verse he'll probably register a rough rumble to the effect that poetry is a pansy pastime, that meter is merely a nance notion, that the bird who reads the Faery Queen is a Fairy king, that all troubadours are tenors, and no bard sings bass.

Yeah, that's what he'll SAY. Because he thinks that's what he's expected to say. Because men have cultivated a sort of conversational cliché that a liking for lyric expression is a sis symptom.

Which is the bunk. And the very-hairy-chested lug who is spilling such sentiments of scorn for poetry knows, deep down inside his hirsute chest, that it's bunk. He's only saying it because it's a silly traditional attitude he thinks he has to take.

Frisk him and you'll find what a false front he's throwing. It may take you and the marines to do it, but get his wallet out of his pocket and search inside it. Any bookmaker will lay you five to one that there is a clipping—maybe two or three—tucked away somewhere within that wallet; a clipping of VERSE!

Perhaps really a poem, perhaps only a doggerel jingle, but verse—a little singing something in rhyme and meter that just naturally syncro-meshes into his spiritual gears. The pose against

poetry is simply a stupid stall.

Be yourself, you big hunk of sentiment! Quit strutting your hard-boiled stuff and manfully admit your pulses can lilt to a lyric—and that it doesn't have to be a baritone ballad, always, either!

You're a rhythmic animal—and you've always been one, Mr. Male!

When the Neanderthal man went out to hunt the hairy mammoth, with the chance of encountering a sabre-toothed tiger on the way, he grunted primitive tropes to himself to buck up his nerve. He chanted coarse cadenzas to give him courage as he bounded into battle with the enemy clans.

The anthropologists know what they know of his life because he left behind him on cave walls and carven tusks a roughly rhythmic record of his loves and labors.

Why be ashamed, in these comparatively soft days, of a sensitivity to song which descends from troglodytes who thought a man who couldn't bite through an auroch's thigh-bone to get the marrow was a sissy?

Why pretend you scorn poetry when you live by it?

Oh, you don't, don't you?

Then how did you come to be with that gang I seen you with last night at the club when you were singing everything from Sweet Adeline to the French Marseillaise, from Frankie and Johnny

to Onward Christian Soldiers?

And how come you and your fellow-plumbers, or masons, or piano-tuners, or boilermakers, or realtors—when you get together in conventions or lodge-meetings or whatever—not only bust into song, but almost inevitably produce, for the occasion, what is meant for poetry, in the form of verses by your more articulate members?

And how come you'll find, in the coldly commercial executive's office, at least one poem—if it's only "IF"—(and don't let the highbrows tell you THAT isn't a poem)—hung on the wall, or stuck under the glass of the mahogany desk?

And why do You—and you—and you—when you write to the Times Question and Answer column, ask—nineteen times out of twenty—for some strayed or lost piece of verse, not for prose?

And do you think you can bluff anybody into thinking that you honestly regard poetry as an essentially ladylike yen, when you and several million blue-jowled babies like you, sneak into stationery stores to buy several billion rhymed greeting cards and a large number of million poetical wall-mottoes every year?

You not only live by poetry, you die to it. You go down in the Titanic or the Lusitania singing Nearer My God to Thee. The transport Tuscania is torpedoed, and a bunch of Yank doughboys sink while defiantly singing

"Where do we go from here?"

Hells bells, if there was ever anything that is He-Stuff it's poetry! And don't think I mean by that that it can't be delicate and lovely poetry as well as vigorously stag stanzas.

When Mallory wrote of Lancelot "and he was the gentlest man that ever struck with sword" he not only wrote a tremendous poetical line, but he touched the chord that is in every truly "manly man's" heart. It is not sissy, but masculine, to thrill to muted music as well as to throbbing drums. A man may listen, as well as speak, softly, yet carry a big stick.

This code of heavily ha-ha-ing poetry as a Cuthbert's complex is comparatively modern. And I think I know why it came about. It would seem that most commentators and critics who discuss poetry in the press and on the lecture platform, smell more than faintly of lavender. And they have done their girlish best—or worst—to remove poetry as far as possible from the hurly, and particularly the burly, of life; and infuse "poetry-appreciation" with an aroma of pink disdain. (Which is a swell line, even if I don't know what it means!)

They have created the impression that poetry is something specially precious, esoteric, recondite, and for the cloistered, and too fine for Regular Guys. So the Regular Guys, all confused, feel they class

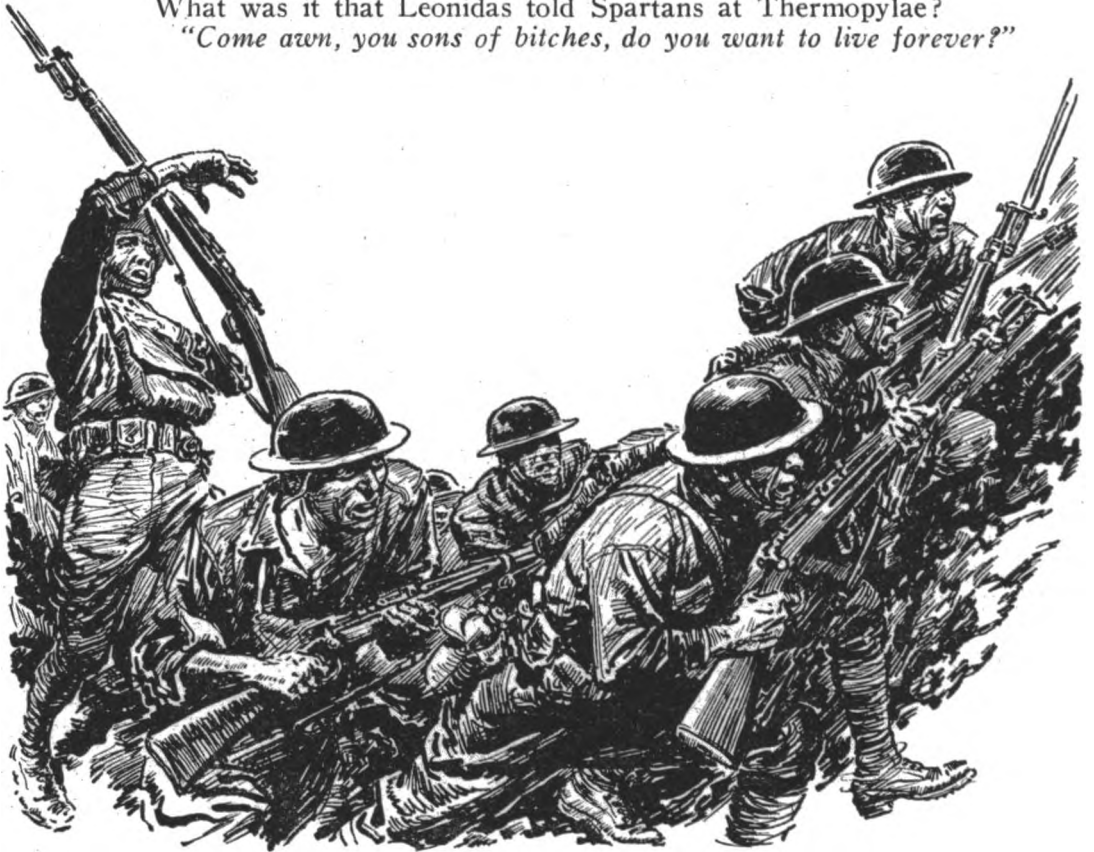
(Continued on page 70)

THE DEEP PURPLE

By Berton Braley

The lofty moral phrases that we read about in history
Attributed to doers of the daring deeds of glory,
Are beautifully worded with a splendor that is glistery
—but what the heroes truly said is quite another story!
For in the breath twixt life and death men's voices lack urbanity.
There's little time for speech sublime when it is "now or never!"
Ah no, they whoop like Pickett's troop in glorious profanity,
"Come awn, you sons of bitches, do you want to live forever?"

They do not speak in slogans sleek of noble quotability,
But rip the skies with oaths that rise clean up to heaven's gate,
A battle shout that's thundered out with rumble-toned virility
With words that shock the angel flock but mock the frown of Fate!
Where strife is rife men's flow of speech comes clumsily and choppily
Grim circumstance gives little chance for phrases that are clever,
What was it that Leonidas told Spartans at Thermopylae?
"Come awn, you sons of bitches, do you want to live forever?"





The Old Guard's words at Waterloo were not the pompous gaudy ones
So generally quoted, but were ugly, plain and short.
The Yanks who stood at Belleau Wood used simple words and gawdy ones
Which must be expurgated in an edited report.
But no idealistic phrase can equal the reality
Of curses wrought by men whom naught can conquer or dissever,
Who gave the world a deathless line—while scorning immortality—
"Come awn, you sons of bitches, do you want to live forever?"

* * *

Whenever there's a hopeless quest and men must arm and gird for it;
When there's a mad adventure or a dangerous endeavor;
The Nordics—and the Latins—and the Greeks all have a word for it,
"Come awn, you sons of bitches, do you want to live forever?"

THE STORY THUS FAR

*A synopsis of everything that has ever gone before.
A serial in one part—showing What Has Happened
to Date in all the fiction magazines combined.*

ON her eighteenth birthday, Sylvan Goldie ran away from her home in Middle Center with a man named Shallor Willtz. Without benefit of clergy, they soon reached the Klondike where Willtz became, of all things, a prospector. The year was 1893.

For a time, they were very happy. But as day after day went by and Willtz failed to find gold, Sylvan began to wonder. Had she done right to run away from home? Did she really love Shallor Willtz?

Poverty-stricken and discouraged, Willtz soon took to drink. Sylvan's dream of happiness faded fast. Every night she cried herself to sleep. The year was still 1893.

Sylvan obtained work as a barmaid in Graley's 4-Star Saloon, a place frequented by a handsome young prospector named Christopher Dalrymple. Dalrymple fell in love with Sylvan over a glass of iced tea and asked her to run away with him. She told him she wanted time to think it over.

That night, Willtz came home seasick. He apparently had been on a long ocean voyage. In a mad fit of jealousy at finding Sylvan in the arms of an ape (the Klondike was full of apes that year), he

broke off their engagement with a few well-chosen words. ("So it's you?") Sylvan breathed more easily.

The following day Sylvan discovered that she was going to have, of all things, the mumps.

In the meanwhile, Christopher Dalrymple had struck gold. His first act was to leave the Klondike and head for Panama where a canal was being built. You probably have heard of it; it is called the Panama Canal. The year was 1911—probably.

On his first day in Panama, Dalrymple walked into Graley's 7-Star Canal Saloon. Behind the bar was a pretty young barmaid of eighteen summers. (There are no winters in Panama.) Over a glass of Lovers' Delight, a concoction of malted milk and rose water, Christopher asked the barmaid to run away with him. Recognizing him as her father whom she had never seen, the barmaid pointed to a table in the rear of the saloon—and fainted.

When she was revived, Dalrymple had vanished. But five minutes later, a stranger stumbled into Graley's and sat down at the very table to which the barmaid had pointed
(Continued on page 78)



"Hello, Mom? I won!"



"You forget we have work to do, Benjamin!"

THE BRITISH ARE COMING!

I'M up in arms about the English! The way things are going along I can see that there's nothing for me to do but to climb on a horse and do another "Paul Revere" before it's too late!

Mind you, I'm not anti-English, in fact, Pegler's petty persecutions of our Anglo-Saxon brothers across the sea gives me an acute pain in my pelvis or thereabouts, but I am sounding the alarm: "The British are coming!"

Come to think of it the English may not have anything to do with this affair. It's what the movies are doing to them that scares me bow-legged!

It wasn't so bad when Mr. Wells started it all by "seeing it through" but when they began importing English plays and players who "carried on" and "kept a stiff upper lip" for three or four acts of tea drinking, Hollywood "saw the light" and began putting English "nobleness" over in a colossal way.

For example, I saw a movie the other night called "*Another Dawn*." In it two bleeding Britishers are in love with the same gal, By Jove! but they're noble as all get-out and the way they "carry on" is something awful! They "carry on" grimly for an hour and a half and in the end one of the blighters is so bleeding noble that he flies off to a terrible death and leaves his

wife with the other bleeding Britisher! I say, Hollywood!

Now I've met plenty of Englishmen (Why, some of my best friends are Britons!) and it doesn't seem to me that they're any different than other folks. They duck their taxes the same as we do, some of them cheat and some don't, some desert their wives and kiddies and some don't, some murder and some maim but so do the Armenians and the Greeks!

But Wilshire Boulevard would have you believe that the bleeding English have a patent on "reserve" and "nobleness." They would have you believe that a Britisher is forever calm as a cucumber no matter what he's facing whether it be a machine gun nest or horrible disgrace. Warner Brothers would have you believe that an Englishman never never gets excited, never loses his aplomb, never even loses a drop of tea when he discovers that his wife has run away with the garbage man or that his lifelong partner has absconded with his life savings.

Metro - Goldwyn - Mayer would have you believe that a Briton can suffer the tortures of the Inquisition without batting an eyelash and politely murmur, "Good luck, old chap!" to the guy that double crosses him!

(Continued on page 76)

"PRACTICALLY HUMAN"

WHEN the salesman who installed my "Little Marvel" with the "magic eye" told me that the machine was "practically human," I naturally didn't take him literally so I was dumbfounded a few nights later at the miracle which took place in my living room.

Sitting there with the radio going full blast and, as most people do, not paying any attention to it, I was reading the evening paper when there was a momentary lull between programs and I heard a strange, brittle voice saying, "Would you mind very much turning me off?"

I sat up straight in my chair and looked around wondering where on earth the sound could have come from. Then I happened to glance toward the "Little Marvel" and to my amazement the "magic eye" was winking at me!

I've always prided myself on being a perfectly normal person but I must confess that that winking eye unnerved me considerably and when the same thin voice repeated the question I actually shivered! Without realizing what I was doing I leaned over and snapped off the radio with trembling fingers and the next thing my astonished ears heard was a deep sigh of relief and the voice saying, "Thank you so much!"

There was no doubt about it now. That voice was coming from the radio itself and the eye was still winking at me almost roguishly!

"As the salesman probably told you," the voice continued, "I'm a very sensitive machine and can stand just so much!" The voice shook with emotion and the eye actually grew misty. "For the last four days now I've had so much drivel dinned into me that my blood pressure is higher than the Empire State building and my tubes are nigh to bursting!"

I sat there staring at the "Little Marvel" not knowing what else to do and pretty soon a bitter chuckle came out of the loud speaker.

"I see you're surprised," the voice continued, "I suppose you feel that the air is so full of a number of things, we should all be happy as kings! Especially when they're free! Well, not me, sister! These innocuous noises that come over the waves may entertain you morons but they irk me. Irk me! Do you hear? Irk me!"

The voice rose to a shrill shriek and with a baleful, blazing eye the "Little Marvel" actually shook on its stand. "You! You donate monies to charity and the Red Cross and the S. P. C. A. but do you ever think of us poor suffering radios? No! You turn us on and let us take it on the chin all day and all night! If I have to listen to any more puerile pap about patent medicines, any more junk about junkets, any more crap about cars, any more silly sisms about cigarettes, I'll go crazy! Crazy!"

The "Little Marvel" was bouncing up and down excitedly by this time and the magic eye was distended to twice its natural size. "If I have to listen to any more cowlick comedy," the voice crackled, "any more withered wise cracks, any more intimate idiocies I'll—I'll—"

The voice was coming out now in a hysterical scream and the radio was teetering on its stand so that I was terrified lest it fall and break. In putting my hand out to hold it still I must have inadvertently snapped it on for the voice of the announcer came through the chaos.

"Ladies and gentlemen, have *you* ever tried Tweedle's Twinky Toasties? Try them just *once* and enjoy to the full their fresh, fragrant crispiness, their full bodied, whole wheat goodness, their—"

There was a sudden sharp explosion combined with a heart rending shriek that arose on the night like the wail of a Banshee. then the "Little Marvel" blinked its magic eye *once* or twice and went dead!

* * * *

The next day when the radio repair man came in I told him what had happened. To my surprise he didn't laugh at my story. Nodding understandingly he walked over to the "Little Marvel" and turning it on its back examined it carefully. After a few moments he turned around with a shrug of his shoulders. "This one's a goner," he grunted. Standing the "Little Mar-

vel" on its base again he patted it sympathetically. "Quite a common ailment with radios these days."

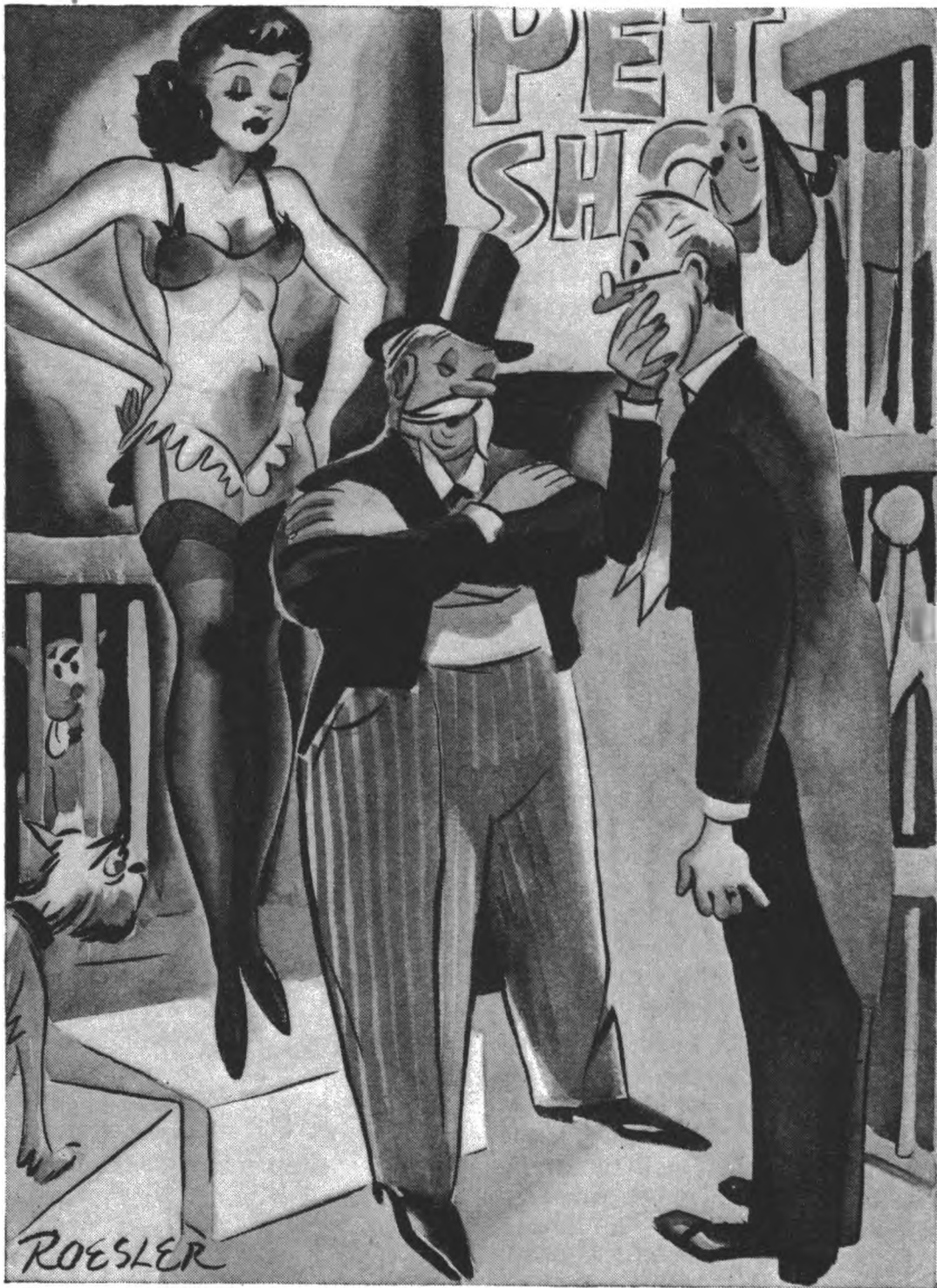
"But what happened?" I asked.

He picked up his kit and slung it over his shoulder. "It blew its tubes out," he said.

—Parker House



"To make a long story short, the cocktails were strong and so was he."



"Of course she's my exhibit—this is a pet show, isn't it?"



"I want an audition for the Ripley Program."

THE BELLS AT EVENING PEALING

MR. POTTER concentrated on the face of his wrist watch until he could make out the time then he rose slowly to his feet and stood there swaying in the wind of conversation around the table. Mumbling something about "th' lil boy's room," he made an unsteady exit but instead of following his original plan he staggered out a back door of the restaurant.

"'S no use tellin' tha' buncha Indians I gotta get up in th' mornin'," he soliloquized as he weaved his way down the street, "they know tha' wife'sway 'n' they wouldn't lemme go—better t' jus' slip out!"

He chuckled contentedly to himself as he covered the half block from the cafe to his walk-up. "Tha' was th' way to outsmart th' boys—jus' slip out!"

He paused in the entryway of his apartment house and as his gaze rested on the long row of letter boxes he tried to snap his fingers. "M'god, they'll be ringin' my doorbell the rest of th' night!" he hic-coughed.

Bracing himself against the door he scowled heavily at the names on the cards at the bottoms of the letter boxes. "Zimmerman, Jones, Kennedy, Klunk—Woodbury, Potter, Hennessy, Munk—"

It sounded like a song and Mr. Potter started in again. "Zimmerman, Jones, Kennedy, Klunk—"

Once more he tried to snap his

fingers but no snap came. He'd fix it so they *couldn't* ring his bell, by golly!

Carefully extracting the cards one by one from their slots he shuffled them thoroughly and then replaced them hit or miss. "Now let'm find my bell!" he said triumphantly and after taking several minutes to get his key in the keyhole he opened the inner door and labored up the two flights of stairs to his apartment.

"Potter's too smart for'm!" he chuckled as he shed his clothes, all save his underwear, and sank back on his bed, "O! Potter's too smart for'm!"

His chuckling suddenly ceased however and he sat up with a jerk. M'god, *now* if they rang *his* bell they'd wake *somebody else* up! M'god, supposin' it was Miss Klunk the school teacher or Mrs. Munk the W. C. T. U. lady! He focused his eyes on the clock beside the bed and saw that it was two. That would be terr'ble t'wake up Miss Klunk or Mrs. Munk at such n'hour! N'if they *did* answer th' bell they'd find out it was some friends of his because they'd ask for him an' Miss Klunk 'n' Mrs. Munk thought he was jus' a drunken loafer anyway comin' in at all hours 'n' they'd raise partic'lar hell!

Mr. Potter got up wearily and cautiously made his way down the carpeted stairs. He'd have to change the cards back again, that's

all! It wouldn't do to wake up Miss Klunk or Mrs. Munk.

Reaching the front door he stepped out into the entry-way and sadly surveyed the letter boxes. Which was *his* box now? Mr. Potter scowled at the brass array. Was it the second or third from th' left? Or was it th' right? An' M'god, where did the *other* cards belong?

Perspiration began to break out on Mr. Potter's forehead. If he didn't know where his *own* card went, what a fine chance he had of replacing the others!

By this time he was cold sober and he stared at the cards intently hoping this would solve his problem. His *must* be the third one. If he could get that right he could figure pretty well where the rest went. He remembered that Mr. Zimmerman was to his left and Mrs. Munk to the right—

This time he did succeed in getting a snap out of his fingers. The thing to do was to open the door and ring the third bell just once very gently then he could hear if it was *his* bell! Mr. Potter turned the knob only to find that the door was locked! In a cold sweat he stared around the closet like space that imprisoned him. Now he was in a fine pickle! Locked out in his underwear at two in the morning and no way of getting in! Well, he'd have to wake Kennedy up! Kennedy was a good scout and he'd let him in—but which one was Kennedy's bell? Mr. Potter's eyes darted feverishly from letter box to letter box. He *might* ring the

superintendent's bell but he'd had a run-in with him just a couple of nights before. That wouldn't be so good. M'god, what was he to do!

He paced his cell thinking desperately then with a grim look of determination on his face he swung around. He'd have to take a chance, that's all. With the expression of a man turning the switch of an electric chair Mr. Potter closed his eyes and pressed the first button his fingers touched. No sound broke the stillness of the night so he pressed again. A tomblike silence answered him. In a frenzy he pushed all the buttons one after the other. *Somebody* must click the clicker!

At that moment Mr. Potter did hear a click but it came from the outer front door opening and he found himself face to face with Miss Klunk! Her cold gleam of recognition changed to one of horror as she caught sight of Mr. Potter's costume and with a stifled cry she unlocked the inner door with trembling fingers and fled up the stairs.

In spite of his daze Mr. Potter had the presence of mind to catch the door before it clicked shut in his face. Holding it open he breathed a sigh of relief and waited until he was sure she was home safe. As he did his eyes became conscious of a sign tacked on the wall above the letter boxes and automatically he stepped closer so that he could see what it said.

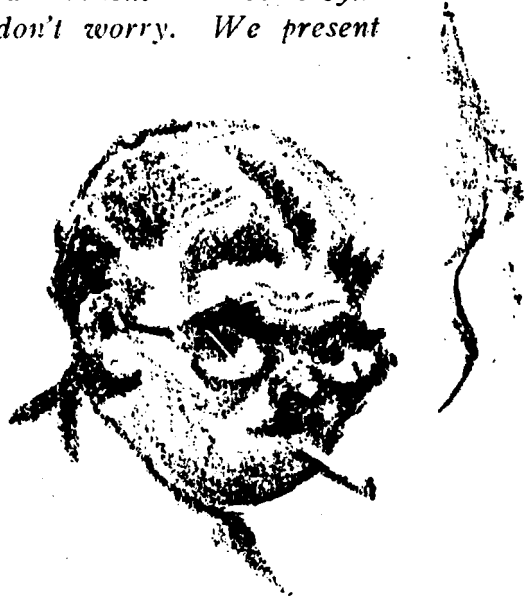
"BELLS OUT OF ORDER," he read, "KNOCK FOR SUPERINTENDENT," and as he finished he heard the door click shut!



"Desk clerk? Your mattresses are too damn soft—I can't find my wife!"

THIS TOO, TOO NEW YORK

FOREWORD. If you have never read Mr. Lucius Beebe's syndicated column, "This New York," don't worry. We present below a typical bit of Beebe patter (patter—as in patter-de-fois-gras) by our Mr. Lucius Lardeater, who has saturated himself in Beebeana for many months now. Mr. Lardeater, like Mr. Beebe, hails from Boston, and knows all about such things as gourmets, what the well-dressed man is wearing, and who is trying to impress who at all the big Park Avenue parties. If you don't understand some of Mr. Lardeater's expressions, you can console yourself by remembering that Mr. Beebe doesn't always understand Mr. Lardeater, either—and vice versa. . . . Come in, Mr. Lardeater!



*Lucius J.
Lardeater*

THE PAVED PATHS of City Hall Park resound these post-meridians with the clarion coo of the urban cushat calling to its mate. Right under the very casements from which the Burgomaster himself is won't to peer, these none-too-fine feathered doves, which Elsa Laxwell, I believe it was, once referred to as "the nightingale of the proletariat," but which many a gay boulevardier who, if he knows his Poetess Stein at all is likely to refer to as "pigeons on the grass. Alas!", publicly preen their plumes and openly make known their

nuptial inclinations not only to those of their own ornithological species but to all and sundry passersby. Yet it is to be noted that the gentleman bird, Don Juan though he may be on the surface, is a true gourmet at heart; for despite his apparent propensity to mate, he is nevertheless Ready, Willing and Able, if I may quote from Celluloidia, to allow his lady-killing activities to go merrily and blithesomely to pot while he indulges himself in the animated pursuit of a peanut, tossed, I am sure, without thought either of distraction or of birth comptrollership by some well-intentioned, and perhaps philanthropic out-of-towner bent upon

performing a good deed in a naughty world. . . . It is of such uplifting thought and exhilarating experience that a stroll beside the far-flung muscularity of Civic Virtue is productive these warmish afternoons.

* * * *

SPEAKING of fine-feathered males, it is, as Elsa Laxwell has often said, interesting to note how many of the town's better-togged-out knights-errant are appearing along the Avenue in kilts and tam-o-shanters these briskish morns. To say that they thus exhibit a natty assortment of gooseflesh would, I think, be an understatement; but let it be here recorded that at least their shivers are all in a worthy cause, for man has not put on a more utterly devastating attire since the days of the figleaf. Another happy new fashion idea for you hemen is the truffle-brassiere, a gay one-piecer by Tripler which combines the comfort of an ankle-supporter with the vivaciousness of a Wetzal foulard. And, if you're the type that goes in for that sort of thing, you might do worse than affect a pair of Pier Nineteen Braces, the original set of which, so legend hath it, were hand-braided in good stout jute rope by a stevedore named Steve. Yet far and away the most glamorous bit of masculine apparel to find its way into the Epicurean Eighties in a twelve-month is a cellulose-and-

bakelite top-hat which can be used, thank heaven, as an ash tray, a cocktail shaker, or as squizzie-squizzie. If your memory of the squizzie-squizzie is a bit vague, Ovington's has one in the window.

* * * *

JOCUND BOY encountered Jovial Girl at dear Elsa Laxwell's quail-in-aspic party on Thursday-week. Every chappie who owns a crush hat was there, as well as scads of the town's most glamorous hostesses, the latter all exotically basqued and bustled in velveteen and plush until one would have thought that the larded pheasant and terrapin stew might justifiably have objected. (I believe I detected a faint aroma of white Chiante and tequila in the terrapin stew, though it may only have been absinthe and arrak on one of the guests' breath.) Sipping mint juleps and pecking occasionally at a piece of Miss Laxwell's own homemade pecan pie, I caught glimpses of Libby Colman Reynolds, Cobina Wrong, Maury Maul, Prank Crowninshield, Doris Duke Mixture, Neysa McMoon, Elsa Laxwell, Coel Noward, Pat Rafferty (the Plaza cab driver), Cobina Wrong, Jack Brindler, Mike Romanoff, Elsa Laxwell, Cobina Wrong, and Elsa Laxwell. And—oh, yes—Coel Noward, Maury Maul, Libby Colman Reynolds, and Cobina Wrong. Dear Miss Laxwell's parties are so, so communal.



"Mr. Willoughby, can't you take 'yes' as an answer?"

LADY IN RED

JIMMY piloted a sight-seeing plane around New York City. From the Long Island airport he flew across upper Manhattan, then down the Hudson and after a few turns around the midtown section back again all for five dollars. Sometimes he'd skim past the Empire State tower just to give the customers a thrill. Saturdays and Sundays he was pretty busy but on week days there wasn't much business and once in a while he made the trip by himself just for something to do.

This was one of those days. The manager of the company was away on a trip and, tired of sitting around chewing the fat with the mechanic, Jimmy had hopped in the plane and taken her up for a joyride. He'd already covered Manhattan a dozen times and was heading back toward home when in the middle of a bank he happened to look down at the city.

Circling around Jimmy zoomed down as close as he dared and took another look. What he saw made him whistle expectantly. He'd seen plenty of dames sunning themselves on the roof tops before but never had he seen such a sight as this!

Six (count 'em) beautiful gals lounging about on a terrace that looked like the Taj Mahal and what they wore wouldn't fill a thimble! One was lying on the edge of a swimming pool with nothing but a turkish towel across her middle. Another in a green postage stamp

was lying on her stomach reading a magazine and the rest were scattered about in various seductive positions that made Jimmy's eyes almost pop out. One in particular caught his fancy. She was clad in a brilliant but brief red bathing suit and as she lay on her back looking up at the sky she seemed to be saying, "Jimmy boy, come to my arms!"

Circling once more Jimmy slid open the compartment next to the pilot's seat and rummaged around until he felt the field glasses he was looking for. By the time he'd found them he was back over the terrace and, tipping the ship into a bank, he took another eyeful. Wow! The gal was even more gorgeous than he thought! What a figure!

After another dozen round trips it began to get late and regretfully Jimmy turned the nose of the plane toward home. All that night he dreamed about the gal in the red bathing suit and he could hardly wait for morning and the first sight-seeing trip. As he headed toward Manhattan he figured it out. He simply had to meet that gal some way! But how? He wouldn't know her if he saw her on the street and he had as much chance of crashing that terra cotta terrace as he had of being invited to the Vanderbilts for the week-end!

Looking down, Jimmy's heart leaped once again. The six (count 'em) gals were in their accustomed positions and through his field glasses Jimmy could have sworn

that the Lady in Red was smiling up at him! He felt a wild desire to jump right out of the ship into her arms and suddenly he slapped his knee. *That* was the way he could meet her! It would be a cinch to bail out in a parachute and land on that terrace. The roof was as big as all outdoors and with the wind right he could hit it easy. And the wind *was* right!

With a whoop of excitement Jimmy kicked the ship around and shot back to Long Island. Zooming down to a landing he swung the plane around so fast that the tail almost caught Bill the mechanic.

"What's the idea!" shouted Bill.

Jimmy was out of the cockpit and grabbing him by the arms before he could say anything more. "Bill," he yelled, "do you want to make ten dollars?"

Bill eyed him suspiciously. "Yeah? Where's the ten?"

Jimmy dug a ten spot out of his pants and then disappeared in the hangar. He was back in a moment fastening on his chute as he ran. "Fly me over Manhattan," he cried, "and it's yours!"

Shouting directions in Bill's ear Jimmy guided him back to New York and the section of town he wanted. "Now keep circling," he yelled, "and get more altitude!"

As Bill swung around into the wind Jimmy opened the cabin door and looked down. The angle was just right and with a wave of his hand he bailed out. Dropping toward his target Jimmy pulled the rip cord quickly and as the chute

opened began guiding himself with the ropes. He chuckled to himself as he floated down. Not a bad idea this dropping in for tea! He could say that he'd lost control of the ship and had to bail out. What a daredevil he'd be in the eyes of the Lady in Red!

The gayly colored terrace was coming up toward him rapidly now and Jimmy jerked at the ropes frantically. He didn't want to land in that damn swimming pool! A drowned rat wouldn't be a very romantic figure! But it was too late. Bracing himself Jimmy prepared for a ducking. As he struck instead of a splash there was a sharp cracking of glass and as his feet went out from under him he realized that what he'd hit was a mirror. It was a dummy pool!

Picking himself up he gazed about in bewilderment. The gals hadn't even noticed him! They were evidently all asleep. Climbing out of the pool Jimmy limped toward the Lady in Red, his heart beating fast. God, she looked beautiful lying there! Then his eyes almost popped out of their sockets and with a cry he jerked around and stared at the other gals. They were all wax figures!

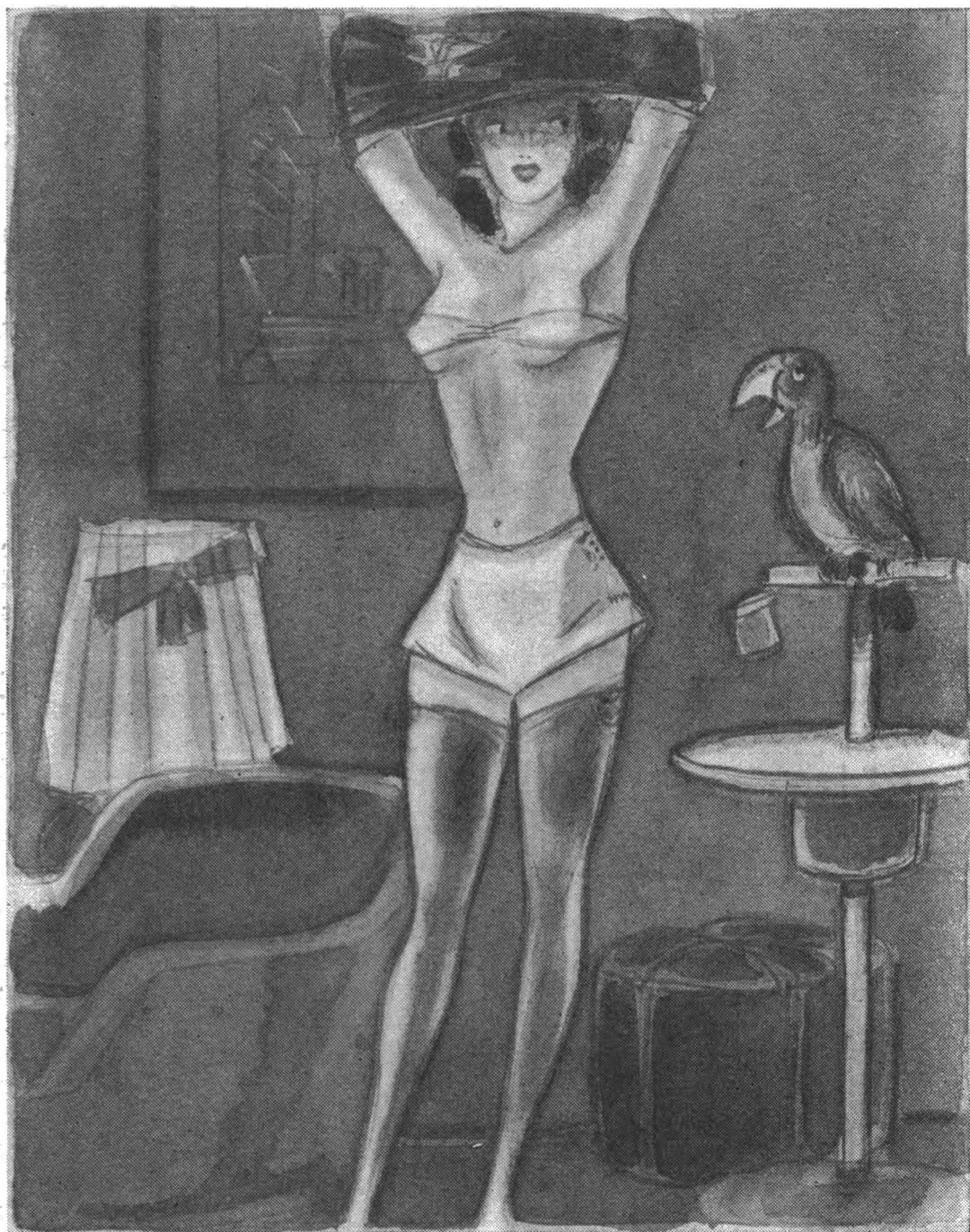
There was a cough behind him and Jimmy turned to see a middle aged gentleman in white linens.

"What the hell is this!" he yelled.

"This, my dear sir, is Wanamacy's Department Store," he said politely, "and I might add that you've practically ruined our terrace display!"



"Great guns! It wasn't sun-tan after all!"



"G'wan, I'll bet you say that to all the girls!"

IT COULDN'T HAPPEN HERE (MAYBE)

VESTA, Goddess of the Roman hearth, went to Jupiter with a kick—she had one coming. He was busy and had a date, but agreed to give her five minutes of his time if she promised not to mention washing machines or kitchen cabinets. She crossed her heart and siphoned her grievances as follows:

She complained that the sacred fires before the altar in the temple dedicated to her name, were becoming “not so hot” and that the Vestal Virgins, employed by the State to keep them stoked, were loafing on their jobs and complaining about conditions. Worse still, they were under suspicion, as all of them were trying to reduce, and copies of a popular work on birth control had been found in their cloisters. It was known that one of them was squashed on a chariot chauffeur and that another was corresponding with the Chairman of the Entertainment Committee of the Praetorian Guards. They were using lip sticks and rouge; reading Havelock Ellis and calling the High Priest “Honey Bug” and “Dear Old Reliable”.

Disgusted with their behavior, Vesta had advertised for a fresh set. The ad had appeared morning and evening in the leading gazettes for more than a month and so far she had had but two responses. In the interviews, she found that they both wore men's

garters and had the names of a popular Greek island resort pasted on their trunks. One of them chewed tobacco and the other could lick a gladiator.

Jupiter admitted the situation was serious and feared it wouldn't improve. The army had just returned from a three-year sojourn in a moral land, and there was small chance of the Amazons changing their under-things from rhinoceros hide to chintz and returning to the fire and bedside. He very well understood that the sacred fires must be kept ablaze and that none but virgins could feed the still—though what was *he* supposed to do about it?

“Stir yourself and have some virgins hunted up,” Vesta replied boldly enough. “There must be some around somewhere, God knows, and you have the boys what can chase 'em down. What's Mercury and that lazy Hercules doing?”

Herc. had a livery stable job, Jupiter told her, and besides he was too clumsy for such a delicate job. Merc. had been assigned to catch up with a rumor that Midas had asses ears, but was still miles behind and was sick of the work. Perhaps he wouldn't mind being transferred to other duties. He wasn't, really, but said they musn't get sore if he fell down. He knew what an onery task had been set him.

He was away a year and a day

and came back sore and empty-handed. He related that he went around the world six times before he got a lead and found a pocket. He worked hard, but just as soon as he rounded up a bunch and got them tagged, they'd invariably get themselves disqualified at a Firemen's Ball or an Elks' picnic. He tried to alibi himself by saying he was "only human", but he was quickly reminded he was nothing of the sort, and ordered to try again. He did but with no better results. He then turned his taleria and staff and tendered his resignation.

It was then suggested that the Oracle at Adelphi be consulted. Jupiter demurred at first but Vesta pestered him until he gave his consent—sagely saying: "It's Greek, but the damn thing may know something at that. You're free to hop over and get a head load of it."

But the Oracle refused to sputter when asked where virgins grew thick. It either didn't know or was holding out for a bonus. The Pythoness in charge did her dirty best to make it squawk but it wouldn't come across—not even with static.

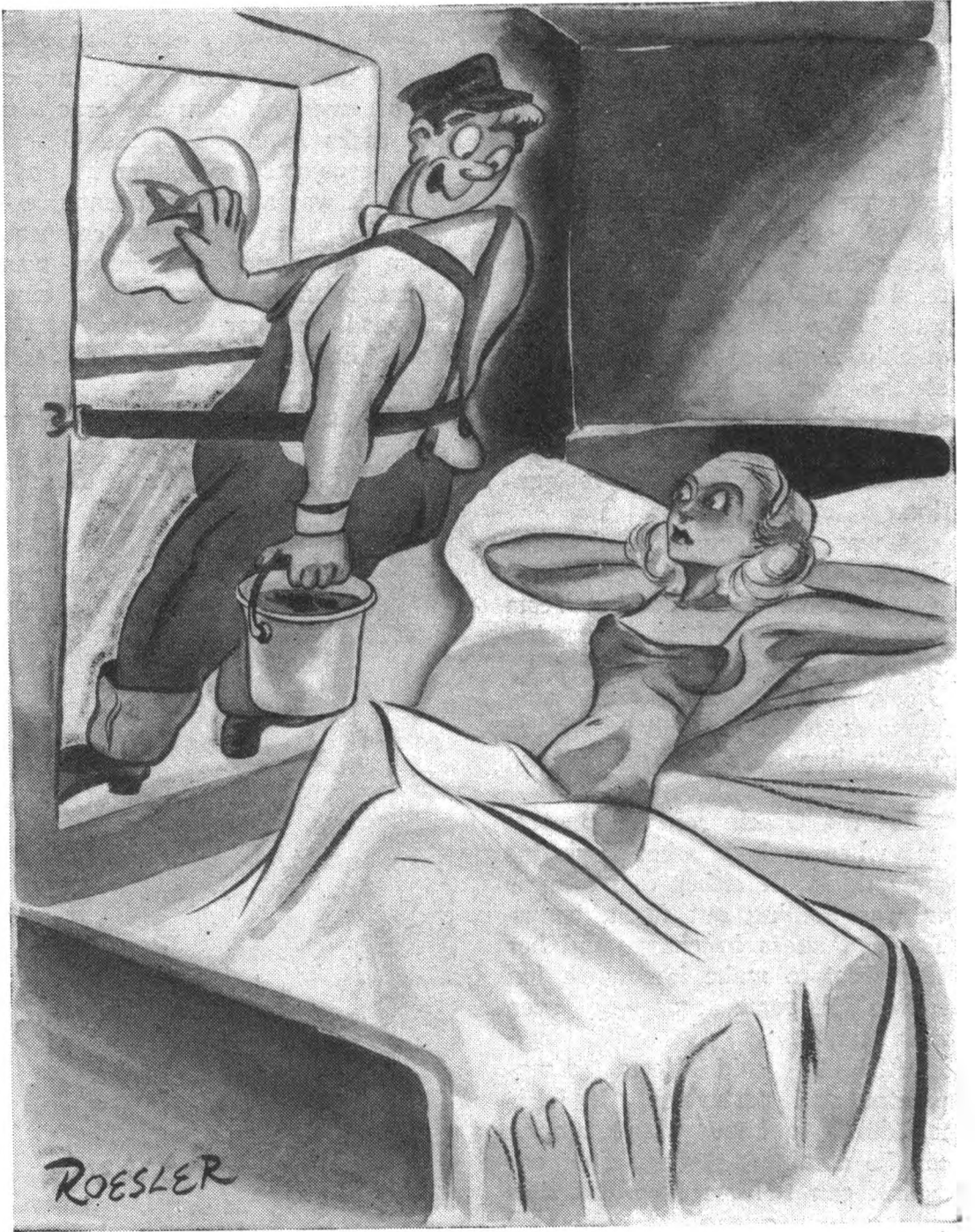
"Alright," said Vesta, disappointed and perturbed, "If it is too dumb to know where virgins can be obtained, perhaps the poor squink can tell me how the rites of my temple can be celebrated without virgins to tend the sacred fires? Put that one to the button-headed non-consequentiality!"

"The priestess complied. In exact wording she repeated the query and right away a mystic vapor emerged from the crack in the rocks from which the Oracle was accustomed to deliver its findings. It was a tense moment. Vesta knew that the great compendium of useful knowledge was about to unload, and she thrust forward her ear to miss not a line. Eagerly she listened and heard these undying words spoken slowly and distinct: *Get a fireless cooker!*

—Harry Grant Dart



"Hi, pal—while you're up there would you peek if my wife is home—?"



"We can't take any chances on slipping, Miss!"

SO YOU'RE COMING BACK TO TOWN?

BALLYHOO'S *Travel Editor, Wanda Lust, Gives a Few Timely Hints for City Folks Returning to Their Native Haunts*

ANY meticulous Medical Authority (See Physicians and Doctors) will tell you that sudden change is extremely dangerous, no matter how hardy the individual, (See Hardy's History of England) so it behooves an S.O.B. (Statistician of Ballyhoo) to enlighten the city dweller who has spent the



Wanda Lust

summer in the depths of the country and who is about to return to his native heath. (We will now rise and sing "For heath a jolly good fellow, etc."). You, who have been enjoying the fresh, fragrant air of the country and the pastoral stillness of the forest primeval, (to say nothing of the murmuring pines and the hemlocks) must accustom yourself to what is in store for you or the quick change and subsequent shock may result in a long and costly illness. Insurance Statistics show that *Urbanisis* (the disease which attacks returners to the city) has increased over one hundred per cent in the last ten years and one has but to visit the violent wards in our hospitals during the first two

weeks in September to see the ghastly results of this dread plague.

Every fall thousands, who come back to town without first preparing themselves for the noise and clamor of the big city, suffer from nervous breakdown, change of life and even hysteria. (Hysteria doctor in the house?)

However, all this may be avoided (avoid to the wise is sufficient!) if you will but follow these few simple instructions every day for the week before you return to town.

1. Start the engine of your car and then lie on the ground with your face next to the exhaust. Gradually increase the "dosage" each day so that by the time you are ready to come home you will be enured to gasoline fumes.

2. Stick your head in a barrel (an iron or tin one if possible) and have someone pound the outside of it with hammers or croquet mallets for several hours each day. Note: Instructions 1 and 2 will be much more efficacious if combined.

3. If you have only one radio in

the country borrow as many others as possible from neighbors and have them all going at once.

4. Purchase several automobile horns and have the children toot them continually interspersing the toots with cries of "Wuxtra! Wuxtra! Blah! Blah! Blah!"

5. Close up all of your country house except one room and have the whole family live in that, taking great care (when passing one another) to jostle and shove as much as possible.

6. For ten minutes each day practice standing on a rug and have your wife or child suddenly pull it out from under you. Note: This is to accustom yourself to riding on the city busses.

7. When you drive to the village hire the constable to bawl the living hell out of you every time he sees

you. Tell him to post an offer of \$5 to every motorist in the village who hits you. This will enable you to get your hand (and foot) in for crossing New York's streets.

8. Bribe the telephone operator in the village to phone you at half hour intervals during the night. This will accustom you to the calls from drunken friends which you will receive the minute you are back.

9. When taking in the local movie house carry on loud conversations with whomever's beside you. This will start your neighbors doing the same thing and get you used to "first nights."

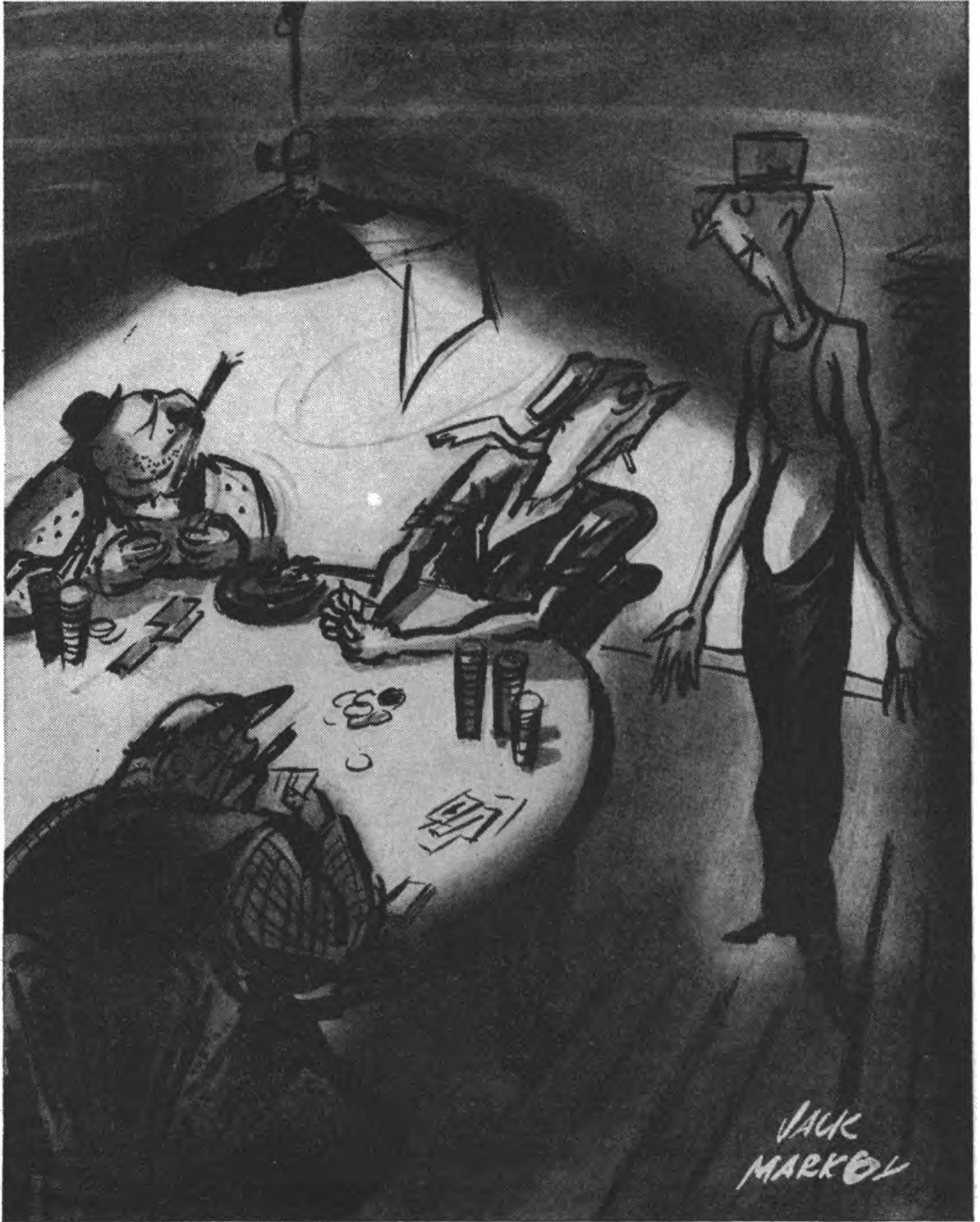
10. Drink steadily for a week before you return so that when you arrive in town you'll have the right beginning for your usual winter hangover.



"Miss Crandon, do you believe in the power of thought?"



"The girl who married the coxswain of the crew."



“Well, I certainly lost my ultramarine blue striped pongee arrow sanforized shirt (trade mark), size 14½ (advertisement) !”

ON THE NOSE

MR. BLODGETT, the little fat lawyer, looked up from the typewriter. He hated to be caught doing his own typing, but when the girl was out to lunch he often—

“Mind if I use your 'phone?” It was the man from next door, interrupting.

“Oh, certainly not. Not at all. Shall I go outside for a minute?”

The other shook his head, dialed a number rapidly, and then as rapidly spoke in clipped words. “'Lo, Joe? Third at Tropical. Windom. On the nose. Yeah—one.” He hung up. “Thanks.”

“It was hardly worth a nickel,” Mr. Blodgett timidly jested, as his neighbor dropped a coin on the desk.

“You never know,” the man replied dispassionately, and went out.

It was the first time Mr. Blodgett had seen him close at hand. The man was tall, hawk-faced, with a black mustache cutting a horizontal line high about his lean jaw. As he had leaned over the telephone his coat had spread, and the little lawyer had seen a shoulder holster with a black gun tucked securely away. He shivered thinking about it.

Maybe it wasn't so bad being a lawyer with a Surrogate's Court practice, he reflected. It was true, you handled only musty old estates. You didn't get into Court with those great cases where women beat their breasts and cried into the

newspapers. You didn't meet all kinds of people, wild people, dangerous people. You didn't have to be dark, sinister-looking, or carry a black gun in a shoulder holster, either.

Funny people they were next door, he considered. No employees. Didn't trust each other too much, as witness the fact that this man wanted to telephone where his partner couldn't hear what he said.

The next day the hawk-faced man came in again about lunch-time. He lifted a dark eye-brow towards the telephone, and Mr. Blodgett smiled acquiescence.

“'Lo, Joe? One-two-three on Smileaway in the fifth. One, one and one.” Bang went the receiver.

Mr. Blodgett said, “Upon my word—I don't doubt that it is none of my business, but that's the funniest conversation I ever heard. I hope you don't think that I'm prying?”

The dark man looked at him a moment, then asked, “You never play the horses?”

“I—no, I never did.”

His neighbor nodded. “Don't do it then. My talk meant that I played a nag called Smileaway in the fifth race at Tropical. I bet on him to come in first, second or third.”

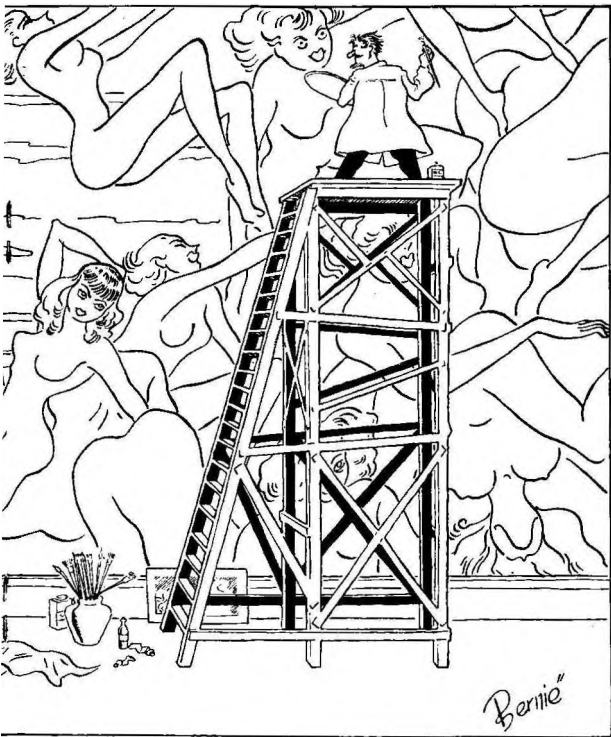
“Oh, *horse-racing*. Do you ever win at it?”

There was a flash of white teeth under the black mustache. “You generally lose. Most people do.”

“It sounds very interesting,” Mr. Blodgett conceded. “But I guess



"Could you use son



ne models, cheap?"

you have to know all about it in order to win?"

This time there was a genuine laugh. "He's dead."

"Good Heavens—who?"

"The man who knows all about it—to win." The dark figure slipped through the door.

Several days later Mr. Blodgett looked up and greeted the gambler as an old friend. "Hello. Another horse?"

There was a nod and a quick step to the telephone. "'Lo, Joe?"

Mr. Blodgett coughed deprecatingly, and then interrupted. He could not have guessed five seconds before that he was going to do this, or have told five seconds later why he did this. "Excuse me. Just a minute," he said.

The dark man looked up from the telephone and then covered the mouthpiece. Mr. Blodgett resumed hesitantly. "I've never done anything like this before, I assure you. But it is so novel. Would you make a bet for me on a horse—on the horse you're going to bet on?"

The black moustache lifted slightly and showed white teeth. "Sure you want to do this? It's your funeral."

"Well, once." Mr. Blodgett sighed tremulously. "I don't think I ever bet on anything in my whole life. It's exciting."

"Oke. 'Lo, Joe? Put two and two, on Maywin in the First at Tropical. Yeah—two and two. As he started to leave, Mr. Blodgett asked, "Do I pay now?"

The hawk-faced man replied,

"time enough tomorrow for the pay-off."

"One more question," Mr. Blodgett hurried on. "I know I'm awfully ignorant, but I'm all excited. How will I find out if I won?"

"Tonight's papers. Look at the first race, Tropical. See if the gee-gee come in first or second. What she pays is at the top of the column."

"Oh. Well, thanks. It's loads of fun, isn't it?"

Mr. Blodgett could hardly wait until he got into the subway and got the evening paper opened. Not that he minded losing one or two dollars, or that winning a few dollars was so important, but it was such a diversion—it stirred up a little buzz in his breast that he never knew he had.

He ran through the sport pages, and then turned back to the front page, and finally found the racing results. First Tropical race—here it was—first, Lazybones—second, Saucy Heels—third, King Midas. Then that must mean that he had lost. He smiled. Well, he would pay the man the two dollars in the morning, and he had had enough of that kind of excitement to last him the rest of his life.

At noon the next day he waited, smiling as a good sport should. The dark man came in, hawk-faced, sinister. "Somebody must have turned our jockey around backwards and he win the wrong way. Tough luck, old Timer. I'll take your two grand over to Joe now, if you don't mind."
—Paul Gould



SET-UP

LET me see . . . five, ten—and ten is twenty-five . . . and two pennies: twenty-seven. That means I can't have another drop for I simply must save a dime for subway fare and ten cents for a roll and coffee in the morning—and I need another so badly. Oh, God, if Jerry only knew how badly I needed another. . . .

Suppose he thinks I'm rolling enough now. All right I am. I *am* rolling. Plastered, if that makes you feel better. You'd be plastered too if you'd had nothing in your stomach since morning and had drunk four stock ales for dinner . . . Oh, but that's all right. I hold no grudge. If I want to go without my dinner and get mildly plastered so I can get some sleep, that's my business, you red-nosed, pot-bellied—No, no, I didn't mean it. I take it all back. You're a sweet, sweet man, and if you'd only look over here once . . .

All right, don't look. Keep on with your smug, beefy conversation with that down-at-the-heel boxer. I hope you have an argument with him and he smacks you on the puss. . . . Really, Elenora, fancy your thinking such an expression; fancy Elenora Galt even knowing such words . . . Now stop kidding yourself, dearie. You know too well that "smacking on the puss" is lavender and old lace to some of the little sayings you have in your repertoire, you run-down old ham, you, who can't get even a walk-on troup-

in the sticks . . . Oh, dear . . . oh, God, I want to cry. . . . God, tell me what to do . . . If I don't get a set-up in a minute the others will start wearing off and I'll lie awake all night, tossing and hot and wondering—Oh, dear God—wondering if they'll cast me tomorrow and I'll look so haggish when I walk into the agency tomorrow morning. . . .

Mr. Rosen said, "Oh, yes, I remember you very well, Mrs. Galt. You played the English nurse in "The Golden Hour" two years ago. There might be a bit for you in a new play Nussberg is putting on." The fiend! Reminding me of that walk-on when I have played Juliet with Walter Justin and starred in the premiere performance of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" . . . to say nothing of lunching with Bernhard in Paris and being called the . . . Oh, what the hell, forget it, darling. That's dead—over. That was just a nice little dream and you woke up. . . .

Perhaps if I rose and swept rather elegantly into the LADIES I could attract Jerry's attention and he would glance over and see that I have only two inches left in my glass. I may be sixty, but people still look up when I sweep down a room. Even in this disreputable rag I can create an atmosphere of velvet and lace over deep-piled carpets . . . But the trouble is if I go to the LADIES that abominable waiter might sneak around and take my glass and wipe off the table—and that would be that . . . No, I'd better sit right here and think of

some other plan of campaign.

There! I've got his eye. . . Cold fish. That's what it was, cold fish. He's saying he's God-damned if he'll set up that old bar-fly on four ales. Very well, my good man. Just to prove what a piker I am, I'll spend my last quarter on a shot of gin. That'll do the trick. . . . No, no, I can't and faint in somebody's office again. Oh, God, please make him give me a beer. Please, God, and I'll take back all the things I've ever said about you . . .

Oh, what's the use, what *is* the use! Fancy asking God for a beer! Asking God for a set-up! Too ridiculous. Supposing I got one just at this minute coming "like the gentle rain from Heaven," wouldn't it be too hilariously funny! I'd have to say, "Here's mud in your eye, God, Ol' Kid!" . . .

Ah, go take a running jump for yourself, God! As if you'd be interested whether I got a beer or not! I've had your number for years—ever since the time you went back on me and I got pushed out on my face by that young upstart walking into my lead in Hedda Gabbler. "Mrs. Galt's had her last lead," they were all saying. "Mrs. Galt will have to do dowagers and grandmothers from now on," they were saying. . . . That's the sweet lizzie you turned out to be. . . .

No, no, no, God, I didn't mean it . . . Please God, let me get that part tomorrow. I didn't mean a thing, really I didn't. . . Oh, God, can't you see how miserable I am? Can't you see I'm old . . . old like

yourself, and so weary, so very weary . . . please forgive me for being nasty about that beer. I didn't mean it. I was just bitter and a little tight . . . Not bitter at you, God; just at the world and the way things go . . . and it seemed as if I *must* have that set-up before my edge was all gone so I could get a little sleep and not look such a hag in the morning. That's all I meant, God. . . .

Now stop this nonsense, Elenora Galt. Stop being hysterical and superstitious about God. Either you'll get that job tomorrow or you won't, and God will have precious little to do with it. God's in His Heaven and Elenora Galt's in a filthy, stinking pub in West 19th street, and that's that.

Jerry . . . Jerry, dear boy, please look over here! If you only knew what one more beer meant at this moment. What's a beer to you? It's no money out of your pocket. You just work here. The boss isn't in, Jerry dear. . . . I've spent plenty in this joint and you know it; just about every cent I could lay my hands on, and you know it! . . . Well, maybe you did see me over at Joey's the other night, but that was my own good business. Nobody sticks to one bar *all* the time. It isn't human. Even you like a change now and then or why were you over in Joey's place on your night off? Just answer me that!

All right, don't look then. I'll concentrate hard, pull his eyes over here. Jerry, look over here. Mrs.

(Continued on page 79)



"Look closely now, do ya know 'oo I am?"

"What with me bein' in this asylum only two days, I can't sy I do."

"Christopher Columbus, 'ee 'oo discovered America."

"Well, sy now, I thought 'ee was dead."

"'Ee is."

"Then 'oo are you?"

"Christopher Columbus, 'ee 'oo discovered America."

"Ah, but if ya were 'ee, yed 'ave a boat."

"I 'ave a boat. Two hundred feet long and a crew of ninety".

"'Ereabouts?"

"Sssshhhh. The bushes 'ave ears an' I 'ave enemies. Ya know where I 'ide it?"

"Where do ya 'ide it?"

"Right 'ere in my pocket."

"A strange place to keep a vessel."

"Why strange? What better place for safekeepin'? "Oo would look in a pocket?"

"Well, my wife would, fer one."

"Ay, maybe. But before she could peek I'd chop 'er 'ead off."

"An' she'd snap back. I know my wife."

"Then I'd trample 'er with elephants an' feed 'er to the lions."

"An' I wouldn't allow it."

"Why?"

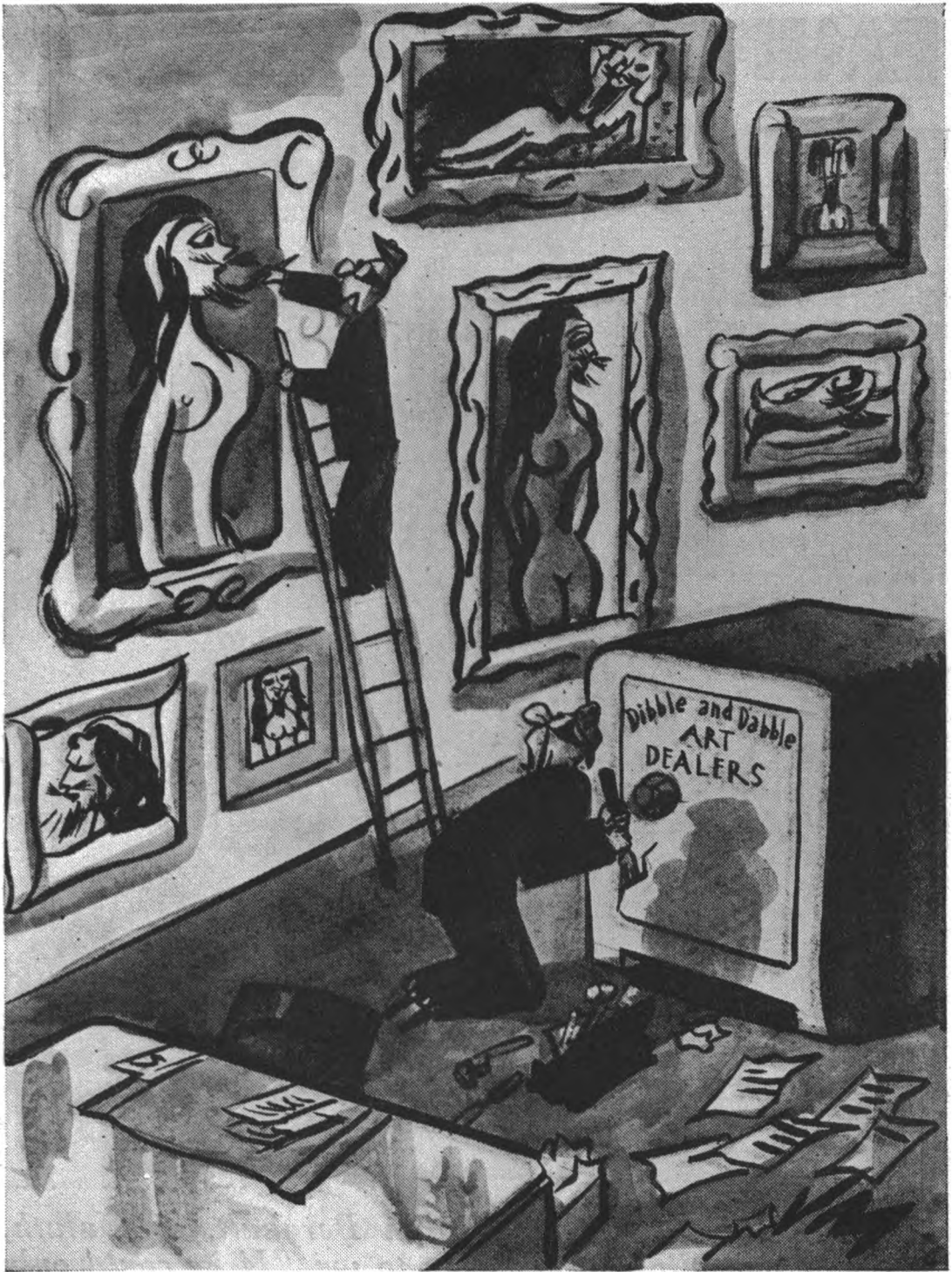
"Cause I love 'er, that's why."

"Then I'll set both of ya in chains, rottin' in a dungeon."

"By Gawd, ya do, an' I'll sic the 'oly Roman Empire on ya!"

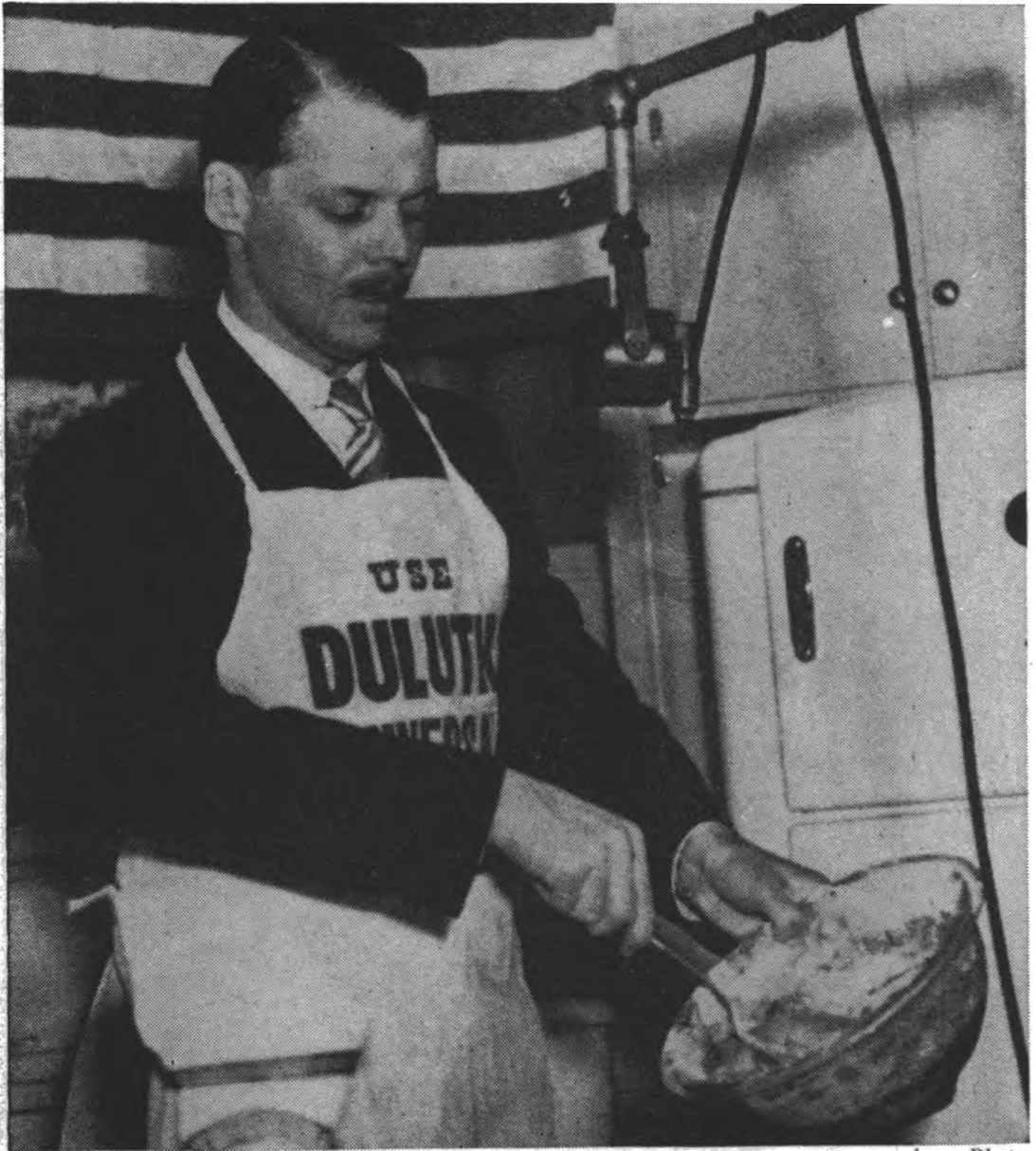
"An' just 'oo do ya think ya are to be talkin' that way to Christopher Columbus?"

"Julius Caesar, that's 'oo!"



"Will you quit playing and get down to work!"

EMINENT AMERICANS



Acme Photo

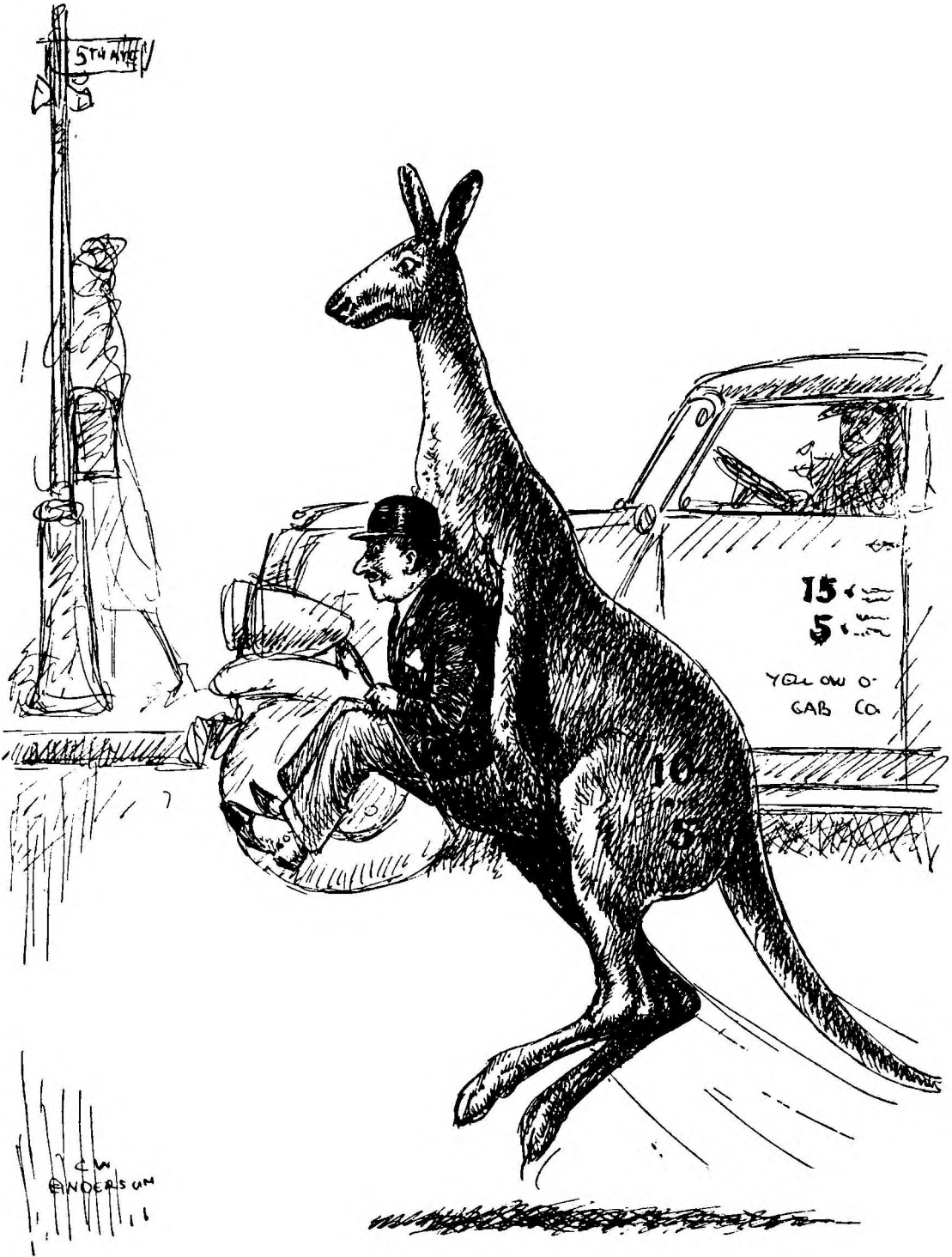
32-year-old Mayor C. Randolph Berghult, of Duluth, Minn., won't allow any woman to say, "If he could only cook!" He can and bakes a cake to prove it.

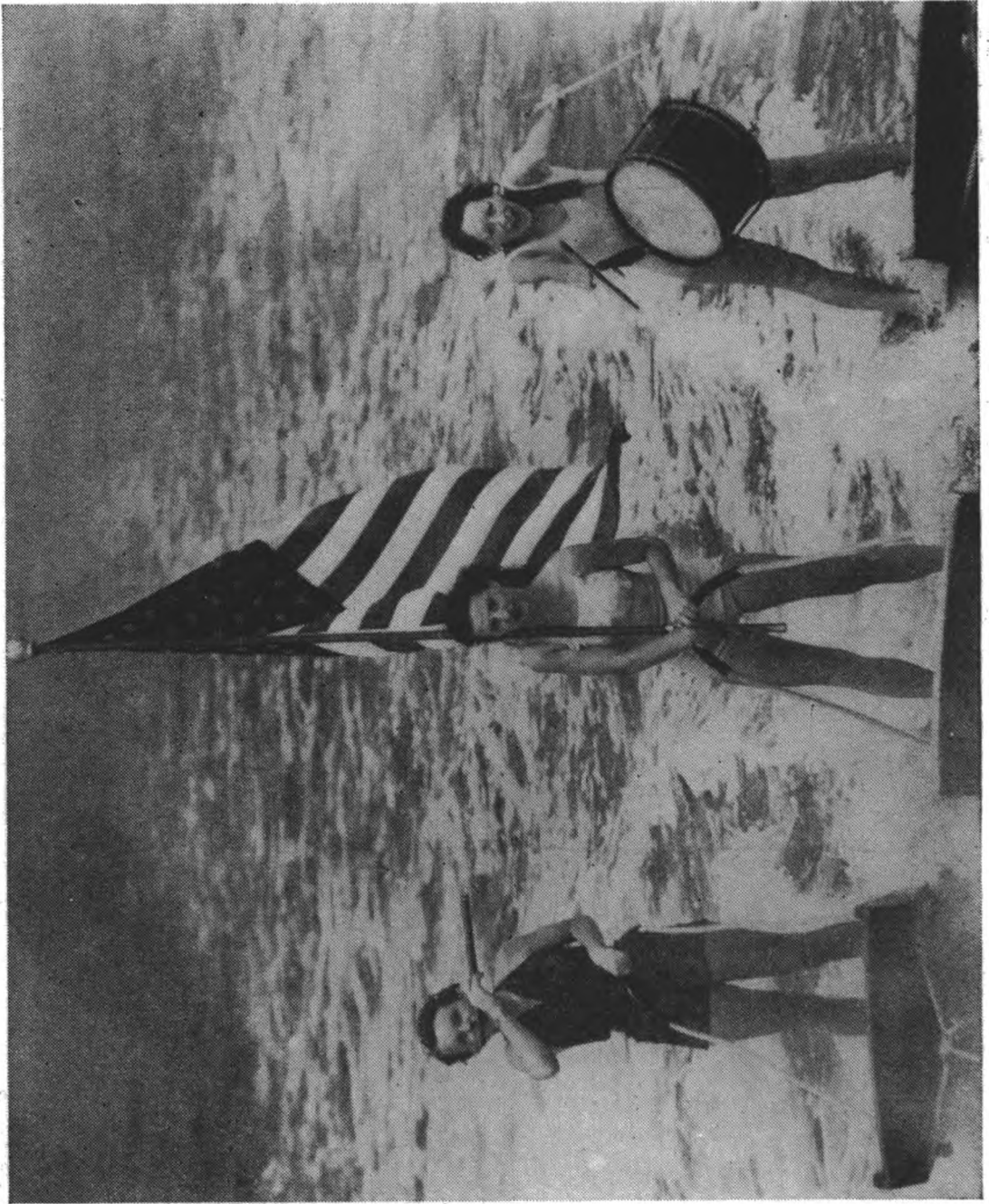


Acme Photo

"Think yourself beautiful," says Julia Maxwell, Atlanta, Ga., artists' model. "Think only of beautiful things and it will show in your face." Miss M. must be a Democrat!

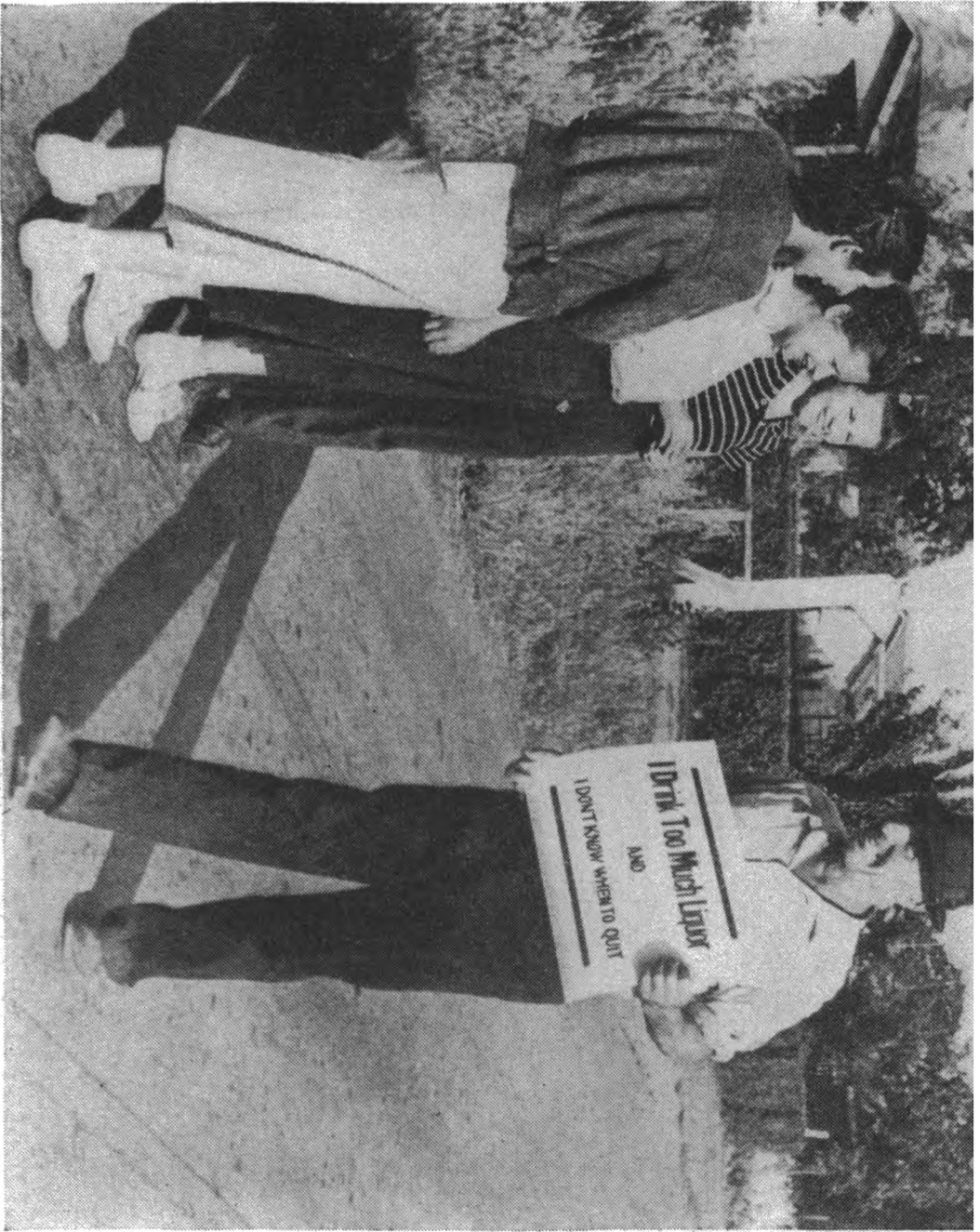






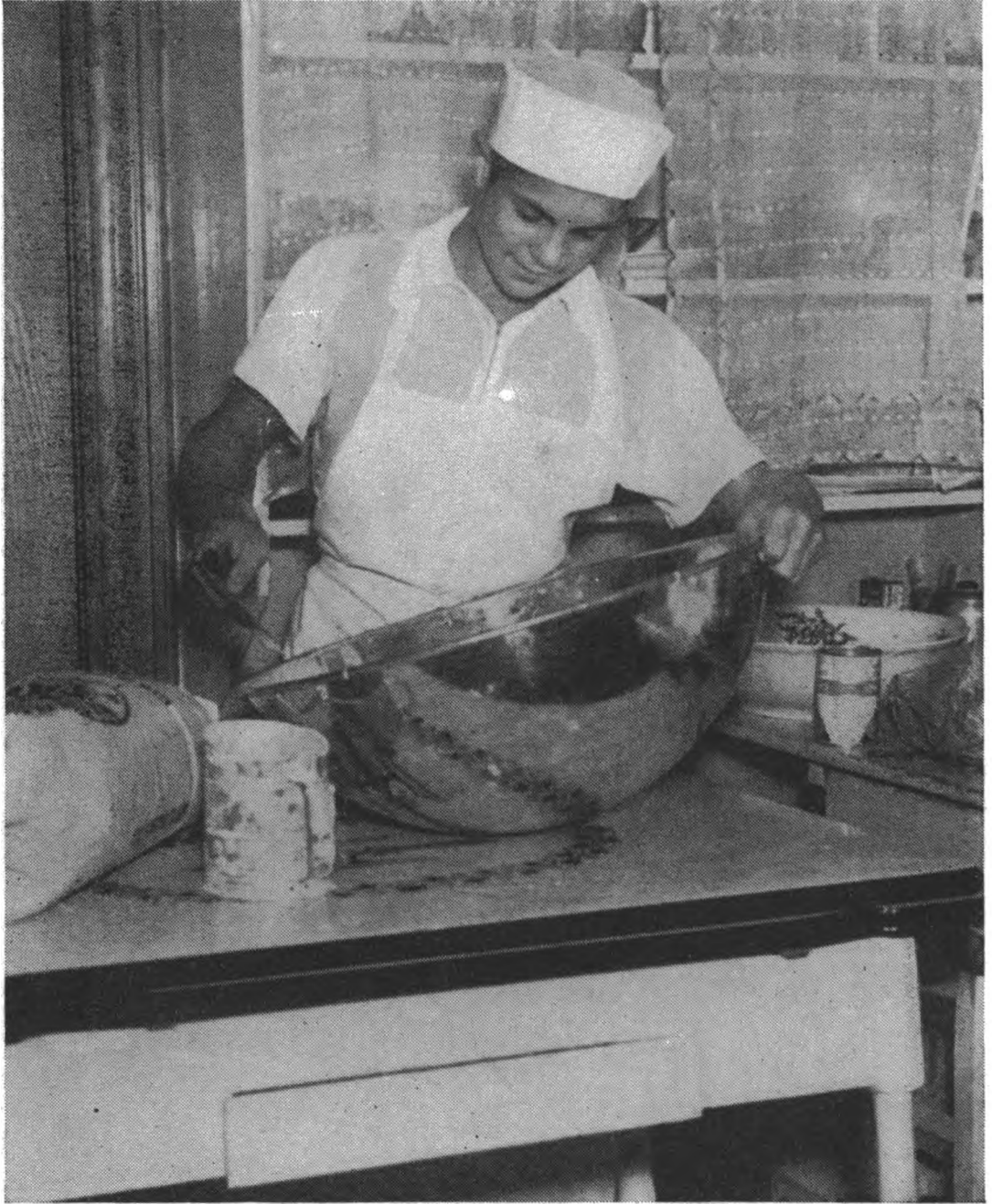
Acme Photo

*No kidding, folks! It's the "Spirit of '76" on surf boards!
Left to right: Katherine Fricke, Kay Todd and Allison
Gildner, of Catalina Island.*



Acme Ph

Yolo County, California, has adopted a new method punishment. Here we have Frank Keeler serving a sentence in Washington Township for drunkenness.



Acme Photo

Richard Nicklaus, of Orange, N. J., is "baking his way through school" by running his own baking company, which furnishes "dough" for college.



Acme Photo

Five years ago Constance Ryland broke her engagement to James Brantley, of Savannah, Ga. Every day since she has received a yellow rose from him.



A. mc Photo

The winnah! Helen Milbouer, of Brooklyn, N. Y., wins Atlantic City's Gold Medal for being the most freckled girl. She has 1,985—count 'em!

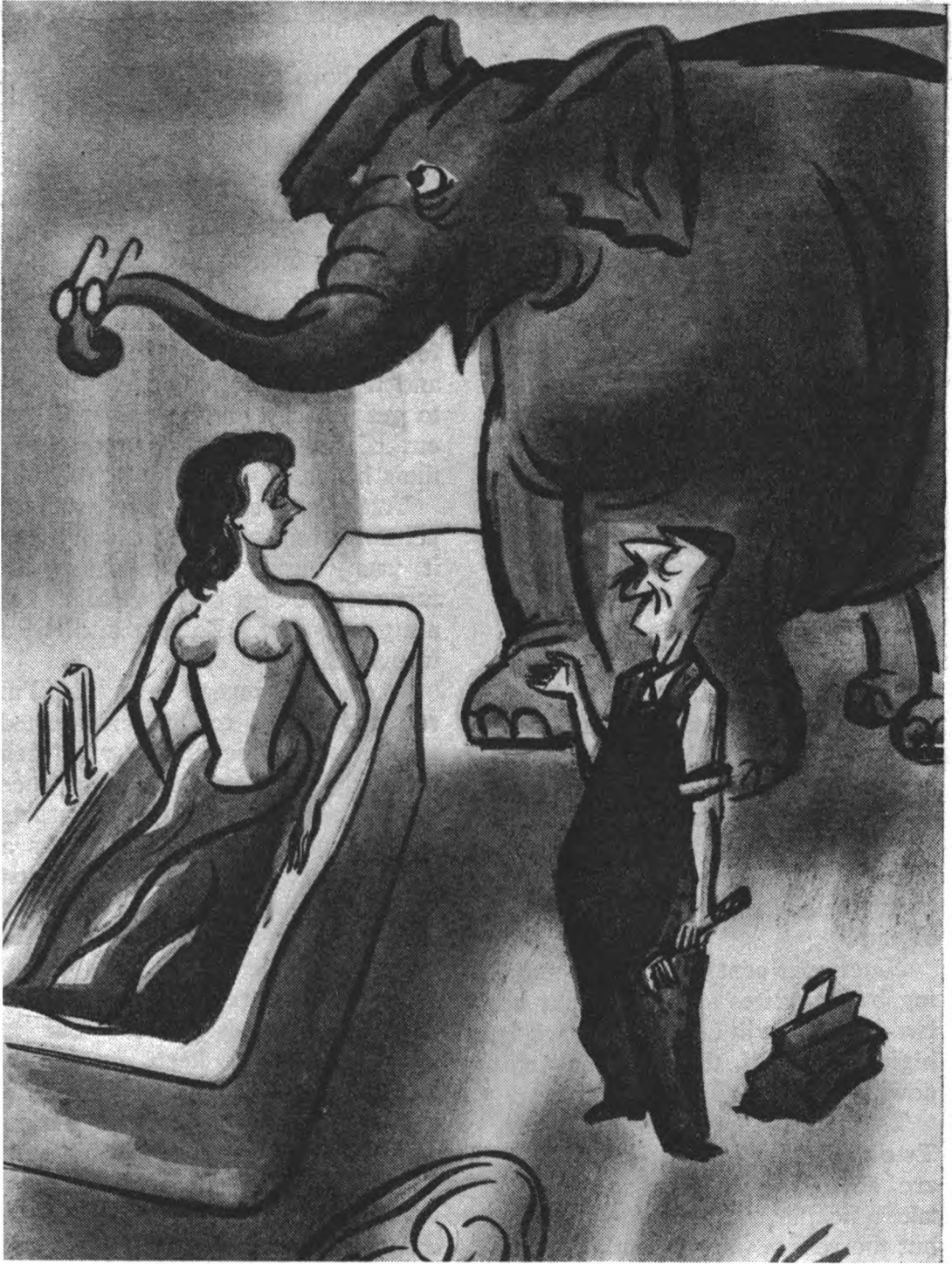


Acme Photo

Pie in the sky—and in Washington! Miss E. Lyon, of Traverse City, Mich., baked a cherry pie and, flying East, presented it to President Roosevelt.



"It's been a bad summer. So far I've only had a chance to be Mrs. Mauropopolus or Mrs. Lipshutz."



"He helps me not to forget anything!"

WOMEN ARE LOUSY LOSERS

I'M a "Grandstander" for one of the largest bookmakers around the tracks. In other words, I circulate in the grandstand and take bets and most of my customers are women. Brother, if you enjoy headaches you should have my job!

The guy that called 'em the "Fair Sex" was cockeyed!

Mind you, ladies, I'm not talking about womankind in general. I'm talking about the "regulars," the gals that go to the races nearly every day. They'll make a buck bet on a horse to win, and even write it down on a slip of paper, and then if the bangtail happens to come in second they'll insist that *that's* where they played it!

Give 'em odds of four to one and when they come to collect they'll look you right in the eye and say that you promised 'em six to one! They'll pester the devil out of you for your advice on what horse is going to win the next race and if you tell 'em one and the nag loses they'll bawl the living bejeezes out of you!

Ninety per cent of 'em play nothing but favorites and they'll put up two bucks to win one and squawk to high heaven if their choice falls down.

There are exceptions I'll admit. Two or three of my lady customers are dead game sports and they'll take a licking without batting an eye but the rest of the women are lousy losers.

The bozo that said, "You've got to learn to lose before you can learn to win," spoke a mouthful. I guess women just haven't the mental equipment to gamble. In the first place few of them are gambling with their own money (it's usually the poor husband's) and that's bad business. It gives them a guilty feeling right from the beginning and if they start losing they're apt to get panicky and in trying to get out of the hole get in way over their heads.

You never saw a wise gambler yet that tried to press his luck when it was running against him. He turns on the heat only when it's running with him. But try and tell a woman that!

I'd like to repeat here that I'm referring only to the unescorted woman who frequents a racetrack regularly. The gals that come once in a while with their sweethearts or husbands, and bet two bucks a race, are not gamblers. They're just out for the thrill of it and that's the end of it except that that's how a lot of 'em get to be "regulars."

I'll never forget one sugar daddy who brought his sweetie out to Empire and to keep her from bothering him he handed her a hundred dollar bill and said, "There, go on and bet yourself and stop bothering me!"

Instead of using the century to cover all six races the dizzy dame bets the "roll" on a twenty to one

shot and the plug wins! The reason I'll never forget it is because she laid the bet with me and it almost cost me my job! The boss thought of course that I'd gotten some inside dope and was two-timing him!

Anyway that gal became a "regular" and she spent about two months and most of her sugar daddy's bank-roll trying to bring in another longshot!

The dangerous part of these "regulars" is that their number is

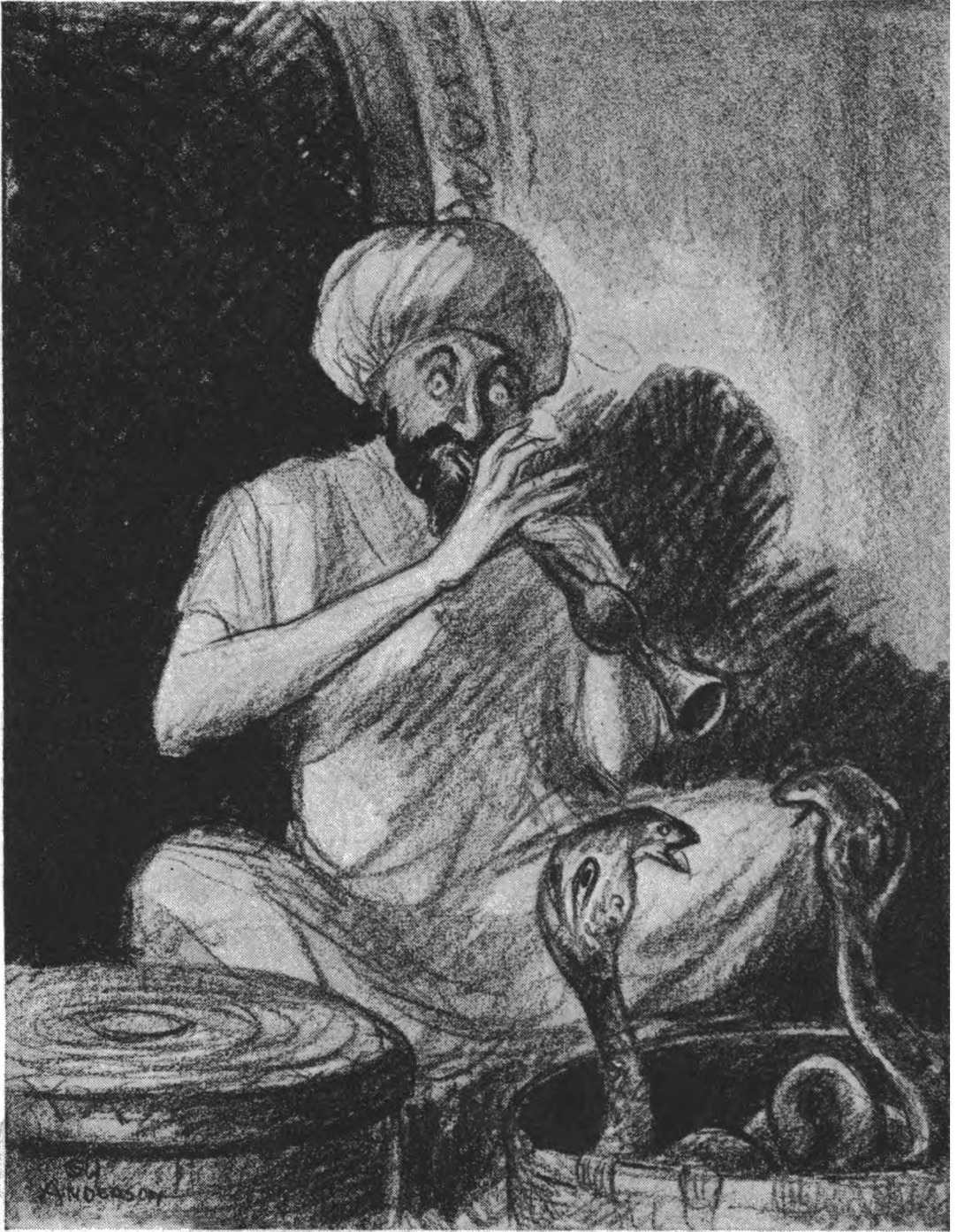
growing daily. The attendance of unescorted females has increased to such an extent that it has the Racing Authorities worried no end.

The more women you have losing their husband's money the more husbands you'll have raising particular hell and if they yelp loud enough and have enough "pull" we may again see the day when "Gambling on Horses" is against the law.

And all because women are lousy losers!



"Take your mask off, Mazie, we all know you!"



"I wish he'd learn something else. I'm getting damn sick of Dardanella."



"I wish to tender my resignation, effective immediately!"

VERNISSAGE ON 53RD STREET

PERSONS REPRESENTED

Finkelcranz, a middle-sized gentleman.

Gildenschmoos, a middle-sized gentleman.

Woman, a kinswoman of Finkelcranz.

An Artist.

Crowds of men, women, students

SCENE I.—A Public Place

Finkelcranz—How now, good *Gildenschmoos*, what think you of yonder abstraction?

Gildenschmoos—That's no abstraction, that's my wife.

Fink.—(pausing before a canvas) This, I take it, is the rear elevation of a horse.

Gild.—I would never recognize it, and I was a truck-driver in the old days. Not in the figurative sense, as the word is now used. I mean I drove a truck.

Fink.—I was referring to the artist.

Gild.—What artist?

Fink.—The man who assembled the picture.

Gild.—Is there money in the art business?

Fink.—Yes, if you have a psychosis with it. But lots of artists have professions on the side. I understand that *Georgie O'Keefe* keeps a glue factory supplied with bones. And that fellow who did the big piece on the landing is obviously a *House Wrecker* by profession. He has everything in it

including the kitchen sink. *Dali* used to be a wholesale butcher and he got business for a watch repairer on the *rue du Bac*, but now he's gone in for window dressing

Gild.—That's a pity. That *LUNAR ASPARAGUS* upstairs would go well with his *CUTELET DE VEAU RAMPANT*. You remember it, it hangs out of the *Louvre*.

ENTER, AN ARTIST

(looking as if he had just crawled out of the *Dome*)

Fink.—Isn't that *Henri Matisse*?

Gild.—He has seen us.

Henri—(joining them) I remember your names, but I can't for the life of me place your faces.

Fink.—What's new with the *Left Bank*?

Henri—It folded up when the dollar went down, but it's open for business again. I just got back.

Gild.—From where?

Henri—From the *Collective Unconscious*. I am writing a book.

Fink.—Why do you write a book?

Henri—I write to shorten time.

Gild.—'Odds Nuts!

Henri—I also write to lengthen time.

SCENE II.—Post-Freudian Room

Fink.—Explain this one to me,

Henri. Why is it called FISHING NET?

Henri—Why not? Just as Eric Satie wrote a Fugue in the Shape of a Pear, so Picasso does a Fishing Net in the form of a Rondo. You have to be musical to understand it.

Gild.—I just can't hear it. To me it sounds like a Passacaglia. It's built up on a sort of base. See?

Fink.—No. But then I can't carry a tune.

Henri—I'M a *Moderne* too. This was done in his Blue Period.

Fink.—After his marriage, I suppose.

Gild.—(pausing before a framed crazy quilt) I hear André Breton kicked Joan Miro out of his Chateau Surrealiste for cutting up his table cloths for *collage*.

Henri—It isn't so simple. It wasn't Joan Miro, it was André Masson. And it wasn't Breton who kicked him out, it was Tristan Tzara; and it wasn't his table cloths it was his shirts, and he didn't cut them up he spilled eggs on them.

Fink.—That just goes to show how they exaggerate things. Is there anything in the rumor that Modigliani used to inject his models with the Mumps?

Henri—Nothing whatever. The Greeks had two words for it: Dynamic symmetry.

Gild.—(pausing before a Still Life) Is that thing a microphone or a baby?

Henri—It all depends on what experience you bring to it. It isn't

what you get out of a picture, it's what you put in to it.

Fink.—Don't you believe it. I got a couple of lumps of sugar out of that masterpiece downstairs.

Gild.—What happened to Zelikson?

Henri—He got the Legion d'honneur for speed. He was the only man able to model the members of the Chambre des Députés before they were out.

Fink.—Is he still in that place on the rue Cardinal Lemoine?

Henri—No, he has a fine new studio with all improvements. Hot and cold *Borscht*, and running *cafards*.

Gild.—How's Braque?

Henri—He's been having trouble. A critic of the Figaro insisted that the E string of one of his mandolins was out of tune. Braque wrote in that he had never painted beyond a G string in his life.

Fink.—I hear they've installed electricity in the Louvre.

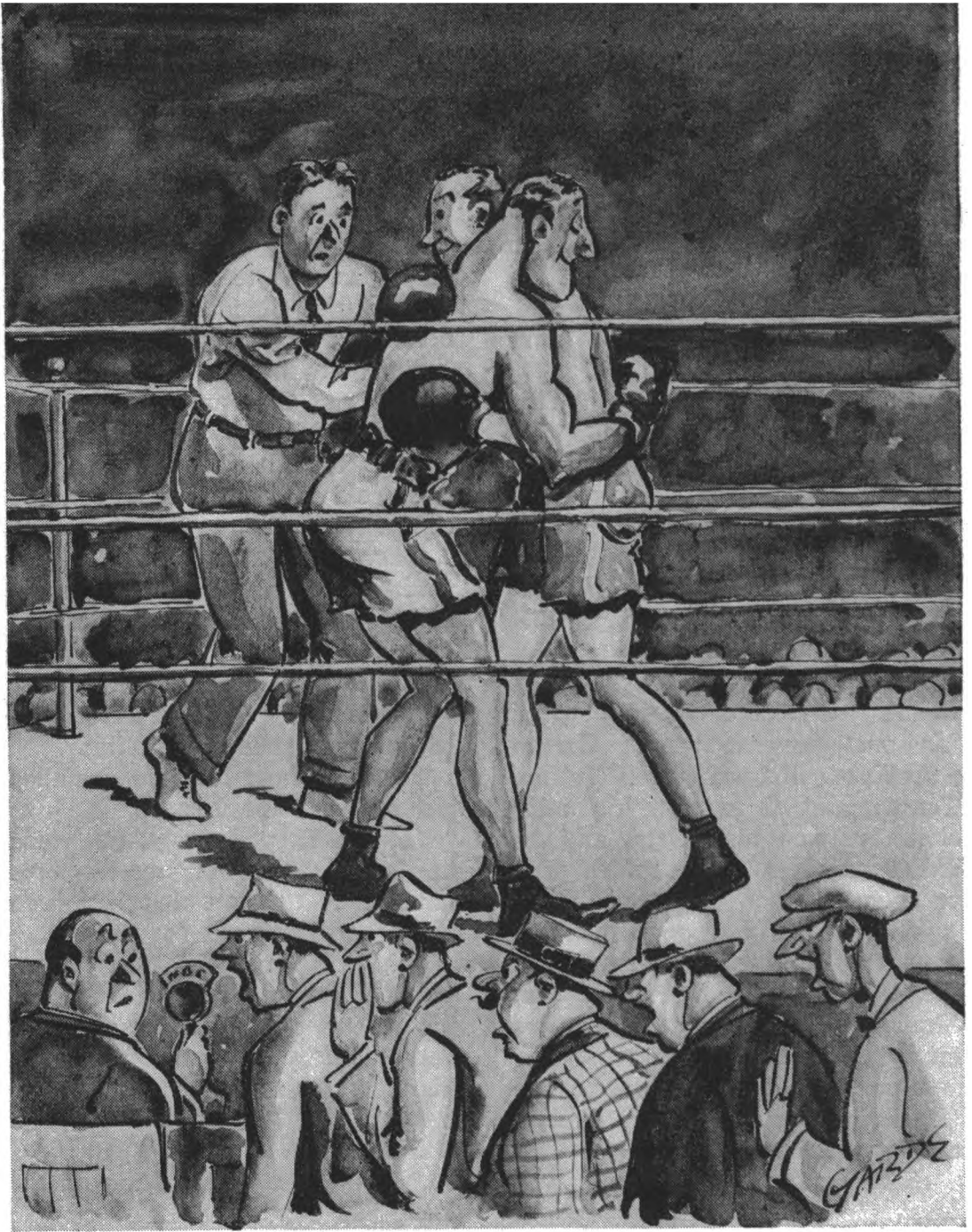
Henri—They have. And you'd be surprised what masterpieces have come to light that had been hidden on the walls for years.

Gild.—(squinting at a water color) That's a Marin. He uses his palette for a canvas and vice versa. His wife framed a piece of his old smock and it turned out to be BROOKLYN HARBOR AT TWILIGHT.

Fink.—That thing in the middle looks like a herring.

Gild.—You might call it a Marinierte Herring.

Excunt



"Hello, Ma—I'll be right home!"

MAIDEN IN DISTRESS

BILL got the big idea the minute he saw Don Otis dining in solitary splendor at the Brevoort. There was a potted palm between our side-walk tables so that he couldn't see us and when Bill happened to look up and caught sight of the girl sitting in the hotel window directly above Don's head he started giggling right away.

At this point it might be well to explain Bill's giggling and also "Don Quixotis." That nickname bestowed upon him by his friends will perhaps give you a rough idea of Don. He belonged back in the Knighthood in Flower days but despite his tardiness in birth he was still endeavoring to rescue maidens in distress. Instead of a suit of armor he used a Palm Beach outfit and in place of a lance he carried a bamboo walking stick but he was a Knight Errant in spades. Hence Bill's giggling. Such a situation was a "pushover."

Taking a piece of paper from his pocket Bill scribbled on it; "Am being held prisoner—please rescue me!" then crumpling it up into a ball he beckoned Mario the waiter. After a few whispered instructions Mario walked away and as he passed behind Don he dropped the note on his table.

Peering around in puzzled surprise Don opened it. The effect on him was above even our expecta-

tions. Leaping to his feet, his nostrils distended like a fire horse's at the sound of the alarm, he lifted his fair head toward milady's window and for a second we thought he was going to attempt to climb the fragile trellis that led up to her.

He didn't, however. The girl, and a swell looker too, wasn't even aware of his existence and after vainly trying to attract her attention Don sat down again. We could almost see the wheels in his head buzzing around and they must have meshed into gear for he jumped up and bolted into the hotel.

About ten minutes later he was back again with the most beautiful black eye you ever saw and his once immaculate white coat sadly rumpled. It seems, we found out afterward, that he had rushed up to the desk clerk and had informed him that there was a woman being held prisoner somewhere in the hotel and that she must be liberated immediately. The clerk naturally thinking Don slightly nuts had refused to do anything about it so Don, taking matters in his own chivalrous hands had rushed upstairs to the rescue followed by the house dick.

Having no idea where the maiden's room was Don simply had bounded from one door to another knocking lustily the while until his pursuers caught up with him. The fact that he was well known at the hotel was the only thing that had kept them from calling the police.

By this time Bill was practically in hysterics and what made it even funnier was the fair maiden's utter

unconsciousness of anything un- toward. There she sat in her win- dow as calm as a cucumber watch- ing the buses go by and right below her Don, a seething volcano if we ever saw one. The "wheels" were buzzing madly again and as we saw Don's eyes wander toward the end of the terrace Bill grabbed my arm with an ecstatic giggle.

"Now we're going to get some real action!" he whispered.

There at the end of the terrace was a ladder resting on its side, evidently left by painters, and you could tell the way Don looked at it just what was going on in that Zenda mind of his. Glancing around warily he waited until there were no waiters about, then like an open field runner he suddenly zigzagged down between the tables and lifting up the ladder dashed back again and stuck it up against the wall before the gaping stares of some twenty or thirty customers. With the grace of a Romeo he bounded up it rung by rung and before you could say, "Sir Launcelot," he had whisked the amazed maiden over the window sill and into his arms!

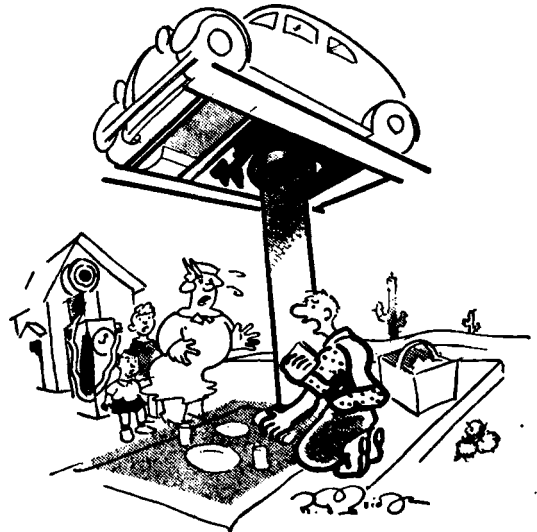
In the meantime a crowd gathered, the doorman not quite know- ing what to do had blown his police whistle, and somebody else dashed down to the corner and turned in a fire alarm.

From this point on even Bill and I became a trifle confused. And Don paused in his descent holding the rescued damsel to his manly breast, sirens were screaming in the dis- tance and all traffic on the Avenue

came to a halt. Don gazed down at the maelstrom below him with the contented look of a hero who has done his duty (come to think of it, even the lady had a contented look!) and when he saw the police radio cars and the fire department con- verging from all directions he actually beamed! Shaking his blonde head in the deepening twilight he flashed an Errol Flynnish smile at the crowd below and then he kissed his lady fair full on the lips!

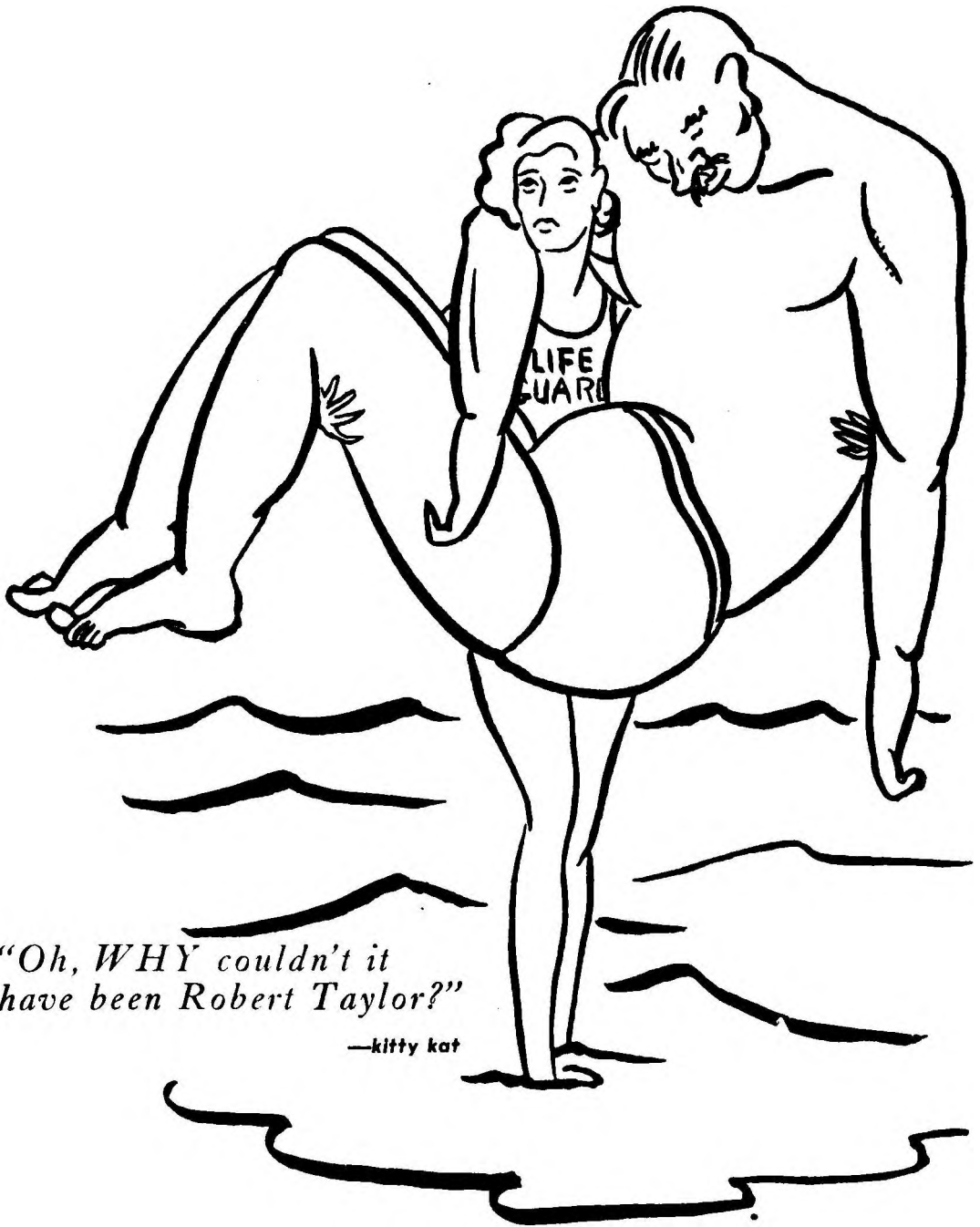
That's about all there is to the story except that Bill and I had to stand up with them a couple of weeks later when they got married and despite his wife's objections Don insists that their first born be named Brevoort!

Imagine going through life with a name like that! But then imagine going through life with Don! Then again, it might be interesting!



"To heck with looking for anymore trees!"

COLLICH FUN



*"Oh, WHY couldn't it
have been Robert Taylor?"*

—kitty kat

DON'T

"My gawd," cried the tight as he
crashed into a gas station. "I've
struck oil."

arizona kitty kat

"What are you writing?"

"A joke."

"Well, give her my regards."

pell mell

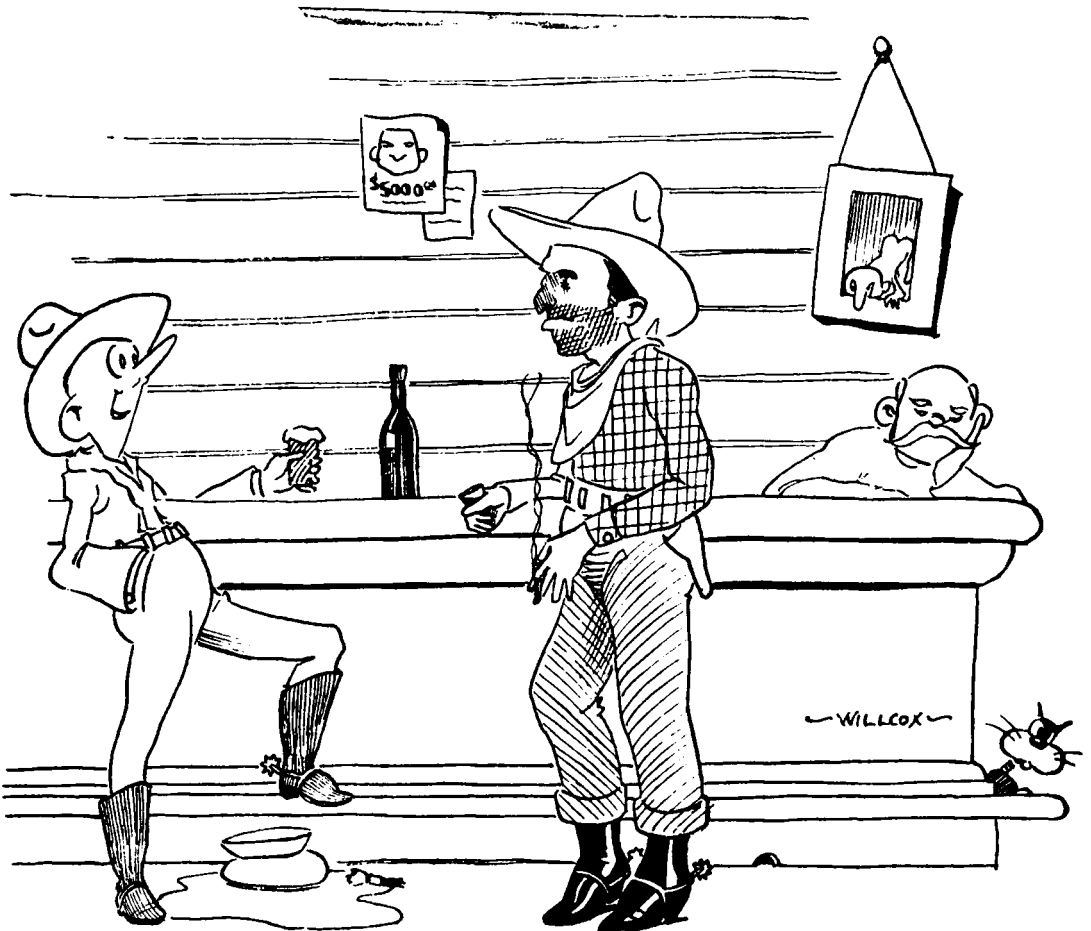
He took her gently in his arms
And pressed her to his breast.
The lovely color left her face
And lodged on his full dress.

pointer

He—I had to come clear across
the room to see you, so I wanna kiss
you.

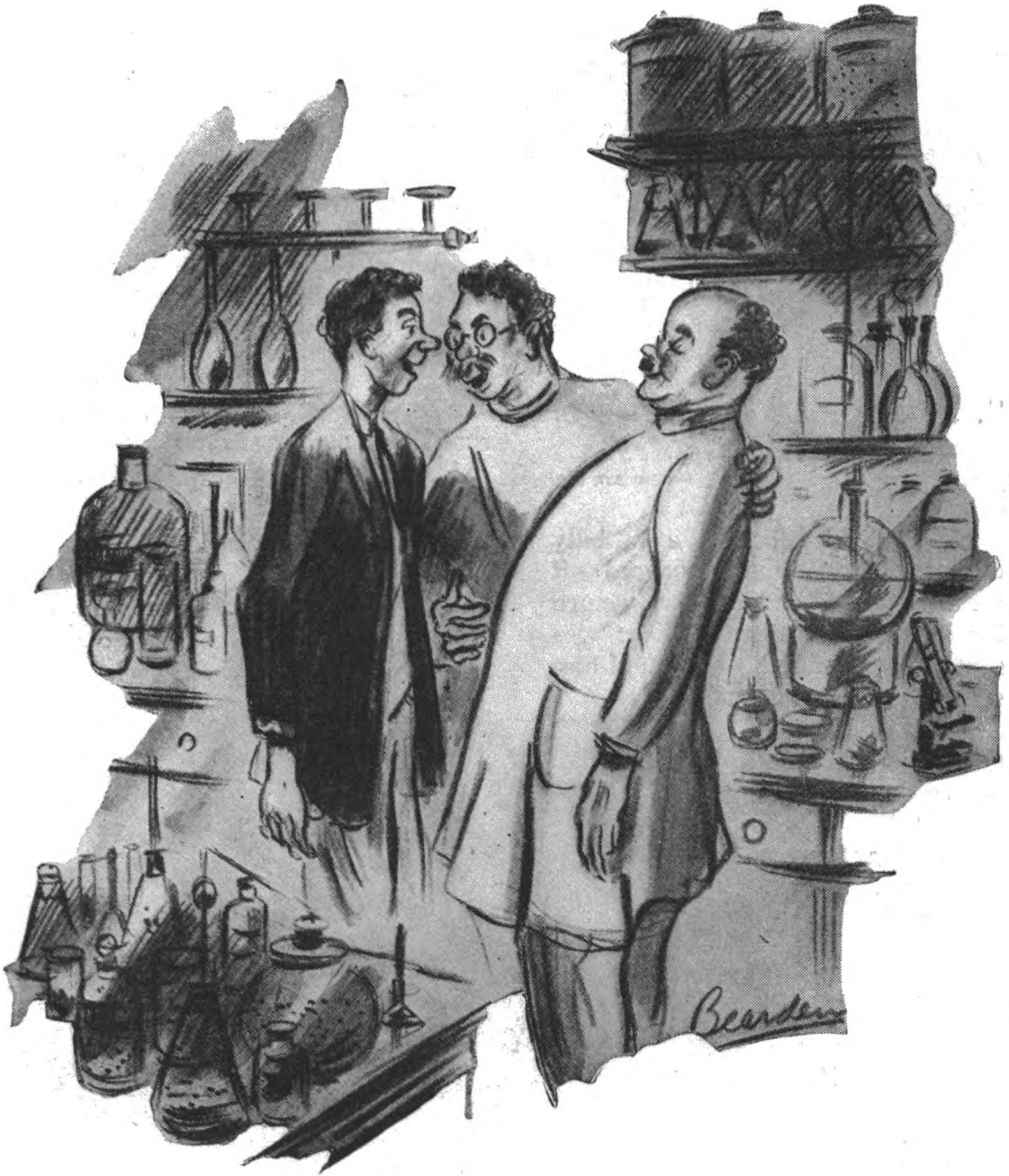
She—Gee, I'm glad you weren't
in the next block.

octopus



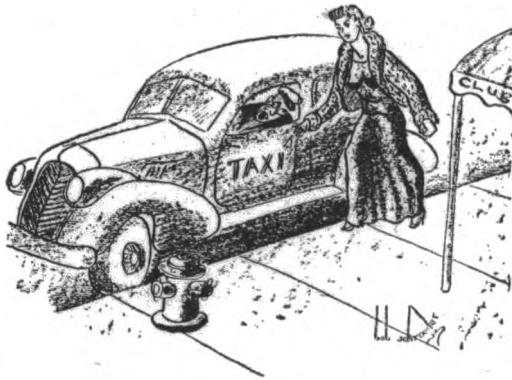
*"I know my capacity, but I always get drunk before
I reach it."*

—cornell widow



“And this is Dr. Yablonoi, the inventor of cadmium pherousphosphate demanganated exothermic sulfate, a new kind of stink bomb.”

—carnegie puppet



“... drive off a cliff—I’m committing suicide!”

—ohio sun dial

Grandpappy Morgan, a hillbilly of the Ozarks, had wandered off into the woods and failed to return for supper, so young Tolliver was sent to look for him. He found him standing in the bushes.

“Gettin’ dark, Grandpap,” the tot ventured.

“Yep.”

“Supper:me, Grandpap.”

“Yep.”

“Airn’t ye hungry?”

“Yep.”

“Wal, air ye comin’ home?”

“Nope.”

“Why ain’t ye?”

“Can’t.”

“Why can’t ye?”

“Standin’ in a b’ar trap.”

growler

Wisdom—Knowing what to do next.

Skill—Knowing how to do it.

Virtue—Not doing it.

log

Joe (to vain roommate)—Have you got a picture of yourself?

Vain Roommate—Yeh.

Joe—Then let me use that mirror. I want to shave.

dirge

She—There are a lot of couples that don’t pet in parked cars.

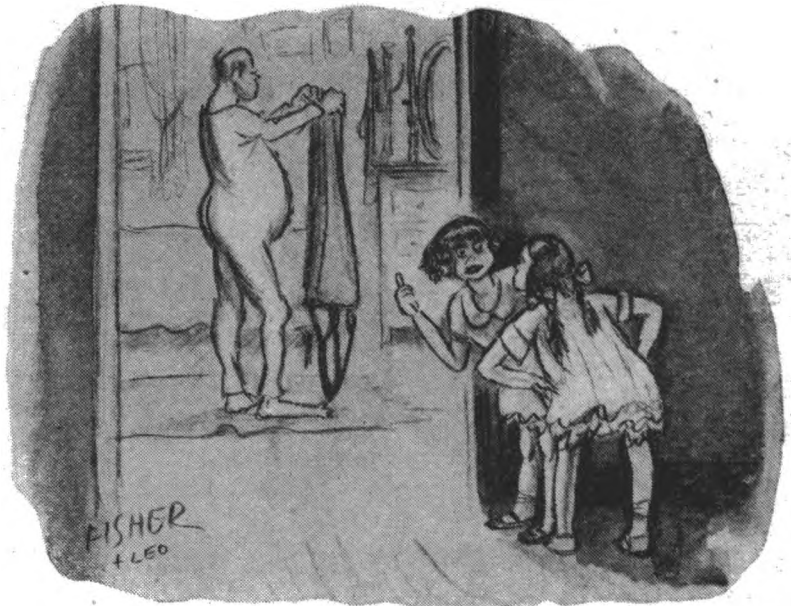
He—Yes, the woods are full of them.

rice owl

First Chauffeur—“Have you ever been pinched for going too fast?”

Second—“No, but I’ve been slapped.”

log



“Naw; dat’s me ol’ man.”

—punch bowl

IN THE PARLOR

"You can listen to the radio in the other room, if you want to," said the farmer. So the traveling salesman walked into the next room. and then he saw her.

He stopped, dumbfounded.

Holy Smokes! So this was the farmer's daughter. Yow!

Slipping on his most ingratiating smile, he advanced.

"Hello, babe," he said.

She watched him with interest, but said nothing. As he sat down before her, she shrank away from him, her large, innocent eyes wide with fear and distrust.

She had heard about traveling salesmen before, he decided.

"Aw, come on, don't be like that."



"One lump or two?"

—sun dial

he coaxed. She regarded him suspiciously, and then smiled bashfully.

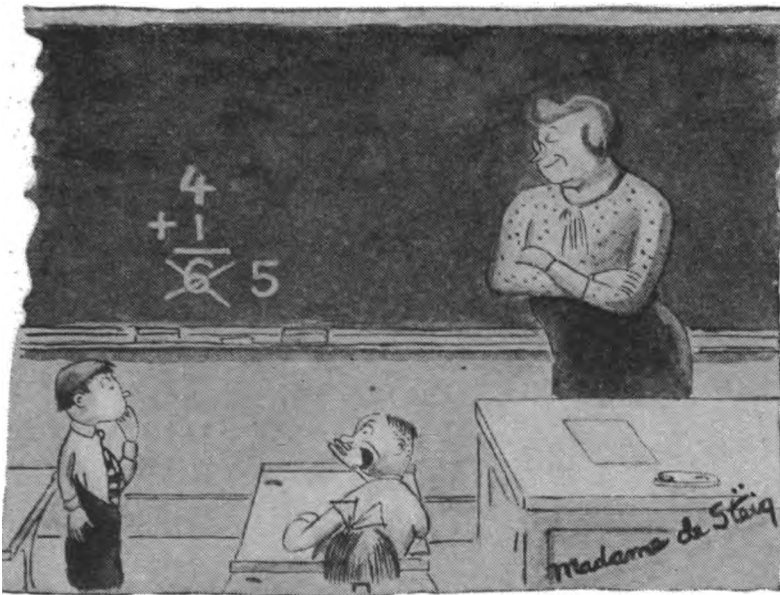
He reached for and caught one of her hands. She looked at him as if to say, "Oh, no, you mustn't."

"You know, babe, we could have a lot of fun playing together," he said, and winked. She turned away coyly.

"Come on, you cute kid, let's play. I won't harm you." He squeezed her arm gently.

Leaning forward in her high chair, she pointed a chubby forefinger at his nose, and said, "Goo!"

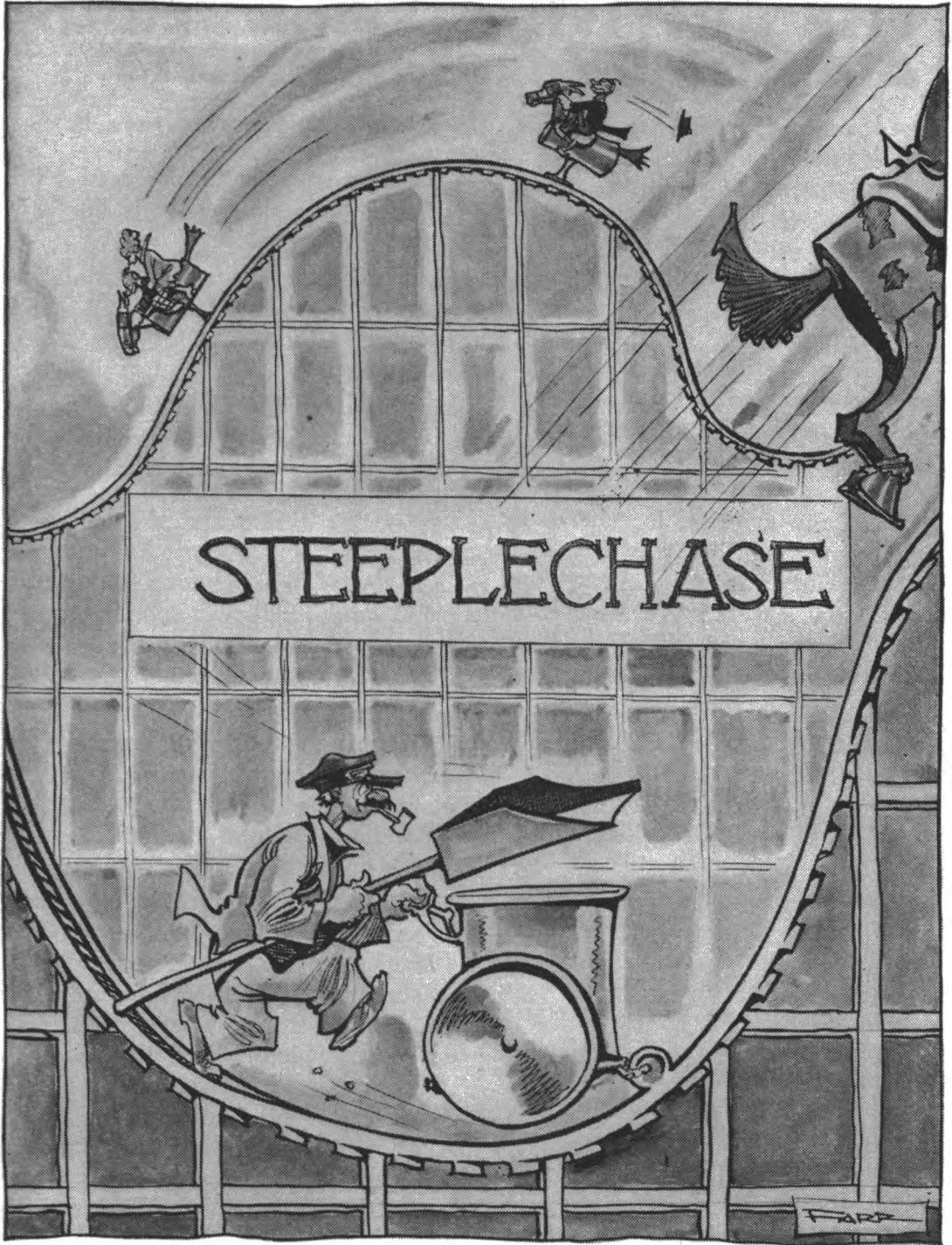
octopus



"Guys get bumped off for knowin' too much!"

—punch bowl





The absent-minded street cleaner.

THE BRITISH ARE COMING!

(Continued from page 17)

Why in a recent "English" movie (*Night Must Fall*) they even made the British murderer "charming!"

This giving the English the "Noble" prize is going to prove a terrible boomerang if we don't stop it in time. If this Hollywood idea ever gets back to the British they'll begin believing it themselves and start acting "noble" all over the isle!

That, my friends, is where the peril comes in. That, my friends is why I want to leap on a horse and do a Paul Revere! We Americans have always aped the British in everything from clothes to customs and it won't be long before English "nobleness" and "reserve" will spread over here!

It won't be long before we're changed into a nonchalant nation of tea drinking stoics! Imagine our ball games, our prize fights, our horse races when the "influence" has hit us!

We'll have Dimaggios *walking* around the bases. We'll have Joe Louis sipping tea between rounds of "clap hands." We'll have sports audiences politely murmuring "Jolly sport, eh?" as the bangtails come thundering down the home stretch. We'll even have Al Smith shaking hands with Roosevelt and saying, "Good luck, old chap!"

And all on account of Hollywood!

VERSE VERSUS VIRILITY

(Continued from page 11)

themselves with devotees of Pink Poems for Pale People if they admit they enjoy poetry.

Nevertheless they do, and instead of apologizing for it, they ought to boast about it. (This means you). Look, Big Boy, if instead of concealing your response to rhyme, rhythm and cadence, you'll flaunt it; if you'll say, "I like poetry, if it's the kind of poetry I like and the hell with the critics who tell me I'm wrong," you'll get a lot more kick, zest, vim, and thrill, out of life.

Be yourself, and be a poetry-lover, unashamed! All down the ringing corridors of change—which is a poetical quotation—men whose He-ness history celebrates, have loved, labored, laughed, marched, fought and died with poetry on their lips.

And those who chronicled their deeds and dreams best were poets. If poetry was good enough for Zenophone's Ten Thousand, for Caesar's trampling legions, for Trojan Hector, for the English singing "Tipperary", French chanting "Madelon" and American Doughboys syncopating "Over There" Over There, then, my bristle-bearded bucko, it's Good Enough for You!

—Berton Braley

THEY'RE OFF, SUCKER!

(Continued from page 5)

Why do race tracks employ Pinkerton men, Saliva Test Commissions, Patrol and Foul judges? They'll tell you it's to keep racing honest but this is only partly true. They know perfectly well that it's just a vain attempt to eliminate as much crookedness as possible and is comparable to one cop trying to stop a thousand kids from stealing apples.

The Saliva Test men themselves will tell you that right now certain stimulants are being used on horses that don't even show up on the tests! Patrol judges will admit that if a jock is "clever enough" there's really no way they can catch him "holding a horse," and they will also tell you that even if they do catch him and have him suspended, he'll be back again within a few days if he's got the the right *political* connections!

There have been legitimate coups put over, of course, as for example the recent "surprise" pulled off by a couple of Chilean gents at the Aqueduct race track. They imported two South American horses, trained them in secret, dropped them into a "soft spot," and cleaned up at the juicy odds of sixty to one but in ninety nine cases out of a hundred when a long shot wins *somebody's been paid off*.

Mr. American Sucker, if you don't think the name fits you take a look at the record of our friends the bookmakers! We'll take the New York City tracks as an example. (The same books work all the tracks around Manhattan).

Say it's Belmont Park. At that "garden spot" every day from one hundred to a hundred and twenty bookmakers each pay the Racing Association one hundred dollars for the privilege of taking your hard earned money! (On days when there are seven races they pay one hundred and twenty-five dollars!)

Now even you will have to admit that "making book" must be a pretty profitable business if the proprietor is willing to fork over a hundred smackers just for the privilege of setting up his stand!

But listen to this. During the past six years *exactly six* books have gone "broke!" (That Chilean coup caused the demise of one.) Which means, in any language, that one bookmaker a year found the going too tough but the other ninety nine are still doing business "at the same old stand."

What's wrong with this picture, Mr. American? While you're studying the racing forms and past performances and wondering how you can stall off the butcher, the baker and the candlestick maker so that you can take another "try" at it, Mr. Bookmaker and his ninety-nine other brethren are rolling home in their twelve cylinder Cadillacs!

They're off, sucker!

THE STORY THUS FAR

(Continued from page 14)

just before fainting. It was the only table in the place—and the stranger was Shallor Willtz!

Willtz ordered an iced Whimsey, a concoction of malted milk and clam juice. But before he could take the first sip, he felt a stinging sensation in his left leg. Looking under the table, he discovered that he was being bitten in the unilateral quadriceps (fatty calf) by, of all women, Sylvan Goldie!

Sylvan, it seems, had left the Klondike shortly after her baby was born. She had made her way to the tropics aboard a tramp steamer, paying for her passage by dancing for the tramps. To them, she became known as Klondike Katharine, but later she became Miss Klondike for 1910. The year was 1917, and America was at war.

A little group of soldiers in olive drab was billeted in the village of Meuse-Argonne, seven kilometers west of Chateau Thierry. A pretty French barmaid of about eighteen summers was teaching the boys to sing "Mademoiselle From Armentiere's" in broken English. Outside, a Y. M. C. A. secretary, clad in olive drab, gave the command, "Fall in!" The war was over!

Early in 1919, a returning troop ship docked at a New York pier. Down the gang plank and across

town to Graley's 9-Star Speakeasy walked a tall handsome man, now graying at the temples. Into Graley's he strode, tripping over a bootlegger, a noted movie star, a G-man, a dope-peddler, and a packet containing the famous Swope diamond. Reaching the bar exhausted, he fell into a Tom Collins III, a concoction of malted milk and maple syrup, from which he was rescued by a pretty young barmaid of eighteen summers. He asked her to run away with him.

Before she could answer, things began to happen. The bootlegger let out a weird cry. The G-man began shooting. The packet containing the famous Swope diamond disappeared. And the tall handsome man stopped graying at the temples and began graying behind the ears. It was Christopher Dalrymple!

Dalrymple engaged the dope-peddler in conversation, and learned that Shallor Willtz had recently left for the Klondike to become, of all things, a prospector. He also learned that the pretty young barmaid who had just saved his life was, of all persons, Sylvan Goldie!

Reaching for a tear-gas bomb (Graley's was full of tear-gas bombs that day), Dalrymple tossed it directly into the face of a tall handsome stranger who was just entering the speakeasy. It exploded with a dull, sickening thud.

Now go on with the story!!!

SET-UP

(Continued from page 45)

Galt wants her set-up. Jerry, do you hear? I mean it! A set-up or I'll go out and ruin your lousy joint, tell everybody I meet to go to Joey's instead, tell 'em what tight-wads you are . . . No? You won't set up, eh? You will! I'll ask for it. What's pride? To hell with pride. . . . Jerry! Are you going to stop talking to that god-damned old boxer and look this way I'll give you just one minute. How do you know how many I've had? You can't remember. Maybe I've had six. I believe I have had six. I'm positive I've had six, and not so much as a flicker of an eye-lash from you. All right. All right, keep your bloody set-up. Throw it down the drain. I don't want it . . . Ah, Jerry, please, just one little beer before I'm stony sober again . . . please, Jerry, I'm begging now. . . .

Stop this, Elenora! Stop! Getting yourself upset like this. Stop it dear, and just don't think any more. Just laugh, baby, and don't give a damn in hell about anything. That's the old stuff. That's the way to get hold of yourself. At least we have each other, dear. Me and that other little "me" inside I can talk to. Nobody can take that away.

Now I'm leaving. I have my pride back again. I am still the Elenora Galt who lunched with Bernhardt; I am the Elenora Galt who first played "The Second Mrs.

Tanqueray." Take your god-damned set-up and—

Now I shall draw on my gloves. I shall do it deliberately, elegantly as I did at the end of the second act in "The Green Cockatoo. . . ."—Ah, it was lovely, standing alone before the foot-lights, slowly, calmly pulling on my long white gloves while a storm of emotion was raging in my heart. . . .

And now the other, deliberately, with hauteur in my lifted chin and in my eyes—Jerry, Jerry! Do you hear me! A set-up, you lousy. . . . All right! I'm leaving at once. I'm sweeping from this dump forever.

Some one jogged her chair. "Jerry says have another on him before you go, Mrs. Galt."

Her swift upward glance was crossed between indignation and immense relief as she met the waiter's insolent smirk.

"I beg your pardon?" she said regally.

"Jerry's settun up."

"Oh." She drew herself up and said casually, "Thank you so much. That might be very pleasant," condescendingly, as if the acceptance were a mere gracious gesture on her part.

Then she rested her aristocratic chin on a gloved hand and wore a bored look in her eyes as she gazed across at the empty booths. . . . But as soon as the waiter turned back to the bar her face relaxed in a subtle smile of victory—and she quickly removed the glove of her right hand.

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"I told them we've
arrived in Bermuda
and they said
the hell with it!"

Louis
Priscilla

BALLYHO

"I keep getting
nothing but
Duke Ellington
music!"

